

THE FALL OF ADDIS ABABA.

On the main line from Jibuti to Addis Ababa stands Diredowa, a name that has brought glory to our Imperial Forces in Abyssinia. Before the oncoming troops the entire population fled to the Capital, leaving the place deserted - a town of ghosts.

The Railway station here is an important railroad, and a military objective, on which our bombers scored direct hits. The railway workshops too came off badly.

Over the aerodrome flies an Italian Savoia 79 - but it carries no threat of battle. It brings an envoy from the now captured Duke of Aosta, former Viceroy of Italian East Africa. He comes to plead for the safety of Addis Ababa and its civil population.

In their retreat the Italians wrecked quite a number of bridges. This one, at Awash was sent crashing into a ravine two hundred feet deep. The Wops built it to last as long as their Empire. Well, it did.

It's all set for the last push - so on to the Capital. It's easy to get there now - they just follow the white flags.

The aerodrome at Addis Ababa bears striking evidence of the work of R.A.F. and South African bombers. Wrecked Caproni's, Fiats and Savoias litter the landing ground.

Escorted by a Squad of Italian motor cycle police, General Wetherall drives to the Viceroys Palace to accept the surrender of the City.

Addis Ababa became Capital of Abyssinia in 1896, and it was under Italian rule for the last five years. But that is all ended, now.

It regains its freedom as the colours of Tyranny are pulled down to make way for the standard of Liberty.

The Italian Guard of Honour salutes the British regime.

The fall of Addis Ababa is a climax to a brilliant campaign the like of which has never before been witnessed in history. It's a proud day for General Wetherall, and for the South African commander (the hero of El Wak) Brigadier Dan Pienaar.

From the Viceroy's Palace, General Wetherall goes to the Hall of Battle to read the official proclamation to the Abyssinian Chiefs.

This is a moment they have long waited for. The oppressors yoke is off, and the Chief City of their Land can raise its head. The flag of Abyssinia flies again.

These people haven't forgotten the treatment they received at the hands of Mussolini.

And now music, strange to Abyssinian ears (they've been used to the barrel-organ for the past five years) echoes through the streets.

It comes from the band of a South African Scottish Regiment. This growing achievement was not only won after a fight against the enemy, but also after a battle against time. They had to beat the rains - - and they did it, covering more than a hundred miles in two days.

It has been a terrific drive with not much sleep, but they're as smart as if they'd just marched on to a parade ground.

They came, they saw, they conquered. Britain fulfills the first of her war promises and gives back Abyssinia to the Abyssinians.

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The serotome at Addis Ababa bears striking evidence of the work of R.A.F. and South African bombers. Wrecked Gaboron's, Plata and Savois litter the landing ground.

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