

# WAR ON ITALIAN SOIL

## ALLIED INVASION OF SICILY

JULY 9–10, 1943

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The **Allied invasion of Sicily**, codenamed **Operation Husky**, was a major World War II campaign, in which the Allies took Sicily from the Axis (Italy and Nazi Germany). It was a large scale amphibious and airborne operation, followed by six weeks of land combat. It launched the Italian Campaign. *Husky* began on the night of 9–10 July 1943, and ended 17 August. Strategically, *Husky* achieved the goals set out for it by Allied planners. The Allies drove Axis air, land and naval forces from the island; the Mediterranean's sea lanes were opened and Italian dictator Benito Mussolini was toppled from power. It opened the way to the Allied invasion of Italy

## COME SIAMO ARRIVATI COSI' IN BASSO?

IL CONFRONTO NON PUO' CONVINCERE SE NON SI DISPONE DI UN MINIMO DI MEZZI DI  
COMUNICAZIONE

HOW WE ARRIVED SO 'DOWN'? \*

di Filippo Giannini

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**\*English Google Translation from Italian Original:**

Much of the original Italian text from Italian authors and newspaper reports was translated via The Google Translation Program. Several sections of certain Italian paragraphs are injured in the translation but not to the degree that will cause a distortion of the writer's information and research

Mussolini landed in Sicily, Palermo May 6, 1924. He was planning an official visit of fifteen days. From Continental had a blurred vision of the Mafia, but soon his knowledge of that phenomenon would deepen



Accompanied by car, in Piana degli Albanesi, the mayor of that town, Francis Cuccia, said Don Ciccio, who displayed on his breast the Cross of Knight of the Realm, despite being on trial for murder in eight trials, all resolved for lack of evidence, Mussolini felt a little embarrassed by the behavior of the notable seated at his side.

Don Ciccio, observed that his host was followed by some agents, familiarly tapped my arm and Mussolini, winking, said: 'Why did you carry the cops? Vossia is with me. Nothing to fear!>. Mussolini made no reply, ordered him to stop the car and returning to Palermo.

The next day he spoke to Agrigento in Sicily and was a declaration of war on the Mafia: <You have sort of material that needs to know: there was talk of roads, drainage, you said that you ensure the safety of property and citizens who work. Well, I declare that I shall take all measures necessary to protect the gentlemen from the crimes of criminals. There must be more tolerated than a few hundred thugs soverchino, immiseriscano, damaging a population as magnificent as yours>.

Mussolini returned to Rome on May 12 and next day summoned the ministers and De Bono Federzoni Moncada and the police chief and asked them the name of a man capable of beating the phenomenon Sicilian mobster> (from “Benito Mussolini in Italy in the miracles “). The Cesare Mori was chosen to combat the Mafia took advantage of the valuable collaboration of Marshal Spano.

In a few years, the Mafia was crushed to the point that the so-called Pieces of 90 were forced to emigrate to the United States, where they found fertile ground. Unfortunately, the mafia was broken, but not its roots, as we shall see. At this point, and to complete the background of how “we have fallen so low,” we must go with the mind of the liberators landed in Sicily, and examine, though briefly, the significant contribution made by Sicilian-American mafia in the success of ‘gangsters’ operations overseas. The following is taken from my book From July 25 to Piazzale Loreto.

It ‘s well known that Sicily – more than any other Italian region – for decades maintained close ties with the United States, given the substantial emigration of Sicilians in that country.

The contribution of the American Mafia to the success of the landing in Sicily has always been downplayed or even denied, by the historical allies, but the literature on the subject is so rich as to challenge the assumption, and this is understandable since it was one of many pages of the whole shameful affair.

The first contacts with the American underworld riguardarono no operation “Husky” (as was indicated the landing in Sicily), must be sought in identifying the boats, flying the American flag, who sailed in the Atlantic, and that since the first months of 1942 stocked up on oil, its weight in gold, German submarines, which, extending the missions at sea, preyed on Allied merchant ships. To hunt these “suppliers”, which was supposed to belong mafia organization, the “Naval Intelligence”, in his capacity of commander Radcliffe Haffenden, made contact with Joseph Lanza, of Sicilian origin and head of the fish market, involving other characters, did you know that if you wanted to smash the network of the Atlantic boats, the stated purpose character was Lucky Luciano. After some hesitation the “Naval Intelligence” sent two top officials of the U.S. Navy to meet Moses Polakoff, the gangster’s lawyer, and together they went to prison for an interview

with the influential inmate. This won a retrial, which then will be the way to his final return as a free man in Italy. Lucky Luciano provided the necessary information, so that in a few weeks, the U.S. Navy was able to outmaneuver the network that supplied the German submarines.

So, when towards the end of 1942 he conceived the idea of a landing in Sicily, Haffenden turned back to Luciano. He asked to be put in touch with his “colleagues” Joe Adonis and Frank Costello and Vito Genovese and others, all together these “gentlemen”, through the dark branches that had survived the blows inflicted by the prefect Mori, and between these Calogero Vizzini, the undisputed head of the Sicilian mafia, were activated to support the program established by the American counterespionage. Vizzini guaranteed accommodation and assistance to several hundred American agents parachuted or landed on the island and gave them military information of such importance that these agents, the night of the landing, they managed to kill most of the sentinels who guarded the centers of communication and management of coastal artillery.

One of the features of Adonis was to identify and recruit the Italian-Americans with links to Sicily. In May 1943 he was created “Section F” which had the task of gathering and selecting the mass of data that were collected. Later that month Admiral Hewit discovered that he had official who spoke Italian. Hewit contacted promptly Washington, asking that he should be given official qualified for this task. The request was granted and four officers were selected to have the qualifications required. These were part of the first wave of landing and took land in the area between Gela and Licata. Their mission was to gather information on minefields and Axis military depots.

At the time of the landing of American officials “Section F” were in possession of a list of figures provided by the Sicilian Mafia in New York. Most of the names on the list turned out to be Sicilian underworld figures, as the war was over one of the officers testified: Lieutenant Paul A. Alfieri.

