PASSING FROM BATTLE to Sicily to a prisoner's camp, these Italians, for whom the war is at an end, are but a handful of the thousands of 90,000 Axis prisoners taken by August 2, 1943 when all but the south-eastern tip of the island had passed into Allied hands. Cigarettes in nearly the British soldier's and the Italian's pocket will match the moody faces with good-humored smiles in these days of conflict for the peace and temperate contents of capture.

ITALY fulfilled its promise of being one of the most eventful months of the war. The collapse of Mussolini and of the Fascist regime was the most sensational event of the month, certainly accelerated if not brought about by the military events. The opening of the German summer offensive in Russia, which for a few days looked dangerous, revived Axis hopes, but they were quickly damped by the remarkable Russian defense. While the battle in the North gained momentum the victorious Allies have also been pressing on the Dardanelles, and in the Balkans, and are beginning the amazingly successful invasion of Sicily, marked by the wonderful perfection of the Allied preparations and the skill shown in the planning and execution of one of the most difficult operations in war history.

The recent Allied moves on the Dardanelles have given scope for some technical revolutionary warfare on the Allied front to prove how completely the German offensive has failed. There had been Russian offensives in the summer in previous years, but this time the Allies had a definite strategic purpose in view: to check the full development of German offensive strategy. Here, however, was a Russian summer offensive which marked a definite recovery of the initiative lost temporarily at the end of the winter campaign.

It is not surprising that Hitler had no reserves to send to Mussolini’s assistance, nor that in the circumstances Mussolini decided to evict the sinking ship leaving Badoglio the task of saving what he could from the wreckage.

SICILY At the time I am writing (at the beginning of July) the military situation in Sicily is clear enough, but the further development of political events in Italy may affect immensely the normal course of military action before this article is published.

Up to the present the Allies have to their credit the great achievement of having in the course of three weeks successfully landed a large force in Sicily and of having secured possession of more than three-quarters of the island. What they occupy possesses them with an admirable base from which to operate, having several good ports and a considerable number of airfields.

But the enemy, having deliberately abstained from risking German troops in defense of the western part of the island, has concentrated them in its North-East corner, where they are holding a very strong position covering approaches to the Straits of Messina. With them and a half German divisions and two or three Italian divisions which may be of better quality than most of their meager stock the enemy should have sufficient troops to offer determined resistance on a front which is little over fifty miles long in an unfought line; especially as much of the front could probably be firmly held on account of the nature of the terrain. The position also affords excellent observation.

The Allies are now in contact with the enemy almost along his whole front. British troops on the right and Canadians in the centre after having been engaged in stiff fighting with the Germans in their advance. The Americans on the left who have come up into line have had less fighting.

Two amusing features of the Italian campaign are the fine weather and the finery of the Italian women. The weather has been hot throughout and the women are of course dressed very richly. The Duce himself is very popular and his personal appearance is legendary.

BATTLE OF THE SICILIAN TIP. Showing how the Allied Armies moved off on August 1, 1943. During the following week Catania, Alcudia and Enna fell to the British Army; the Americans had taken Trapani and advanced beyond E. Agaja.

THE YOUNG OFFICER of the German Marine Guard Division was included in the first batch of prisoners from Sicily to be interned in this Officers’ cabin, a typical feature of internment in the Mediterranean. Note that all his effects were left on his steamer.

Meanwhile, the enemy is being subjected to heavy artillery and air attacks with probably numerous local operations to secure favorable starting positions and better observation. Up to the present the enemy has been receiving reinforcements, probably at least sufficient to replace casualties. That, owing to developments in Italy, may become more difficult, but it is safer to assume that the numerical strength of his forces will be maintained through the morale of his troops may deteriorate under bombardment.
The enemy obviously is accepting the risk of a large-scale disaster: for evacuation at a last resort would, under concentrated air attack and under pressure of Allied pursuit, be a very different matter from drifting in reinforcements. It might be altogether impracticable and at the best extremely costly. Yet the Germans were almost bound to accept the risk, for at no other point in Italian territory could they hope to meet us on comparatively equal terms.

Germans in Italy is a small and Germany has no central reserve. The numbers can be increased materially, nor can reserves be safely transferred from other sectors.

Climax, with such limited numbers, Germany could not consider holding the whole of Italy without Italian cooperation, and that, in any case, would have entailed the danger of German troops becoming involved in an Italian debacle. Withdrawal of German troops to Northern Italy would have antagonized the Italians, and left them, even if they made the attempt, incapable of holding the southern part of the peninsula, which would then become an Allied base.

In fact, the north-east corner of Sicily alone offered a sufficiently restricted front on which a small, exclusively German force might check Allied pressure and at least gains time to see what policy under Badoglio’s leadership Italy would follow. But even should the Germans be able to hold this position for some time it will not prevent the further development of Allied airpower in Sicily, or divert that concentration of Italian troops to which Germany cannot escape its commitment in which her lack of a strong central reserve plagues her.

It is interesting to note that all the German divisions in Sicily are new formations under old names of divisions lost in Africa or at Stalingrad. They might therefore have been expected to be of second-class quality constituted from the inexperienced and inadequately trained personnel produced by Hitler’s call-up of all Germany’s available man power. Yet actually they are evidently first-class troops probably with recovered wounded and invalids who have all the advantages of experience and thorough training. Their loss would therefore make Paige all the more serious.

If Badoglio fails to rally the Italian nation and army and is forced to accept the Allied terms, the Germans may hope that he would be able to give them an opportunity of withdrawing such parts of their force as they can succeed in evacuating from Sicily. But if Badoglio is able to continue the struggle it seems probable that the Germans will fight for their bridgehead in Sicily to the last possible position, and a terrific and prolonged struggle such as was seen in Tunisia should not be expected unless our attack is delivered.

RUSSIA
Events of the past month in Russia have been of even greater importance than those in the Mediterranean and have been no less favourable to the Allies in their effect on the general war situation. In their abortive use of their best and most formidable troops, and it is certain they could not have been brought to such an abrupt standstill unless they had suffered losses on an immense scale. The Germans themselves admitted that the intensity of the fighting was unprecedented.

The Russian offensive against the Orel salient, although its progress has not been rapid and on aerial-scale maps would seem to affect a comparatively insignificant area, must be costing the Germans heavily.

An area so highly fortified cannot be easily overrun, and so long as it is defended with determination it must be dealt with by a series of well prepared concentrated attacks. But the defence has little chance of retreat, and the capture of such successive battalions implies the practical annihilation of its garrisons. The cost to the defence is therefore very high. The Germans appear determined to hold the salient at all costs and have again used their reserves of mobile troops and reserve offensive which when unsuccessful are liable to prove at a critical reserve available to reinforce threatened points on her immense defensive front. 
Skirl o' the Pipes on the Road to Catania

Scottish Troops in Sicily march to the music of the pipes (top) in the hills north of Vizzini, towards Catania, some 31 miles distant as the Crow Flies. Some of the men who broke the Locals' 'kelpies' and stepped into the Pipe of History on July 15, 1943, Catania fell yesterday, in the wake of the American-led push. The local population turned out to welcome the Allied forces and groups, eager for the warmth of their reception by a people weary of Fascism.

