

Mussolini's "Gift" To His People

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in the world — roughly-ground maize boiled in hot water. For three hundred and fifty days in the year, twice daily, this is the stuff which feeds the heroes of the Duce. From Tarviso in the north to Foggia in the south if you ask any *cafoni* how things are he will answer with just one sentence: "*grand miseria, signore, grand miseria.*"

Opposition is Growing

But sometimes one can see something else than mere mute resignation. Although all political organised resistance has been crushed by the brutal methods of the Duce, spontaneous and permanent struggle goes on in the villages. This resistance is not yet strong enough to overthrow the regime, but it is increasing daily; it will gather strength and momentum till the reckoning day. The whole Italian people, the workers and the peasants, are against the Fascist Government. Even in the Fascist Party there are tens of thousands of disillusioned and disappointed men and women who have seen their ideals frustrated by the corrupt regime. The peace-loving people of Italy have nothing but hatred for the Blackshirts, who have brought war after war with incredible sufferings and miseries for the masses. The democratic, freedom-loving spirit is deep-rooted in Italy. In every village they will talk to you about Garibaldi. Their greatest treasure in the world is a scarlet shirt worn by some of their grandfathers serving in the famous Garibaldi Redshirt

Brigade. In many villages they keep these old worn-out, sometimes bullet-holed, red shirts like precious religious relics and kiss them with tears in their eyes. The memory of Garibaldi's freedom army is more alive than it was 50 years ago. The Italians are not cowards, they can fight, if it is for real freedom and the rights of the people. But they have nothing but contempt for the Blackshirts.

The Battle of The Walls

The gaols of Italy are crowded with anti-Fascists, and thousands have been deported to the notorious Lipari Islands. Thousands have been killed by the Blackshirts. But the struggle does not stop. On the contrary it is getting sharper. One has just to keep one's eyes open to see the signs everywhere. I remember once in Naples, I think it was in 1931, there was a virtual battle of the walls. The official Fascist Party covered the walls of the city with propaganda posters as big as an elephant having written on them "*Eviva Il Duce*" and below "*Eviva Il Guerra*," with the big swollen face of the Duce glaring down upon you, in tin hat, and a martial look that made you shiver. But during the nights nearly all of these placards were torn down by the silent working anti-Fascists, even from very high walls, and written across them you would see "*Abasso il Duce, abasso il guerra*," (down with the Duce, down with war). This went on for days and weeks. As

the posters were replaced in daytime, so they were besmirched and torn down during the nights. I went one morning to the beautiful San Martino (this is a fairly high hill overlooking the whole city and Bay of Naples). There is a fine old church and museum on the top of the hill. Very high walls and a still higher stone archgate separate the museum from the rest of the world. Around the gate at the entrance there are usually half a dozen Blackshirts lingering watching the public. Above the head of the sentry on the top of the 40 foot high stone gate I saw written in big black letters: "*Dove Matteoti?*" (Where is Matteoti?) Matteoti was one of the most popular anti-Fascist leaders and was murdered 15 years ago in the most abominable way at the order of the Duce. But his memory is alive among the people and his name haunts the Fascists. How they managed to get the script there, on the high walls watched by a guard, I do not know, but it proves their resourcefulness.

All over the Peninsula from the Alps to the end of Sicily, these sentences appear every morning afresh, written by unskilled hands in big awkward-looking letters with charcoal, in the towns and in the villages, on the walls of factories and farm houses, even on the rocks of the Alps: "*Abasso Il Duce, Abasso Il Guerra*." There is perhaps no Government in the whole world which is hated more intensely. The "Glorious campaigns" in Abyssinia, Spain, Albania,



GARIBALDI

... Red shirts are treasured relics

Libya, and now against Russia will hurry on the revolution in Italy. The internal tension is incomparable—greater than in Germany or any other country overrun by the Nazis or Fascists.

The Fascist terror, and limitless exploitation of the people, broke the morale and unity of the Italian people long before the war started; the defeats of Albania, Abyssinia, and Libya have disintegrated the spirit of the Italian army; and the powerful blows at Taranto and in the Aegean, economically and militarily. One or two more heavy blows and the whole fabric will collapse.

