

Da "Time", 27 dicembre 1926

Foreign News: Cross or Fascio?

One John Lucas, correspondent for the New York World, cabled a "scoop" last week from the town of Ventimiglia. Pounding furiously at his typewriter he wrote:

"Premier Mussolini has nipped a new conspiracy—this time a plot by Fascists to depose the King, murder General Pietro Badoglio, Chief of Staff and proclaim Mussolini Emperor. This fact, which comes exclusively to the correspondent of the World, is being kept a secret and, even to those who know of it {sic} its details are a deep mystery. . . .

"Mussolini is furious, because he realizes the success of such a plot would ruin Italy's credit abroad.

"The plot was frustrated and some of the ringleaders were arrested. Police are seeking the men higher up. One of the suspects is Roberto Farinacci, former Secretary General of the Fascist Party. "Badoglio was marked for death because his friendship for the royal family would have caused the plotters special difficulty."

Significance. This rumor sharply recalled a rift in the Fascist lute not heard of late amid the banging of the brass. The rift, a sizable cleavage, gaps between Republican and Royalist Fascists. Which, at heart, is Mussolini?

Fascismo was predominantly Republican until the march on Rome in 1922 when a compromise was engineered to bring the Royalists into camp. Mussolini, once a Republican, has scarcely shown himself a Royalist, however much he has become an Imperialist. He may logically desire a reversion to the awful Roman Republic of ancient and glorious days. In the unfolding of such a drama his first role would be Julius Caesar and his last that of the Emperor Augustus. The dream is spacious, redolent with grandeur. . . .

To return to facts, the Republican wing of Fascismo is strongly entrenched at Bologna, Ferrara and other Emilian cities. General Balbo, at present all but shelved as Under Secretary of Aviation, was once the Commander-in-Chief of the Fascist militia, and built up in that capacity a strong Republican following at Bologna. Reputedly he was shelved when he envisioned himself as the eventual successor of II Duce. Forces allied with him may have been active last week in the World's "mysterious" plot.

Per contra, the Royalists are championed by Minister of Communications Costanzo Ciano, who cried recently at Milan: "All Fascists should wear two emblems close to their hearts: the cross of the {reigning} House of Savoy, and the fascio."

To date one of the greatest achievements of Signor Mussolini has been to retain dominance over both Royalists and Republicans. Both secretly hope that he will eventually cast his whole weight upon their side.

Da "Time", 31 dicembre 1928

ITALY: One Man Majority

Potent and almost omnipotent is Signor Benito Mussolini, but not plural. Though he count himself up 1,000 times he must still total himself—one. Last week, however, the cheerful Dictator with the smouldering eyes and confident uplifted chin made the best of his physical singularity by turning himself into a legal majority of 7 in his cabinet of 13.

When the thing had been neatly and swiftly done, Il Duce was—and is—: 1) Minister of Foreign Affairs; 2) Interior; 3) War; 4) Navy; 5) Air; 6) Corporations; and 7) Colonies. Since the Dictator has held the first six of these portfolios for many a month (TIME, June 16), he really did no more last, week than snatch for himself the Ministry of Colonies. Thus he became a One Man Majority of 7/13ths. Additionally, of course, Signor Mussolini is Head of the State (Il Capo), Leader of the Fascist Party (Il Duce), Prime Minister, and Chairman of the new Fascist Grand Council—now the supreme organ of State (TIME, Nov. 26).

Keenest Roman interest focused on the man from whom Il Capo snatched the Ministry of Colonies—Signor Luigi Federzoni. Some have called this strong and enigmatic statesman "The Soft Speaker for the Vatican." All know that he has long been the only one of Benito Mussolini's ministers from whom harassed King Vittorio Emanuele III has always been able to secure a countersignature for his royal acts. Constitutionally the pen scratch of His Majesty is of no effect, unless countersigned by a member of the Government. Therefore when Signor Federzoni's ministry was snatched away, last week, the King was popped even deeper down into the depths of Benito Mussolini's ogreish pocket.

Federzoni's potency was greatest shortly after Fascist bludgeon men had done to death the Socialist Deputy and millionaire Giacomo Matteoti—a deed which nearly unseated Prime Minister Benito Mussolini, himself suspected of ordering the crime (TIME, June 23, 1924 et seq.). With the Dictator for once scared and shaky, the King was able to insist that Deputy Luigi Federzoni be made Minister of Home Affairs in charge of the police. Smart guessers think they know that Faithful Federzoni then obtained evidence which he and King Vittorio Emanuele held over Il Duce for years afterwards. Eventually however the Dictator felt strong enough to possess himself of the Ministry of Home Affairs, giving the Ministry of Colonies to Federzoni.