It is worth mentioning at least the disintegrating made by separatist groups led by Finocchiaro Aprile. They could count on the personality of the landed gentry of Sicily had known since the time of Nelson, with strong ties Inghileterra. These

anti-fascist groups worked since 1942 with a series of sabotage, the most notable of which was brought against the airport Gerbini, home of the German fighters.

The same Sicilian clergy – or at least most of it – was second in the work of disintegration and moral support to allied initiatives aimed at debasing the fighting spirit of the military.

Until the autumn of 1942 the intentions of the Anglo-American strategists were far from the only examine the possibility of an attack on Sicily, as the Italians, according to Alexander and Montgomery, had fought well in Africa, more so, felt, would have defended with greater motivation on its territory. And this was also supported by the international press. But what, in our opinion, even more convinced the Allies that Sicily was an inviting target, and the risks relatively limited strictly military, was the fact that “Supermarina” for several months now (just from December 6, 1942) had transferred still temibilissima Italian fleet from the ports of southern Italy at some of the more distant, to the north. The motivation was to get her away from easily offended air. It ‘a fact that the Allies after the occupation of North Africa, although they have, therefore, air bases such as to make attacks in any area of the Mediterranean, not dropped any bombs on the Italian fleet.

Only the development of the situations above Churchill and Roosevelt convinced that Sicily was an attractive target because of limited risks: even if, then, things did not go exactly as expected the Allies.

The responsibilities of the characters encountered in this chapter were considerable, for without the maneuvers the war would be decided elsewhere, would have devastated our country and we would not have been on 8 September with all that that date is today.

The invasion of Sicily was preceded by months of aerial terrorism, involving in this city and towns. Writes Anthony Falcone (“StoriaVerità”, N ° 22): The bombing suffered from Messina were of such intensity that in the end it was left to bomb the rubble, which the Allies continued to deal with particular fury. Palermo came to suffer twelve raids in the space of 120 minutes: the “flying fortresses” succeeded in formations of 50 at a time and plowed the city far and wide random

downloading tons of explosives. In early July, the raids became continuous, simultaneous with the bombardment of Palermo, Catania, Messina, Syracuse, Agrigento, Trapani, Augusta and other towns. Then came the turn of the smaller towns and villages and then also that even the countryside, where the raiders had fun even strafed the farmers busy with their jobs. The day and the night before the landing, the offensive reached its maximum intensity, so that the very few Italian planes still able to fight managed to put down 58 enemy planes in 48 hours. How to tell then one of these defenders of the Sicilian sky, the enemy formations were so massive that it was enough to shoot in the pile at random, to be sure of hitting. At the time of landing, the island was therefore completely disarticulated>.

Was put into practice in Sicily that “methodology” studied in the departments of Buchinghamshire, steps be taken to the destruction of enemy cities. The settlement took place in March 1940: the headquarters of the “Bomber Command”, officially formed since June 14, 1936 at Uxbridge. One of the organizers of the new technique of war was already mentioned Sir Arthur Harris, sadly defined by his own “the Butcher”, meaning “the butcher”.

It was on Sicily which were used towards the end of 1942, the first bombs “block-buster” for 8,000 pounds. Apart from the death that came from heaven, you had to complain about the almost total destruction of facilities, communications, road and rail network and, consequently, the supplies from the mainland were reduced to near zero and the military administration had to provide to feed the civilians. Edda Ciano, daughter of Il Duce, in that moment he was in Sicily as a nurse and wrote a long letter to his father pointing out the dire food shortages, which were subjected to medical Sicilians, he said, also behaved with courage in the face the bombing.

The goal of “total war” as it was reaching the people exhausted, hungry, waiting for the arrival of the invaders as the end of a nightmare, as a “liberation”.

The above is confirmed by the minutes regarding a secret meeting chaired by Hitler on 20 May 1943 meeting attended by Keitel, Rommel, Neurath, and several other senior officers, the manuscript of the meeting is kept in the library of the University of Pennsylvania. Hitler asked about the situation in Sicily and Neurath these answers: ‘Yes, my Führer, have been there and I spoke with General Roatta

(at that time commander of the 6<sup>th</sup> Italian army in Sicily, nda). Among other things Roatta told me not to have too much faith in the defense of Sicily. He claimed to be too weak to have ill-equipped troops. Especially has one motorized division, the others are fixed. Every day the British are doing their best to bomb the railway locomotives Sicilian, because they know that it is almost impossible to bring the material to replace or repair them, if not impossible at all (...). The ferry – I think there were six – is something left only one (...)>.

In this situation, just sufficiently traced, July 10, 1943, Allied forces set foot on the island. To be precise, the first to touch the ground were men of a British airborne brigade and a regiment of American paratroopers of the 82<sup>nd</sup> Division departed from Tunis. This operation is developed on the evening of July 9, seven hours before the landings, the intent was to get behind the Italian coastal defenses. The operation proved disastrous for the Allies: 61 aircraft were shot down (some even by “friendly fire”), others had to return to bases or went missing. Only twelve British gliders and paratroopers about two hundred Americans were able to land in the set points. But most of them were captured.

On the morning of July 10, suddenly, the battle raged on the sea, the sky, and the strip of coastal territory corresponding to the southeast corner of Sicily, between Augusta and Licata

That the nervous tension and fear of the invaders were high is the only justification that can be awarded for the atrocities in place since the early moments of the landings.

It must be an American parachutist having completed the first “war operation” touched the ground in the campaign of Vittoria (Ragusa), stabbed a shepherd to his sheep next. This was only the beginning of the atrocities committed by the Allied forces – as we document in this book – remembering the most striking, though seldom or never known.

The master Tignino Rocco Licata, well known for his anti-fascism in the country, he knew immediately that if the Americans entered the country the war was over. The teacher goes to the balcony and exultant shouts three times: long live freedom. A burst of machine gun, fired by the Americans, glares at once.

