

Tontitown Storia



The Newsletter of the Tontitown Historical Museum

Spring 2007, Vol. 3, No. 1

Saluti from the Board

The celebration of the 20th Anniversary of the Tontitown Historical Museum and the 5th Annual Polenta Smear last November was a raving success. The Museum Board presented award certificates to many hard-working volunteers. We also surprised Charlotte and Henry Piazza with framed letters of appreciation from Governor Mike Huckabee. It was a wonderful day and we thank everyone who joined us.

As the Tontitown Historical Museum continues to increase its collections and activities, we feel it is time to begin an organization to formally provide support for the museum's growth. On the back of this newsletter is a form to join the Tontitown Historical Museum Amici (Friends). As members, you will receive special invitations to events and know that you are contributing to the preservation of Tontitown's rich heritage. Your past donations continue to accumulate in our Building Fund, and we hope this next step will allow us to better serve the community. We invite everyone to join Amici and we thank you in advance for your support.

It's May and time for Arkansas Heritage Month celebrations. This year's theme is *The Business of Heritage: Protecting, Preserving, Promoting*. A pivotal part of Tontitown's heritage is the Grape Festival, which was called "The Picnic" in early years. We have planned a fun day to celebrate the Tontitown Grape Festivals of old on **May 20, from 1-4 pm in Harry Sbanotto Park**. The museum will be open and there will be games, music, photo exhibits, light refreshments, prizes, and more. During the winter season, Kathy Pianalto Miller led an effort to rearrange our museum, so it has new displays and looks better than ever. Read all about "The Picnic" event on page 7 of this newsletter. Hope to see you there!



**Henry and Charlotte Piazza, November 5, 2006
Recipients of the Governor's Letter of Appreciation at
the 20th Anniversary Celebration of the Museum**

The second Sunday of May is Mother's Day and with that we bring you this special issue of the *Tontitown Storia*. We asked several settler descendants to share a memory of their mothers, grandmothers, or mother figures. We thought we would get a few sentences. Often, we received many paragraphs. Rather than edit these memories, we expanded this issue to include these heart-warming stories and photographs that capture the true strength, love, and support our Tontitown women have always provided in raising our families and building our community. We hope you enjoy these stories, and we invite you to send us more. We will keep them in the museum to help save our history and for all to enjoy.

Special Issue

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Family Focus ... A Tribute to Tontitown's Matriarchs

For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. –William Ross Wallace

By Mary Frances Maestri Vaughan

Within all cultures there is a dominant force; each culture has a special name for this force. The French say Maman, in Spanish the force is Mama or Ma, the Japanese use Obachan or Okasan, while in Australia and Canada the term is Mum or Mummy. Those of us born Italian hold in esteem the special names our *cultura italiana* has given this force – Momma and Nonna (Grandmother).

Our own Momma suckled us at her breast, rocked our cradle, and nurtured us through childhood. She nursed us when we were sick with a tender loving heart and hand. She was our world, our teacher, and our disciplinarian. She excelled in these attributes. She managed her household, cooking three meals a day, gardening, canning meats, fruits, and vegetables. She made our clothes, washed and ironed for a large family, and often put household chores aside to help her husband in the fields.

Our Nonna either lived with us or close by. After raising her own family she became Matriarch to her children's families. She was loved and respected and her words and advice carried weight within the family council. She not only nurtured her grandchildren, she also disciplined them. Her hands were always busy helping with grandchildren or household chores. When age no longer allowed physical activities, she remained matriarch of the family. She was revered, and sometimes feared, by the multiple-generation household.

In the United States, a special day is set aside each year to honor these women. This year "Mother's Day" falls on May 13th. With fond memories we pay tribute to these women who shaped our lives. We hope these stories, shared by our contemporaries about their family matriarchs, remind you of special times spent with your Nonna, Momma, Guardian, or favorite Aunt.

A memory I still cherish happened when I was quite young. It was a one-time encounter with a woman I barely knew but I think it epitomizes the driving force of a strong woman.