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Photo: British Official / News Copyright
Approach to the 'Bottle-neck'—Key to the Plain

A BREM CARRIER (above) moves through the hilly Sicilian countryside of Pater- nome (see map on p. 100), which was occupied by Canadian troops in Oct. The same route stands aside the only road near the town which fell three days earlier. This was closed one of the routes by the enemy. The Allied forces for the relief of the town passed up the road with the Belgian forces. The town was captured by the Allied forces. The town was captured by the Allied forces. The town was captured by the Allied forces. The town was captured by the Allied forces. The town was captured by the Allied forces. The town was captured by the Allied forces.

Soon after the town fell, on July 14, the Polish Army Medical Corps, who had been with the Forward Training Corps, arrived in the area as a part of the Allied forces. They were in charge of a damaged church of St. Sebastian, which was used by the Allied forces as a hospital and operated until September.
Three Allied Forces Sweep on With One Aim

Perfect Co-ordination

The Allied sweep of British, Canadian, and American troops in North Africa was carried out with astonishing speed. Having crossed the river and taken the town, American and Canadian forces were able to break through Montgomery's British forces on July 26, 1942, the advance covering 60 miles in two days. British tanks were advancing on complete balance in all directions, clearing the last of the Axis forces from the area.

In Tunisia, the Americans dealt with many a sniper's hiding place, but the final clearing of the last of the Axis forces was completed with the aid of American tanks and a light. British tanks were advancing in all directions, protecting the American forces. The town of Al Medsya, a town clinging to the side of an impressive gorge, with a population of 4,000, was occupied on July 15. The British forces then swept across the River Medjerda, capturing the town of Medjerda, which was reported to be still being fought over. The Axis forces were reported to be in full retreat, with many being captured.
Eighth Army Armour In Triumphant Setting

A SHERMAN TANK passes through an imposing arch into the town of Cassino, on the coastal road between Syracuse and Acire, a sector known for its battle on April 16, 1944. Syracuse fell on July 19, 1943, captured without a fight by the 1st U.S. Army, the 2nd U.S. Army and the British XVII Corps. Cassino fell on April 17, 1944, with the assistance of the American 10th Corps, and Catania fell four days later.
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurrich

way between the Strait of Messina and Taranto, without encountering any opposition worth mentioning.

A dash for the Adriatic is still a possibility; but so little enterprise has been shown by the Italian Navy in this war that it by no means follows that such a venture need be contemplated. It is unlikely that all the ships would escape were it to be attempted, for the British Mediterranean Fleet, under Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, is certain to be on the watch for any such move; and in the sure knowledge of this the Italians may prefer to stay in harbour and wait on events. Such an attitude would be consistent with their conduct of the naval war to date.

How United Nations Could Use the Italian Fleet

Similarly, it is doubtful whether the position at Taranto, comprising three new battleships, a number of cruisers, destroyers and submarines, will ever seek another refuge, either at the ill-fated port of Toulon or in some neutral harbour such as Barcelona. Thus it may be assumed that with Italy's complete collapse, her fleet will mostly fall into the Allied lap. It remains to be considered in what extent that fleet could be utilized for our purposes.

Of the battleships, the three at Spezia—the Impero, Littorio and Vittorio Veneto—are fine new vessels of 31,000 tons, armed with 15-in. guns. With certain reservations, there is no doubt that good use could be made of these ships. At the present time one of the French battleship Richelieu, refitted at New York. But the same applies to the other three, with each in one or more cases have been considerably damaged by torpedoes. Their armament of 12-6-in. guns could only be used if a sufficient stock of shells could be made available, as this calibre does not exist anywhere outside Italy.

Italian cruisers may number a dozen, of which only one, the battered Gorizia, is of a heavy type. Her main armament comprises eight 8-in. guns; she has been repaired as well as damaged by torpedoes and is still useless. Seven smaller cruisers, of from 7,874 to 5,000 tons, armed with 6-in. guns, would be more useful, though one of them, the Mugio Attendolo, has been heavily damaged and is being refitted at Naples. There are three or four of the new fast cruisers of the Regina class, of 3,362 tons, armed with 5-3-in. guns; one of them has been badly mutilated. They are really glorified destroyers, very highly constructed, everything having been sacrificed to make them engines to be installed of sufficient power to produce a speed of 41 knots.

Two other cruisers, dating from the last war, of low speed and small fighting value, are still exist, but are not worth taking into account. They were relegated to colonial service some years ago, and one of them may have taken refuge in Japanese waters. In serviceable condition is a single one, but even that may not be of much use. One other, the Castiglione, would probably be insufficient to enable them to undertake ocean convoy work.

There are an uncertain number of submarines, of which the two of over 6,000 tons, having been badly damaged; instead the others of over 4,000 tons have been reported. Perhaps as many as 50 may be in a seaworthy state, though a number will be less seaworthy. Considerable repair work would be needed before any of them could be manned and operated by Allied crews.

They remain the numerous auxiliaries, which would be particularly useful for the supply work which falls in the lot of the Italian Navy.

There is a small transport collateral Minerva, together with sundry minelayers, minechasers, transports, oil tankers and water-crafts. Though the number of these has doubled, and been converted by the heavy toll taken of Italian convoys, H.M. submarines, should be of some useful residue which, together with the remnant of the Italian mercantile navy, ought to constitute a valuable reinforcement to Allied resources.
The Royal Navy Lends a Powerful Hand Ashore

TRANSPORTED BY THE ALLIED NAVY: our troops got to work directly they reached the Italian beaches, armed with more than usual weapons than fell to the Tommy’s lot. With tanks and armoured cars backing up the naval gunners, they were able to maintain contact with the enemy all along the way. The gunners were able to transport supplies quickly and efficiently, ensuring a steady flow of ammunition and supplies to the soldiers on the ground.

Photo: British Office
Americans Subdue Rendova in the Solomons

Rendova Island, in the New Georgia group of the Solomons, was the scene of one of the bloodiest air strikes in recent warfare. On January 25, a force of five B-26s from the USS Hornet made a devastating attack on the Japanese field at Rendova, damaging or destroying 160 planes in two days at a cost to the Allies of only 28 aircraft. In this period, Japanese casualties included 3,500 prisoners, wounded, and civilians. From Rendova itself, U.S. military personnel continued to pound the Japanese enemy-held islands around.

Under cover of darkness, big guns of the USS Trave; a 44-cm. howitzer; and a 155-millimeter howitzer hit the Kolombangara area last night, while a 57- and a 20-mm. anti-aircraft gun prevented enemy air attack. A large detachment of U.S. marines moved by sea from the invasion area to Rendova last night. Troops are consolidating a tight field garrison around Rendova and are prepared to hold out even if all U.S. ships are lost in the area. The U.S. forces will hold Rendova until the island is declared untenable by invasion forces.
For 3,000 Years History Has Been Made in Sicily

"A measure of culture, a picture-book of history," the author of this revealing article calls the historic island which we visit today in 1943. With its history of battles and conquests, which have been fought over and over again, Sicily is a remarkable flowering of Hellenic culture.