The final ounce of boldness probably came, last fortnight, when the Dictator closed and bade farewell to the last democratically elected parliament of Italy. When the new Chamber meets, next Spring, it will consist entirely of Deputies hand picked by the Fascist Grand Council. There will be no Opposition. In the words of Il Capo to the departing deputies:

"Critics of our Fascist regime have complained that the present Chamber is 70 per cent Fascist.

Very well! The next Chamber will be 100 per cent Fascist!"

Additional acts of the Dictator, closely related to the ousting of Senator Federzoni as Minister of Colonies were:

- 1) Appointment of General Emilio de Bono as Under-Secretary and acting head of the Ministry of Colonies. This places in charge of Federzoni's old ministry the very man whom he ousted from the Directorship of Police during the "Matteoti Affair" (see above). Needless to say General de Bono is known for his blind obedience to // Capo;
- 2) Appointment of Field Marshal Pietro Badoglio to be Governor-General of Tripoli and Cyrenaica, two colonies which were united as one last week. With Senator Federzoni on the shelf, old Field Marshal Badoglio is thought to be the strongest partisan left to the King. His removal to the other side of the Mediterranean will scarcely strengthen the Crown.

As Governor-General of Tripoli and Cyrenaica, Marshal Badoglio will of course be responsible to Under-Secretary of Colonies General de Bono (see above), who was until last week Governor of Tripoli, and therefore responsible to ousted Minister of Colonies Luigi Federzoni. In short the whole colonial apparatus of the Italian State was turned upside down, last week, and on the new downside is His bantamweight Majesty King Vittorio Emanuele III.

Despite the constantly enhanced ascendancy of Il Capo over Il Re it is noticed, however, that the only masculine hand over which Benito Mussolini continues to bend with an ingratiating smile is the hand of Majesty.*

* Which Majesty is immaterial. George V has received from Il Duce exactly the same submissive bend and smile which he accords to Vittorio Emanuele III.

Da "Time", 8 febbraio 1932

ITALY: Peace in Libya

With a flourish worthy of Scipio Africanus, Pietro Badoglio, Marshal of Italy and Governor of the colonies of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica (now known as Italian Libya), reported to II Duce last week that 20 years of warfare were at an end. "Completely and definitely" had the rebellion there been quashed and once more peace reigned in Libya.

Italy's troubles in North Africa started in 1911 when, to forestall the territorial hopes of Germany and France, she declared war on Turkey and seized the province of Tripoli. The Turks were easily dispatched but not so the Senussi tribesmen of the interior. During the War, when Italy had no men to spare for Africa, Senussi tribesmen drove the Italians back to the coast and practically reconquered the territory.

It is simpler for news readers, confused with stories of Britons fighting Somali in Somaliland, Italians fighting Senussites in Libya, Frenchmen fighting Tuaregs in Algeria, Spaniards fighting Riffi in Morocco, to remember that North Africa is populated by four races ("white" Berbers, Arab conquerors, native Jews, Negroes) which include innumerable tribes and sects. Italy's troublesome Senussites are a rambunctious Arab sect founded by Sidi Mohammed ben Ali ben Es Senussi el Khettabi el Hassani el Idrissi el Mehajiri, who was born in Algeria with an urge to militant reform. He ordered his two sons to jump off a palm tree to decide which should succeed him.

In 20 years of warfare hundreds of Italian soldiers and at least 20,000 Senussites have been killed. No less a person than little King Vittorio Emanuele's own cousin, the Duke of Apulia, harried the Senussites mightily from the sky. Last winter their ultimate fate was sealed when General Graziani cut them off from fleeing into Egypt by building a formidable barbed wire fence 180 mi. long.

The announcement last week of the final pacification of Libya was a matter of great concern to France. Stirred were old Franco-Italian rivalries focusing on the north coast of Africa. France's rich fertile Tunis is only 90 miles from the tip of Italy's island, Sardinia. There are more Italians living in French Tunis than in Italian Libya which is, for the most part, a barren useless land. The southern boundary of Libya has never been definitely fixed. France has avoided the question for years by insisting that since Italy could not control the territory she already held it was a waste of time to talk about boundaries in the Sahara. Marshal Badoglio has now made this answer invalid.

Da "Time", 25 novembre 1935

ITALY: Answer to Sanctions

Of stratagems peculiar to Benito Mussolini, most typical is what he calls "changing the guard." A Finance Minister at the zenith of successful budgeting is abruptly returned to his private business, as was Count Volpi. A national hero like Atlantic-soaring Italo Balbo is swept off to rule an African province. Last week such a jolt came even to one of the "Four Men," the original Quadrumvirs who led the March on Rome while Mussolini gave orders from 400 miles away in Milan.

