

**IN THE WAKE OF
THE GOOSE-STEP**

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In the wake of the goose-step by Filippo Bojano

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FILIPPO BOJANO

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This book has been designed in a Victory Format. Smaller type and margins produce fewer pages which permit a vital saving of paper and labor in the manufacture of a Wartime book.

In
the Wake of
the
Goose Step

BY FILIPPO BOJANO

Translated from the Italian by
GERALD GRIFFIN



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I. CLOUDY DAWN

ONE DEPRESSING FOGGY JANUARY MORNING IN 1929 I LEFT Arnaldo Mussolini's office in the Via Moscow in Milan, on my way to inform my relatives and friends of my imminent journey to the German capital, to take up the job of political correspondent on the daily, *Popolo d'Italia*, which, as everybody knows, belonged to the Duce and was the most important organ of the Fascist régime. I had no premonition of many things that were to happen. To begin with, I could not foresee that this would be the longest and most momentous of all exiles, that I was to remain in Germany for the greatest part of my working life, and that Fate was about to cast my lot amid happenings that were destined to be of historic significance. Today circumstances no longer make such protracted spells of service necessary, but at that period and in the decades before it, it frequently happened that a journalist was allowed to grow old in a foreign country in one permanent job, termed in journalistic jargon "a position of trust." Such journalists were regarded, so to speak, as fixed and changeless institutions in foreign lands, and often died in exile, utterly forgotten.

I had only just returned from Spain, Hungary and the United States, with my mind a jumble of visions and prob-

lems, and by almost a miracle had escaped joining Nobile's expedition to the North Pole, in which another journalist, a younger man who went instead of me, sacrificed his life. Perhaps it was the fact that I had escaped from such a dramatic end that made me look upon this tragic incident as a warning, and induced me to accept the offer of a transfer to Berlin and to give up my nomadic career.

It was not my first trip to Berlin. I had been there twice before, the first time with Italo Balbo, who was making feverish preparations for his aeronautical voyages, on two of which I had the pleasure of accompanying him. I had also a number of acquaintances in Berlin, who had followed the time-honored custom of initiating me into the varied, noisy and cosmopolitan life of the great metropolis. But this time things were changed. I had come to Berlin to work.

What was the little that I could then accomplish in comparison with the experience which I was destined to accumulate during twelve years! I can smile today, looking back at it all. What callow inexperience in those early days marked my journalistic judgment, and what doubts cramped my style as a political correspondent! Germany seemed to me like an inextinguishable volcano. She had lost a war, and in spite of that, or rather for that very reason, the eyes of all nations were focused on her; she kept people continuously talking about her, and by her dangerous insistence forced many statesmen to work themselves into hysterics in their efforts to guarantee nations the longest possible period of reconstructive peace. Crushed and humiliated by her defeat, Germany still continued to be a source of uncertainty and danger. Not being a state on the outer fringe of our continent, and not regarding herself as a conquered and subjugated nation which could easily be subdued; feeling, moreover, convinced that her temporary collapse was due to incidental factors which did not imply