I t is another island in the world in which so many races and generations of men, through such a succession of centuries, have left so many traces as Sicily? Set in the very middle of the sea which was itself the Great Mediterranean, inhabited by all the peoples of antiquity, Sicily has been ruled over by the Greeks, Phoenicians, Romans, Vandals, Saracens, Normans, and Venetians. So many forces have left their mark on the island that it is one of the most fascinating places in all Europe.

N earest of Sicily. For the first time this island was invaded by the British in 1908, and the city was practically wiped out by an English bomb. On Enna's western slopes in the little town of Bronte, which lies between the Ionian and the Tyrrhenian seas, there is a beautiful house, the home of Lord and Lady Hamilton. In 1750 the Hamiltons built a villa here, and it was later sold to the British government.

The history of Sicily is a history of wars and conquests, which have been fought over and over again. The Romans, the Normans, the Venetians, and the British have all left their mark on the island.

All over the island there are still to be found architectural relics of this wonderful age, fortifications and aqueducts, theatres and temples, houses and tombs, most of which are the remains of the great Greek cities. But the most important sites are Agrigento and Acireale. These two cities were the centers of the ancient Greek civilization.

The Temple of Juno Lucitana, located a short distance from Acireale, is one of the most important sites in Sicily. It is a beautiful example of the Doric order.

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‘Mussolini Will Increase the Number of Ruins—

PROUD OF HER ANCIENT RUINS. Italy is seeing the fulfillment of the prophecy made by Mr. Buff Cooper on the day of Italy’s entry into the war: ‘Speaking of Mussolini’s barbarism, it is not realized that our factories would be hit.” The day Mussolini was assassinated, these photographs show the rubble of Siccone on the mainland, Catania (a), captured on August 5, and (b) the sultry Elbe.
For Which Italy Has Long Been Famous!

These venerable piles are among the show pieces of Sicily. Besides them are other relics of very recent date. The Temple of Camarina (1), built in the 1st century B.C., and the Temple of Cotta and Pelops (2), dating from the end of the 6th century B.C., are at Agrigento—contemporary Syracuse; see article in page 175—while that of July 15, 1461: the pillared temple in the town and the adjoining relics belonging to the cheapest Greek period. From the Greek Theatre at Taormina (3), where the Greek theatre was destroyed by a landslide on July 15, 1461.

They’ve Been Our Commandos For 300 Years

No higher honour could have been paid to the Royal Marines than their selection as the first units to make the assault on Sicily, on July 10, 1943. They are the Empire’s supermen. YOUR ALLIED NAVIES realize fully the stern achievements which will make the name of this proud Corps of sea-soldiers live for evermore.

At 1 a.m. on July 10, 1943, assault craft crowded with Royal Marine Commandos left the parent ship, lying some eight miles off the Sicilian coast. The task of these tough “Jockies” was to gain and establish the first foothold on the island and destroy the shore defences to the west of the main landing beaches. The First Canadian Division . . . By dawn the job was done; the infantry could “go in.”

On land, sea, and in the air, Britain’s Royal Marines, since the war commenced in 1939, have fought in more engagements, and on more fronts, than any other Corps in the world. They were the last to leave Norway, France, and the Low Countries. Last out of Creta and Burma. And always able to inflict more damage upon the enemy than he upon them.

At the outbreak of war the Royal Marines, who have been the Empire’s Commandos for three hundred years, were well below the 1918 strength. Slowly but surely, for the “76 Royals” demand men of high mental as well as physical standard, the Corps was built up to its present substantial standard.

Aboard our warships Royal Marines—in every ship from a cruiser to a battleship—help to man about one-third of the guns, supply guard, and furnish the hands most of the big “convoy runs.” Royal Marine handammen have excelled, for besides tending the delicate fire-power instruments, they undertake secret work which calls for a high degree of intelligence. During many of the Malta convoys these hardy handfuls had to dispose of an Italian island near the Marne deserted their their mines, for instance, and with their match, A Life on the Ocean Wave, played the convoy, loaded with vital supplies, straight into Valetta Harbour.

As home, too, you will see Royal Marine Police at work in various dockyards and the Admiralty; and when Britain was threatened with invasion they manned all the long-range guns at Dover. At the same time, when the story of their deeds is told in full, it will be found that the “76 Royals” rank among the greatest anti-aircraft gunners in the world.

Aboard merchant-ships Royal Marine gunners are also showing that skill for which they are famous. Certainly in it that many U-boats have suffered serious damage as the result of these anti-aircraft gunners.

Many Royal Marines are also revealing their ability as pilots with the Fleet Air Arm. They were well to the fore in the famous airmen’s battle with the Italian destroyer Garibaldi, and many of the Duce’s most-prized naval units have consistently been attacked by pilots of the Royal Marines.

Submarines Were Cut in Half

It was a young Royal Marine, leading a flight of three torpedo-carrying aircraft, who was responsible for one of the War’s most sensational operations. Two enemy submarines, a destroyer, and a supply ship which the Royal Marine Commandos the attack. Two torpedoes were dropped, one wholly in her, another hit the destroyer. Before the crew could scramble aboard the ship had caught fire, and just as the ship was about to explode, the three handammen under the leadership of the Royal Marine hero, cut her in half, leaving only the stern and conning tower afloat.

For reasons of security I cannot reveal in detail that happened during the three hours that followed. Fifth Columnists, German parachutists, and dive-bombers are not all attempting to frustrate us from achieving our purpose. But the Royal Marine Commando, such as the Dutch Quest to Britain and returned with all their equipment; a fact of which they are justly proud.

General Alexander organized his m a s t e r l y withdrawal. Royal Marines, far away from their cruisers and battleships, displayed that Commando training which has made their Corps world-famous.

Great Honour Earned at Dieppe

With a small force of river-craft they made the famous “Sword” Commando assault on Dieppe. With the help of the “Sword” Commando assault on Dieppe. With the help of the French, they were able to storm the battery on the beach and capture the enemy’s weapons. The Canadians had no trouble in taking the town. The Canadians held out until the last German surrendered. They had a determination to be taken as prisoners of war. The Royal Marine Commandos, who wore the famed green beret, side by side with Canadians earned great fame at Dieppe.

At Madagascar, too, fifty Royal Marines, landing in the rear of the enemy defences, carried their havoc to their deaths with much stronger enemy forces. And at the French island of Madagascar, which the Royal Marines had to take, they were able to cope with, and it was with a great deal of satisfaction that “enforcements” arrived and took over from them.