The Quadrumvir jolted last week up to the Army's highest rank of Marshal and into retirement was goat-bearded, rheumy-eyed but able and sagacious old General Emilio de Bono. Under this Original Fascist the flower of Italy's hottest-headed youthful volunteers have gone out to Africa, avenged the 19th Century "Shame of Aduwa" and occupied some 10,000 sq. mi. The combination of young hotheads in the van with a very old Fascist behind them has been either extremely odd or touched with genius. Enemies of the Dictator have accused him of sending first to fight in Africa mercurial youths whom it was becoming difficult to control at home. And if the adventure had gone badly the Italian Army could have borne with equanimity the disgrace of Old de Bono.

Trailing his glory Old de Bono is now replaced by the Army's idol and the King's close friend.

Marshal Pietro Badoglio, greatest of Italy's surviving World War commanders and in 1928, when Mussolini had been Dictator for six years, created Marquis of the Sabotino, the mountain he captured in August 1916 during the Battle of Gorizia. In November 1917 he was made the public goat of Italy's most inglorious rout at Caporetto, but within the Army his Kudos as a commander did not evaporate and he became sole Sub-Chief-of-Staff under Italian Commander in Chief General Diaz.

General Badoglio is said to have telegraphed allied Generalissimo Ferdinand Foch, in November 1918, in a code to which he knew the Germans had the key, a bluff proposal for a terrifying offensive on five fronts. Three hours after Foch telegraphed his approval in the same code, the Germans sued for Armistice.

Notice to Mutineers. Marshal Badoglio was sent to Africa last month by the Dictator to inspect particularly the Northern Front under Old de Bono's command (TIME, Oct. 28). He also visited the Southern Front on which General Graziani has been forging up toward Harar and Ethiopia's only railway, returned to Rome fortnight ago. Gossip has had General Graziani vexed by Old de Bono's reluctance to send him as many troops as he has asked for. What the dashing General in the South might not listen to from the Quadrumvir, he will presumably, as a professional soldier, listen to with greatest respect from Marshal Badoglio, who was named last week Commander in Chief of all Italy's forces in East Africa and High Commissioner for her colonies of Eritrea and Italian

Somaliland. Two days after his appointment Marshal Badoglio and his two officer sons, Paolo and Mario, took ship for Africa.

Naturally the Italian public hopes for more rapid and sweeping conquests under Marshal Badoglio, particularly since the hot youths of Italy's first contingents have now been joined by large forces of regular Army troops, but strategists and tacticians agree that the only practicable course in Ethiopia is that of comparatively slow advances followed by much weary roadbuilding. In Eritrea last week Italian road-builders read in the Fascist daily of Asmara, *Il Quotidiano Eritreo*: "Those who would give even the slightest thought to mutiny must be informed that their identification and department cards would receive black marks and that police and the authorities at home would be notified of their impending return to Italy before their arrival there."

Picturesque Old de Bono used to be the focus of highest-powered anti-Fascist accusations in which he figured as a grey-haired Hell-raiser who was one of the murderers of the Socialist millionaire Matteotti and in 1927 was only prevented from deposing the King by the arrival of four regiments sent by Marshal Badoglio. Formal inquiry by the Italian Senate cleared him of complicity in the Matteotti affair and the "plot" against the Throne could be considered a figment of anti-Fascist imaginations last week when His Majesty raised Old de Bono to the rank of Marshal.

The fact that "Mussolini's war" is now to be conducted in the field by perhaps the King's most trusted Army friend meant that the Throne, the Army and the Dictator chose to demonstrate last week their extremest solidarity as Italy's answer to Sanctions.

Da "Time", 16 dicembre 1935

THE FRONT: Death at Dessye

Spruce, white-haired Marshal Pietro Badoglio is a good soldier and a good soldier is supposed to think only about the task at hand. He was given the Italian High Command in Africa a month ago with one order: Speed up the war. Bending over his maps at Asmara last week Marshal Badoglio realized that to speed up the war the Ethiopian army either must be goaded into risking a major battle, or the present allegiance of tribal chiefs to Haile Selassie must be broken down. Over his maps Marshal Badoglio thought he saw a cheap way to do both. Dessye, 150 miles from the Italian Northern Front, is a straggling, semidesert town nestling in the shadow of tremendous 3,000-foot bluffs (see cut). On a sandy knoll surrounded by spindly eucalyptus trees was an old building sometimes used as a royal palace. Not far away was a new stone building with a corrugated iron roof and a huge Red Cross painted on it: the mission of U. S. Seventh Day Adventists, now being used as a hospital. Outside, thousands of troops were quartered in straggling rows of tents. Pale little Haile Selassie was in that palace last week visiting his northern army, and with him was his 12-year-old son, Ras Makonnen. In Dessye, too, was practically every foreign correspondent assigned to Addis Ababa, eager to see a little of the warfare that they were supposed to write about. Most of them had pitched their tents within the compound of the Adventist hospital. At 8 a. m., high over the yellow cliffs came ten Caproni bombers, flying wing to wing in V-formations of five planes each, the morning sun flashing silver on their wings. With a healthy regard for Ethiopian anti-aircraft batteries they stayed nearly 3,000 feet up. Over the palace they dropped a whistling shower of bombs that shot columns of dirt higher than the eucalyptus trees. Immediately it was apparent what they were after: the death of Haile Selassie. Wrecking the palace, the planes swung back to the other place where he might conceivably be, the mission hospital. One bomb went clean through the Red Cross sign on the roof, destroyed two wards and the instrument room. The last rackful of bombs was reserved for the military encampment outside town and a large red tent, which again might contain the Emperor.

