

THE WAR IN LIBYA.... LATEST.

The dawn of another day in Libya when, from daybreak to dusk, the Imperial Army of the Nile continues its brilliant advances across the Western Desert. Through the choking Desert dust, mechanised units forge ahead in pursuit of the fleeing Italians. It was with boundless pride that the news was received of the magnificent part played by the Australians. At the point of the bayonet they stormed and took more than one of Grazziani's fortresses. A Gloucester Gladiator comes into replenish its ammunition. From the armament store come fresh supplies, for the day and night long hammering of the Italian positions in the rear of this Fascist fiasco.

Across the face of the desert, abandoned Italian tanks are strewn in confusion. In their hasty retreat, the Blackshirt Commanders thought as little about their equipment as they did of their men. A vast conglomeration of war weapons lie scattered and deserted. Huddled together with backs turned against the driving clouds of dust, native prisoners (Mussolini's now disillusioned pawns) clamour for the cigarettes and biscuits given them by their British guards. Their ragged condition is well worth noting.

As each beleaguered fortress falls, great columns of captured Italians stream back, their numbers reaching to the horizon. There can be few of these men who now feel anything but contempt for a crumbling ideology which has brought them nothing but misery. The fate of aggression is sealed, Mussolini's crazy adventure to which he has erected many monuments is doomed, as surely as day is followed by night.