When the forces of freedom decide to assault the mainland of Europe the Royal Marines Mobile Naval Base Defence Organizing Committee will prove of very great value. Designed originally for the purpose of enabling any ship or unbridled naval base to repel a surprise attack, its purpose altered when the unit developed in strength. Today the Royal Marine Commandos can be relied upon to capture a harbour, destroy any enemy defences needed for a fleet base, Tradeston, and fortify enemy defences, docks, storage depots, all of them enemy defences, then follow up and engage cranes, docks and harbour installations, while their comrades are ordered to hold that which they have captured.
Invasion General Wades Ashore

In the early hours of July 10, 1943 Maj.-Gen. Guy Simonds, commanding the First Canadian Division, splashed through the surf from a landing-craft to join his men pushing inland from the Sicilian shore. At 40 he is the youngest Canadian general, and he has imbued his troops with the magnificent fighting spirit which is carrying them to such great conquests.

Gen. Montgomery, leader of the invincible 8th Army—of which Maj.-Gen. Simonds' command forms a part—declared, "The Canadians were terrific on the beaches and in attack inland."
As the Sun Came Up On Invasion Day

Our ships and men crowded the Sicilian beach as dawn broke on July 10. Coastal batteries had been silenced and shore defences vanquished, and troops and naval beach parties up to their waists in water could work unheeded at the task which was to occupy them without pause through the coming day—the landing of vast quantities of stores, all the varied paraphernalia of war brought for the invaders' use by the Royal Navy.

With Pick and Shovel the Way to Cleared

Beach roads had to be prepared without delay. As Royal Engineers and Pioneers laboured to level a way through boulders and rocks of the landing ground, vessels with bows wedged in the shallows prepared to disgorge heavy traffic that would presently pour in that direction to the fire island roads—guns, tanks, trucks, cars, ambulances, troops—almost without number, for a speedy link-up with the fighting troops thrusting victoriously inland.
Advance of the Liberators

Past a deserted Italian pill-box (top), infantry—among the first Canadians to set foot on Sicily—push inland from the beach. They are (right to left): Piper H. A. MacLand, LCol. C. A. Jones and Pte. L. Deen, all from Vancouver. Below, on the road to Syracuse, a patrol passes the bodies of Italian soldiers of Avola, the capture of which by the 8th Army was announced on July 12. As the advance continued the people of Sicily greeted their liberators with the V-sign and with flowers and wine.
So Bravely the Greeks Fought

by Hamilton Pyle

THERE is, after all, a limit to the power of the purely mechanical over the human element in warfare. It is not true to say, as Sir John Anderson once did in a broadcast, "the men can never be defeated by the want of natural aids"—and he said it in the middle of the First World War when the Huns were being pushed back, and always has been and is true that men are what matters at the end of the day. The desire to defend their country's soil or throw off an oppression by a yoke, can stand up against great odds, can beat a fire armed with better weapons, can overcome the soulless might of machines.

When the British Monarchy, in the days before the country of the Austrians, who rated their guns by the pound, and the Turks were called easy to believe of Austrians (the) tough Italian crew, Italian indomitable, Italian resolute to meet enemies who seemed on top to be superiors in every way, around the adoration of the world. They struggled successfully because their hearts were in the fight. They were three armed because their quarrel was just.

How different their behaviour when they were dragged into battle against the Greek nation in 1940! Gone were the days when they had shown under King George! Gone the belief in themselves which had given them victory over the Austrians, the Turks, the Poles! They went into battle with reluctance. They were beast from the start. They were chased out of the territory they invaded, not perhaps like "injurious papery-cats," as Mr. Compton Mackenzie writes in Wind of Freedom (Chatto and Windus, 15s.), but in a manner which brought contempt on them and especially on the hard- bought leaders who made such a mess of their companies.

This book is a History of the Invasion of Greece by the Nazis, a vivid account of the period from the end of October 1940 to the evacuation of Greece in May 1941. It sketches briefly, too, the events of the howlings wars in Greece, and the General Metaxas made himself dictator with the support of Athens' "society" and Big Business and was defended by all lovers of liberty. Of the general's decision to resist the Fascist demand for the submission of his country, Mr. Mackenzie writes briefly, "He unified Hellas" (the old name for Greece) "beyond his most sanguine hopes as a politician, crusader, espoused the lion's own interest, and added to the world's oldest and richest roll of honour another immortal name.

On the next page but one, however, this judgement is revised and we are told that, if he had answered Yes to the Italian demand "he would have been swept away by the breath of a profound people within a day." And how he acted less as a great patriot than as a prudent "political crook" when the "Fascist" were later on we are left with us that he was left clinging in with Hitler, if he could do that while he fought. "Manoeuvring, of course, was impossible," and that "society" in Athens was behaving in an incomparable way.

The fact seems to have been that Metaxas was an isolationist. Lord Acton's saying: "All power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." His mind had got to be tugged and weak, but certainly not controlled and might not have been able to control a country like a line regiment.

One of the high lights of Mr. Mackenzie's book is a fuller account than we have had before of the action which stopped the Italian advance less than a fortnight after it had begun and which started the complete rout of the invaders. This was the Battle of the Pindus, named after the mountain range which separates Epirus and Thessaly.

Here three battalions of Evzone, who would be compared to the Highland regiments of the British Army, the soldiers who were stuck kilt sticking out like trilled bullet skirts, were falling back before one of the best Italian Army divisions. I was with one of them in 1917 and I know how good they can be. A vital push through the Pindus range seemed as if it must be taken by the enemy. That would have been a very serious disaster.

Then the Greek commander, Gen. Papagos, recollected the tactics of Marathon. He ordered the Evzones to take up positions and wheel on the mountain sides. The messenger was to be carried out unscathed at all costs and it was to be carried out regardless of weather conditions. The men of the line entrenched in ditches. Nothing could withstand their impregnable attack.

The Italians, caught off balance, offered little resistance. The battle lasted an hour and a half. Julia Division became a mob of fugitives thinking only of how to save their lives. The retreat became a rout. The wounded Alpini hung, there arms and disappeared. Many were drowned in the waves rolling in from the sea. Those who could not reach the ship were killed in the battleship "Bella Europa." The seafront was described by a correspondent of "Bella Europa." He expresses the opinion that the seafront was described by a correspondent of "Bella Europa.""
We Have Taken New Life and Hope Into Sicily

A word now is due to us in springing into prominence—Amgat, short for Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory. This new form of government is creating order out of chaos in Sicily and establishing law and humane law for the last old regime, as realized so far in this special article by DORALD GOWIE. Amgat will assume vast responsibilities as more and more enemy territory is occupied by the Allied—for the good of all men of good will.

H a s in one of the most remarkable stories in modern history. Soon after the first troops landed in Sicily a map came alive with a impact. What was written, he replied, it was not that. "Oh, it is true, but not that story is true, it is a fact that Sicily lies between a system of military administration and Amgat, the 1945 streamlined government to succeed the grime. Historians, most conquerors have been content to impose the rule of the jack-boot; an elderly officer and some second-line men are left behind in each important city to perform the functions of mayor, town clerk, and sanitary inspector combined. What mattered and what bitterness among the peasants? But no sooner are our troops marching out of captured places in this war than a rest, up-to-date civil administration arises in."