Haile Selassie was in neither palace, nor hospital, nor tent. When the Capronis came over the cliffs the little Negus happened to be standing in the middle of a street talking to General Birru and Doctor Zervos. Hardly had the sound of the first bomb screeched from the yellow cliffs than His Majesty sprang to a nearby anti-aircraft gun, pushed fumbling frightened soldiers aside, and sent belt after belt of bullets ripping up at his enemies. His small son stood in the palace garden unconcernedly watching the bursting bombs.

The advantage to Italy in the death of Haile Selassie was obvious, but Good Soldier Badoglio forgot one thing. When a soldier is wounded, he screams and sometimes dies. When a war correspondent is wounded his scream is heard around the world. Some 1,000 bombs dropped in the 17 minutes

the planes circled over Dessye killed 53 persons, wounded 200. In the mêlée somebody shot Correspondent Georges Goyon of the Havas News Agency through the knee, and a Miss Petra Hovig, Red Cross nurse serving in the Adventist hospital, broke her leg jumping into a trench for safety. They were rushed to Addis Ababa by plane. Typical of the reaction of newshawks was that of Herald Tribune Correspondent Linton Wells. For weeks he has chafed publicly at the dirt and discomfort of the country, the surliness of minor Ethiopian officials. Yet no sooner had his ears stopped ringing from the bombing raid than he rushed to his typewriter to start his daily dispatch thus: "I witnessed today one of the most inhumane acts of warfare it has been my misfortune to see in 20 odd years of experience of wars. So wrote all the rest. A Dr. Loeb, Wartime surgeon in the German army, hustled newshawks to where he had laid out the body of a woman who had had both legs and a breast torn off by bomb splinters. "This." said he, "is the best proof of the benefits of civilization I ever saw."

The bombs in the Dessye raid were not the cheap lightweight fragmentation bombs of other Italian air raids. Two unexploded 200 pounders were carefully carried to the ruins of the Emperor's garden, where the Negus and his kinky-haired son posed for photographers with a foot on each, in the attitude of successful lion hunters.

At the same hour next morning Italian bombers were back again, killing more people but again missing Haile Selassie. The hospital's medical supplies were ruined. Fortunately many of the war correspondents had brought their own. All through the night one Franz Roth, Associated Press photographer, worked with Red Cross doctors anesthetizing patients. If Italians had outraged the world and missed the Emperor, their two bombing raids did have one expected result. At a secret chieftains' meeting enraged Emperor Haile Selassie finally agreed that the time had come to meet the Italians in open battle, let it be known that he would hurry north to lead 600,000 men against Marshal Badoglio. Stupid indeed was the announcement of the Italian embassy in London in the face of dozens of eye-witness accounts:

"Bombing of the American Hospital is denied. Italian aviators have always respected the sign of the Red Cross even when certain it is being abused for personal protection. Furthermore there is no information of the existence of American Red Cross units in Dessye, nor has the Italian Government ever been notified of the presence of any American hospital in the midst of the Ethiopian forces in accordance with provisions of Article XI of the Geneva Convention of 1929."

Da "Time", 27 aprile 1936

WAR: Last Act

It was announced early last week that plump and amiable Empress Menen of Ethiopia would speak to Britain and the U. S. over the short-wave radio. Italian spies were not caught napping. No sooner did Her Majesty begin in halting French, than on the same wave length blasts of Morse code gibberish drowned out her words. What she was saying in Addis Ababa:

"Emperor Haile Selassie may not win the war, but he is still undefeated and will struggle to the bitter end. But even if he loses, he deserves to win, for he has fought against every means modern science could devise."

