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MAN OF THE YEAR

"... subject to negotiation."
(See *Financing Russia*)

Number 1

Time Magazine Articles

Man of the Year

Monday, Jan. 06, 1936

King of Kings, In 1935 there was just one man who rose out of murky obscurity and carried his country with him up & up into brilliant focus before a pop-eyed world. But for the hidden astuteness of this man, there would not now be the possibility of another world war arising out of idealism generated around the League of Nations in behalf of Ethiopia. But for His Majesty Haile Selassie the year 1935 would have been a distinctly different year. If by some unhappy chance the Italo-Ethiopian war should now spread into a world conflagration. Power of Trinity I, the King of Kings, the Conquering Lion of Judah, will have a place in history as secure as Woodrow Wilson's. If it ends In the fall of Mussolini and the collapse of Fascism, His Majesty can plume himself on one of the greatest feats ever credited to blackamoors.

Above all, Haile Selassie has created a general, warm and blind sympathy for uncivilized Ethiopia throughout civilized Christendom. In the wake of the world's grandiose Depression, with millions of white men uncertain as to the benefits of civilization, 1935 produced a peculiar Spirit of the Year in which it was felt to be a crying shame that the Machine Age seemed about to intrude upon Africa's last free, unscathed and simple people. They were ipso facto Noble Savages, and the noblest Ethiopian of them all naturally emerged as Man of the Year.



Outside Italy, the Emperor was clapped and cheered during 1935 in almost every cinema house in the world. His name entered the U. S. vocabulary in such homely exclamations as, "Well! If that's so, then I'm Haile Selassie!" In the last week of 1935, Haile Selassie reached Broadway as a character in the new George White's Scandals (see p. 24). Cries he: "Boys, our country am menaced! What is we gwine do?" From then until the curtain falls amid applause which almost stops the show, His Majesty and guardsmen execute a hilarious tap dance (see cut).

Goodness & Wisdom, Without quibble or qualification the best and wisest ruler ancient Ethiopia has ever had is the present Man of the Year.

Ethiopia, contrary to popular misconception, is not a Christian country. It is not even Coptic Christian. Unroll an authoritative religious map of the Empire, such as that in the current January issue of Foreign Affairs, and the facts are evident. In trifling quantity a few Christians are to be found near Addis Ababa, and the Coptic Christians, to which faith the Imperial Family appertains, form an island in the Mohammedan and pagan sea of peoples which is Ethiopia.

Until 1935 the country was known mainly to foreign savants as a "museum of peoples" who remarkably preserve the habits and customs of their various antiquities. It was known, incorrectly, to hasty readers of a popular book, as the Hell-Hole of Creation. Actually the high plateau on which Addis Ababa stands and which comprises about half the Empire is suited in climate to the taste of an ordinary U. S. citizen although the altitude is trying. Rushing rivers criss-cross the plateau with deep gorges. Transportation of fantastic difficulty is enhanced by unimaginable mud in the rainy season, but the obstacles of Nature on the plateau are in every sense susceptible of being overcome.

In the desert regions, blazing and scorching some 8,000 ft. below the plateau toward the sea, are the Hell-Holes of Creation, inhabited by tribes of extraordinary hardihood and savagery. Explorers report that "some of these peoples have never heard of Haile Selassie." It is they who today with complete impartiality harry, snipe at and loot any small detachment of soldiers, be they Ethiopian or Italian.

The peoples of Ethiopia are very old but the Empire is very young. When Chief (Continued on p. 16) Justice Charles Evans Hughes was a youth of 18 there was properly speaking no Ethiopian Empire and the future Emperor Menelik ruled, as King of Shoa, the vicinity of Lake Tana, Aduwa, Aksum and Dessye. Three-quarters of the present Empire, including Harar and Ualual, he did not rule. Haile Selassie was born 44 years ago at Harar and in 1930 succeeded his cousin Menelik's daughter, Empress Zauditu, on the Throne.

