

5-45 0000

SICILY BOMBED.

Sicily feels the full weight of Allied bombing. It was from here that German and Italian bombers came to ravage Malta; now the Italian Island gets it thick and heavy. The Town and docks of Marsala are smothered by a terrific weight of bombs. Clouds of smoke from the explosions give the impression of flying over a forest. Today, Marsala is unrecognizable.

Flying Fortresses of the United States Air Force are methodically flattening every aerodrome, port and harbour on the Island. Now we're over Palermo where the docks, shipping and shore installations are being subjected to a concentrated attack. How long can Italy stand in the strain. Until she cracks, the home of Fascism will be hammered into dust. Sicily is doomed, unless - - - - -

An injured Fortress heads back to base. Heavily shot about, the B.17 had to make a belly landing. The tail gunner's turret had been shot off; the fin and rudder cut in half, and the tail-plane folded up and wrecked. The veteran bomber YANKER DOOBLE is due for a spell in the sick bay. After that she'll be dandy.

VENTURAS of R.A.F. Bomber Command switch us now to the Western Air Front during a sortie over occupied France. A fractional part of the traffic which passes over the English Channel day and night during the process of hitting the Hun wherever he may be found. The Brittany coast passes beneath us as we head out with the R.A.F. Film Unit during a raid on an enemy airfield at Morlaix. The communique announcing this attack attracted little attention in the press; maybe because it's the big shows which make the headlines. But it's these small scale raids which pin down the Luftwaffe and help to make the heavy ones a success. Hidden among the trees are dispersed enemy planes. The VENTURAS have found their target and another Hornet's nest is made unusable for a while. One blow in the daily dozens which, when added together, supply the ingredients to allied supremacy in the air.