Somewhere out in the field Haile Selassie still controlled a sizable body of troops, but the end of his ancient kingdom was rapidly approaching. When no news from the front had reached Addis Ababa for days, Correspondent Steer of the New York Times hopped on a truck with a British Army major to deliver 1,850 home made gas masks to Crown Prince Asfa Wassan's troops at Dessye. Nearing the city, the first thing they saw was Asfa Wassan's skirmishers, disappearing over the mountain top. Dessye was deserted. An exhausted runner had just arrived from Gerado with news of an advancing column of Italian cavalry followed by tanks, motor trucks. They could only be a mile or two behind him. Just at dusk the Crown Prince came down from his mountain hideaway on muleback to pack his personal belongings at the old palace. At the first bursts of rifle fire on the outskirts of town, he scuttled back to the hills. Correspondent Steer and the British major waited no longer. Loading four Seventh Day Adventist missionaries and a sick Belgian officer into the back of their truck, they lit out for Addis Ababa. Just as they left town the hillsides behind them flashed like a thousand fireflies with blazing rifles. Aeroplane-directed Galla warriors marched into deserted Dessye, followed by Fascist legions two days later.

It took four days of the hardest going for Correspondent Steer to get back to Addis Ababa. Yet Benito Mussolini expected Marshal Badoglio to cover the same distance with his cumbersome army in three days, so as to give the Italian people a spectacular victory on the anniversary of the founding of Rome (April 21, 753 B. C.). In this dilemma Marshal Badoglio yelled for his colleague in the south, General Graziani, to take the puck.

Lean, be-monocled Graziani had the only united army left in Ethiopia facing him, the troops of Ras Nassibu. The Italian General started bravely off for Harar, ran smack into trouble.

Scouting planes told him that Ethiopians were in force on the caravan route due north of Gabredarre. He tried a flank attack along the Giana Gobbo River to the left and hit a hornets' nest. Italians charged time & again up impossible gullies, always to fall back before a blistering fire. For four days the Ethiopians held out against tanks, bombs, planes, heavy field guns. Then they broke and ran. But General Graziani was still some 225 miles from Harar. He admitted the loss of two planes, ten officers, some hundred casualties.

Meanwhile Marshal Badoglio was plunging ahead from the north toward Addis Ababa. His principal opponents were mud and distance, not Ethiopian troops. His supply lines were a hopeless mess, but he had plenty of bombing planes. Italian outposts, waiting for food, took towels and other white cloths, spelled out VIVERI on the ground. Then from the air would drift down dozens of little parachutes, loaded with spaghetti and soup. The ground crews punctiliously reformed their towels to say GRAZIE.

Da "Time", 18 maggio 1936

ITALY: Re ed Imperatore

The first adunata (general assembly) of the Italian people occurred Oct. 2, 1935, marked the beginning of the War in Ethiopia. At the second adunata, held early last week, the occupation of Addis Ababa by Marshal Badoglio was announced. Four days later came the call for the third adunata which all Italy had been feverishly awaiting. Well drilled, the Italian people knew their posts, their cues. A good hour before Il Duce's speech, they had left their homes, cafes and shops to gather in public squares. In the shoeshine parlors and groceries of Brooklyn and Boston it was 3:30 p. m. In Addis Ababa it was nearly midnight. But along the length of Italy's boot it was 9:30 p. m. Pulsing nerve centre of all this excitement was the huge square of the Piazza Venezia in Rome. Thousands and thousands of eyes in the square were riveted on the buff-colored palace of Benito Mussolini. All along the roof torches flickered in the night air. On the second floor the huge windows were flung wide. The crowd in the square could look directly into the vast frescoed office of Il Duce, lighted up like a stage setting. Round the edge of the crowd the flash bulbs of photographers flickered like heat lightning.

At exactly 10 o'clock members of the Grand Council of Fascism, followed by the Italian Cabinet, all in Fascist trimmings & trappings, marched into the great room. Goat-bearded Marshal Emilio de Bono, recalled last autumn from Ethiopia under a cloud, was there. Chin-tufted Libyan Governor Italo Balbo had flown over from Tripoli to attend the party. Near him sat his Fascist twin, Italian Ambassador Dino Grandi, who had sped to Rome from London.

The crowd could see, but it could not hear. Every few minutes a Fascist bigwig would jump up, wave his arms, sit down. It did not take very long. At 10:34 Benito Mussolini rose from the head of the table, strode across the room, stepped out on to the balcony. Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra! blared the bugles below. The cheers of the crowd rose to a shrill, hysterical scream. Women fainted in the crush and their rigid bodies were passed out from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd.

Finally, chin outthrust, Benito Mussolini rested both hands on the balustrade and bellowed: "Officers, non-commissioned officers, privates, Black Shirts of the Fascist revolution, Italian men and women at home and throughout the world—LISTEN!

"The destiny of Ethiopia has been sealed today, May 9 of the 14th year of the Fascist revolution. All knots have been cut by our flaming sword and the victory in Africa becomes part of the history of our country, pure and complete.