The legend that Ethiopia's Imperial Family is descended from the seduction by King Solomon of Sheba's Virgin Queen is pure myth. Last month Oxford's University Press exploded it anew with *A History of Abyssinia* (\$2.25) in which the adoption of this legend by Coptic priests to give Ethiopia's present dynasty a savor of ancient lineage and of Biblical if not Divine authority is traced with British scholarship.



Intimate Glimpse— Although good and wise, Haile Selassie, as recently pointed out by Dr. Sassard, his French physician of many years, has never been popular among his turbulent subjects. Every conversation the physician has had with his Imperial patient, writes Dr. Sassard, "gave me further reason to admire and respect this Sovereign, who is so different from those who surround him and from his own people, and who is so superior to them. ... In his motionless face only his eyes seem alive—brilliant, elongated, extremely expressive eyes. They bespeak boredom as well as polite indifference, cold irony, or even anger. The courtiers know these different expressions well and retire suddenly when the monarch's glance becomes indifferent, then hard. On the other hand, especially when he is dealing with Europeans, his eyes know how to be soft, caressing, affable—and even sincere."

Referring to his royal patient's frequent and serious illnesses, Dr. Sassard observes: "I have always been surprised by the reserves of energy and courage that exist in so frail a body. . . . The attention of the public and of Europe is directed at the two sons of the Sovereign. The first, the Heir Apparent, is now 19 years old. He generally lives far removed from the capital, surrounded by spies, restricted in any independent action he may take, frequently and harshly rebuked by his father. . . . Prince Makonnen, who is 12 years old, is his father's great favorite. . . . Whereas a teacher was not accorded the Heir Apparent, a whole retinue of French educators has been designated to take care of the last-born son. . . . He has good sense, but he is perhaps a little too aware of his exalted birth and the destiny that he believes to be awaiting him. In any case it is unquestionably in Prince Makon-nen that all his father's hopes are centred.

"We must give the Emperor credit for having lent prestige to moral values in his country and for having made courage, work and persistence respected in a land where only physical force had any value. . . . The numerous Ministers are generally more or less related to the Emperor and the Emperor considers the granting of a Cabinet post a simple method of calming a noisy cousin or a belligerent vassal. . . . Disorder and misadministration make each Ethiopian Ministry a bottomless barrel into which money flows. . . . Emperor Haile Selassie inherited a savage country. . . . He will never be a leader of men, the chief of the wild hordes that his predecessors were. The Emperor knows this and the knowledge saddens him."

Gold Chains; Ice Water— After so intimate a glimpse through the eyes of Man of the Year's longtime physician, His Majesty's achievements in 1935 are all the more staggering. They are the ripened fruit of a physically frail Semite's lifetime of goodness and wisdom. It was good to cast into golden chains the Ethiopian who would otherwise have been Emperor instead of Haile Selassie, for this individual had strayed into the Mohammedan faith. Had the late Lij Yasu been on the Throne today the League of Nations might not have displayed such anxiety for the country of an infidel.

His greatest wisdom is the result of meditating on the fact that in 1914 his beloved Ethiopia was saved from being dismembered by the Great Powers by the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. After the establishment of the League of Nations, the Emperor, or Prince Tafari as he then was, figured out wisely that if Ethiopia could possibly win membership in the League, she might never need another World War to distract the Great Powers from dismembering her. To get into the League, though, was most difficult. Egypt was then and is still barred, for the reason that Britain suspected then and now knows for certain that Egypt, once inside the League, would scream bloody murder for the British to evacuate Egypt. Ethiopia was at first barred. Then Ethiopian statesmen, largely inspired by Prince Tafari, began yielding deceptively to French and Italian efforts to obtain more important concessions in the empire than had ever been granted before. In 1923 the French and Italians congratulated themselves that a most profitable and pleasant era of Latin-Ethiopian co-operation and economic exploitation was about to open with mutual goodwill. To top off the deal with pink icing. Ethiopia at Latin insistence was admitted to full membership in the League. Only three years afterward Tafari, who had become Regent, complained of Britain and Italy to the League, having caught them exchanging notes with a view to recognizing the possession of "spheres of influence" by each other in Ethiopia. With the same technique that the Man of the Year used in 1935, but without causing an explosion of world interest, Regent Tafari in 1926 shamed and reproved white men thus: "We should never have suspected that the British Government would come to an agreement with another government regarding our Lake Tana!"