The mayor of Biscari Salvatore Mangano, his son Valerio, high school student, his brother Ernesto, a medical officer on leave from the Russian front, they decided to bring their women away from the landing zone and combat. The prefect was wearing the uniform of the fascist authorities to facilitate transit <the in case they ran into some army checkpoint italiano>. All took place in the “Balilla” owned by the prefect and they walked in Modica, a small town in the province of Ragusa. <Arrivati Midway of the provincial Acate-Vittoria, l’auto was stopped by a patrol of Americans who had reached a few hours to articulation viario>. The Americans did get the occupants, men on one side, women on the other. Although unarmed were both shot the mayor’s son Valerio. <Many authoritative sources they want the child had been killed in the act of throwing a stone in the face to the performers to avenge the death of his father, and becoming free. They also say that we have located the father embraced with beardless face disfigured by an edged weapon (maybe a bayonet wound)>. Certainly, the medical officer Ernesto Mangano was killed with several other <insieme “ritenuti pericolosi”>, because he did not <di had never Next>.

Carlo D’Este, Italian name of an American officer, author of the book “1943: the landing in Sicily,” writes that the Italo-German defense was forced to retreat and concentrate around the airport of Comiso and Biscari. Especially the military participated in the defense of “Livorno,” and departments of the 219<sup>th</sup> Coast Division. The attack was led by the Americans of 45<sup>o</sup> Division, commanded by General Patton, and in particular of Biscari operated 180 of the infantry regiment. Carlo D’Este writes on page 254 and following: <The prolonged struggle for the conquest of the airfield Biscari gave rise to the repulsive first incident of the campaign. In two separate incidents, seventy Italian POWs were massacred by a captain and a sergeant of the 180<sup>th</sup> Regiment of the 45<sup>th</sup> Division. The clashes, which started the day D between the two opposing forces, had grown bitter about the provincial road 115. Before the invasion, Patton had spoken personally to the entire division and had warned his troops of what awaited them in Sicily (from the documentation that will present later, Patton) “warned (his men, nda) to be very careful where the Germans or the Italians had raised their hands showing their intention to surrender. He stated that sometimes the enemy behaved that way to let our guard down at the soldiers. Patton warned members of the Division of 45<sup>o</sup> to

be careful quell'insidia and 'kill those sons of bitches', unless they were sure of their real intention of giving up ">. For his part, Colonel E. Federeck Coockson of 180 °, said that the words of General Patton had to interpret the correct meaning: he wanted <Vero is a Division of killers and that during the fighting had taken prigionieri>.

Continue D'Este: <Biscari Near Airport, July 14 a force of infantry began to be targeted by artillery and heavy fire from snipers. During the clash that ensued twelve men were wounded by shrapnel before the small enemy force surrendered. It turned out that this was a group of thirty-six Italians, many of whom wore civilian clothes. The infantry company commander ordered him to kill the prisoners, they were aligned to the edge of a nearby pit and executed by a platoon of infantry. The same day another infantry company captured three Germans and Italians forty-five>. A U.S. sergeant was ordered to escort the prisoners to the rear for questioning. <After about a mile of road, the sergeant ordered the group to stop and move to the roadway where they were aligned. Explaining that he would kill those "sons of bitches," the sergeant then ordered a Thompson submachine gun from his corporal and coolly knocked the hapless Italian>.

The inspirers and perpetrators of this massacre were, in addition to General Patton, Captain John T. Campton who gave the order, and Sergeant Horace T. West that he executed. The same sergeant West, in the course of the judgment, said <che in the course of trasbordo, they resorted to the use of droghe>. The same sergeant, always during the investigation, among other things said: 'Since the early battles, he had the impression that the German soldiers were very cruel, but not least were the American soldiers, the first houses they visited , rounded up and stole everything that was edible and raped the women living there, in the presence of children>.

The two episodes did not go unnoticed, and General Omar Nelson Bradley, commander of the Second Corps, commanded that the authors were immediately referred to the Court Martial on charges of "premeditated murder of 84 prisoners of war."

The Court Martial at the end of August 1943 declared the innocence of General Patton and Captain Campton, while Sergeant West was sentenced to life

imprisonment. After a year in prison, the sentence was commuted to a sergeant's front-line service. Captain Campton, resumed service, died during an act of war.

And we have not mentioned the achievements of the Moroccan French General Alphonse Juin, or americanate Castelnuovo made in Pantelleria or the Marches, or the Theory of Moral Bomber. And – by the way – when you speak of barrels of mustard gas (made in USA) who still, pericolosissamente, lying on the seabed of Bari?

We'll talk!

After being liberated and subjugated by so and so many scoundrels and still be subject to their American way of living, yet we wonder HOW WE AS THE FALLEN 'AT THE BOTTOM?

In 2002 I went to Sicily in areas where the crimes occurred. I picked up various accounts and the return, to increase the documentation I wrote to the Department of the Army of Arlington in the U.S., to which I asked all the appropriate documentation. On October 8, 2002 the Department sent me the request, that the trial of the perpetrators of the massacre. All this translated into Italian, is contained in an appendix in my book above.

# HISTORY OF SICILY

## ESSAY – Rudolph S. Daldin



Garibaldi Meets Victor Emmanuelle II

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The fifty-five years of nation building under the leadership of Giuseppe Garibaldi and others was primarily a struggle against the temporal powers of the Church, not a social crusade to feed, educate, and employ the Italian nation.

Garibaldi was a universal man, trained in the tactics and lures of International Free Masonry and modern warfare. He was not a poor man. Years spent in South America and the United States and Great Britain were years of preparation for his famous military attack on the Church of Rome. Emmanuel II was a supporter of this attack and funded much of its failed enterprise



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Figure 1 Giuseppe Garibaldi 1807-1882

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Victor Emanuel II in 1849, 1820-1878

Victor Emanuel was born the eldest son of Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano and Maria Theresa of Austria. His father succeeded a distant cousin as King of Sardinia in 1831. He lived for some years of his youth in Florence and showed an early interest in politics, the military, and sports. In 1842 he married his cousin Adelaide of Austria. He was styled as the *Duke of Savoy* prior to becoming King of Sardinia.

He took part in the First Italian War of Independence under his father, fighting in the front line at the battles of Pastrengo, Santa Lucia, Goito and Custoza.

