

KEREN OCCUPIED.

High in the mountains on Camerons Ridge on the outskirts of Keren, vigilant snipers are on the lookout, while down below in the valley, the Italians bombard the road leading to their mountain stronghold, attempting in vain to slow our advance. Roads which are little better than tracks perched precariously on mountain sides are pounded by shell fire. Well directed bursts bring land slides of hundreds of tons of rock crashing down on to the precipitous passes of the Eritrean No-Man's land.

The mountain road to Keren, with Italian resistance rapidly petering out, we have obtained possession of practically all Eritrea and sealed the fate of the Italian forces left in what remains of Mussolini's East African Empire.

Here's an interesting side light on the work of the local "Ministers" of propaganda. Loud speakers are run forward to the front line and from Broadcasting House come the eight o'clock views, and "This is Joseph Meloudspeaker reading it." And the lads of the village go for it in a big way. Hundreds of deserters say "Phokey" to Musso and chuck in their hand.

Here comes Von Waixste - Midia' High.

Now for our first glimpse of Keren, slung in the African sun.

They missed the 8-32, so they're hoofing it nonstop to the station to be in time to join the triumphal march into the place they've been fighting for.

The boys seem to have got a nice place there. A couple of hours off to hit the high spots, and they'll be on the road again catching up with this restless war.

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