Ethiopia quietly won the first League round then & there, causing Italy and Britain to drop the matter, much as the Hoare-Laval Deal was to be dropped nearly a decade later with a crash heard around the world (TIME, Dec. 3°).

Suckers— Many white men personally familiar with events in Ethiopia since then say that the Emperor for years played Italian and other foreign concessionaires for suckers until Benito Mussolini gradually evolved his theory that the White Race is being aggressively menaced and must recover the dynamic attitude of

Victorian England or ultimately suffer eclipse. Japan, during Depression, secured virtually the whole of Ethiopia's import business in cotton piece goods, while Italians were supplying Haile Selassie with a powerful radio station at cut rates. As soon as it was in working order, His Majesty turned around and fired the whole Italian staff of technicians, made a sucker out of the great Italian electrical firm of Ansaldo Lorenz.

Fatefully in December 1934 the issue between Italy and Ethiopia was joined. Each shrieked to heaven that a collection of mud huts called Ualual, located variously on various maps, had been subjected to aggression by the other. Months afterward a League of Nations commission decided that for the Ualual Incident neither Italians nor Ethiopians nor anyone else was to blame (TIME, Dec. 24, 1934). By that time, though, the Man of the Year was fully in the making. He flashed off cables smoking hot with pathos, righteousness, defiance and more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger which made front pages throughout



Christendom. It was sheer genius for Haile Selassie to deny that Italians used dum dum bullets instead of charging them with that military offense. It was again genius for him to cable out that in Ethiopia the local press had been ordered by the Emperor never to apply discourteous epithets to Benito Mussolini. Finally only genius could enable the Emperor to put himself—a frail, exquisite Semite who speaks French—on terms of friendly respect with robust Anglo-Saxon correspondents when they arrived in Addis Ababa and promptly nicknamed him "Little Charlie."

If the Covenant of the League of Nations be law, then in law Ethiopia and Haile Selassie are right and Italy and Benito Mussolini are wrong. The only trouble is that that portion of the white race represented by 44,000,000 Italians has opened hostilities and in the sphere of law Italy contends—much too late for popular acceptance—that under the League Covenant, membership in the League of Nations is barred to states in which slavery still nourishes, as it unquestionably does in Ethiopia. Therefore, argues Italy, the original mistake of admitting Ethiopia to the League should be corrected by ousting Ethiopia, after which Italy would have exactly as good a right there as Britain has in Egypt.

In successfully brushing aside these contentions of a Great Power; in dextrously pitching the issue of war on such grounds that the white race in general feels the future of the League of Nations to be at stake in the future of a Museum of Peoples in Africa; and in impressing even his own French doctor with his courage, his elevated moral stature and his peculiar genius for browbeating Ethiopians while he charms foreigners. Emperor Haile Selassie emerged in 1935 not only as Man of the Year but as the world's own inimitable "Little Charlie" for as many years to come as health sustains him.

So What? In the actual zones of Ethiopian war, the number of square miles overrun by Italian forces as the year ended was about 30,000—a mapmaker's fact of doubtful significance. Neutral military experts in Washington, Berlin, Paris and London consider that Premier Mussolini's deepest purposes have not yet been revealed, but that unquestionably he has hamstrung his soldier's war in East Africa by political and diplomatic back-seat driving from Rome. Darting raids by Italian bombers, unaccompanied by troop operations on the ground, have resulted in little more than the enemy's terror and disorganization. After major advances there have been sudden, desultory lulls. Because concurrent maneuvers on the Diplomatic Front have been secret and clandestine, Il Duce is perhaps as good a judge as any of whether bombs and calms judiciously sprinkled in the world press have much affected the game on Europe's green tables. In soldiers' eyes the Italians have made a wretched showing in Ethiopia, and to soldiers Italy's diplomatic showing looks even worse, with Anthony Eden up.