He became King of Italy in 1861



## Italy's First Prime Minister



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**Camillo Benso di Cavour 1810-1861**

**The revolutionary-democratic unitary republican Giuseppe Mazzini and the federalist-radical democrat Carlo Cattaneo, the liberal Catholic Abbe Vincenzo Gioberti, and the moderate secular Camillo Benso di Cavour, the activist revolutionary socialist Carlo Pisane and the “dictator” populist Giuseppe Garibaldi, all grappled with the problem and**

**the idea of a new Italy to rise from the broken alliances of their day, which was then a national collection of areas and provinces gathered together under the control and sovereignty of the Hapburgs in the north, the Papal states in the central areas and Rome and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies of Naples and Sicily under the kingdom of the Spanish House of Bourbon. Under the mantle of Garibaldi's bold actions the Italian peninsula was soon to be one state for the first time since the fall of the Roman Empire.**

**Acting against Cavour's wishes Garibaldi won the several land battles defeating the Bourbon and Papal states and subsequently handed over southern and central Italy to King Victor Emmanuel II of the House of Savoy who appointed Cavour as the country's first prime minister. Garibaldi went into retirement.**

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**On the morning of November 20, 1843, the Italian cannons sent their first hail of destruction at the walls of Rome. Loyal papal troops responded with a weak volley of their own, a token resistance. The Italian cannons roared again and again and again. Pius IX said a special mass at eight-o'clock for the diplomatic corps and preached a sermon, in which he held King Victor Emmanuel, the Republican Government and the Great Powers of Europe responsible for this unworthy and sacrilegious despoiling of the sovereignty of Papal properties. He then told those gathered that "we will be a prisoner in St. Peter's until this desecration is over."**

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At the prime age of thirty-nine, the youngest in a line of twenty-four Prime Ministers who filled this office, during the sixty years following the unification of Italy in 1867, Mussolini became the 27<sup>th</sup> Prime Minister of Italy.

Mussolini reawakened the inventive and ingenuity of the Italian people and the nation. He undertook public works programs with social enterprises which complemented the need and the desire of the nation to reestablish itself once again, as a productive, progressive successful nation.

*Terrorism and mob rule were getting one district after another into their grip. Patriotism was denounced, religion insulted, law and order defied. Bands of red*

*conspirators were setting up Soviets in the cities and seizing factories in the name of the proletariat.*

*From this evil fate Mussolini rescued his countrymen. Today Italy is perhaps the most stable, socially, economically, politically of the nations of Europe.*

*Discipline, self-devotion, and industry sum up the doctrine which Mussolini has imposed upon his countrymen and though some rejected the gospel at first, it has in the end filled them with enthusiasm. He was honored with the unprecedented Title Il Duce-Italy's highest honor of being seen as the ultimate Guide, Teacher, Leader of Italy. Originally a Roman Title of Honor with the nouns dux, ducis*

Mussolini for two years had been busily concerned and involved with a secluded enterprise, which in the years ahead would bring him the most outstanding success of his political career. His plan was the Conciliation of the Church of Rome and the state of Italy.

was at the same time the sovereign head of the of 16,000 square miles of the Italian peninsula and lived over three million people. The territories lost to the kingdom of Italy between 1859 and 1870 when Mussolini determined to bring relationship between the Holy Italy in Rome.



Until 1859 the Pope of Rome

Papal States, which consisted

the city of Rome, in which

belonging to the Pope were

Rome was occupied by Italian unfortunate situation which to an end and to normalize the See and the government of

Mussolini had resolved the basic quarrel of the Italian government with the Church of Rome when no one else could manage to do so. In June, 1929, the Holy See and Italy exchanged ambassadors.

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**Notre-Dame -de-la-Defense Montreal,**

**Apse Painting In honor of 1929 Lateran Conciliation Agreement**

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In United States history, **carpetbagger** was a pejorative term Southerners gave to Northerners (also referred to as Yankees) who moved to the South during the Reconstruction era, between 1865 and 1877

The term referred to the observation that these newcomers tended to carry "carpet bags," a common form of luggage at the time (sturdy and made from used carpet). It was used as a derogatory term, suggesting opportunism and exploitation by the outsiders. Together with Republicans they are said to have politically manipulated and controlled former Confederate

states for varying periods for their own financial and power gains. In sum, carpetbaggers were seen as insidious Northern outsiders with questionable objectives meddling in local politics, buying up plantations at fire-sale prices and taking advantage of Southerners. *Carpetbagger* is not to be confused with *copperhead*, which is a term given to a person from the North who sympathized with the Southern claim of right to Secession.

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## ITALIAN CARPET BAGGERS

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The populations of Sicily were subject to the very same “social, economic” pressures by the Italianate Carperbaggers sent from the new Risorgimento Kingdom government established in 1867 Rome. The Sicilians formed a defensive movement to free themselves from the new dictates from Rome and eventually these men came to be known as the Mafia, generally used for a young man found usually on a street corner.

While still there in Sicily Mussolini talked of plans for new roads, new drainage engineering, new schools and a progressive new future for the Sicilian people and promises that he he will ensure the safety of property and citizens who work hard to build a new Sicily. He declared that he shall take all measures necessary to protect his hosts from the crimes of criminals. They must not be tolerated. *“A few hundred thugs soverchino, immiseriscano, will not damage a population as magnificent as you have here in Sicily”*.

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**In a few years, the Mafia was crushed to the point that the so-called Pieces of 90 were forced to emigrate to the United States, where they found fertile ground. Unfortunately, the mafia was broken, but not its roots, as we shall see.**

Prime Minister Benito Mussolini continued initiating and completing vast new and unprecedented programs of growth and development to the point that today his name alone is treasured by a vast majority of the Sicilian population as being listed amongst .the Religious Saints held sacred by Sicilians

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### **Typical New Towns built in Sicily by Italy's Fascist Government**

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therefore, air bases such as to make attacks in any area of the Mediterranean, not dropped any bombs on the Italian fleet. Only the development of the situations above Churchill and Roosevelt convinced that Sicily was an attractive target because of limited risks: even if, then, things did not go exactly as expected the Allies.

The responsibilities of the characters encountered in this chapter were considerable, for without the maneuvers the war would be decided elsewhere, would have devastated our country and we would not have been on 8 September with all that that date is today.

