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FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO LIBYA

The British Lion roars in Libya.

It's hard for a newsreel commentator to keep pace with the war in Africa; one day it's Derna, the next Benghazi. At El Adem aerodrome, South of Tobruk, the metal skeletons of scores of Mussolini's aircraft rendered useless. Many had never left the ground. Workshops and machine tools like everything else abandoned in the hasty retreat before our terrific onslaught. The flood of Wavell's men sweeps on irresistibly, now, even beyond Benghazi. Right across the province of Cyrenaica forge the mechanised units of Britain and the invincible Australian divisions.

A warm reception on entering Tobruk; but only from the blazing stores and dumps set alight by the fleeing Italians. Once an important Naval base, now a ghost town echoing to the sounds of our advancing army. Amid the ruins, Italians stand waiting to surrender to the first victors to enter. Women settlers from the Olive Groves come out to welcome the Aussies. Meanwhile, in their thousands, the dis-spirited war-prisoners are assembled for internment.

Italian soldier and airmen captives are joined by Naval men from their harbour hide-outs and seem almost happy to be heading for the last-round up.