The first and drier half of Ethiopia's "dry" season, in which alone military operations are possible, is now over. Bombs sprinkled around the Man of the Year have failed to get him. If Calvin Coolidge and the U. S. Marines, unhampered by Sanctions, never did succeed in bringing General Sandino to reason in Nicaragua, all the more reason for Haile Selassie to feel that his goose hangs high. On the other hand, should Mussolini decide that the diplomatic game is up. Italy's forces should be able to give a better account of themselves than they have thus far.

New Deal. Few months ago Dr. Sassard wrote of his patient: "The Emperor will undoubtedly fight at the head of his troops." In ringing proclamations His Majesty has more than once promised to do so. Simple Ethiopians expect any ruler worth his salt to remain for the duration of the war physically in the thick of the fight. Instead, both before hostilities began and since. Haile Selassie has kept Europe's diplomats



well supplied with offers to make peace by selling or bartering parts of the empire, emitting at the same time declarations to the world press that he will part with "not an inch" of Ethiopian soil. If these Imperial activities resemble a Semitic tradesman's strident, righteous protestations and simultaneous readiness to compromise, they are not the Man of the Year's fault but aspects of his God-given character.

In Addis Ababa warrior chiefs of the Noble Savage type bitterly and contemptuously complain, "Our Emperor is a businessman!" They should thank Ethiopia's stars. The astounding marvel is that Africa's unique Museum of Peoples has produced a businessman—with high-pressure publicity, compelling sales talk, the morals of a patent medicine advertisement, a grasp of both savage and diplomatic mentality, and finally with plenty of what Hollywood calls IT. The Emperor was "too smart" only once in 1935, when he tried by granting the Rickett Concession to Standard Oil to embroil the U. S. directly in Ethiopia's defense. In His Majesty's favorite phrase the entire situation is still "subject to negotiation."

Fortnight ago the Imperial Businessman had instructed Al Smith's publicity director, Josef Israels II. to tell the world that His Majesty was willing to settle on terms only slightly more generous to Ethiopia than those offered by The Deal of Hoare & Laval. He was willing to yield a great chunk of his empire in exchange for peace and a corridor to the Red Sea. The resignation of Sir Samuel Hoare and the tribulations of Premier Laval last week caused the Imperial Businessman to propose a completely New Deal. Ethiopia's new "basis for discussion," with which the Man of the Year masterfully closed 1935, are that: 1) Mussolini's forces are to withdraw; 2) Italy is to pay an indemnity to Ethiopia, and 3) the Great Powers excluding Italy are to be invited to a new game of giving economic, administrative and financial "assistance and advice" to Ethiopia, with Haile Selassie holding all the trumps and calling it Civilization.



Empire's End

Monday, May. 11, 1936

Back to his capital last week went Haile Selassie, no Conquering Lion of Judah. Along the dusty streets the tin-roofed shops of Armenian, Greek and East Indian traders were boarded up, almost all the houses of any pretension deserted. A watchful Italian plane circled lazily above Addis Ababa. No troops were in sight, the remnants of the Imperial Guard being encamped outside the open town. The little Emperor still had his famed beard, but now it was heavily streaked with grey.



His arm, horribly burned by Italian mustard gas, was in bandages. Only a few days earlier a miracle had saved his life.

Dropping back mile after mile before the relentless Italian advance, Haile Selassie took refuge for a day or two at Magdala, burned by the British in 1868, scene of the suicide of the Emperor's predecessor, Theodore. Magdala's peasants were heartily sick of the war. Many a glum-faced, kinky-polled native spat in the dust as the little imperial party passed. Some crept up to the imperial quarters. A volley of shots crashed through the windows. The Emperor's valet and his chamberlain, both of whom were standing talking to their master, dropped dead. The little Emperor was not scratched.