Consider the scene in Augusta, Italy's only naval base on the Sicilian east coast after our mighty league of avenging flame had licked it and the area had evaporated. Here was a ghost town, stark, battered, and exuding Ur. Hardly a trace of glass remains of the once large tree houses. The eerie sound of a few frightened Italian fascist peer from under shell holes of of guns. Barracks. When any Italian A.R.P. officials, the police, all of those who should be working tohets to remove order amid the chaos? Well, there might be one or two native heroes but most had fled or been whisked away by the returning Yanks. If our Eighth Army had left that ghost town to its own devices it would soon have become a plague-spot and a wilderness. But here and there among the ruins of the Royal Engineers is building. He is dismantling the guns, cables of twisted telephone wires. And there is a small Red Cross building, still in use. The inhabitants of the other American, walk swiftly by with sheaves of papers in their hands. "I have got those two bakers working," says one, and the other replies, "Good. Now I'll just write on these notices about the taxation order. Already Amgat is operating."

What does Amgat mean? The full title is Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory. When founded? Some time after the entry of America into the war: details worked out at one of those Roosevelt-Churchill inter-staff conferences. Object: To make an efficient job of the civil as well as the military side of victory this time. But there is more to it than that, quite one of the most intriguing secrets of war is the utterly gradual being revealed.

About a year ago the local inhabitants of a South of England town and America's Charlottesville, Virginia, began to notice queer activities. Scenes of intelligence-looking men and women, usually with pockets under their arms, appeared in those districts and were given billets. Scraps of foreign languages were continually overheard in conversations. Then it leaked out, through without much credence at first, that people were being trained hereabout to help administer enemy territories as soon as they were occupied. "Thousands of folk are training German down Virginia way," wrote one Washington columnist—and, of course we took that with a grain of salt.

Perhaps it did seem rather premature in those dark days. But we now know, and are extremely glad to know, that our Government did begin to make preparations so early, and on a scale hitherto unprecedented, to train such bodies. After training at the Civil Affairs Center, the School of Military Affairs under the National Military Police School, Michigan, many of the young recruits, most of them with professional experience of central and local government, many of them with knowledge of European countries, were given courses in language proficiency. That is, they were, and still are, taught how to apply the Atlantic Charter to practically six occupied territories. The weapons they learned to use ranged from blue-laws to public health devices, from telecommunication systems to full-blown state governances. They had to master not only the technical side, but also a variety of foreign languages, the lay-outs of towns and, above all, tact and humanity. Fortunately it was not entirely a theoretical course. Quite early in the war we had opportunities of testing the new system. Many of us are unaware of Abyssinia, Eritrea, Italian Somaliland and Madagascar have been run along Amgat lines for a year or more. Cyrenaica has several times seen these scientific administrators march in and now knows them permanently, as also do Tripolitania and Tunisi. A young American, Major-Gen. Lord Rennell of Rodd is at the administrative head of the Sicilian team.

Let us glance at that Amgat team as it is working in Sicily this moment. Tiltor head is General Alexander, appointed Military Governor of the island. But that is a false assumption. General Alexander is directing all the Sicilian military operations on the spot, and must have titular control of every phase; Amgat works directly under Lord Rennell as Chief Civil Affairs Officer. Son of our most famous Ambassadors to Italy, closely acquainted with the country from childhood, once mayor of Oxford, and second-in-command at the British Mission to International Settlement at Basle, and a Sahara explorer in his own right, this house- jawed young man of 48 strides about in a little white town somewhere in Sicily today and introduces an Order that is humane as well as new. His second-in-command is Brig.-Gen. Frank J. McInturff, U.S. Army.

Lord Rennell has beneath him a Civil Affairs Officer for each captured province and for each city down to 12,000 inhabitants. These are men trained in every branch of the work, and they are provided with officials who have specialized in single departments, chiefly Legal, Financial, Civil Supply (comprising food, water, fuel, transport, clothing, building), Public Health and Public Safety. Order is kept by a special corps of civil police organized for Sicilian purposes on the basis of the local Carabinieri, while there are magistrates and a system whereby reinforcements could be rushed to any area.

All these special Sicilian arrangements were worked out at a school high in the Albanian mountains, before the invasion. The personnel of that school conformed to the plan has been the almost unanimous willingness of the local Italians to cooperate in the scheme. It has been forged possible in many cases to retain Sicilian mayors and officials. Special immediate jobs for Amgat, however, have been the first "peging-down" of prices and the control of crops, food supply, banks and, perhaps, by Alfold troops. It is an experiment in Anglo-American world rebuilding which, from the evidence, must hopefully work.
Welcoming Smiles for the Armies of Liberation

AS LIBERATORS, NOT DESPOTS. Scenes reminiscent of the triumphal landing at Marsala on May 11, 1943, of the great liberator Mussolini. At left, a scene in a town in southern Italy, with children of Sabrino (1) and the people; a happy mother (2) carries her burden while a Britisher carries her burden.
THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

That air war has now reached its most intricate and technical form. Great strategic and technical blows are being dealt not only by the enemy in every theatre of war, but even by the homefronts of nations remote from the battlefields. The homefront of Japan alone remains untouched. Allied air bases to make the bombing of Japan a practical operation, although taken to new heights, like that effected by the Mitchells under Maj.-Gen. Ellsworth Young (see pages 134-135), could be brought about now.

But there is a world of difference between token bombing and real hard bombing blows. All the evidence points to the former method being worthless in the strategic sense, however valuable it may be in the political sense.

It is probably impossible to assign the precise cause to the resignation of Benito Mussolini as the leader of the Italian people.

Undoubtedly the whole course of the war, due to its scale, has been shown up to all the defects of the system so lauded by Mussolini in his military appeal: and, as a result, the text he boasted of under him, and he was unassailed. But why should it have happened at the precise moment it did? Is it not significant that it followed within a week of the first, and at the moment of writing, only bombing raid on military targets within the area comprised by Rome? A rest, it is remembered that during the interval between July 15, when the railway marshalling yards of San Lorenzo and Littoria and the airfields of Lecce and Giampilieri were bombed by daylight by American Fortresses, Liberators, Mitchells and Marshalls, and July 25, when Mussolini tendered his resignation to King Victor Emmanuel, the progress of the war in Italy, from the area of Catania towards Messina, was virtually a standstill, meeting with terrific opposition from the German troops re-enforcing the Eighth Army.

For many years Mussolini apprised the Regia Aeronautica az one of the foremost air forces in the world. Undoubtedly it was fairly well equipped around about 1935, when our R.A.F. Air Force was definitely backward in the types of aircraft it possessed. But since production of modern aircraft turned out to be a matter of minutes in Italy, the "vague" types of all-metal, streamlined, high-speed, long-range types took place. Italy could not keep up the pace and fell behind technically.

