

Issue No. 1103..23..9..1941
Title: Persons In Hiding.
Lines: Stagg.
Voice: Do.

Tracks: Safari.
Geronimo.
Escape From Yesterday.

The tide of Nazi conquest still stops short of Tobruk. Between air-raids, which average 20 a day, a welcome bathe in the Mediterranean is enjoyed by the heroic men who've held the enemy at bay close on six months. British, Australian and Indian troops compose the garrison. Two months ago Paramount secured the first pictures of life in this besieged port. We have now paid a second visit, for though the war-scarred town is surrounded on land, it is open to the sea, by which the Royal Navy brings supplies and news from home. Through the streets, no Italians now swagger, but plenty of German bombers pay calls and anti-aircraft is a full time job.

It's pleasant to know that the local paper still comes out every day, edited by an Australian sergeant. He gets the news by radio and it sells like hot cakes.

A naval shore party attends to the landing of supplies. Like the town the harbour shows signs that it's been in the war zone for the best part of a year. Wrecks lie all over the place. Italian troopships and the cruiser San Giorgio were sunk in the days of Wavell's offensive. Since then German transport and tanks have been given a desert grave by the RAF and the men of Tobruk. The Nazi panzer triumph in Libya was short-lived. Also inside the perimeter lie remains of Italian bombers.

Last winter this anti-aircraft gun was stationed near Park Lane, went high-hat, and hasn't forgotten it. Now see the Bush Artillery go into action. They're Australian cooks who've adopted three captured Italian guns. The Wops took the sights away so they use a measuring stick to gauge the elevation, and believe it or not they've done some good shooting. The real guns added their fire to an RAF bomb which sent up an enemy ammunition dump, not far away from the British lines.

Out of the rock holes they live in on the edge of the perimeter our troops advanced to repel an Italian attack - the sort of thing that's been going on for six months. The enemy was soon driven off.

(SUN) The smoke almost hid the sun as the dump burned out. For the men holding Tobruk life is packed with thrill and danger. Their stand for half a year is one of the minor epics of the war, a fact which they know we at home appreciate. They've made pets of two or three animals left behind by the enemy. The garrison's big favourite's got a shrapnel wound in his leg. Poor little moker!

Here's to the men of Tobruk. The Nazis can't make headway against British pluck and perseverance.