Good-by Calls. Back in Addis Ababa last week, with his Empire on its last legs, Haile Selassie drove quietly to the French Legation beyond the race track. There he explained to French Minister Paul Bodard that he was morally bound to keep on fighting, but that with Italy's legions sweeping down unchecked from the north further defense of Addis Ababa was now impossible. It was best for the Empress and their two sons, Crown Prince Asfa-Wassan and round-eyed Prince Makonnen, 13, to leave the country. The Coptic monastery in British-protected Palestine was the first refuge that came to the Emperor's mind. But would the royal family be temporarily safe in French Djibouti, at the other end of the 494-mile Ethiopian railroad to the coast? Minister Bodard assured him that they would.

Back to his Palace went Haile Selassie, and within a few minutes the war drums were throbbing through the hills. Crowds streamed up to the Palace steps.

"Ethiopia," shrilled Haile Selassie, "will fight until the last soldier and the last inch! Let every man who is not wounded or sick take arms and enough food to last five days and march north to fight the invader!"

The crowd roared back: "We will go!"

Five thousand men, bravest remnant of the old Imperial Guard, shouldered their rifles again and marched away. Tired little Haile Selassie, forgetting the raw burns on his arm, retired into his Palace for a final conference with his chieftains. The Government, it was plain, would have to move. Should it go southwest to Gore, near British Sudan?

The bearded chiefs at first said nothing at all. Finally they explained. There was only one effective army left in Ethiopia, that of Ras Nassibu, now fighting for its life against General Graziani's relentless

advance on Harar. Tribes to the west were in as ugly a mood as those around Magdala. One after another the chiefs rose to tell how hopeless the situation was. There was nothing for the King of Kings to do but run for his life.

Scuttle. Haile Selassie got into his car, drove around to see his friend Sir Sidney Barton at the British Legation outside of town. Behind a cobweb of barbed wire, 250 Sikhs patrolled the grounds. Huddled in tents and temporary shelters was almost the entire white population of Addis Ababa, which had put itself under the protection of the British Crown and British machine guns.

To Sir Sidney Haile Selassie spoke softly but to the point. Britain had encouraged him with fine words, many promises and a few guns for which he had paid cash. For the League, for Ethiopia he had risked his own life. Would Britain now come to his aid in this hour of direst need? With all his heart Sir Sidney wished that Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, and possibly Winston Churchill were in that room. Shortly afterwards Haile Selassie drove away, his mouth grim with disappointment.

That midnight Haile Selassie furtively boarded his imperial train at Addis Ababa, scuttled for the coast. With him, besides the royal family, were some 30 friends and retainers and great quantities of personal baggage. When, hatless and travel-stained, he reached Djibouti, French Somaliland, two days later, the little man was still treated like a monarch by Britain and France. French troops gave him a royal salute and the British cruiser Enterprise awaited him in the harbor. Two hours before Enterprise upped anchor, she was boarded by Ras Nassibu, commander of the southern armies, and his aide, Wehib Pasha. Behind her 6-in. guns the king without a country sailed away to sanctuary in Palestine.



All Hell. With the Emperor in flight, all hell broke loose in Addis Ababa. Only the dregs of Ethiopia's soldiery were left behind in the doomed capital. They promptly went completely wild, looting shops, screaming curses at all whites, firing rifles into the air. The new palace, pride of Haile Selassie, was thrown open to the mob.

Most foreigners were already safely within the British compound, but United Pressman Ben Ames was severely slashed while trying to fight his way through the native crowd. In 24 hours the Ethiopian Empire went completely to pieces and all semblance of native law & order disappeared.

Rioting in Addis Ababa grew worse by the hour. Most important attack was made on the Treasury's "gold house." A few loyal employes tried to save the remnant of Haile Selassie's gold with machine guns but sword-swinging looters rushed them, cut off their hands as they clung to their guns.

A brave man was spectacted U. S. Minister Cornelius Van H. Engert, who with his wife, four naval radio operators and half a dozen others decided to hold out at the U. S. Legation as long as possible. "Among us," he radioed Washington, "we have nine rifles, two shotguns, ten revolvers and a fair amount of ammunition."