The only fighters she ever sent against the R.A.F. in 1940 were F.C. 42, at that time almost antique biplanes which were easy meat to the Hurricanes and Spitfires that met them over the Channel and the Thames Estuary.

The bombing raid on Rome targets met with little opposition, and undoubtedly the greatest gain must have been caused to the Italian railway system which, on that side of the peninsula, bottle-neck through Rome. The loss of a jury-built Empire was then faced with the fact of the impotence of its own air defense to protect Italy. There was no Italian fighter force comparable to that of the R.A.F., which saved Britain in 1940 to save Italy in 1943. The Luftwaffe could not make good the Italian deficiency.

It was the first writing in the sky of the power of the United Nations in the air, and against such power, as organized as it is. organized to-day, and associated with the sea and land forces possessed by the United Nations, there is an ultimate defense. It is in a matter of terms. Defeat is certain in be the fate of the nations who have lost the memory of their own sky.

The bombing of Rome was therefore a psychological as well as a material success. Its drawer line was probably chosen with that object in view. It put the final ace on Mussolini, made him rush into whatever pact he agreed with Hitler, and then came up against the implacable veto of his next backed by the veterans Marshal Balboq.
First Bombs Crash Down on Military Rome

MILITARILY IMPORTANT.
Rome is the focal point of Italy's defense mechanisms, through its strategic position as the capital, and the presence of many military installations, including the San Lorenzo marshalling yards, and the strongholds of the Vatican City. Rome is also a key point on the vital Lungotevere route, which runs along the Tiber river. On July 15, 1943, the Italian capital was hit by the heaviest air raid, with the first of a series of bombs dropped on Rome. The map shows the area: the San Lorenzo marshalling yards, the Vatican City, and the Lungotevere route. The bombing caused extensive damage to the San Lorenzo yards and threatened a larger target, which was eventually realized. Warning signals were observed on Rome before the raid, but the exact number of bombs dropped is unknown. The raid ended at 12:15 AM.
R.A.F. Spreads Its Wings From Sicilian Airfields

RAPID RECONDITIONING of captured Sicilian airfields has been a notable achievement. Operations Unit R.A.F. (1) plans the harnessing of captured aerodromes, while furnishing equipment (2) standing a wrecked German field in the driving heat. A captured German field is the latest of American strike points. (3) On a Sicilian farm, a pilot checks (4) a Me-109 and (5) a He-111. (6) The pilot of which (in the field) has made his first flight.
Gift From Sicily to Thirsty British Transport

AT A WAYSIDE PETROL STATION, taken inset in Sicily, troopers of the Royal Tank Regiment refuel their scout car before continuing their advance. Portrait of the owner was seen in some stores that he would put these nests in derisory for minor vessels. A Hollywood actor being used. This one was set up on the road by the WAC (Women's Army Corps) and the men were happy to use the fuel in their tanks as the WAC (Women's Army Corps) had filled them up. PAGE 109
At Last We Have ‘Struck Oil’ in Rumania

One-third of Germany’s oil for her war machines has been coming from the oilfields and refineries of Rumania. How Hitler’s thirst for oil supply has been quenched, is the story of his recent spectacular success in attacking this vital target.

The Rumanians have once or twice bombed the oil refineries at Ploesti, the centre of the Rumanian oil industry and an important railway junction to the north of Bucharest. Five of the fourteen refineries are situated in a straight line along the Ploesti-Buzau railway, and are the kind of target which bombers dream of, for they are of the type difficult to spot.

It has been alleged that it is difficult to transport the oil to the German Army, but then Hitler has sent his Army to the Rumanian oil fields.

Last war the British-owned wells were dealt with quite effectively, and I am told by an Englishman who had long lived in Rumania and did not have till the last moment that the time those wells had been ruined, but that for some reason unknown to him nothing further was done. One remembers that French and German electricity companies were selling electric energy to the Rumanians after the outbreak of war. And now, with Will Lawther, the President of the Mineworkers’ Federation, protest at Swansos in June 1939 at the huge exports of scrap metal which we were allowing to be sent to Germany?

It appears that the British and French companies in Rumania transferred their rights at the outbreak of war to the companies of courtesy—not as yet involved, such as the United States and Holland, those in their turn transferring the rights to neutrals—which does not in the least prevent the Germans from helping themselves to their commodities. And when they are compelled to quit Rumania they will not leave a single cent. in the hands of the wells and refineries.

Until 1939 most of the oil came from the Rumanian budget, but in that year the government transferred the control of the oil industry to the private companies. The profit from the sale of these oil fields has been at least quadruple last year.

The oil was built on the tanker, and the only decrease in the amount pumped-up during the first quarter of the year was due to repairs and maintenance.

Oil tanker keels over in the Black Sea

The oil fields of Rumania are situated on the Black Sea. There is a刘Bratsa, which is the largest oil field in Europe, and a large number of smaller oil fields. The oil is transported by tankers. The largest tanker is the Bratsa, which can carry 80,000 tons of oil. The oil fields are situated on the Black Sea. The oil is transported by tankers to the refineries.

The German government has been able to use the oil fields to supply its war needs. The oil is transported by rail to the refineries. The refineries are located at Ploesti, Bucharest, and other places. The oil is then transported by pipeline to the refineries. The oil fields are situated on the Black Sea. The oil is transported by tankers to the refineries.

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Hitler's Greatest Defeat Followed This Fighting

VICTORS AND VANQUISHED of Oral and Bugodsad. After a month of some of the most savage fighting of this war, the tremendous Russian push on the Oral-Bugodsad front reached its climax on August 18, 1941 with the recapture of both these key towns. It was Hitler's most significant defeat so far. A Russian tank-borne raiding party (1) waits to assault near Bugodsad. On the Oral sector Nazi infantry take cover from a Soviet shell-burst (2) as Russian antitank goumiers (3) pound at enemy armor.

Photo: Federal Photo, Associated Press
I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness Stories of the War

Down With Mussolini and Death to the Duce!

Extraordinary scenes of jubilation were witnessed by Rose Munn, Canadian Press Correspondent in Sicily, when news of the resignation on July 29, 1943 of the Fascist Leader Benito Mussolini, Dictator of Italy—reached the ears of the inhabitants.

We bellowed front-line town of power-stripped Italian citizens received the news of Mussolini's resignation with shouts of "Bravo, bravo!" The people shook hands and cried. "Down with Mussolini and Death to the Duce!"

They swarmed in the main street gesticulating wildly, leaping and shouting with relief at the fall of the iron-fist. It was one of the most unexpected and spontaneous scenes I ever witnessed.

Early in the morning Canadian war correspondents heard the news in a R.C.A. broadcast and headed for the town. I found a gaunt-looking Canadian officer, who spoke Italian fluently, and he came as my interpreter.

I stopped him in the main street which was a centre of bloody fighting when the Canadians assaulted this town and walked up to a group of civilians. The signaler passed on his message and heard the news.

"No, they had not. Then they told him.

