

As you search history's records of great men and women, is it not true that most of them attained immortality because they were the achievement of GOD for their fellow men and women? Human society is always ready to pay tribute to those who help for the common good.

SIXTY-EIGHTH YEAR—NO. 10

The Birmingham Eccentric

PART
ONE

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1945

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THIS and THAT

By G. R. A.

"From Dust To Sawdust to
Dust"—Mussolini Is No
Man's Ally

A few evenings ago I sat in the Birmingham Theatre and watched motion pictures that showed the assassination and hanging by the hands of Benito Mussolini, the dictator who dominated Italy for a score of years and finally brought her into World War II as a German ally.

I observed the bruised and battered body of Il Duce, his bald head lying across the breast of his also deceased amour, the mob which surrounded him, and my thoughts rambled back to June of 1935, when I spent a brief time in Italy.

I recall the reactions of folks in Rome, Florence, and Venice, as I sought to engage them in conversation about Mussolini.

Mussolini admitted that "Il Duce has restored our country from chaos to order; he's built many public projects that we need; just as the great Uncle Tommies here in Rome . . . lots of new housing for the poor . . . yes, Benito Mussolini is a great man."

Yet there was much and other kinds of praise on the subject of Fascism. I could not help but wonder that some of these utterances were not self-delusion.

Again we meet on this Memorial Day to remember those who have left us to go on, but particularly to remember those who have earned the greatest division in our behalf to leave us in their debt. Never before since Memorial Day has been observed with such a mixture of grief and anger, and urged on us, the hearers, the thought that unless this battle is won, Birmingham becomes the victim and others the sacrifice.

It was over with Blackshirts; Italy was over with Blackshirts. It would have been a personal option opposed to the Fascist regime.

One day, with an English-speaking guide, I took a trolley and streetcar taxi. I cringed about Rome; I had met me my Leica camera, intent on taking as many pictures as I could.

We passed the entrance of Mussolini's big estate, "given" him by the wealthy Italian who wanted to be his successor in the Fascist Party, and I asked my guide: "Can I take a picture of the house?" He said I could.

I got out of the car, placed myself in a good position for the shot, when all of a sudden a black-clad, heavily-armed, hairy front of the entrance, a Fascist guard, he had been watching me from his hidden spot . . . he was shouting, waving his hand, and the other holding a carbine. I became aware of the fact that my picture-taking was halted. Apologetically, he said, "Guess you can't take that picture."

In those days Mussolini was in high favor; so shortly before, he had been given orders to be assassinated, and he had suggested that all horn-blowing cease; and it did—though we heard it break and dash from cafes and places made up for the absence of mechanical testing.

The lead whom of Italy's dictator, he saw.

That's the way totalitarian governments operate, anyway.

No, Mussolini's starting form of Benito Mussolini appeared from the balcony fronting the Palazzo Venezia; the slogan and emblem of the party, so proudly displayed on buildings and fences now, probably are obliterated; the Italian people have been given back their freedom, accepted Mussolini the Blackshirt leader who marched upon Rome back in 1922 because Italy's impotent King Victor Emmanuel couldn't lead his people.

Informed people agree that in his first few years Mussolini did a fair amount of good, but his ego and arrogance and lust for power asserted themselves . . . and he became a "second Caesar," a second Hitler, as a sign of boastfulness, and, as he met the inevitable and of those who were aware, the devil as an instrument of ruin.

From dictator to a bruised and battered and squat-upon thing lying in the streets, then suspended head down, the miles of the gauntlet slowly, but they grind exceedingly slow.

Lt. Denis J. Allison
Killed In Action

Mr. Herbert Allison, 577 West Washington, died Saturday morning at the war department in Washington, D. C., where the department has now gathered his husband Lt. Denis J. Allison in action, Nov. 1, 1944.

Previously Lieutenant Allison was listed as missing in action when his plane was shot down over Germany. The newest word from Washington is that his plane was downed when his pilot was killed, either when his ship was hit by fire, or when his plane crashed in the territory he had been in service to for months.

Lieutenant Allison was born in Detroit, Michigan, and his mother, Mrs. Ernest J. Allison, now resides, two brothers, David and John, also reside there. Another brother, Thomas, is serving in the navy.

Mrs. Allison is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Cary, 577 West Washington.

All members of these families are members of the American Legion Auxiliary. COM-PANY, PHONE: K-BHAM 5-7728.

Adv. 11

Birmingham Pays Loving Tribute To Her War Dead

Lee Declares Freedom Must Be Preserved

Lee Naval Ensign



Ensign Thomas Williams

THOMAS R. CHIRISTI, Texas-Tennessean Ray Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ray Williams, of 572 Townsend, Birmingham, Mich., graduated recently from the Naval Air Training Center, Corpus Christi, and was commissioned an ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve. He is a former student of the Lawrence Tech College, Detroit, Mich.

Recalling the part Birmingham played in the war, he said: "I am glad to see that our city has come to the rescue of its own again."

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