The invasion of Sicily was preceded by months of aerial terrorism, involving in this city and towns. Writes Anthony Falcone :The bombing suffered from Messina were of such intensity that in the end it was left to bomb the rubble, which the Allies continued to deal with particular fury. Palermo came to suffer twelve raids in the space of 120 minutes: the "flying fortresses" succeeded in formations of 50 at a time and plowed the city far and wide random downloading tons of explosives. In early July, the raids became continuous, simultaneous with the bombardment of Palermo, Catania, Messina, Syracuse, Agrigento, Trapani, Augusta and other towns. Then came the turn of the smaller towns and villages and then also that even the countryside, where the raiders had fun even strafed the farmers busy with their jobs. The day and the night before the landing, the offensive reached its maximum intensity, so that the very few Italian planes still able to fight managed to put down 58 enemy planes in 48 hours. How to tell then one of these defenders of the Sicilian sky, the enemy formations were so massive that it was enough to shoot in the pile at random, to be sure of hitting. At the time of landing, the island was therefore completely disarticulated>.

Was put into practice in Sicily that "methodology" studied in the departments of Buckinghamshire, steps be taken to the destruction of enemy cities. The settlement took place in March 1940: the headquarters of the "Bomber Command", officially formed since June 14, 1936 at Uxbridge. One of the organizers of the new technique of war was already mentioned Sir Arthur Harris, sadly defined by his own "the Butcher", meaning "the butcher".

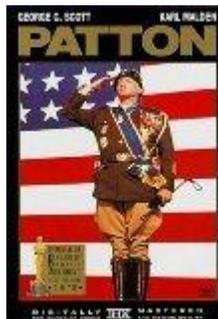
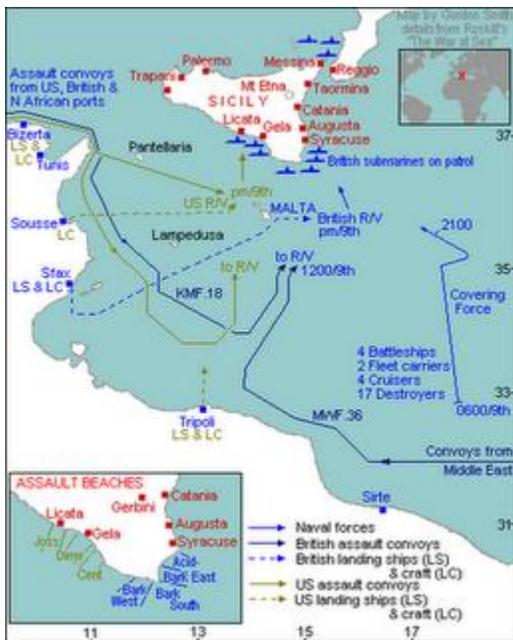
It was on Sicily which were used towards the end of 1942, the first bombs "block-buster" for 8,000 pounds. Apart from the death that came from heaven, you had to complain about the almost total destruction of facilities, communications, road and rail network and, consequently, the supplies from the mainland were reduced to near zero and the military administration had to provide to feed the civilians. Edda Ciano, daughter of Il Duce, in that moment he was in Sicily as a nurse and wrote a long letter to his father pointing out the dire food shortages, which were subjected to medical Sicilians, he said, also behaved with courage in the face the bombing.

The goal of "total war" as it was reaching the people exhausted, hungry, waiting for the arrival of the invaders as the end of a nightmare, as a "liberation".

The above is confirmed by the minutes regarding a secret meeting chaired by Hitler on 20 May 1943 meeting attended by Keitel, Rommel, Neurath, and several other senior officers, the manuscript of the meeting is kept in the library of the University of Pennsylvania. Hitler asked about the situation in Sicily and Neurath these answers: 'Yes, my Führer, have been there and I spoke with General Roatta (at that time

commander of the 6th Italian army in Sicily. Among other things Roatta told me not to have too much faith in the defense of Sicily. He claimed to be too weak to have ill-equipped troops. Especially has one motorized division, the others are fixed. Every day the British are doing their best to bomb the railway locomotives Sicilian, because they know that it is almost impossible to bring the material to replace or repair them, if not impossible at all (...). The ferry - I think there were six - is something left only one (...)>.

In this situation, just sufficiently traced, July 10, 1943, Allied forces set foot on the island. To be precise, the first to touch the ground were men of a British airborne brigade and a regiment of American paratroopers of the 82nd Division departed from Tunis. This operation is developed on the evening of July 9, seven hours before the landings, the intent was to get behind the Italian coastal defenses. The operation proved disastrous for the Allies: 61 aircraft were shot down (some even by "friendly fire"), others had to return to bases or went missing. Only twelve British gliders and paratroopers about two hundred Americans were able to land in the set points. But most of them were captured.



**General George S. Patton, Jr.**  
**3rd Army Speech – England**  
**May 31, 1944**  
**6th Armored Division**

*"Men, this stuff that some sources sling around about America wanting out of this war, not wanting to fight, is a crock of bullshit. Americans love to fight, traditionally. All real Americans love the sting and clash of battle. You are here today for three reasons. First, because you are here to defend your homes and your loved ones. Second, you are here for your own self respect, because you would not want to be anywhere else. Third, you are here because you are real men and all real men like to fight.*

*When you, here, everyone of you, were kids, you all admired the champion marble player, the fastest runner, the toughest boxer, the big league ball players, and the All-American football players. Americans love a winner. Americans will not tolerate a loser. Americans despise cowards. Americans play to win all of the time. I wouldn't give a hoot in hell for a man who lost and laughed. That's why Americans have never lost nor will ever lose a war; for the very idea of losing is hateful to an American."*

*The General paused and looked over the crowd. "You are not all going to die," he said slowly. "Only two percent of you right here today would die in a major battle. Death must not be feared. Death, in time, comes to all men. Yes, every man is scared in his first battle. If he says he's not, he's a liar. Some men are cowards but they fight the same as the brave men or they get the hell slammed out of them watching men fight who are just as scared as they are. The real hero is the man who fights even though he is scared. Some men get over their fright in a minute under fire. For some, it takes an hour. For some, it takes days. But a real man will never let his fear of death overpower his honor, his sense of duty to his country, and his innate manhood. Battle is the most magnificent competition in which a human being can indulge. It brings out all that is best and it removes all that is base. Americans pride themselves on being He Men and they ARE He Men. Remember that the enemy is just as frightened as you are, and probably more so. They are not supermen."*

