



Chapter 9 Edda Mussolini Ciano Excerpts



Left - Wife- Rachele, Baby- Anna Maria,
Mussolini with son- Romano
Edda, Bruno and Vittorio

What always fascinated me most about my father was his talent for never behaving like everyone else. I suspect that the world knows and understands little about my father Benito Mussolini, despite the fact that he seems to have been scalped and stripped, decorticated, so to speak, by everyone on earth, including the Americans who after his death, took away a section of his brain to analyse it in their laboratories.

When he was at the Front as a soldier, he wrote me many long letters as if I were an adult, never forgetting to enclose a small flower. I was very proud to have a father who realized that I was a big girl. he kept a daily journal that he always carried with him, which saved his life when a shell exploded at his feet, by stopping a piece of shrapnel which would otherwise have pierced his heart. He gave me this diary and I kept it until 1944 when I lost it along with other important documents that I had left with a doctor friend. The German army wanted these papers and forced the doctor to tell them where all the papers belonging to the Mussolini family were hidden.

My father had not been drawn to him in 1934. In fact, their conversations had left him with a definitely disagreeable impression. Later, the assassination of Roehm and the blood bath that had marked the "Night of

the Long Knives," . . . only served to confirm my father's first impression.

If France and England, our allies at the time, had listened to Mussolini perhaps there would have been no Third Reich.

The Ethiopians provided the excuse for the militarization of the Italian movement in the area by attacking the Italian oasis at Wal Wal, at the junction of Ethiopia, Italian Somaliland, and British Somaliland.

Author's Note: Later in life, near the end of the war, Edda was to witness both the death of her husband Galeazzo Ciano, by firing squad and the death of her father Benito Mussolini at the hand of an assassin; the two men she loved most in life. These, and other consequences of the war, caused her much sorrow and pain, but hadn't her father always said that love of country and love of truth should prevail over all other sentiments?