To communicate with British Minister Barton about four miles away U. S. Minister Engert had to call Arlington, Va., which in turn telephoned U. S. Ambassador Robert W. Bingham in London, who called the British Foreign Office, who finally relayed the message back to Addis Ababa.

"Situation is getting worse," radioed Minister Engert. "Two native women in our servants quarters have been seriously wounded. . . . With the assistance of a few Sikhs and one Lewis gun we could hold this legation, if Italians arrive within a few days. . . . Should the situation become worse, which I do not

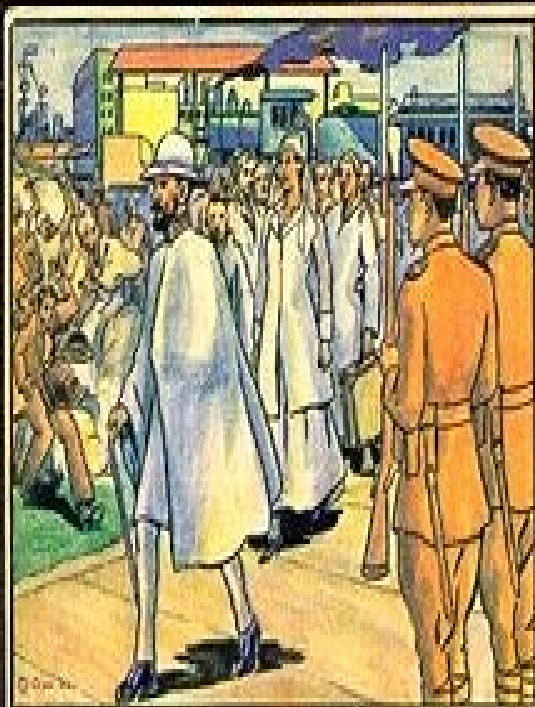
anticipate, the Department may depend on my withdrawing before it is too late."

The British, however, could spare no Sikhs except to convoy the U. S. party to the British compound. Secretary Hull feeling that Minister Engert and his aides had amply demonstrated their courage, radioed instructions to evacuate. With a convoy of Sikhs the Engert party safely traversed the ugly four miles through the ruined city to the British compound.

Meanwhile General Badoglio's motorized column, pushing on as fast as possible, drew closer & closer. Italian aeroplanes reconnoitered over the city. At four o'clock Tuesday afternoon the Italians rumbled down the imperial highway into Addis Ababa. Natives fled south or tried to take refuge in the foreign compounds which they had been attacking. In Rome, which was a little late getting the news because Sir Sidney Barton radioed it first to London, delirious crowds poured into the streets to the din of bells, whistles, sirens, and Benito Mussolini trumpeted:

"The war with Ethiopia is over. Ethiopia is Italian-territory!"

Why. Foreign observers, particularly British, had been reminding each other for months of India's Northwest Frontier, of France's campaigns in Morocco, of the U. S. intervention in Nicaragua where small rapidly-moving bands of guerrilla fighters were able to fight off mechanized modern armies for years. As Haile Selassie and his Belgian and Swedish military advisers well knew, Ethiopian troops could have done the same, but Ethiopians do not fight that way. Far braver but much simpler than most tribal warriors, their idea of warfare is the massed attack, the wild headlong charge. Once Marshal Badoglio had lured Ethiopian chieftains into attacking, the war was won. The subservient tribes of Ethiopia were loyal to the ruling Amharas only as long as the gods of battle smiled on them. The gods stopped smiling long ago.



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The Emperor Leaves Ethiopia

Exhausted and overwhelmed, haggard from lack of sleep and food, Haile Selassie packed his bags on May 5, 1941, and hurried to get away from the advancing Italian forces. With one army of the invaders on the threshold of Addis Ababa and another rapidly closing in from the south, the wild little emperor could hardly be expected to wait for the usurpers to overtake him and his family. Accordingly he hustled his wife and children into their lumbering automobile, taking as much gold bullion as they could carry, and boarded the only railroad train in the country. Arriving at Djibouti the royal party was met by pitying throngs of loyal followers. At the port an Italian newspaper reporter, who tried to get his picture, was mobbed by the natives. Received by the French Governor in the Governor's Palace, the poor, forlorn ex-emperor was fed and put to bed . . . an Emperor without an Empire.