*"All through your Army careers, you men have bitched about what you call "chicken shit drilling". That, like everything else in this Army, has a definite purpose. That purpose is alertness. Alertness must be bred into every soldier. I don't give a fuck for a man who's not always on his toes. You men are veterans or you wouldn't be here. You are ready for what's to come. A man must be alert at all times if he expects to stay alive. If you're not alert, sometime, a German son-of-an-asshole-bitch is going to sneak up behind you and beat you to death with a sackful of shit!" The men roared in agreement.*

*Patton's grim expression did not change. "There are four hundred neatly marked graves somewhere in Sicily", he roared into the microphone, "All because one man went to sleep on the job". He paused and the men grew silent. "But they are German*

*graves, because we caught the bastard asleep before they did".*

*The General clutched the microphone tightly, his jaw out-thrust, and he continued, "An Army is a team. It lives, sleeps, eats, and fights as a team. This individual heroic stuff is pure horse shit. The bilious bastards who write that kind of stuff for the Saturday Evening Post don't know any more about real fighting under fire than they know about fucking!"*

*The men slapped their legs and rolled in glee. This was Patton as the men had imagined him to be, and in rare form, too. He hadn't let them down. He was all that he was cracked up to be, and more. He had IT!*

*"We have the finest food, the finest equipment, the best spirit, and the best men in the world", Patton bellowed. He lowered his head and shook it pensively. Suddenly he snapped erect, faced the men belligerently and thundered, "Why, by God, I actually pity those poor sons-of-bitches we're going up against. By God, I do". The men clapped and howled delightedly. There would be many a barracks tale about the "Old Man's" choice phrases. They would become part and parcel of Third Army's history and they would become the bible of their slang.*

*"My men don't surrender", Patton continued, "I don't want to hear of any soldier under my command being captured unless he has been hit. Even if you are hit, you can still fight back. That's not just bull shit either. The kind of man that I want in my command is just like the lieutenant in Libya, who, with a Luger against his chest, jerked off his helmet, swept the gun aside with one hand, and busted the hell out of the Kraut with his helmet. Then he jumped on the gun and went out and killed another German before they knew what the hell was coming off. And, all of that time, this man had a bullet through a lung. There was a real man!"*

*Patton stopped and the crowd waited. He continued more quietly, "All of the real heroes are not storybook combat fighters, either. Every single man in this Army plays a vital role. Don't ever let up. Don't ever think that your job is unimportant. Every man has a job to do and he must do it. Every man is a vital link in the great chain. What if every truck driver suddenly decided that he didn't like the whine of those shells overhead, turned yellow, and jumped headlong into a ditch? The cowardly bastard could say, "Hell, they won't miss me, just one man in thousands". But, what if every man thought that way? Where in the hell would we be now? What would our country, our loved ones, our homes, even the world, be like? No, Goddamnit, Americans don't think like that. Every man does his job. Every man serves the whole. Every department, every unit, is important in the vast scheme of this war. The ordnance men are needed to supply the guns and machinery of war to keep us rolling. The Quartermaster is needed to bring up food and clothes because where we are going there isn't a hell of a lot to steal. Every last man on K.P. has a job to do, even the one who heats our water to keep us from getting the 'G.I. Shits'."*

*Patton paused, took a deep breath, and continued, "Each man must not think only of*

himself, but also of his buddy fighting beside him. We don't want yellow cowards in this Army. They should be killed off like rats. If not, they will go home after this war and breed more cowards. The brave men will breed more brave men. Kill off the Goddamned cowards and we will have a nation of brave men. One of the bravest men that I ever saw was a fellow on top of a telegraph pole in the midst of a furious fire fight in Tunisia. I stopped and asked what the hell he was doing up there at a time like that. He answered, "Fixing the wire, Sir". I asked, "Isn't that a little unhealthy right about now?" He answered, "Yes Sir, but the Goddamned wire has to be fixed". I asked, "Don't those planes strafing the road bother you? And he answered, "No, Sir, but you sure as hell do!" Now, there was a real man. A real soldier. There was a man who devoted all he had to his duty, no matter how seemingly insignificant his duty might appear at the time, no matter how great the odds. And you should have seen those trucks on the road to Tunisia. Those drivers were magnificent. All day and all night they rolled over those son-of-a-bitching roads, never stopping, never faltering from their course, with shells bursting all around them all of the time. We got through on good old American guts. Many of those men drove for over forty consecutive hours. These men weren't combat men, but they were soldiers with a job to do. They did it, and in one hell of a way they did it. They were part of a team. Without team effort, without them, the fight would have been lost. All of the links in the chain pulled together and the chain became unbreakable."

The General paused and stared challengingly over the silent ocean of men. One could have heard a pin drop anywhere on that vast hillside. The only sound was the stirring of the breeze in the leaves of the bordering trees and the busy chirping of the birds in the branches of the trees at the General's left.

"Don't forget," Patton barked, "you men don't know that I'm here. No mention of that fact is to be made in any letters. The world is not supposed to know what the hell happened to me. I'm not supposed to be commanding this Army. I'm not even supposed to be here in England. Let the first bastards to find out be the Goddamned Germans. Some day I want to see them raise up on their piss-soaked hind legs and howl, 'Jesus Christ, it's the Goddamned Third Army again and that son-of-a-fucking-bitch Patton'."

"We want to get the hell over there", Patton continued, "The quicker we clean up this Goddamned mess, the quicker we can take a little jaunt against the purple pissing Japs and clean out their nest, too. Before the Goddamned Marines get all of the credit."

The men roared approval and cheered delightedly. This statement had real significance behind it. Much more than met the eye and the men instinctively sensed the fact. They knew that they themselves were going to play a very great part in the making of world history. They were being told as much right now. Deep sincerity and seriousness lay behind the General's colorful words. The men knew and understood it. They loved the way he put it, too, as only he could.