I had seen civilians in every town give our troops the "V" sign in the mouth from the caves and sometimes they did them close but I never really expected to see a group of people in a Fascist country expressing their relief at the collapse of their dictator and the chance of freedom they saw ahead.

In a few minutes the news spread through the town, and it changed from a miserable, down-trodden place into a place of high excitement and enthusiasm for our cause. Overjoyed Sicilians vented their hatred of the Fascists over them.

I have written a Field Hospital for our Parachutists

Here is a truly epic story of theourageous British paratroopers who dropped from the skies in Sicily in the early hours of July 13, 1943, and captured a vital bridge in the Colonna plain. It was used by a German motorized column. The bridge was held by a group of Italian soldiers.

I was with the medical dressing station and so witnessed all over the place seeing a good bit of what was going on. Part of the plan was for some paratroopers to hold the hill south of the bridge, and it was there that I landed. We knew the Germans had put in a heavy attack on the bridge at two p.m. with machine-guns and artillery, but the attack was not pressed home and the defenders held on until their ammunition had run out, and the anti-tank guns had started blazing them out.

Under a heavy mortar and artillery barrage, the bridge defenders drew back as darkness came on. Those dropped in the hills southwards did a good job, holding important positions on both sides of the road and preventing the enemy in that sector from coming in to assist the defence of the bridge. One field ambulance came down well out of its proper zone, but we recovered itself. We reached a farmhouse and took goats and horses and cattle from their stalls and cleaned them up and set up a hospital behind the enemy lines.

We had the services of the best medical specialists and all apparatus required, including a blood bank from which we carried out blood transfusions for both the enemy and our wounded.

We captured a German ambulance with medical supplies and obtained the services of an Italian doctor. As operating room was set up, and by the end of the afternoon the first operations were being performed. The last was completed at 9 p.m.
access and joined the others on the far side and attacked the convoy with bombs. It consisted of five ammunition wagons. We blew three of them sky high; the others turned and got away. While the party removed the charges, the rest of us took positions in pillboxes guarding the southern approach to the bridge.

There we stayed all day fighting it out with the enemy. There were about 300 Italians on our side of the bridge, but we had them pinned down. They had the wisest scared out of them when a glider crashed among them, early in the attack. Many of them came to our pillboxes and gave themselves up. We couldn't hold them, but others on the far side had established a small prison-of-war cage. We took them across, but the Germans started shell ing them heavily just after we left them. We could hear them screaming.

About 4 p.m. we were still in the pillboxes when an anti-tank gun caught on in a heavy fire and blasted us out. We crept away and met the glider party. We turned the gun on the enemy and helped them properly. Their mortars caught us and finally we were driven back. Then we looked up with our tanks, who went on to cover the bridge.

Syracuse Was Like Margate in Holiday-Time

When I landed at the port of Syracuse, in Eastern Sicily, this morning the scene was a bit like Margate during a summer week-end before the war. Observation saloons with smoking dark blue uniforms with pink caps and red-striped ties drove right out of our craft down ramps into the street. They charted excitedly as the vehicles streamed out at a surprising pace. They started in as new arrivals, and seemed thoroughly interested in the vehicles clustering down the ramp at a brisk pace.

Opposite our landing craft where we crested the road to shelter beneath some trees was a motor hotel commemorating the "Unknown Hero" of Syracuse. There was a flowery inscription relating to the lairs of the Italians who fell in the last war. On a ledge beneath was a glass trench with a glass flame. But the electric bulb inside was out.

A few yards away was a wooden shack with a signboard bearing the legend: "Coffee." Near this place—which was shuttered up—a gang of children were playing at soldiers. They were lanky and high-spirited boys. Several of them were wearing paper caps in shape exactly like the cups worn by Italian prisoners.

Away from the waterfront things were much quieter. British soldiers clammed about the streets, but there was not many civilians if one looks out the children still begging for cigarettes. This morning only the barber shops were open. They were filled with middle-aged men, shaving up and performing as without doubt they have done for years and years.

"Advance Pronto!"--and a Mob Surrendered!

I picture there was a couple of Italians there so I took my revolver and went up the hill to the same house. I kicked the door open and yelled out "Advance mucho pronto!" shouting. For a moment there was silence. So I yelled louder: "The Prisoners Allured are here!" It worked! One by one they filed out. My eyes rested on the line grew longer and longer. Finally, there were a hundred and thirty lined up on the left-hand side of the main of the Greek amphitheatre in Syracuse. They carried automatic arms, grenades, machine-guns, rifles, revolvers.

I yelled harder, and motioned to them to put all the arms in a pile. They threw them down and ranged themselves against a wall. There was nothing left to do except to take the lot down to the prisoners' cage on the beach.

I got on my motor cycle and marshalled them to a flock of guns down the road. It took hours to get them there. There was no one to help, but the prisoners behaved.

At the entrance of the prisoners-of-war cage I was stopped by the corporal in charge. He didn't bat an eyelash, but just said, "Have you watched them?" When I said "No," he seemed pleased. So I went and had a mug of tea.
My Night of Terror in Bomb-Battered Hamburg

On the night of July 24, 1943, in an attack lasting less than an hour, the R.A.F. dropped 2,659 tons of bombs on Hamburg, greatest port in Germany. Dr. Willinger, a Nazi war reporter, described his night of terror in the following broadcast, published here by arrangement with The Daily Mail:

Mountains of broken glass can be seen about the streets. Bomb craters are everywhere and wherever one turns there are burning buildings. Loud crashes from time to time denote the collapse of damaged houses.

Among the buildings destroyed are the St. Michael’s Library, the Philtreu Theatre, the Oseus House, the City Hall, St. George’s Church, the Neukoelln Church, and the St. Matthew Church. All the amusement centres have gone. It is difficult yet to ascertain the losses among the population and the full extent of the damage, but they are very heavy.

Standing in the Reperbahn (the main road leading to the suburb of Altona) I saw great burning façades. Driving through the streets, through piles of glass, splinters, rubble and debris; past bomb craters with flaming timber crashing down and barring the way, was not easy.

Often enough we had to turn back. We went to the Lombard Bridge and looked across to the Alster basin, where we saw a frightful sight. Everywhere smoke, rote from where the houses of the commercial centre of the town once stood.

Time bombs are still exploding all over the place. Everywhere, in the streets, there are sticks of incendiaries. Smoke hangs over the town like a gigantic black cloud. There is only a thin red slice of the sun. It is as dark this morning as it was at midnight.

**OUR DIARY OF THE WAR**

**Flash-backs**

**1940**

July 25. Vichy Govt. announced special trial to try those responsible for the war.

July 29. Dover Harbour heavily raided.

**1941**

July 21. First German air raid on London.

July 24. German battleships, the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, captured at Lorient (France), landed by British.


**1942**

July 26. German air raid on London.


July 31. Düsseldorf very heavily raided.

**SHOPE FALL OVER HAMBURG,** most bombed city in the world, as Allied bombs burn on the Howaldswieke shipyards, where U-boats were built. In eight days approximately 18,000 tons of bombs were rained on the city.

