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PANTELLERIA.... FIRST PICTURES.

Units of the Mediterranean Fleet bear down on Pantelleria. A daring daylight bombardment of the Island at close range. As the misty top of Mount St. Elmo shows up, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham and General Eisenhower, the Allied Commander in Chief in North Africa aboard a British Cruiser, launch the great assault. The shelling of the island is synchronized with terrific air bombardment mounted by Allied air craft. Air and sea power combine in a devastating blow which completely shattered the island fortress.

Signals are hoisted, but its the unofficial one which says: "Lick the pants off Pantelleria".

Smoke pours from a ship's funnel as a screen is laid down to hide our vessels from the shore batteries. A two-toned strip hanging well over the calm sea.

Overhead, wheel masses of Fortresses, Mitchells and Bostons delivering their deadly concentrated attacks. The Island is swathed in smoke as every square inch of its defences is pounded into dust. Then from the sea, circling Cruisers and destroyers open fire; each vessel engaging a different coastal battery.

The whole coastline seems to erupt like a volcano. Curling masses of smoke rising high into the air. Retaliation is erratic and ineffectual. The shore guns can do little under the terrific pounding they're receiving.

We begin to run close inshore to engage the enemy's short range batteries.

Small craft, with splendid daring, prepare to move in to pepper the harbour - entrance at close quarters.

By one of the most intense air-sea bombardments of history, the Island's defences have been reduced and its capitulation is complete. Not one of our ships had suffered any damage or casualties.

Pants, the sailors standard for the Island is run to half mast. How expressive that Victory V sign can be made to look.