Patton continued quietly, "Sure, we want to go home. We want this war over with. The quickest way to get it over with is to go get the bastards who started it. The quicker

*they are whipped, the quicker we can go home. The shortest way home is through Berlin and Tokyo. And when we get to Berlin", he yelled, "I am personally going to shoot that paper hanging son-of-a-bitch Hitler. Just like I'd shoot a snake!"*

*"When a man is lying in a shell hole, if he just stays there all day, a German will get to him eventually. The hell with that idea. The hell with taking it. My men don't dig foxholes. I don't want them to. Foxholes only slow up an offensive. Keep moving. And don't give the enemy time to dig one either. We'll win this war, but we'll win it only by fighting and by showing the Germans that we've got more guts than they have; or ever will have. We're not going to just shoot the sons-of-bitches, we're going to rip out their living Goddamned guts and use them to grease the treads of our tanks. We're going to murder those lousy Hun cocksuckers by the bushel-fucking-basket. War is a bloody, killing business. You've got to spill their blood, or they will spill yours. Rip them up the belly. Shoot them in the guts. When shells are hitting all around you and you wipe the dirt off your face and realize that instead of dirt it's the blood and guts of what once was your best friend beside you, you'll know what to do!"*

*"I don't want to get any messages saying, "I am holding my position." We are not holding a Goddamned thing. Let the Germans do that. We are advancing constantly and we are not interested in holding onto anything, except the enemy's balls. We are going to twist his balls and kick the living shit out of him all of the time. Our basic plan of operation is to advance and to keep on advancing regardless of whether we have to go over, under, or through the enemy. We are going to go through him like crap through a goose; like shit through a tin horn!"*

*"From time to time there will be some complaints that we are pushing our people too hard. I don't give a good Goddamn about such complaints. I believe in the old and sound rule that an ounce of sweat will save a gallon of blood. The harder WE push, the more Germans we will kill. The more Germans we kill, the fewer of our men will be killed. Pushing means fewer casualties. I want you all to remember that."*

*The General paused. His eagle like eyes swept over the hillside. He said with pride, "There is one great thing that you men will all be able to say after this war is over and you are home once again. You may be thankful that twenty years from now when you are sitting by the fireplace with your grandson on your knee and he asks you what you did in the great World War II, you WON'T have to cough, shift him to the other knee and say, "Well, your Granddaddy shoveled shit in Louisiana." No, Sir, you can look him straight in the eye and say, "Son, your Granddaddy rode with the Great Third Army and a Son-of-a-Goddamned-Bitch named Georgie Patton!"*

*Ahh, I feel much better! See Ya!*

When the "Allies" landed in Sicily, the troops were blinded by hatred more fierce against the Germans, but also against the Italians and especially of

Fascism. Even before landing the men of the Seventh U.S. Army under the command of General George Patton had been doped with mentally fierce speeches and directives, but also physically with Benzedrine. Patton wanted an army of killers, "because - he said - the killers are immortal."

On the morning of July 10, suddenly, the battle raged on the sea, the sky, and the strip of coastal territory corresponding to the southeast corner of Sicily, between Augusta and Licata

That the nervous tension and fear of the invaders were high is the only justification that can be awarded for the atrocities in place since the early moments of the landings.

It must be an American parachutist having completed the first "war operation" touched the ground in the campaign of Vittoria (Ragusa), stabbed a shepherd to his sheep next. This was only the beginning of the atrocities committed by the Allied forces - as we document in this book - remembering the most striking, though seldom or never known.

The master Tignino Rocco Licata, well known for his anti-fascism in the country, he knew immediately that if the Americans entered the country the war was over. The teacher goes to the balcony and exultant shouts three times: long live freedom. A burst of a machine gun, fired by the Americans, glares at once.

The mayor of Biscari Salvatore Mangano, his son Valerio, high school student, his brother Ernesto, a medical officer on leave from the Russian front, they decided to bring their women away from the landing zone and combat. The prefect was wearing the uniform of the fascist authorities to facilitate transit <the in case they ran into some army checkpoint Italian>. All took place in the "Balilla" owned by the prefect and they walked in Modica, a small town in the province of Ragusa. <Arrivati Midway of the provincial Acate-Vittoria, l'auto was stopped by a patrol of Americans who had reached a few hours to articulation viario>. The Americans did get the occupants, men on one side, women on the other. Although unarmed were both shot the mayor's son Valerio. <Many authoritative sources they want the child had been killed in the act of throwing a stone in the face to the performers to avenge the death of his father, and becoming free. They also say that we have located the father embraced with beardless face disfigured by an edged weapon (maybe a bayonet wound)>. Certainly, the medical officer Ernesto Mangano was killed with several other <insieme "ritenuti pericolosi">, because he did not surrender.

Carlo D'Este, Italian name of an American officer, author of the book "1943: the landing in Sicily," writes that the Italo-German defense was forced to retreat and concentrate around the airport of Comiso and Biscari. Especially the military participated in the defense of "Livorno," and departments of the 219 th Coast Division. The attack was led by the Americans of 45 ° Division, commanded by General Patton, and in particular of Biscari operated 180 of the infantry regiment. Carlo D'Este writes on page 254 and following: <The prolonged struggle for the conquest of the airfield Biscari gave rise to the repulsive first incident of the campaign. In two separate incidents, seventy Italian

POWs were massacred by a captain and a sergeant of the 180th Regiment of the 45th Division. The clashes, which started the day D between the two opposing forces, had grown bitter about the provincial road 115. Before the invasion, Patton had spoken personally to the entire division and had warned his troops of what awaited them in Sicily (from the documentation that will present later, Patton) "warned (his men,) to be very careful where the Germans or the Italians had raised their hands showing their intention to surrender. He stated that sometimes the enemy behaved that way to let our guard down at the soldiers. Patton warned members of the Division of 45 ° to be careful and 'kill those sons of bitches', unless they were sure of their real intention of giving up ">. For his part, Colonel E. Federeck Coochson of 180 °, said that the words of General Patton had to interpret the correct meaning: he wanted <Vero is a Division of killers and that during the fighting had taken prisoners.

Continue D'Este: <Biscari Near Airport, July 14 a force of infantry began to be targeted by artillery and heavy fire from snipers. During the clash that ensued twelve men were wounded by shrapnel before the small enemy force surrendered. It turned out that this was a group of thirty-six Italians, many of whom wore civilian clothes. The infantry company commander ordered him to kill the prisoners, they were aligned to the edge of a nearby pit and executed by a platoon of infantry. The same day another infantry company captured three Germans and Italians forty-five>. A U.S. sergeant was ordered to escort the prisoners to the rear for questioning. <After about a mile of road, the sergeant ordered the group to stop and move to the roadway where they were aligned. Explaining that he would kill those "sons of bitches," the sergeant then ordered a Thompson submachine gun from his corporal and coolly executed the hapless Italians.