One Sunday morning on my way to Mass, as I made the last turn onto the sidewalk leading to church, I fell in line behind one of Tontitown's Matriarchs. We were the only people in sight.



Mary Ceola (circa 1920) –
Salute to all Tontitown Matriarchs!

Photo courtesy Christine Pianalto Martinez,
Tontitown Historical Museum, S-2004-36-7.

The elastic holding up her under pants broke. She was a woman large in stature and as the hand-sewn panties fell to her ankles, she lifted one foot, stepped out of one pant leg, taking another step she kicked the panties into the air never changing her stride. Catching the panties in her hand, she folded and placed them in a large pocket on the front of her jacket. Upon entering church she was as composed as a saint when she placed her hand in the holy water font and blessed herself.

I was in awe – speechless. I thought she was the bravest woman I had ever known. This experience has given me courage in many demanding situations throughout my life. I could never match her dignity, grace, courage, or her fast reaction. I can only hope when called upon I came close.

Agnes Pierce Maestri

My mother, Agnes Pierce Maestri, was Irish-French. Each of her older siblings was allowed to choose a name for her, so she was also called Monta, Caroline, Ira, Ruby, and Clementine. Mother was born May 18, 1894 in Honeywell, Shelby County, Missouri, and died November 01, 1998, in Springdale, Arkansas. My mother married my father, Albino Maestri, in 1915, soon after Grandfather Frank Pierce moved his family to Tontitown from Bentonville. My Grandfather Frank wanted his children to be near St. Joseph's Catholic Church and continue their Catholic education at St. Mary's Academy.

Although it is difficult to pick one memory from a lifetime of knowing and loving my Mother, I think the one I have chosen shows who she was, and what she valued most in life.

Mother, known to everyone in Tontitown as "Aunt Aggie," lived to be 104 years old. During the last few years of her life she was a Hospice patient. She loved it when her primary care nurse brought a new doctor or intern to visit. When they left she would always say, "I know why they bring the new doctors to see me; they want to show me off."

Answering all of the questions about her life that they asked, she always ended the conversation giving the names of her nine children, in order of birth. On one of their visits, shortly before her death, she started naming her children. Floyd, Genevieve, Grace, then she faltered; L-a-v-i-nia. A look I will never forget crossed her face. The next words she spoke broke my heart. "O God, please don't let me forget their names."

-by Mary Frances Maestri Vaughan

Helene Fucci Pianalto

Helene Fucci Pianalto married Louis Pianalto on January 19, 1948. Momma was originally from Meadville, Pennsylvania. A full-blood Italian, her dad came from Naples, Italy. Momma met Daddy when he was in the Navy. When they settled in Tontitown, Dad's hometown, she raised chickens and cows while Dad laid tile and drove for Jones Truck Line.

Mom would take me to the chicken house while she worked and would put me in a makeshift playpen. Momma said that once when she

came back to check on me I had tried to water the baby chicks and there was a pile around me where I had drowned them.

My brothers and I loved cartoons, and Mom would get all of our chores done for us so we could watch TV after school. When Dad came home from work, he would ask if our chores were done and Momma would reply, "Yes, they are all done." Then, we could finish watching our cartoons. To this day, Momma still gives all of her children a chuckle.

-by Kathy Pianalto Miller

Mary Brandallaro Tessaro

My Aunt Mary Tessaro became my mother when I was about 11 or 12 years old. She was a great cook, and made wonderful homemade bread. When she made bread, she would have me take a loaf of bread to the nuns and one to Mr. Mollar. Mr. Mollar ran the store located on South Barrington and Washington Street. I always liked to take the bread to Mr. Mollar. His greeting was, "Thank you, my child, dear child." He would always give me a candy bar. If I wanted candy and it wasn't a bread delivery time, I would stop by the store and ask for a drink of water. He always had a bucket of water along with a dipper to drink from. Of course, he would again give me candy with his words, "My dear child, this is for you." I'm sure my Aunt Mary was aware of this, however she never mentioned it.