"Italy at last has her empire. It is a Fascist empire because it bears the indestructible sign of the will and power of the lictors and Fasces of Rome. ... It is an empire of peace because Italy wants peace for herself and for everyone, and was induced to make war only when she was driven to it by some imperious and undeferable necessity of life. It is an empire of civilization and humanity for all the

populations of Ethiopia. This is in the tradition of Rome, which after having conquered, associated the conquered people in her fate.

"Here is the law that closes a period of our history and opens a new one with enormous future possibilities:

"First, the territories and peoples that belonged to the Ethiopian Empire have passed under the sole and exclusive sovereignty of the Kingdom of Italy.

"Second the title of Emperor is assumed for himself and his heirs by the King of Italy.

"The Italian people have created an empire with their blood. They will fertilize it with their work. They will defend it against anyone with their weapons. Will you be worthy of it?" From the hysterical crowd came the roar: "Si! Si!"

"Is this cry a sacred oath?"

"Si! Si!"

"Is it an oath that binds you before God and man?"

"Si! Si!"

"Is it an oath that binds you for life or death?"

"Si-i-i-i-i-i!!!"

"Black Shirts and Legionaries, salute the King!"

"Viva il Re!" screamed the crowd.

Dictator Mussolini turned on his heel, went back into his office. Most of the crowd started to stream across the city and up the hill to Vittorio Emanuele's Palazza del Quirinale. Radio announcers read the two brief decrees just approved by the Grand Council. Besides the complete annexation of Ethiopia and the proclamation of the King as Emperor, it provided that Ethiopia was to be ruled by a Governor General with the title of Vice roy who will also have authority over the Governors of Eritrea and Somaliland. First Viceroy of Ethiopia: Marshal of Italy, Cavaliere Pietro Badoglio, Marquis of Sabotino.

In his Quirinal Palace little Vittorio Emanuele III was waiting for the crowds. Months ago when the Ethiopian adventure first started he told a friend: "If we win, I shall be King of Abyssinia. If we lose, I shall be King of Italy."

"Imperatore! Imperatore! Salute Imperatore!" chanted the crowd when Vittorio Emanuele, in full Army uniform, showed himself on a balcony. The first Roman Emperor in 1,460 years raised his withered hand to the visor of his cap, said nothing.

The towering Queen-Empress did not appear. She was in bed with a broken toe from falling off a stepladder in her library while reaching for a book.

Da "Time", 15 giugno 1936

Foreign News: Selassie & Fiuggi

With 41 crates reportedly containing gold bars and Ethiopia's well-worn old green Imperial treasure chest among his luggage, His Majesty Haile Selassie reached London last week bravely smiling and heavily perfumed. En route from Palestine he had been transferred from a British warship to a British liner, and the British Government insisted that his status was "strictly incognito."

In London screaming red placards reading "WELCOME EMPEROR!" had been pasted on delivery vans by Labor and Liberal newsorgans but, taking their cue from their Government, Conservative London papers did their best to ignore Haile Selassie, tucked news that he was coming into obscure squibs. Nevertheless, 5,000 unofficial welcomers rushed to Waterloo Station. Among them were Chinese, Hindus, Arabs and Negroes, cheek by jowl with English of every class, including pink-cheeked gentlemen in high silk hats and ladies, some of whom waved simultaneously the British and Ethiopian flags as the private Pullman car of Haile Selassie drew in.

Seated at a flower-decked table was His Majesty in blue-serge trousers, silk blouse and flowing black cape with his children in well-tailored, tweedy sports clothes and flannels. Roared hearty British voices: "Welcome to the land of the free! Hurrah for the one and only Emperor of Ethiopia! Down with Mussolini!"

Great efforts by the British League of Nations Union to coax down to the station the British Foreign Secretary, well-dressed Captain Anthony Eden, were rewarded to the extent that he sent his tactful private secretary, Mr. Oliver C. Harvey, who is always careful to dress somewhat badly. Rumpled Mr. Harvey slipped into the Pullman, spoke for a few minutes to Haile Selassie, then presented His Majesty to many an eminent, top-hatted friend of the League of Nations and of Ethiopia, including Economist Sir Walter Thomas Layton and Lord Allen of Hurtwood. They pressed upon His Majesty an engraved, though quite unofficial, scroll declaring:

"We lament that Ethiopia has suffered invasion. We, with thousands of people of Great Britain, express the hope that the day will soon dawn when Ethiopia will regain her ancient independence and her rightful Emperor will return and, trusting in God, will continue to lead his people toward light and peace."

Taking this scroll His Majesty cried: "God grant that it may be so! ... I come to England confident that I will obtain justice here. . . . May the British Crown and the British people live forever!"

After that, cheering never stopped as Haile Selassie, his children and his crates were whisked by limousine under guard of Scotland Yard detectives to a sumptuous, cream-yellow house facing Hyde Park at No. 5 Princes Gate, the home of the U. S. Ambassador being nearby at No. 14.