MIDDLE EASTERN RHYTHM

What They Listen To In Egypt

"EGYPTIAN music is hideous though I suppose the people here like it, and as you walk down the streets the bars have the radio full on with Egyptian programmes belching forth," writes Lance-Corporal Norman Dawe, a member of 22B's programme staff who has given a comprehensive description of broadcasting in Egypt in a letter to L. E. Strachan, Production Officer of the CBS.

Egyptian music has adopted a Turkish instrumentation. The instruments used are the *qanun* (a trapezoid box-zither), *kamandja* (violin), *'ud* (a four-stringed short-lute) and *nai* (a long flute). Oriental rhythm is hardly comprehensible to a European, particularly if he "counts."

The New Zealanders, however, do not have to rely solely on Egyptian music for their entertainment. Apart from their own band, orchestras, and concert parties, they are being entertained by some of the foremost stars in the entertainment world. "At present," writes Norman Dawe, "we have here to entertain the troops, one well known to you—Alice Delysia, who is quite a sensation among the men. Her opening programme was compered by Sir Seymour Hicks, and other artists were Harry Robbins, George Baker, and several other celebrities from London."

"Some famous artists are regularly featured in programmes from the Egyptian

State Broadcasting studios. One of these is the Polish bass-baritone, Pawel Prokopeni, who, after a remarkable escape from Russian-occupied Poland is serving with the Polish Independent Brigade in the Middle East. Another Pole who has made a name for himself is Marian Hemar, the eminent poet and composer. He wrote the 'V for Victory' song which all Egypt is singing."

Although on active service, Norman Dawe finds time to keep up his music (he will be remembered as a talented Wurlitzer organ player). "I did a couple of broadcasts in Colombo," he writes, "and they were received very well. There is a small organ here in Maadi, and I am able to practise on it. A two-manual with pedals, so I am very fortunate. Then at the American Girls' College they have a Hammond organ. I have a great time in the broadcasting studios and have learned a lot from them; am made most welcome and generally spend two hours of my leave day there. Have met a lot of the leading Egyptian singers and composers and am becoming an expert at singing in Egyptian. I shall be broadcasting on the Hammond soon. Have put in much practice on the instrument and am fortunate to have the use of it whenever I wish. Each Saturday finds me practising for about three hours, and I have learned a lot. Am looking forward to the relay, but they are having some

trouble with the land line at present. Cairo is poorly off for music shops and one misses them.

Recitals in Lowry Hut

"I have been running a gramophone recital evening in the Lowry Hut each Monday and have quite a good selection of records," Lance-Corporal Dawe continues. "Last week I had the Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor, and previous to this Elgar's Symphony. Next week I have Concerto No. 1 in D Minor—Brahms. This is played by Backhaus and the Tchaikovsky by Rubinstein. Following this we are going to have 'La Boheme,' the complete set of recordings (26) with Gigli, Baronti, etc. It will take about two hours to play but will be well worth it. It is grand to be able to relax in the desert in the Hut and hear such good music."

No Repetition

"I have been frequenting Groppi's Continental Restaurant a lot and they have a fine French orchestra there, playing excellent tangos and waltzes. It is set out in the open but soon will be moving inside for the winter season. There are a lot of grand little spots like this, and though it may cost 75 piastres for the evening (dinner and dance from 7.30 p.m. till midnight) it is well worth it."

"One feature of Egyptian broadcasting is a system which precludes the repetition of any number in the day's programmes. About two months are allowed to pass before repetition. The Arabic broadcasts from Cairo are all of local talent and they use very few records."

Consequently they have to have a large number of songs on tap. There are several composers and each new song is bought outright by the E.B.S. who have the right to play it and feature it whenever they wish. Critics listen in, and if the new number does not meet with their approval it is shelved."

RHEUMATISM

IN view of the extravagant claims made by different patent remedies, it is difficult to convey to readers the wonderful results being achieved by McCormack's Rheumatic Cure. Though this new medicine has been taken by hundreds of people throughout New Zealand, not once has it failed to banish rheumatism, no matter what its form, from the system for good. Some of the cases where it has succeeded have been simply astonishing. One woman could not even use a knife—she had to have her food cut up for her. To-day she is knitting seven hours a day for the boys overseas.

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