- by James Riley Tessaro



Aunt Angela Lazzari helps Francis Ann, Margaret and Anthony Lazzari blow bubbles, July 1, 1955

*Photo courtesy Sister Teresina Lazzari
Tontitown Historical Museum, S-2003-2-594.*

Pierina Tessaro Sbanotto

My Nona was Pierina Tessaro Sbanotto. She came from Italy as a young girl along with her father, Christiano Tessaro, and her sisters. She came to Tontitown with the original settlers of the town. She married Anthony Sbanotto and together they had ten children, seven girls and three boys. One boy died as an infant and one girl died at about one year old.

Nona had a stroke in 1949, which left her impaired on her right side. I really got to know her when she came to live with us. My mother, Emma Sbanotto Verucchi, was her daughter and she took care of Nona for ten years.

During these years, I could see how mother and daughter were different in some ways, and alike in many other ways. They were both hard workers, but mother worked harder than Nona. Mother was really picky about how her house looked. She insisted that everybody go to 8 a.m. Mass on Sunday, so that the beds could be made and the house cleaned early in the day. When Mother was away for some reason it was my job to clean. When she came home fussing because I hadn't cleaned, Nona would always defend me, and tell her that I had cleaned even if I hadn't.

Nona seemed able to handle whatever life dealt her. Two of her daughters died after she had her stroke and everybody worried about her. She always seemed to take everything in stride. I guess she had learned from her early years when everybody lived through hard times; but she died grieving for them.

-by Frances Verucchi Franco

Adelina Stella Bariola Penzo

Adele was born January 16, 1910 and died February 2, 1980. The first time I met her was Christmas Eve. Art picked me up and we were going to Midnight Mass. Adele wanted to go with us. As I walked into their home, it smelled of cleanliness and wonderful foods. Adele handed me a large tin box filled with all kinds of Christmas candies. That was Adele – always cleaning, cooking, and sharing.

After Art and I were married, she would come to our house on my day off work to teach me all the Italian recipes. One day I asked her about her native language and she said that when she was young, her Dad told his children that they must speak Italian only at home. When they went out they were to speak English, "Because we are American and the American language we will speak."

Adele was very gifted with her hands, making her own clothing, dresses for her granddaughters, and housecoats for her grandsons. She made many quilts. After she finished piecing them, Violet Ardemagni and Alice Pavig would come to help her quilt them. The Dutch Dolls were the grandchildren's favorites.

The hot summer evenings would find Adele, with husband Ed, friends Alice and Violet, Aunt Flora Penzo, and sometimes Josephine Green, sitting in the front lawn just visiting. Thanks, Adele, for the memories.

-by Joyce Penzo



Preparing a spaghetti dinner in the basement of St. Joseph's school. l-r; Olivia Taldo Roso, Julia Ceola Brunetti, Shortie Fuqua Cortiana, Norina Mantegani Stoffi, Vivian Haney Morsani, Violet Haney Ardemagni, Albina Mantegani Gasparotto, and Annie Sabatini Collins

Photo courtesy Tontitown Historical Museum

Mary Ann Franco Pellin

Nona Mary was born on June 25, 1917. Each year we celebrated this occasion with a family picnic, homemade lemon ice cream, and fireflies.

We would start the picnic late in the afternoon, then progress to Nona's favorite homemade lemon ice cream. We always made vanilla as well, but Nona would only eat the lemon.

While the adults would sit on the back deck and visit, the children would run wild in the backyard catching fireflies and trapping them in Mason jars that Nona would dig out of the basement. She would wash them out, find lids, punch air holes, and hand them to us with a smile. As the grandkids grew up, the fireflies remained free but the picnic and ice cream remained.

After Nona's death in 2005, her son Marion and daughter-in-law Karen purchased her house. As we were cleaning and working in the backyard, I shared my story with Aunt Karen. With tears in my eyes I told her how I missed the days of my youth, Nona and the fireflies trapped in Mason jars. Aunt Karen looked me in the eye and said, "You can catch fireflies in my backyard any day."