Alighting, His Majesty was met with shouts of "Say any old thing, Haile Selassie! Hurrah for the Emperor! Good Old Haile Selassie!"

When the King of Kings and Conquering Lion of Judah refused to speak into a microphone provided for his use, an excited fair-skinned dowager seized it herself, uttered sounds which British radio listeners may well have thought were words spoken by His Majesty in his native Amharic—until an announcer cleared up the mistake. As Good Old Haile Selassie withdrew into the house, 1,000 admirers out front snapped up popular dailies, one of which cried under a banner headline: "Haile Selassie is a welcome visitor, for he belongs to that band of men with the courage to stand up against tyranny and stand by what is right at the risk of death in order that justice might live." Imperial Garden Party, Bright & early next morning a round hundred admirers of Haile Selassie gathered in Whitehall to see him lay a wreath on the Cenotaph honoring Britain's War dead. With dogged British grit they waited all morning and all afternoon until finally dispersed by a thunderstorm. All through the day Haile Selassie had been demanding that the Foreign Office accord him "official permission" to lay the wreath which meanwhile drooped and withered in his hallway. Captain Anthony Eden's subordinates had kept insisting all day that His Majesty should merely apply to Scotland Yard for whatever protection he might think he needed in laying a wreath on the Cenotaph.

Second round of the Emperor's struggle to be officially noticed came as a request to be received by King Edward VIII. To this the Foreign Office replied that Emperor Haile Selassie, since he was traveling incognito, was no more likely to be received by the King Emperor than any other distinguished but unofficial visitor.

Third round was the issuing by Haile Selassie, as Emperor of Ethiopia and apparently no longer incognito so far as he himself was concerned, of official invitations to an "Imperial garden party." Swift to snub Haile Selassie by sending diplomatic regrets were the U. S., Russia, France, Germany, Japan, the Little Entente, all the Scandinavian and Balkan States, and five of the 20 Latin American republics, plus all the British Dominions, vice-regal India and His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom. Captain Eden excused himself by saying that he had to make a political speech elsewhere. His swank Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs, Viscount Cranborne, explained: "My presence is possible only because I can meet the Emperor in a private, non-political capacity." In their official capacities came the Argentine, Turkish, Brazilian and Chinese Ambassadors and the Ministers of Cuba, Finland, Iraq, Nepal, Iran, Saudi Arabia and Uruguay, and Paraguay's charge d'affaires. Also the Deans of Westminster and St. Paul's, Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George and Salvation Army General Evangeline Booth.

Even as Haile Selassie chatted in French with his guests, his doom as an Emperor seemed in course of being sealed by Orator Anthony Eden, who told his constituents that "The League finds its authority weakened" and that Geneva must now act "in the spirit of candid realism." Far from suggesting any anti-Italian or pro-Ethiopian action of a virile nature. Orator Eden announced for

the British Government this unpretentious objective: "We must at this time maintain the League of Nations in existence." In quarters close to Haile Selassie it was said that he was being pressed to quit Great Britain, probably would go to live in a villa he owns in Switzerland, if Italian pressure is not exerted on the Swiss.

Corporal & Marshal. Meanwhile in Italy every newsorgan which reported the doings in London spoke, of Haile Selassie by his family name, "Signore Tafari." However, nobody much bothered to read the papers. All Italy was rapturously celebrating the return from Ethiopia of its Conqueror. His skin seemed suntanned to the toughness of leather. Moist upon it were the kisses of Benito Mussolini as II Duce embraced and smacked on both cheeks grizzled, tough, triumphant Marshal Pietro Badoglio, Viceroy of Ethiopia.

After the smacks Corporal Mussolini, who has never had himself promoted above his actual War grade, patted Marshal Badoglio affectionately on the back, presented a bouquet to the Marshal's wife, affably greeted their daughter. Later Emperor Vittorio Emanuele and Marshal Badoglio reviewed troops amid deafening plaudits near the Triumphal Arch of Constantine. Once home, the Viceroy of Ethiopia confided with an old soldier's simple candor the main reason why he did in fact return to Rome last week.

This reason Italians clearly understood when the Marshal said he was going to take the cure at Fiuggi, drinking its famed waters. Popes with gallstones gave the springs of Fiuggi their fame and today its bottled waters may be had in almost any city of the world. Last week learned Italians, sympathizing with their great Marshal, turned to the Italian encyclopedia, scanned the famous letter in which great Artist Michelangelo described how he was cured at Fiuggi in the year 1549 as Marshal Badoglio may well be cured. Wrote Michelangelo: "I am immensely better. For about two months I have been drinking morning and evening water from a spring about forty miles from Rome, which breaks the stone. It has broken mine and enabled me to pass a good deal of it in my urine. I must lay in a store of it and use it exclusively in drinking and cooking and change my way of living." After taking the cure at Fiuggi, the Viceroy of Ethiopia was slated to return to take up residence at Addis Ababa.

