VICTORY IN EUROPE

le of 'Sawdust Caesar' ded by Partisan Bullets

Mussolini invaded Ethio- the winter of 1935, Haile a shabby, helpless little h whose future seemed as the dusky complexions of jects declared with remark- resight: "Some day, in some divine justice will settle its s to the last penny."

Mussolini, the dynamic the bombastic braggart, the e Caesar, has met a crimi- ate. His ramshackle Em- e that of Shelley's Ozyman- a windswept pile of sand sert—a Europe filled with ns of vanity and avarice, and barbarism, injustice pidity. Haile Selassie sits on his throne in Addis

story of Benito Mussolini its stark futility now enters to remain for all time an lesson to the wise and dis- of the world, an eloquet to mankind to distin- henceforth between the article and the counter- ween greatness and bluff; leadership and oppor-

History May Repeat

dless there will be many the future when the con- which gave rise to Fascism ussolini will come again, and peoples will look "strong men" to extricate rom chaos and the fruits own blundering. Over r again since the dawn of they have done so. If they er Mussolini, they may a bit longer before they solute power to any indi- they may exercise more following a leader.

the beginning to the end, y of Mussolini is a story . He built good roads in He made the trains run He put more cakes in the windows. He raised Ca- ships from the bottom of But essentially Mussolini sawdust Caesar", to borrow Seldes' classic phrase—a rian egotist who substituted d cruelty for strength and

d Frederick the Great

26 he had a bust made of at Julius, but substituted n visage for that of the of Imperial Rome.

years later he was photo- dressed in an imitation of n's old uniform, with the d in the breast pocket.

so made a picture showing in the costume of Frederick at playing a violin.

political persecution was orst in Italy, he issued a decree forbidding "the de- custom of poking fun at -in-law" because such a was "unjust to a minor-

dded the soles of his shoes e high heels in order to inches of his height.

h Paul-Boncour, now rep- g France at San Francisco, him "the Caesar of the "

led Military Service

olini was born in 1883 at he son of a Socialist black- nd a small town school- At 18 he was arrested for fire to a church in Bologna ting an aged cleric. He was jail for six months. The ing magistrate expressed that solitary confinement ause the prisoner to re- "the folly of a single in- going to war against so-

he was released from jail, the country to escape mili- vice. Subsequently he be- itinerant journalist and politician and agitator. ched pacifism everywhere.

Italy entered World War er, he began the series of es that were such a marked ristic of his public life. He d militarism with all the f his former pasifism. In was called into the army as e, in which capacity he until 1917.

rch, 1919, he took over the p of Il Popolo d'Italia, and hour was born the Fascist nt and the "Caesarism" of Mussolini.

was a chaos of political nomic misery not unlike of the present moment. e looking everywhere for t—a panacea. His doctrine sm—the name is derived faces or bundle of sticks, bol of strength and unity nt Rome—posed as out- atriotism and gained ad- rapidly. The Fascists vig- opposed Communism and n, and in so doing at- to their ranks orthodox Roman Catholics, and ho ordinarly would have different paths.

March on Rome

of 1921 saw the Fascists nough to return Mussolini thers to the Italian Cham- Deputies. The following the famous "March on On October 28, 1922, Mus- sumed power and started ath that led ultimately to n firing squad.

e dismal failure of Italy war and sudden collapse m plainly showed, Musso- his henchmen represented re than their own am- their own nefarious de- o strong segment of popu- on stood behind them; no dreams of empire; no ed racial consciousness,

Desert Commander

The successful campaign in Africa placed General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery as an outstanding Allied commander. He was early placed second in command to General Eisenhower in the European invasion strategy.

as in Germany. For 21 years Mussolini and Fascism stood at the head of Italy as fraudulent as the Potemkin buildings of Catherine's Russia, which, like movie sets, contained nothing but barren scaffolding behind their imposing front walls.

That is not meant to imply that there was anything slight or ludicrous in the suffering Mussolini imposed upon the unfortunate people of Italy. His power was built upon sand, but the misery of his subjects was none the less intense for that. His pride knew neither compassion nor mercy. He crushed whatever appeared to stand in the way of the aggrandizement of his personal power. He employed bestial ferocity, as the cases of Matteotti and the Rosselli brothers disclosed. He destroyed friends and enemies alike whenever it suited his purpose. Moreover, he impoverished the bulk of the Italians to near peonage; he brought a talented people to cultural stagnation.

Fascism Drops Mask

From 1921 to 1935, Mussolini appeared content to build up his fragile glory on the domestic scene, but in the latter year Fascism slipped off its mask. With incredible effrontery he saw himself as a modern Julius or Trajan. Once more the Legions of Rome would march forth to empire.