-by Denise Pellin

Lucy Ceola Pianalto

When I was asked to write a paragraph on my Nona Pianalto, Lucy Ceola Pianalto, I remembered her beautiful smile and quiet ways. You could feel the love for family when you were in her presence. She was a woman of few words; but that didn't matter, her ways and actions spoke louder than any spoken words.

Lucy was born September 29, 1896 in Requaro, Italy, and passed to her maker on Mother's Day in 1976. Lucy came from a large family of 13 children, her father Dominick and mother Maria. In May of 1915, Lucy became the beautiful bride of Leo Guiseppe Pianalto. Life's blessings were many, and Lucy and Leo had a family of nine sons and four daughters.

In my closing, my Nona Lucy was a fine lady, one that was full of a blessed mother's ways.

-by Brenda Pianalto



A family gathering, June 14, 1933

l-r; Lucy Ceola Pianalto, Julia Ceola Brunetti, Nona Mary Ceola, Elvira "Dude" Fiori Ceola, Catherine Hess Taldo holding baby Arleta, and young Lillian Cortiana; Pianalto children in front - Oliver, Junior, Lillian, Olivia, Leonard and Gilbert Cortiana

*Photo courtesy Christine Pianalto Martinez,
Tontitown Historical Museum, S-2004-36-43.*

Theresa Sbanotto Zulpo

Theresa Sbanotto Zulpo loved working for her church and helping people. When I was born she nursed me, then walked to a neighbor's house to nurse her baby.

On Sunday after church, Mother would cook a large breakfast and we would bring our friends home to eat. She cared for my Dad, who was bedfast, for five and a half years, without complaining.

Mother died at age 52, when I was 15; but she never stopped watching over me. I know she had a hand in picking my husband, so I say, "Thanks, Mom!"

It would have been easier to write a book - there is so much to say about my Mother.

-by Antoinette Zulpo Pianalto

Mary Cortiana Fiori

Mary Cortiana Fiori was born in Italy in 1892. Her mother had died and her father, Eustachio Cortiana, came to America with his five children. Mary was two years old, but she remembered the bottom of the ship being so dark and crowded.

Together Mary's children, Dorothy Sbanotto, Virginia Bariola, Elsie Mae Pianalto and her granddaughter Nova Jean Watson, share these memories of Mary.

She had a wonderful sense of humor and laugh. When Mary broke out in laughter, which was often, she would raise her arms, folding her hands with fingertips pointed to heaven and announce "O DIO." Then the laughter began! Mary never lost her temper or got angry. She did not gossip.

Eustachio Cortiana insisted his children attend Mass every day, rain or shine. They walked the mile distance each day. Nona continued to attend daily Mass until her death in 1988 at age 96.

At the age of 10, Nona's father sent her to Oklahoma to baby sit and keep house for a family with two or three children. Nonna said she was so homesick and the work was hard, but she needed to send money home to help support the family.

Nona married Pete Fiori and they had seven children: Bill, Clara, Charlie, Dorothy, Virgil and Virginia (twins), and Elsie Mae. Elsie Mae was twelve years younger than the twins. Of course Nona said, "In those days, kids didn't know all this stuff---."

The Fiori's lived two blocks from the school and the children came home for lunch. One day Nono met them on the front porch and said, "Hurry into the house and look what your mother has." Here was a tiny new baby. They were so excited they ran out the door and raced back to school to tell their friends. In a few minutes, here came all the kids from school to see the baby, "Miss Elsie Mae."

Nona had her grandsons trained. When they had free time she wanted them to come up to her brooder houses with their B-B guns and kill sparrows for her. She called them "Chee Chee Birds." She would skin them, clean them and

cut off just the beaks, leaving the head. She prepared hers in the oven with oil, sage and garlic. They were delicious. How sad that none of us bothered to learn the recipe.

Nona never drove. She would go to Springdale or Fayetteville with Mary Granata in Mary's buggy. They would take one of the children and the child would sit in a little front seat, right behind the horse's tail. Nona thought this was funny. The two women enjoyed each other's company and shared many good laughs during the trips.