Da "Time", 22 giugno 1936

ITALY: Guard Changed

Having conquered Ethiopia, mighty Marshal Pietro Badoglio last week joined the Fascist Party. His Majesty Vittorio Emanuele III, King of Italy and Emperor of Ethiopia, had just upped Marshal Badoglio from the administrative office of Viceroy of Ethiopia to the aristocratic, hereditary dignity of Duke of Addis Ababa. It was time for the rumors that at heart Marshal Badoglio was anti-Fascist to be scotched last week, and scotched they were. Amid regal pomp the Duke of Addis Ababa drove to the Secretariat of the Fascist Party, majestically ascended its marble stair and received a card enrolling him as a member of the Fascist Party. Grizzled new Member Badoglio then barked a loud, soldierly speech in praise of Fascist works in general and in particular of Benito Mussolini, "the Duce who is the force and guide behind all our efforts!"

The new Duke was supposed to have returned to Italy primarily for kidney-stone treatment. Last week's developments explained further. Named new Viceroy of Ethiopia, to do the exhausting job of "civilizing" one of the most recalcitrant native peoples on the globe, was bristling Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, 53. The 64-year-old Duke of Addis Ababa resumed in Italy his post of Chief of the General Staff.

This abrupt shift, characteristic of Il Duce, meant that the 800,000 troops he is mobilizing in "war games" under the Italian Alps to intimidate the League of Nations when it meets late this month to discuss Sanctions will be officered directly by the military genius who did what most European military experts had called "impossible"—conquered Ethiopia in a single dry season before the rains could bog down his troops.

Change the Guard! As Dictator Mussolini girded himself last week for whatever efforts he may have to make toward smashing Sanctions, he executed once more his periodic Fascist maneuver, "Change the Guard!" This means that with arbitrary decision Il Duce shifts various Fascist leaders who serve him and Italy into new posts. Last week Dictator Mussolini began by firing himself from three of his biggest jobs: Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Colonies and Minister of Corporations.

New Foreign Minister is chubby-faced Count Galeazzo Ciano, husband of the Dictator's favorite child Edda, perhaps the only living being toward whom Benito Mussolini is somewhat overindulgent, a little soft. She wants her Count to have the glory of being Italian Foreign Minister when it comes about that Sanctions are lifted—and shrewd Benito Mussolini does not want to be his own Foreign Minister in case Italy's great diplomatic offensive fails. If Il Duce was a little soft and sweet to his daughter last week, he abandoned none of his watchful astuteness. Edda herself was in Berlin, hobnobbing with bigwig Nazis—which was the Mussolini Family's way of teasing the French and the British.

New Minister of Corporations is an old-guard Fascist who has done much of the complex, still uncompleted job of setting up the so-called "Italian Fascist Corporative State," hard-working but convivial Ferruccio Lantini (TIME, March 30 et ante). The new Minister of Colonies, Alessandro Lessona, is an old hand at them. Fascist wiseacres said Il Duce was divesting himself of three big portfolios partly because, if all goes well in Europe and Sanctions are abolished, he wants to be free to visit Ethiopia, survey his conquest.

Out of sight like a plummet dropped last week foppish Fulvio Suvich, the Undersecretary to Foreign Secretary Benito Mussolini for four years. Only last fortnight Signore Suvich was the only Italian with his chief when Premier Mussolini received at his farm the Chancellor of Austria, pious Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, and they reputedly discussed enthroning Archduke Otto at Vienna as Emperor with Princess Maria of Italy for his Empress (TIME, June 15). In the abrupt change of guard last week there seemed to be no job for Suvich, and to fill his seat as Foreign Undersecretary was recalled from Warsaw a most vigorous and scheming veteran Fascist, the journalist-diplomat Giuseppe Bastianini, Ambassador to Poland. No other Fascist knows so many foreigners in every part of the world. No other has shown so much adroitness in founding Fascist organizations overseas and adapting them to laws made by local governments, while still keeping them Fascist-hot. Suvich moreover has been supposed to advise Il Duce constantly from a pro-French and anti-German point of view. It was convenient to fire him last week as Italy's Dictator sought to throw as great a scare as possible into the new French Cabinet of Léon Blum. Radical Socialists, Socialists and Communists are Premier Blum's supporters, antiFascism a prime flame on their altar. If they are to be backed down at Geneva, if Sanctions are to be scotched, Benito Mussolini has need of all the aid he can muster. Last week in Paris, rueful Pinks and Reds said the British Foreign Office had just sent over to them a draft procedure for lifting Sanctions, asked them to "study" it.