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PATHE GAZETTE SPECIAL.... AUTHENTIC BATTLE PICTURES FROM LIBYA.

The guns of the Imperial Army in Libya, cross the desert skyline like the Artillery of Thor, the God of Thunder. Ceaselessly the British Divisions hound the Italians out of one City after another, never letting up in their terrific onslaught.

These dramatic pictures of land operations in the desert theatre of war, by their stark reality bring home the staggering blows meted out by the shell fire of our guns. In the heat of Battle the camera has recorded an actual artillery duel, seldom if ever, photographed before. In the thick of the bombardment a cameraman has taken his life in his hands to record this moment of history. Pounded by long range guns, oil tanks upon which the Italians depended for fuel, go up in a rearing mass of flames. Here in front of your eyes is desert warfare.

Across the parched and arid ~~gum~~ ground of Mussolini's ~~one-time~~ Colony, the Advancing Australians, supported by British Tanks, forge onwards to another new goal.

In open order, the Diggers press on while still under fire - eager to win their objective and earn a well deserved rest.

First thing on getting there is to search for land mines. Its an old Italian Custom - not exactly friendly - but it helps them to pause and get their breath.

The end of each battle is the same. Surrender, when Italian legs can run no more. At Mogadishu they didn't even trouble to run. Two hundred of them imprisoned themselves in a self made cage prior to the entry of our troops.

And when the lads go to town, there's a little matter concerning the "drooping of the Colours" which has to be attended to. Just to prove that the Aussies are in residence.

Here's a little incident which takes place at a wrecked Italian gun emplacement. Amid the ruins stands a lonely little mother who's lost her pups. Some Diggers passing by come across her family. These pups have got to see a dog about some men.

And yet another glimpse of Musso's men who have suddenly lost interest in the fight. Prisoners and yet more prisoners, as if you didn't know.

A little formality which the customs people first introduced- "Anything to declare?"

The sight of these Italian prisoners being cared for by men of the R.A.M.C. brings to mind the bombing of Larissa by Mussolini's planes, as the Greek townspeople lay stricken by a violent earthquake - An unforgettable atrocity.

As typical a mob of Dictators' Dupes as you'd find anywhere.
Wolves of Tuscany? Baloney!!

In a matter of weeks the three fighting ~~services~~ services in the Eastern Mediterranean war zone have scored a series of major successes and victories, which have crippled the fascist end of the Axis and thrown the Italian Empire into confusion. In a last minute attempt to pull the crumbling Fascist regime out of the fire, Hitler puts Bulgaria on the spot and begins to pour his troops into the boiling cauldren of war in the Middle East. But while we have men to fight, we will make the name "Dictator" nothing more than an ugly memory.