To know the HORRORS OF WAR is to want PEACE

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Selassie & Fiuggi

Monday, Jun. 15, 1936

With 41 crates reportedly containing gold bars and Ethiopia's well-worn old green Imperial treasure chest among his luggage, His Majesty Haile Selassie reached London last week bravely smiling and heavily perfumed. En route from Palestine he had been transferred from a British warship to a British liner, and the British Government insisted that his status was "strictly incognito."

In London screaming red placards reading "*WELCOME EMPEROR!*" had been pasted on delivery vans by Labor and Liberal newsorgans but, taking their cue from their Government, Conservative London papers did their best to ignore Haile Selassie, tucked news that he was coming into obscure squibs. Nevertheless, 5,000 unofficial welcomers rushed to Waterloo Station. Among them were Chinese, Hindus, Arabs and Negroes, cheek by jowl with English of every class, including pink-cheeked gentlemen in high silk hats and ladies, some of whom waved simultaneously the British and Ethiopian flags as the private Pullman car of Haile Selassie drew in.

Seated at a flower-decked table was His Majesty in blue-serge trousers, silk blouse and flowing black cape with his children in well-tailored, tweedy sports clothes and flannels. Roared hearty British voices: "Welcome to the land of the free! Hurrah for the one and only Emperor of Ethiopia! Down with Mussolini!"

Great efforts by the British League of Nations Union to coax down to the station the British Foreign Secretary, well-dressed Captain Anthony Eden, were rewarded to the extent that he sent his tactful private secretary, Mr. Oliver C. Harvey, who is always careful to dress somewhat badly. Rumpled Mr. Harvey slipped into the Pullman, spoke for a few minutes to Haile Selassie, then presented His Majesty to many an eminent, top-hatted friend of the League of Nations and of Ethiopia, including Economist Sir Walter Thomas Layton and Lord Allen of Hurtwood. They pressed upon His Majesty an engraved, though quite unofficial, scroll declaring:

"We lament that Ethiopia has suffered invasion. We, with thousands of people of Great Britain, express the hope that the day will soon dawn when Ethiopia will regain her ancient independence and her rightful Emperor will return and, trusting in God, will continue to lead his people toward light and peace."

Taking this scroll His Majesty cried: "God grant that it may be so! ... I come to England confident that I will obtain justice here. . . . May the British Crown and the British people live forever!"

After that, cheering never stopped as Haile Selassie, his children and his crates were whisked by limousine under guard of Scotland Yard detectives to a sumptuous, cream-yellow house facing Hyde Park at No. 5 Princes Gate, the home of the U. S. Ambassador being nearby at No. 14. Alighting, His Majesty was met with shouts of "Say any



old thing, Haile Selassie! Hurrah for the Emperor! Good Old Haile Selassie!"

When the King of Kings and Conquering Lion of Judah refused to speak into a microphone provided for his use, an excited fair-skinned dowager seized it herself, uttered sounds which British radio listeners may well have thought were words spoken by His Majesty in his native Amharic—until an announcer cleared up the mistake. As Good Old Haile Selassie withdrew into the house, 1,000 admirers out front snapped up popular dailies, one of which cried under a banner headline: "Haile Selassie is a welcome visitor, for he belongs to that band of men with the courage to stand up against tyranny and stand by what is right at the risk of death in order that justice might live."

Imperial Garden Party, Bright & early next morning a round hundred admirers of Haile Selassie gathered in Whitehall to see him lay a wreath on the Cenotaph honoring Britain's War dead. With dogged British grit they waited all morning and all afternoon until finally dispersed by a thunderstorm. All through the day Haile Selassie had been demanding that the Foreign Office accord him "official permission" to lay the wreath which meanwhile drooped and withered in his hallway. Captain Anthony Eden's subordinates had kept insisting all day that His Majesty should merely apply to Scotland Yard for whatever protection he might think he needed in laying a wreath on the Cenotaph.