Midnight 17 miles to the S. bombarded by British aircraft.

Air: French aircraft. Attacked Pervy, Hamburgh, and several other points.

**August 2, Sunday**

**1943**

8.30 a.m. Hamburgh attacked by Allied aircraft. bomber crews.

2.30 p.m. Hamburgh attacked by Allied aircraft again.

**August 2, Sunday**

10,000 bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 3, Monday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 4, Tuesday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 5, Wednesday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 7, Friday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 8, Saturday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 9, Sunday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 10, Monday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 12, Wednesday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 13, Thursday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 14, Friday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 15, Saturday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 16, Sunday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 18, Tuesday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 19, Wednesday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 20, Thursday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 21, Friday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 22, Saturday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.

**August 23, Sunday**

1,200 tons of bombs dropped on Hamburgh.
EVERYONE who has a delightful mem-
ory of sunny holidays in Sicily must have
watched the pro-
gress of operations
there with mixed feelings. Unconsciously, when
Pomerania was occupied, how I once described
it as "a pearl in an emerald
cap" being the town of Plemmirio,
the sunken bow of the
crystal sea; or, even today, "Cefalu," the
green valley running up
into mountains that shatter the bay. Reading of Taormina being a scene of war
makes me think of its long, old, green-
middle street running round a test of
arena whose sides plunge down to the
sea hundreds of feet below. It was a lovely place at any time of year, but best of all I liked it in early spring, when the red-sand oranges glowed like gems, and the sun at noon droved one beneath the shade
of dark experiment of port and double red geraniums were in full flower, and the scene of sound and sunshine melted deliciously,
and one had no difficulty in
understanding why Sicily has
been a theme for poets since
coldest times. It is also said
en possess an atmosphere
specially good for irritable
folk. Containment was in the
very air Sicilians breathed.

A FAMOUS school I knew
was used for a time by
the Army. It was abomi-
nably dirty. The soldiers
left it dirty, with the marks
of their despicable behaviour
all over it. The Navy table
is one thing and now, as the
guest, "you can eat your dinners
down the floor." The whole place is self-contained,
yeti, Why this difference?
I think the explanation is
that on board ship space is
restricted, and the comfort of the crew so dependent
on the order that is maintained
and upon everything being
"ship shape," that no de-
partment from diet, thought,
and conduct can be tolerated.
Sailors get the habit of living
like reasonable beings. I am
afraid that if does not always
happen in other quarters,
where they occupy is hard to show
and very as much to keep it in
true order, but of wanton damage. No-
respect must be paid to the
R.A.F.'s, whose members are accustomed to use the machine gun, and to the
necessity of protecting it from harm and keeping it clean.
They dislike, dirty, any room
or muddle; they take no pleasure in
destruction; they are careful

I HAVE had a letter about some recent
remarks on the waste of paper. My cor-
respondent comments particularly on the
amount Income Tax officials use—much of it,
he thinks, unnecessary. They are not so
bad as they were a year or so back. He
observes an amusing instance of mere-
lessness on the part of one of these
gentlemen. He received a letter in which the typist had
begun "Dear Sir." That evidently meant
the homeseeker to be too friendly. He
crossed out the "Dear." Another reader
suspects another illustration of the
readability of some people—fortunately very few in
number—of the public generally on luxury. He
knows of a case in which nectarines were
sold at the door of a house in Covent
court Gardens at 9s. a dozen. As both wholesaler
and零售or would have to make a profit on
it, they must have been selling at
four times the price at which these nectarines would be sold
in the public. I have been asking

a question in the House of Commons about Algerian wine. It is said to cost there
seven or eight a bottle in North Africa, whereas, in this price fixed at 8s. a bottle in
London, they say that the Wine Act is not even raising the minimum price to
what they pay much for it, is what I should
ask to be told.

I can't think of anything that equates
more real courage, more intrepid
disregard of danger, than making live bombs
harmless. When I saw that a Canadian
Vice Officer, Robert E. Young, had
been given the M.B.E. for his bravery, I couldn't
help thinking he ought to have some very
much higher distinction. Here is what he
is doing in this course of four days this summer.
On the airfield where he stationed a 300-ton
bomb was dropped accidentally. He was
worse. That would account for his speaking
to me, and for the raspy cut of
his voice the last time it was heard on
the air. There is always something rather
harsh and smooth about it. A German con-
versation with any of the Northumberland "Goonders." He
was considered by them to know
them better and to have known
them properly. That is not surprising,
seeing that he is a German but American and
from a part of Austria where the people
speak a dialect which almost always puts
the accent on the last syllable in their speech long after they have left
their villages or little town spelling their
names. I have a few evenings ago that "the all-
important question whether first-class
cricket matches are going to be of two days or three
days has not yet been settled at Lord's.
A scheme has been attempted to
investigate and report on this problem." On the
panoramas of the M.C.C., suppose
that cricket is ever going to
resume the place it once held
in English (note that I do not say in British national
life). I don't ask this question
positively, I really
thought he knew. For years the interest in the
game appeared to have waned. It seemed to me to be very
much on the wane. The days
when "hedge crowds were
drawn to Lord's, the Oval, and
the big county grounds
too for so many hours
watching a match are now far away behind us. I don't remember
any games of cricket, was over-profes-
sionalism, over-commercialisa-
tion. Cricket on village
grounds is a capital pastime.
Matches there last for a few
hours, and I know few
sincerer ways of spending a
time better than to see
and enjoy it. One by one
the better-known
playing at amateur level, so as not to miss
it. As you play, there is not much
enjoyment either for playing
players or for spectators. And without
either time to find time to pay
money professional
cricketers are doomed. This is only a personal
opinion, however.

PUBLISHED at the end of April a photo-
graph of British troops entering the
country of Gabes after the Eighth Army
drove the enemy out of it. "Gabes (means)
Victors with Smiles and Flowers," was the
headline over the picture. Now I have a
letter from "one of the Highland Division
boys who were out on that armoured car"
asking if the six of them could have copies
of the photo or of the issue in which it appeared,
and assuring me that our headline
told the exact truth. "It was one of our
biggest thrills," the writer says, "we drove
into that little white town and were met
by the cheering population. Their enthu-
siasm was genuine, and we could not help
not that the fighting and hazards of
battle were well worth while—just to see
the joy and happiness in those French
people's faces was enough to make us
spend all the greater efforts than before." Now our
boys are coming back to the Eighth Army in
Italy, and the "Eighth Army in
the desert as in the Vosges." That was written on
the last of June, the first of August, and the Eighth Army have
shown that the above was no empty boast.
Airborne—But Not Above Riding in Carts

Gaily Decorated Mule Carts have been commandeered by American airbornes troops after they landed in Sicily, to carry them in pursuit of the enemy. The particular photograph was taken by parachute balloonists who, based in North Africa, flew by night to the western beaches of Sicily, arriving at 12.18 p.m., on July 9, 1943, in advance of the ashore landings.