Late in 1935 he hurled his tanks and airplanes against the primitive Ethiopians of Haile Selassie. Rusty spears and 1905 muskets in the hands of disorganized tribesmen were hardly a match for Fascist bombing planes. Yet it wasn't until three years later, in November, 1938, that the Duce was able to announce from the Chigi balcony the "complete pacification of the enemy."

The rest of the sordid story is too well known to bear repeating in detail. Deceived by his paltry successes in Ethiopia and as a hitchhiker on Hitler's coattails, Mussolini began the occupation of Albania on April 7, 1939. On June 10, 1940, came the "stab-in-the-back" attack on France. And a few months later, on October 28, the Italian invasion of Greece got under way.

The attack on Greece was the beginning of the end for Mussolini. The dynamic process by which evil and falsity always destroy themselves was nearing a climax. Against a brave, determined people defending their homes, the impotency of his "legions" and his "empire" became all too obvious. On November 6, his Alpini were trapped in the Pindus gorges. On November 13, the Italians retreated across the River Kalnus. On November 23, the last-remaining Italians were driven in disorder and ignominy from Greek soil.

On July 25, 1943, his scepter was torn from his grasp and from then until the Partisan firing squad did its work he was little better than a fugitive—a sawdust Caesar bereft of even his sawdust.

Thus the history of Mussolini comes to an end. But in ending it imposes an obligation. The future must remember and profit by the lessons it teaches.

HERE and THERE

By

HILDA WAY GWYN

What does it mean to you today that Germany has at last fallen and admitted defeat at the hands of the Allied Nations? Though this war has been fought far from home it has been our war and it has been as personal as if it had been fought on our own soil, except that we have been spared much of the suffering.

We know that a greedy and powerful country whose people have held the lust of conquest in their hearts for years and built up a nation upon revenge and ambition to conquer the countries about them, has been made to bow her head in defeat. We know that there will be the bloodiest chapter in history written of this cruel and terrible era and that before it is completed another country will have to be defeated.

We know that the roaring planes that have filled the skies over Europe and England are no longer birds of prey destroying everything in their path. Their engines are no longer throbbing with the terrifying sound of combat missions. Guns have ceased firing. It must be very still after such tumult and chaos. The bondage of combat in Europe is over, and our fighting men can turn their thoughts toward home, even if many are destined for the Pacific before the last shot is fired. They are free to dream of peace and home. They can begin to count the days, though it may be a long, long time before they return, they are sure now. It is no longer a big gamble. They are not facing death now and their minds can race with flying feet to America and we know that they are already picking up the threads of life back home.

Can't you hear those homesick boys thinking out loud . . . After war rations, won't it be swell to eat some of Mom's cooking . . . fried chicken, chocolate cake . . . and can't you just taste those hot biscuits with dripping butter? . . . Golly, won't it be grand to phone a girl and make a date for the movies . . . Think of driving out in peaceful country back home in America . . . I wonder how the tires on the old boat are . . . Won't it be grand walking down Main Street one more time and saying "hello" to all the folks you used to know? . . . The young father . . . and seeing in his mind that son, born after he went overseas . . . Even if I do know when he got his first teeth and just how he looks, he is pretty much of a stranger . . . wonder how he will take to his old pop? . . . Think of coming home at night to a good hot supper? . . . Won't it be grand to yell your head off once again at a regular American football game, played on American soil . . . Wonder if the moths have gotten into my old clothes and if any of 'em will fit? . . . Wonder if the old crowd drops by the corner drugstore for cokes like they used to . . . Gee won't it be swell to join 'em one more time . . . Wonder if Mary wears her hair long or short now . . . Wonder if Susie still loves old Joe like she did when we were in high school . . . Gosh, won't it be great to see 'em all . . . No, they won't all be there . . . Tom got knocked off when he was climbing on the Anzio beachhead . . . and old Dick got his in December in Germany . . . and poor old Johnny got his on Iwo Jima . . . Guess things will be sorter changed . . . And on and on they must be reminiscing and looking forward . . . for the war is over in Germany.

To us here at home . . . It means that once more we can sleep and know that the worst is over in Europe . . . and start dreaming of the time when our sons and loved ones will be coming back. Our hearts are singing once again . . . His room must be put in order right now, though, of course, it may be months before he gets back . . . What would he like to eat the first day he gets in . . . Maybe he won't have to go to the Pacifis, maybe he will be kept in camp here . . . Maybe the war will be over before he has to go overseas again . . . Still ringing in her ears is that last letter from Germany, when he wrote, "Mother, don't forget to pray for me, but of course, I'll get back, just be sure to be on the safe side and pray." . . . Can it be true that the Germans have given up . . . The young wife waiting for her husband's return . . . all the things he used to like come back in a rush of memories . . . maybe she had better change her hair back to the way she wore it when he left . . . she starts dreaming of the future years together . . . she wonders if he has changed . . . will he love her as much as ever . . . and that girl he left behind . . . won't it be simply wonderful to hear his voice over the phone, asking for a date . . . just like old times.