Second round of the Emperor's struggle to be officially noticed came as a request to be received by King Edward VIII. To this the Foreign Office replied that Emperor Haile Selassie, since he was traveling incognito, was no more likely to be received by the King Emperor than any other distinguished but unofficial visitor.

Third round was the issuing by Haile Selassie, as Emperor of Ethiopia and apparently no longer incognito so far as he himself was concerned, of official invitations to an "Imperial garden party."



Swift to snub Haile Selassie by sending diplomatic regrets were the U. S., Russia, France, Germany, Japan, the Little Entente, all the Scandinavian and Balkan States, and five of the 20 Latin American republics, plus all the British Dominions, vice-regal India and His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom. Captain Eden excused himself by saying that he had to make a political speech elsewhere. His swank Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs, Viscount Cranborne, explained: "My presence is

possible only because I can meet the Emperor in a private, non-political capacity." In their official capacities came the Argentine, Turkish, Brazilian and Chinese Ambassadors and the Ministers of Cuba, Finland, Iraq, Nepal, Iran, Saudi Arabia and Uruguay, and Paraguay's charge d'affaires. Also the Deans of Westminster and St. Paul's, Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George and Salvation Army General Evangeline Booth.

Even as Haile Selassie chatted in French with his guests, his doom as an Emperor seemed in course of being sealed by Orator Anthony Eden, who told his constituents that "The League finds its authority weakened" and that Geneva must now act "in the spirit of candid realism." Far from suggesting any anti-Italian or pro-Ethiopian action of a virile nature. Orator Eden announced for the British Government this unpretentious objective: "We must at this time maintain the League of Nations in existence." In quarters close to Haile Selassie it was said that he was being pressed to quit Great Britain, probably would go to live in a villa he owns in Switzerland, if Italian pressure is not exerted on the Swiss.

Corporal & Marshal. Meanwhile in Italy every newsorgan which reported the doings in London spoke, of Haile Selassie by his family name, "Signore Tafari." However, nobody much bothered to read the papers. All Italy was rapturously celebrating the return from Ethiopia of its Conqueror. His skin seemed suntanned to the toughness of leather. Moist upon it were the kisses of Benito Mussolini as Il Duce embraced and smacked on both cheeks grizzled, tough, triumphant Marshal Pietro Badoglio, Viceroy of Ethiopia.

After the smacks Corporal Mussolini, who has never had himself promoted above his actual War grade, patted Marshal Badoglio affectionately on the back, presented a bouquet to the Marshal's wife, affably greeted their daughter. Later Emperor Vittorio Emanuele and Marshal Badoglio reviewed troops amid deafening plaudits near the Triumphal Arch of Constantine. Once home, the Viceroy of Ethiopia confided with an old soldier's simple candor the main reason why he did in fact return to Rome last week.

This reason Italians clearly understood when the Marshal said he was going to take the cure at Fiuggi, drinking its famed waters. Popes with gallstones gave the springs of Fiuggi their fame and today its bottled waters may be had in almost any city of the world. Last week learned Italians, sympathizing with their great Marshal, turned to the Italian encyclopedia, scanned the famous letter in which great Artist Michelangelo described how he was cured at Fiuggi in the year 1549 as Marshal Badoglio may well be cured. Wrote Michelangelo: "I am immensely better. For about two months I have been drinking morning and evening water from a spring about forty miles from Rome, which breaks the stone. It has broken mine and enabled me to pass a good deal of it in my urine. I must lay in a store of it and use it exclusively in drinking and cooking and change my way of living." After taking the cure at Fiuggi, the Viceroy of Ethiopia was slated to return to take up residence at Addis Ababa.



Fairfield House in the town of Bath, England, was the home in exile of Emperor Haile Selassie and his family between 1936 and 1941 when Ethiopia was occupied by Fascist Italy. The Emperor donated Fairfield House to the City of Bath to serve as a senior citizens center after he returned to Ethiopia.