Nona's front porch was a gathering place for neighbors. Dora Taldo, Theresa Zulpo, and Mary "Pete" Tessaro gathered frequently in nice weather to visit. They laughed so much. They loved to tease the younger children. Knowing the children couldn't understand Italian they spoke half Italian and half English. When asked, "What does that mean?" they would just laugh out loud and never tell us. Mary Pete's front porch faced highway 68, across the street from Claude Morsani's store. They often sat on Mary's porch. They loved to watch the cars pass.

Nona had a Purple Martin house. She loved the birds. She would sit in her rocker on the front porch every evening and listen to them. Her grandsons kept the sparrows nests cleaned out until the Martins established their home each year.

I lived with Nona nine months each year during the school term. Elsie Mae was four years older than me. We came home for lunch every day. We always looked forward to the day Nona baked bread, because we would have fried bread and peaches for lunch. It was sooo good.

~ by Nova Jean Fiori Watson



Santo and Mary Zulpo Ceola family & friends, 1920's
Photo courtesy Zita Mantegani Greenlee,
Tontitown Historical Museum, S-2006-54-30

The Tontitown Historical Museum Presents

In Association with Arkansas Heritage Month

"The Picnic"

Sunday, May 20, 2007

1:00-4:00 Harry Sbanotto Park

Join us as we remember Tontitown Grape Festivals of Old

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

2:00	BOCCE TOURNAMENT
2:30	SACK RACES
3:00	EGG TOSS RACE
3:30	PANCAKE FLIPPING RACE

MUSEUM TOURS THROUGHOUT THE AFTERNOON

Featuring Dramatic Readings from Interviews of Famous Tontitown Residents

PHOTO EXHIBITS — LIVE MUSIC IN THE PAVILION

COOKIES & BEVERAGES WILL BE SERVED

BRING A PICNIC LUNCH IF YOU LIKE

CONTEST PRIZES & DOOR PRIZES

"The annual picnic of Tontitown took place Tuesday, August 15. The day was an ideal one, warm enough to be summery and cool enough not to be oppressive. There was a happy gathering of people who showed a lively interest in the doings of the day."

"An interesting feature of the day was that of many races that took place, some of which were matched races while others were open to all competitors who wished to enter. Among those were Young Ladies Matched Foot Race, between Miss Ottavia Pinalto and Miss Mary Morsani."

"The Egg Race was won by Mr. Albino Roso, prize \$1.00, 2nd prize by Camillo Morsani 50 cents given by merchants of Fayetteville. Mr. Mollar of the Torino University rendered many piano selections in a masterly style while many vocal numbers were given by the Misses Bastianelli and Messrs. Baudino, Morsani and Taldo."

"In the evening there was an auction of lunch baskets with mostly happy but sometime ludicrous results. The owner of 99 is still looking for the buyer."

***Excerpts from the Springdale News
article dated August 25, 1911*

Rosa Passer Pianalto Verucchi

My grandmother, Rosa Passer, was born on the side of a mountain in Comune Di Valli Del Pasubio, Italy. When she grew up, she married Dionisio (Dennis) Pianalto. They came to this country to make their home. They settled with other Italian immigrants, at Sunnyside Plantation on the banks of the Mississippi River.

My grandfather was killed while cutting trees to build log cabins, leaving my grandmother with two small children and one on the way. She told me how she had no desire to go on living.

Later she married Joseph Verucchi and had several more children. When Joseph died, my grandmother lived with my aunt Kate, who was a registered nurse. When I was six years old, I became very sick and was bedfast for five months. My aunt took me to her home. Living there with my grandmother, I became very close to her. She talked to me in Italian, for hours at a time. I understood very well, as I also spoke Italian. She even taught me some prayers in Italian, but I have forgotten most of them. I asked her if we die with our eyes open. She replied "No dear one, they are closed." It took me a long time to figure out how we could get to heaven with our eyes closed.

Nonna loved working in her flower garden and it showed; it was beautiful. I loved that dear lady.

~ by Lorene Pianalto Taldo

Blanche J. Taldo Piazza

My Nona, Blanche J. Taldo Piazza, was born in Broglia, Italy on May 7, 1904. She was the last child of her family born in Italy, as they came to America that same year.

I remember the dresses Nona wore were always so very neat. A work apron covered her dress and the apron would be taken off when company came by. Nona wore her hair in a bun on the back of her head and always had rosary beads in her pocket. The purse she carried snapped shut on top.

Her homemade bread was cooked to a golden brown and I never saw an overdone loaf. I often wondered how such a short woman could knead so many loaves – often ten or more. She knew I was a sucker for her bread. We were offered a goodly-size slice before our visit was over.

Oh, her beautiful flowers! She watered and weeded, caring for them. One I especially liked was the tight bunches she called "lilacs." When planting a vegetable garden, she would urge Grandpaw to plant just a little bit more or another row. I was always asking questions. One particular day, I got a tour of the cellar under the house where I saw rows of canned fruit and vegetables and in the corner was the potato bed. Later, I enjoyed a generous slice of Fugasa (Easter Bread).



Making Riley and Marie Tessaro's wedding dinner, October 24, 1953. l-r, women in front: Mary Brandallaro Tessaro, Emma Sbanotto Verucchi, Vickie Ceola Rose, Dora Sbanotto Taldo

Photo courtesy Riley Tessaro, Tontitown Historical Museum, S-2006-75-18.



The Taldo Sisters celebrate Blanche's 88th birthday on May 1, 1992.

l-r; Margaret Taldo Roso, Rita Taldo Gillis, Olivia Taldo Roso, Erma Taldo Ardemagni, Blanche Taldo Piazza, Emelia Taldo Pianalto.

Photo courtesy Charlotte Piazza, Tontitown Historical Museum, S-2003-2-568

Blanche J. Taldo Piazza (cont'd)

One of Nona's favorite sayings was, "OH, MY MY!" She had such an endearing laugh. Her favorite television show was Wheel of Fortune.

Nona died in the spring of 1998 during Holy Week. Her flowers were at their peak so on the casket were some of her spring flowers.

Our grandmothers worked hard. The valor of grandmothers was their approach to life and work. Many of the stories of early life were of long hours and often backbreaking chores – walking miles, fetching water for washing and cooking, tending to gardens, feeding chickens, milking cows, making soap, curing meat, making cheese and other jobs. They accepted hard work as a part of the experience of living! We have a lot to learn from them.

~ by Brenda Ann Piazza Edgmon

Annie Cigainero Pianalto

Annie Cigainero was born April 29, 1885 in Paradise Ridge, Tennessee. She married Joseph Pianalto of Tontitown. When Annie got married, one of her friends gave her a bolt of diaper material and a buggy whip for their wedding gift. The whip was to keep Joe in line.

~ by Pete Pianalto

Rachele Turcato Franco

My Nonna, Rachele Turcato Franco, came to the United States with her husband, my Nonno Antonio Franco, my father, my mother and my oldest sister Raphael, who was nine months old. They came to Tontitown after disembarking in New York. They were sponsored by John Franco, who had come to Tontitown earlier.

Nonna must have had ESP. I remember when she would baby sit me and my older brother at Uncle Dick's home, where she lived. We would be outside playing in the yard and if we wandered to the south side of the house, toward the stock pond, she would yell at us. I know she couldn't see us. We weren't allowed outside the yard. If we did, we were reported to a higher authority, my father; then punished as he saw fit.

Nonna fell and broke her hip and was bedridden the last 15 years of her life. She died at the age of 101 years. When we visited her, she always had to have a kiss and a hug. I thought she would break my neck with her hugs. She was so strong up until shortly before she died. She is buried next to her husband in St. Joseph's Cemetery in Tontitown.

~by Andy Franco

Imogene Ardemagni Cortiana

It's often said that mothers will do anything for their children. This story relates that in an insignificant, humorous way; but it is indicative of a mother's love for her family nonetheless.

I came from a family of four—mom, Imogene; dad, Gordon; my sister, Bev, and me. All through our growing-up years in Kansas, when Mom would fry chicken we each had our own “favorite” piece. Dad always took both legs, my sister would have both thighs, my personal favorites were the wings, and Mom always ate the breast. Many, many years down the road after my parents had returned to their home in Arkansas, Bev and I were home for a visit and a new Kentucky Fried Chicken had just opened down the road from Mom and Dad. We were going to get chicken and asked Mom if she would like us to get her chicken strips, since they were made from her favorite white meat. She said, “No way, I hate white meat.” Bev and I both looked at each other in utter amazement. We asked why she had always eaten the white meat all those years. She replied, “Well, that's all that was left after all of you had your favorites. She looked at me and said, “you took the wings.” Then she looked at Bev and said, “you took the thighs and Dad took the legs. So what did that leave me?”

For thirty years or more, anytime we had fried chicken Mom always took what was left, and never once complained or asked to trade. Needless to say, we got an “all dark” bucket of KFC from then on!

~ by Mary Gordon Cortiana Lawrenz

Note: Throughout this article, the spelling of grandmother, Nonna in Italian and Nona in English, was used as the families use them. Thanks to all who submitted stories.



Bessie Haney Bariola, Emma Sbanotto Verucchi,
Margaret Jones Perona, Rachel Franco – circa 1960

Photo courtesy Andy Franco,
Tontitown Historical Museum, S-2004-94-24

The Hand That Rocks The Cradle Is The Hand That Rules The World

*Blessings on the hand of women!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel,
Oh, no matter where the place;
Would that never storms assailed it,
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.*

*Infancy's the tender fountain,
Power may with beauty flow,
Mother's first to guide the streamlets,
From them souls unresting grow--
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or evil hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.*

*Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, oh, keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love imperaled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.*

*Blessings on the hand of women!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky--
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.*

By William Ross Wallace (1819-1881)

Mille Grazie ~ Bella Fiori!

Many thanks to
Alderwoman Becky Alston,
Dorothy Morsani, and all the
Terra Firma Garden Club for
donating their time, talent
and plants to beautify the
Tontitown Historical
Museum garden and pots.
They are lovely!



✓ *Mark Your Calendar ...*

2007 Tontitown Historical Museum Events

<i>Date</i>	<i>Event</i>
May 20, 2007	"The Picnic" – Arkansas Heritage Month Celebration, 1 – 4 p.m. Harry Sbanotto Park and Tontitown Historical Museum
June – October 2007	Regular Season Hours Open Saturday and Sunday, 1 – 4 p.m. or by special appointment, call 361-2498 or 361-2607.
August 14-18, 2007	109th Tontitown Grape Festival, It's About Tradition Thursday, August 16 1 – 4 p.m. Friday, August 17 10 a.m. – 7 p.m. Saturday, August 18 10 a.m. – 7 p.m.
November 4, 2007	6th Annual Tontitown Reunion and Old-fashioned Polenta Smear St. Joseph's Parish Hall, 1 p.m. – 5 p.m.

Memorable Words

Father Bandini and his colony have made of Tontitown one of the most unique and interesting places to be found in this country. Any celebration in Tontitown always draws big crowds.

The Springdale News – July 5, 1912

A Little Italian

Italian	English
maggio	May
amici	friends
il retaggio	heritage
la folla	crowd
il gioco	game
la corsa	race
l'uovo	egg
la frittella	pancake
l'applauso	cheer
vincere	to win

Tontitown Historical Museum, 2007 Board of Directors

The Tontitown Historical Museum Board welcomes your input and involvement. Please contact us with your ideas on how we can best serve the community.

Charlotte Piazza, Curator 479-361-2498
 Bev Cortiana, President 479-361-2609
 James Riley Tessaro, Vice President 479-361-2607
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