Then to those others . . . Why did my son have to be killed? . . . She will be thinking of that letter from the chaplain, telling of his burial with full military honors in that country so far away from home across the seas. . . . She will live again those days when that fateful message came . . . But Time which is the softening touch of God will take the keen edge off her suffering and she will realize what a part she and her son had in making this glorious day come true. . . . As Marion Green, paratrooper, wrote his mother, a short time before his fall in Germany in answer to her sympathy expressed for a Haywood mother whose son had been killed in action and how she would feel . . . "Mother, you should not let it get you down. You should be proud to give a son for victory, peace, happiness and prosperity of the world. Those who have died have died happy for there is no honor so great as giving your life for your country."

We civilians here at home should in prayerful mood give thanks to the Great Master for the courage and devotion of those in the armed forces who have brought this great victory to pass. And pray for comfort and strength to those who sorrow as they rejoice. Our debt to those who laid down their lives can never be paid in full. Let us each as individuals pledge our efforts that such will never happen again. Let us work to bring peace to the world and make it a better place in which to live; a world free from the tyranny of the ideals of the Nazis; a world where children may grow up unafraid; a world where there shall be justice between men of all races; and the Christian law of brotherhood shall prevail.

Germany has fallen . . . Peace is in sight—but in the words of Edgar Guest . . .

"When all the tyrant troops retreat
And calm are land and sky and sea,
'Tis war itself men must defeat
If ever peace is long to be."

Fifth Army Chief

Lieutenant General Mark Clark led secret mission to Africa before American troops landed. He later served as commander of the Fifth army in Italy.

Smash Luftwaffe

The credit for having made the Luftwaffe ineffective during later stages of the war has been given to Lieutenant General Carl Spaatz, who commanded the American heavy bombers and fighter escorts.

At Last—Victory Comes To Allied Armies In Europe

EDITORIAL

The day for which the American people and those of the United Nations of the world have longed and prayed for has come at last. Victory has come to the Allied Armies in the European theatre, but it is a victory that cannot be completely one of exultation. The price has been too great for us not to feel also a sense of loss at this end of fighting with Germany. Our hearts are torn with the memory of the gallant sacrifices that have been made to bring this day to a reality.

It is to most of us the next step to Peace, that miracle which we all have sought. "When peace comes" has been on the tongues of people, not only in America, but throughout the world for months and years. The soldier in the foxhole facing death hourly and the sailor on the far seas have uttered these words. The folks back home have woven dreams of the day when combat in Germany would cease and the promise of peace in sight.

Plans of international, of national and individual postwar living have been woven into dreams—when hatred and distruct would give way to the pattern of the Master Weaver, the Prince of Peace.

It has taken violent measures to defeat the strength of the Nazi political philosophy, compounded of distortions which flourished so long to terrorize the world. As the massed armies of the United Nations have gone forward together in the great battles of the European theatre they have given an illustration of what humanity can do in a joint effect. We trust that in the future years only peace will be the motif of the historical pattern.

This war is one of sublime and terrible proportions, overwhelming in its incredible co-ordination of the mightiest efforts of peoples, governments and armies, of millions of fighting men and hundreds of millions of minds behind them.

We admit that Germany had built a powerful machine that challenged the world. It is a sad thought when one contemplates what might have happened to make this world a glorious place in which to live had this effort been applied to building up, instead of tearing down.

Today in all outward appearances Germany is crushed. Her people have written their own peace terms as they stubbornly resisted their enemies and allowed their country to be devastated and to be thrown back years in progress and civilization.

Cities and factories have been destroyed. Homes by the thousands have been razed to the ground. In the last world war they read the hand writing on the wall and saw what was coming and surrendered. This time under the leadership of a maniac they have fought on without reason, without regard for their future; even when defeat was eminent.

Pershing told us after the terms were made following World War I that we would have trouble again with Germany as a result of the soft peace terms and his prophecy came true. By surrendering the Germans might have saved themselves, but instead they fought on in self defense, while the world read with clarity where their defense would lead them.

With the destruction in Germany, plus the price of war to the United Nations, it is to be hoped that the militaristic concept of greatness that seemed to dazzle the Germans, will be a lesson not only to them but to the other countries of the world. Surely at last the world has learned from hard experience the use of force and what suffering and devastation it can bring, when ruthlessly applied.

We must remember that final peace has not come—that out in the Pacific our men are still fighting and that we must continue to shoulder the burdens of war in order that victory may be speedily attained and world peace realized.