The inspirers and perpetrators of this massacre were, in addition to General Patton, Captain John T. Campton who gave the order, and Sergeant Horace T. West. The same sergeant West, in the course of the judgment, said <che in the course of trasbordo, they resorted to the use of droghe>. The same sergeant, always during the investigation, among other things said: 'Since the early battles, he had the impression that the German soldiers were very cruel, but not least were the American soldiers, the first houses they visited , rounded up and stole everything that was edible and raped the women living there, in the presence of children>.

The two episodes did not go unnoticed, and General Omar Nelson Bradley, commander of the Second Corps, commanded that the authors were immediately referred to the Court Martial on charges of "premeditated murder of 84 prisoners of war."

The Court Martial at the end of August 1943 declared the innocence of General Patton and Captain Campton, while Sergeant West was sentenced to life imprisonment. After a year in prison, the sentence was commuted to a sergeant's front-line service. Captain Campton, resumed service, died during an act of war.

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And we have not mentioned the achievements of the Moroccan French General Alphonse Juin, or americanate Castelnuovo made in Pantelleria or the Marches, or the

Theory of Moral Bomber. And when you speak of barrels of mustard gas (made in USA) who still, dangerously lying on the seabed of Bari?

## ITALY DECLARES WAR ON GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE JUNE 10, 1940

Italy's Prime Minister Benito Mussolini speaks to the nation:

"The declaration of war has already been delivered to the ambassadors of Great Britain and France. We go to battle against the plutocratic and reactionary democracies of the west who, at every moment, have hindered the advance and have often endangered the very existence of the Italian people.

Recent historical events can be summarized in the following phrases: promises, threats, blackmail, and finally to crown the edifice, the ignoble siege by the fifty-two states of the League of Nations. Our conscience is absolutely tranquil. (Applause). With you the entire world is witness that Fascist Italy has done all that is humanly possible to avoid the torment which is throwing Europe into turmoil; but all was in vain." (Excerpt Only)

## WHY MUSSOLINI NOW?

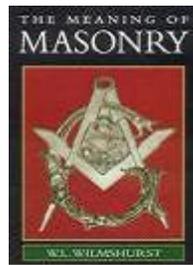


## HE IS DEAD AND BURIED

What is the magic surrounding the story of the life, work, and death of an Italian peasant, son of a village blacksmith father and a grade school teacher mother, who by sheer intellectual prowess, rough courage and determination rose to become a political icon not only for the Italian People but also to the many millions around the globe who daily hunger for one of their own to lead them to a higher more noble moral, social and political victory.

Born one hundred and twenty years ago, he became Prime Minister of Italy eighty-one years ago, and died fifty-eight years ago, how then does his legacy still haunt and inspire today's men and women who live in a dramatically different time and culture, although this generation has been taught and raised to despise and hate this man and all his evil works. Yet, his magical appeal, talent and courage shines through this pall of deceit, infamy and falsehoods.

The war is over! He lost! His enemies still rejoice and prosper in their victory.



The persons that populate these Organizations and Governments should retroactively be tried as War Criminals for the good of humanity and a needed accurate and an undistorted history of recent and Twentieth Century World Wars

ON NOVEMBER 26, 1926 HIS GOVERNMENT ENACTED A BILL WHICH WOULD PROHIBIT SECRET SOCIETIES IN ITALY AND THE POLICE WERE LATER ORDERED TO OCCUPY ALL MASONIC LODGES IN ITALY AND THE COLONIES.

*“My labor had not been easy nor light; our Masonry had spun a most intricate net of anti-religious activity; it dominated the currents of thought; it exercised its influence over publishing houses, over teaching, over the administration of justice and even over certain dominant sections of the armed forces. To give an idea of how far things had gone, this significant example is sufficient. When, in parliament, I delivered my first speech of November 16, 1922, after the Fascist revolution, I concluded by invoking the assistance of God in my difficult task. Well, this sentence of mine seemed to be out of place! In the Italian parliament, a field of action for Italian Masonry, the name of God had been banned for a long time. Not even the Popular party the so-called Catholic party had ever thought of speaking of God. In Italy, a political man did not even turn his thoughts to the Divinity. And, even if he had ever thought of doing so, political opportunism and cowardice would have deterred him, particularly in a legislative assembly. It remained for me to make this bold innovation! And in an intense period of revolution! What is the truth! It is that a faith openly professed is a sign of strength. I have seen the religious spirit bloom again; churches once more are crowded, the ministers of God are themselves invested with new respect. Fascism has done and is doing its duty.”*

Mussolini Autobiography 1928

His mortal remains, now mostly dust and bones, lie finally in the Mussolini Family crypt at Predappio, Italy.



**Benito Mussolini Italian Political and Spiritual Martyr was assassinated at this Lake Como village**

Our post-war modern Society is now populated by politicians who come and go seldom leaving a trace of accomplishment or performance. Their main ideologies leave no room for men and women who begin life as laborers, school teachers, journalists, street-fighters, bearers of new and unprecedented visions of humanity and its needs. Will modern society follow them to the very edge of a dangerous and fatal precipice or will some look to great men of the past for guidance and direction?

Why Mussolini? Simply because he dared, he achieved those goals he promised, without compromise or deception. His most powerful enemies have gathered strength and power since his death and are still with us today, busy in our midst spreading their centuries old propaganda of division and hate.

” “MIO NONNO È  
POLITICO ONESTO



STATO L'ULTIMO  
NEL MONDO”

“MY GRANDFATHER WAS THE LAST HONEST POLITICIAN IN  
THE WORLD

Alessandra Mussolini

Photo of Mussolini  
Mussolini with his family  
the left are his wife,  
baby,  
Anna Maria, the Duce  
Romano, and in front of  
boys,  
Bruno and Vittorio



Family  
at Villa Torlonia. From  
Rachele, holding the  
with his younger son  
Edda, the two elder



**August 9, 2012**

**In memory of Valentino and Angela (Nella) Daldin**

Rudolph S. Daldin  
Author Essayist  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada