

main road, which is cobbled, passes under strange arches, and beyond Termini we came to Cefalù—a city of Greek foundation as its name suggests. Here Toby Moore a short time ago was with Petroni, the carabinieri lieutenant, trying a case of some boys who had been responsible for seditious pro-fascist propaganda. Despite the fact that the Bishop pleaded for the boys, they were sentenced to prison.

The town is built out on a headland, and the houses and the sea wall on which they are built drop steeply into the sea. In parts our road winds in and out, and up and down, for the mountains fall steeply here to the Mediterranean—but ever we have the sea on our left. We arrived at the home of Signore and Signora Lipari, about whom I have had much trouble lately, in time for a late lunch at Santa Agatha de Miletello. Signora Lipari is an American from Cleveland, Ohio. Her parents were Sicilian, and so is her husband. He was a fascist party member as so many were under the previous régime—and as these towns are torn between warring factions, the Liparis, heads of one, are being attacked by the other. Professor Martino, after consulting me on the matter, appointed Signora Lipari Lecturer in English in Messina University, and now hell has broken loose. The enemies of the Liparis are accusing the Rector of appointing a wife of a fascist. Before I confirmed the appointment I found it had the backing of Colonel Story, the American officer who is Senior Civil Affairs Officer of Messina, to whom Mrs. Lipari had been of great use. Furthermore, our investigations had shown that Signora Lipari had performed a brave and useful part of great use to the Allies, leading them through difficult places and informing them of the location of the Germans. Therefore as she can speak English, which is more than some people here who set up to be teachers of English can do, and as she has served the Military Government for several months without pay, and furthermore, as this military record cannot be ignored, I am certain that we have been quite right. But I have told Signora Lipari that I have put the whole matter out to the investigation department for review—and the case is in the hands of Captain Hare, one of our C.I.D. men, who both in investigations and before as a Local Civil Affairs Officer in charge of a town has done remarkably good work. Meanwhile, until she is proved guilty of being an

active and leading fascist, we will continue to treat her as guiltless.

[Captain Hare's investigations proved that there was no reason why Signora Lipari should not retain her appointment.]

Afterwards we continued our journey, now accompanied by two cars full of the people from Sta. Agatha, who were also on their way to Messina. As usual the civilian cars broke down frequently—which is not surprising considering the state of the roads.

On this journey there lies on the shore a landing craft with its back broken—a reminder that war swept this land only a month or two ago—we are already in danger of forgetting it. Along the roadside, too, we passed tanks—but these are in process of disintegration. There is nothing that was ever made by the hand of man that the Sicilian cannot use—and so bit by bit tanks are disappearing. In one town we passed the tank had been reduced to the bottom part only and the track, upon which the children were working with great earnestness.

By the time the road bends southwards, as Messina is approached, and leaves the coast behind, we reached a difficult and dangerous bit of road—dangerous not only by reason of its nature but because of men—the *delinquenti*—for strange to say, although Mafia has never existed here in Messina province to any extent, in some parts there is unorganized crime. The road winds among the hills, which are forest covered, and on the roadside and over the edge, and sometimes in the dells below, are trucks and tanks, some ours, and more those of the enemy, to remind us what went on here a short time ago. Another reminder, as we passed through one town (Barcellona) was to see bright flares in the dark, as children burnt gelignite for fun!

If you see a car broken down, or a cart with the horse down, as your headlights pick it up coming round a bend in these hills, you do not stop to give a hand. That is not because the Sicilian is too hard-hearted—on the contrary he is a generous type of man—but he is also fearful, and with good reason, and he is not going to risk robbery or violence from a cunningly laid trap.

About eight o'clock we reached Messina, and it was not long before Colonel Story had given us a meal in his hospitable mess—and he had there to meet us the Rector in his naval uniform,

which suits him well, and the newly appointed prefect of Messina.

*Monday, 3rd January 1944*

Messina is built upon a magnificent site—it lies on the eastern coast of Sicily, on the eastern side of a northern point, over against the toe of Italy in Calabria. Here the sea forms the Straits of Messina and on both the Sicilian and the Italian sides of the straits the land falls very steeply to the sea—for here we have a geological fault where a part of the earth's surface has dropped, allowing the sea to rush in and separate Sicily from the mainland. It is no doubt because of the instability of this fault that the frequent earthquakes occur along it—and these have been serious. The last one was in 1908 when there was a large casualty roll—and from that earthquake the town had scarcely recovered before the tragedy of this war swept over it. Professor Martino says that his family were only saved from the earthquake by their father taking them away a few hours before to their country home. Their house was completely demolished.

If one can forget the ruins around about due to bombardment, one looks eastward across the blue straits, the blue sky overhead, to the hills and mountains of Calabria opposite, with several towns at their feet, the chief of which is the port of Reggio. But our attention is distracted nowadays from this view by the surrounding destruction. The town is a mass of ruins, although these in some parts are less apparent than real due to the fact that the town was rebuilt in reinforced concrete after the earthquake. As a result buildings often look whole till one glances through a glassless window or woodless door and then one sees that their interiors are gutted. The R.A.F. destroyed the port and railway station, from which the ferry ran to the continent, and here railway lines are just torn up and twisted into knots as though they were made of rope. But I am told that Colonel Story's Italian director of the railway has worked wonders and has got the line working over some miles to the south of Messina; but it will be a long time before it is working properly, especially to the west, to Palermo, for all the bridges in that direction are destroyed, and it is only in certain short lengths that they can use the line at all.

Despite all this destruction, from which the university has not escaped, we were able formally to open the university to-day, and so the work of examinations and lectures will start. To advance so far has taken much work, not only on the part of the Military Government (mainly the Educational Department with the assistance of Colonel Menapace of Finance, and of Colonel Story, the Senior Civil Affairs Officer for Messina and his staff) but above all on the part of that very patriotic Italian scholar—Professor Martino, who, in these difficult days, has with great ability discharged the office of Rector. The original rector was a fascist who fled and it was a fortunate day for Messina University when Professor Martino shouldered this great responsibility when all was chaos. He had been at his post at the university, being a medical professor, during the German occupation, when he served as a Colonel of the Italian Medical Corps and remained at his post when others fled. He is a sincere liberal in point of view, a competent scholar of good reputation, and above all a first-class administrator who plays the game.

It is due to Professor Martino's representations and cogent arguments that I restored to the University of Messina its Faculty of Letters of which it had been deprived under the fascists. It involved founding a Chair of Greek, because without it the courses in the Faculty could not be complete. Fortunately there was a Faculty of Magistero (of Education) which had sufficient Chairs to provide most of the teaching necessary for the Faculty of Letters and so the cost of restoring the Faculty has been negligible. I should think this is the only Chair of Greek which has been founded in the twentieth century—the fashion goes the other way now. In addition we have founded two new Chairs of Medicine in order to make the medical courses more efficient. Thus, though the war has cursed Messina in loss of life and property, I hope that the Athenaeum of the city (the source of all the spiritual hope of the people) will arise stronger and grander than ever it was before.

At the opening ceremony were representatives of the army and navy, the new prefect and the archbishop. The Rector conferred upon Colonel Story, Major Deutsch and Captain Pino the Medical Officer, all of Messina, and upon Major Washburne, Major Sherwood and myself honorary degrees. Washburne very

fittingly, having regard to his high position in American education, received his degree in Pedagogy, and Sherry in Letters, which is fitting for a writer of plays. Mine was in Philosophy to commemorate the fact that it was my decree which restored the Faculty of Letters and Philosophy to the university.

Like the opening of the university at Palermo, the scene was one of indescribable noise. The cause of it is not far to seek. For the first time the universities have been able to meet under conditions of liberty, free from the discipline of the blackshirt and the fascist rectors. The result has been a swing right in the opposite direction. The youth have the idea that our armies came to drive away discipline, and therefore that we are sympathetic to every form of bad manners. I have frequently had to rate the university students, as in the case of the *Corda Fratres* at Palermo, on this head and point out to them that self-discipline (*auto-disciplina*) is the sign of a stable civilization, and their anarchistic lack of discipline is not what we have come to encourage in the place of the autocratic discipline of fascism. But it is a hard distinction for them to understand, since they do not even understand the principles of a secret ballot, or of a majority and minority report of a commission. It is in such matters as this that we see the harm which fascism has wrought on the younger people of Italy, and, after the first wild outburst of anarchy after fascism is overthrown, there is always the danger of a reaction bringing back another authoritarian régime.

In this wild scene Martino behaved with great dignity, and, although he wanted to give me his resignation afterwards, I refused to accept it as in no sense was the boisterous nature of the proceedings a reflection upon himself or upon the Allied Military Government, but only the reaction against years of fascist discipline. It shows, however, that we must try to make the change from one extreme type of régime to another as gradual as is possible.

It was quite impossible to read my speech, although the Rector read his, so it was tabled as though read, and it will be printed in the *Annuario*; it has been reported in the Press. As a punishment the Rector has suspended the examinations, which has made the mass of the students very angry already against the rowdies who brought this trouble upon them.

The students wear curious tricorne hats in the colours of their Faculties, and from them are suspended medallions, charms, and anything, indeed, which strikes the fancy of the student—and what does not? In these they have been parading the town all day.

After the ceremony, we went to lunch with the Rector in what was once the Hotel Bristol (I believe he said) and we had there, Sherry, Signora Martino, who is the daughter of Principessa d'Alcantrez, Professor Petroncelli, the Rector of Catania University, and his wife, Signore and Signora Lipari, Colonel Story, Major Deutsch, Captain Pino, and many others. Mrs. Petroncelli, despite the real rigours of travelling in this country at the present time, always manages to accompany her husband, to whom she is of very great use owing to her excellent knowledge of English. They are both keen members of Catholic Action—and so in the three rectors of our Sicilian universities we have complete contrasts—but owing to the goodwill characterizing the three of them they are working amicably together. Martino is an old Social Democrat strongly inclined to Separatism, Baviera as strongly inclined to Unitarianism as Martino is against, and Petroncelli of the same view on that point with Baviera, but for quite different reasons—because of his support of the Church which does not favour any weakening of Italy.

I am told that before the invasion there was very little contact between the universities—but now it is rare that we have an occasion without the rectors or their representatives from the other universities attending—and in this matter Petroncelli and Martino have been particularly helpful, travelling long distances over these frightful roads at very great personal inconvenience, to Palermo to keep in touch with everything that has been happening. As a result my office has had a panel of three rectors of considerable experience (who have often been accompanied by their deans of faculties) for all our planning, and for that reason I am certain that what we have done for Italian education ought to last—because it is Italian. For throughout we have consulted the rectors, and not infrequently cancelled our instructions when they and Catinella have produced better methods of grappling with all those difficult problems of which we had so

many, especially in the period when there was no central government, or only one in name.

We left for Palermo at 2.15 p.m., for, much as I would have liked to stay longer at Messina, we have too much work to do to linger by the way. We got back to Palermo at 8.30 p.m., which was excellent considering the state of these roads and the fact that we had to travel part of the way in the dark. On the way we found a British staff car broken down with two officers and two soldiers and well laden with kit. The officers asked us for a lift, which was not easy as we were in a jeep. They seemed to be very light-hearted about leaving their car in charge of two soldiers on a lonely road in Mafia-ridden countryside. I had to warn them before leaving the men that the latter must be on their guard and that the officers must get back to them immediately and not leave them there too long. But I think they thought I was suffering from some kind of nerves. It is curious that the army knows little of the country through which it fights and travels, as it is in large formations and takes its own country and atmosphere with it—but we, in the back-blocks, administering the territory, know what are its problems and the dangers. It can be much more dangerous to be a lonely and zealous C.A. officer in some lonely part of Sicily or Calabria than nearer the front where shells are falling.

*Tuesday, 4th January 1944*

A lone Civil Affairs Officer in one of the outlying towns has solved this everlasting spate of paper instructions flowing from this headquarters. When visited recently by a senior he was taken to task for not having made any returns for several weeks.

His reply was to pull out the three drawers on the right-hand side of his desk which were simply bursting with letters, instructions, pro-formas, and directives of every kind.

He said:

'These in the top drawer are those I have not had time to look at. These in the second drawer are those at which I have glanced and to which I might attend some day if I have the time, and those in the bottom drawer are too damned silly to be answered.'

Raffa tells me that the visit I have had from Father Scanlan, a Roman Catholic chaplain at Catania whom I knew in the 42nd

Division, has created somewhat of a sensation among his civilian staff, several members of which are very active politically, particularly on the left side of politics. They were amazed that Britain being a Protestant country should permit Roman Catholic chaplains in its army, and secondly they were astounded that in this age (which is one of revolution sweeping away what some of the agitators think are 'out-worn' creeds) the Allied armies should so honour religion as to have chaplains in its service, and with the rank of officers. It is a good object lesson in moderation for some of the young doctrinaire fire-eaters.

*Wednesday, 5th January 1944*

Had lunch to-day with the Mayor (Sindaco) of Palermo, Cavaliere Tasca, who has a pleasant house at Mondello near where Catinella also lives. Mondello is a pleasant seaside resort a few miles west of Palermo and is built around a little bay. To reach it one passes through what was once the royal park (La Favorita) in which lies the Casa Cinese, which is now the Folk Museum under Professor Cocchiara. There Lady Hamilton lived many years. This park is full of almond-trees, and, in places, cacti. In the Casa Cinese is one room in which the diners could be free from the servants waiting upon them, since the plates and those parts of the table immediately beneath each plate moved up and down to the kitchens below—a room probably much used by Lady Hamilton!

At the lunch was Catinella and Mrs. Catinella and among others Andrea Finnochiario-Aprile, the leader of the Separatist movement. The Separatists are very earnest in talk—and if they were so strong in deeds this country would not be attached to Italy longer than twenty-four hours. I think the fact that from Norman times onwards the Sicilians have been ruled by foreigners makes them less able or willing to take strong action for independence. That the feeling for independence is deep, however, in many circles is undoubtedly true—and I think that we are making a mistake in not realizing how strong it is.

The Sicilian Separatist movement has a committee, but whether all Separatists adhere to it is another matter. The one that we come in contact with is the *Comitato per L'Indipendenza della Sicilia* of which Finocchiario-Aprile is the head. He was, I

believe, at one time the Under-Secretary of State for War, and then for the Treasury, and, of course, was a Member of Parliament. Someone once said to me that they did not see what right he had to be meddling in Sicilian affairs as he was not a Sicilian at all, but, I believe, they said, a Tuscan. I suppose his claim to be a Sicilian nationalist is at any rate as good as De Valera's to be an Irishman. Among the Separatists here are the Mayor of the town, Sindaco Tasca, and his vice-Sindaco Di Napoli, a lawyer. There are many more, but they have a habit of trimming their sails. When the Badoglio Government appears to be very strong, as it does now, one observes a number of people, such as Musotto, the prefect, and a number of the other prefects who were all believed to be ardent Separatists, more inclined towards a unitary position—but at other times they appear to be on the other side of the fence, or in a neutral position. There are very few who take an intransigent position, among them, the Unitarians, being Baviera.

The Finocchiaro-Aprile group of Separatists want to see a democratic republican régime in Sicily, and, should there arise any form of a United States of Europe they wish to belong to it. They claim that the economy of Sicily is such that it can maintain a commercially balanced budget, and that its exports would exceed the imports. To sound public opinion in Sicily, they wish a plebiscite to be taken, and they want the security of an independent Sicily, in default of a United States of Europe being created, to be guaranteed by either the Allies or by England. For they recognize that this is—as Finocchiaro-Aprile frequently repeated—*una condizione sine qua non per impedire aggressioni di altri stati*. Indeed, I gather from some of them that if they could be assured of independence from Italy, they would take it even if it meant conditions similar to those which bind Egypt and Irak to Britain rather than remain subject to the Italians. Whether this represents all their points of view I cannot tell. There are, indeed, some who would go further and would like to come inside the British Empire with some sort of dominion status, and there are others, especially among returned Italian emigrants from America, who would like to see America playing some part in guaranteeing their independence. But all of them are agreed on the need of independence.

Although strongly anti-monarchist, the Sicilian Separatists are strongly opposed to Communism, and to the régime of Communism and chaos which they feel certain will ensue in Italy once the whole country is freed of the Germans. Perhaps it is the lack of a Sicilian dynasty which is their chief weakness at the moment—for if that existed there would be a rallying point for the Separatists.

Opposed to the Separatist movement is the Socialist element of the population, but this is not considerable, only being found in the great cities—and, even among them are Separatist or Autonomist Socialists (such as Sellerio) who believe that there should be a measure of self-government for the island. The Church party, as represented by the Christian Democrats is also opposed to the Separatist movement, and curiously enough for much the same reasons as the Socialists—the fear of being cut off from their fellows on the continent. A reaction of the Separatists was to become anti-clerical, which was curious, since they depend for their strength upon the peasantry, and the peasant is ultra-Sicilian and not anti-clerical. Recently I have noticed a change on the part of the Separatists, and it is likely that the tendencies towards anti-clericalism will die away. In all this the freemasons of the British kind, who are represented by the Scottish rite, so far as I can tell, lean steadily towards Separatism whilst those of the continental type are prone to Socialism.

One thing is certain, whether we are dealing with Separatists, Socialists, Christian Democrats, or Freemasons, they are all extreme anti-fascists, and any dictatorial power which might grow up in Italy (let us hope one will not) would have difficulty in controlling the extreme individualism manifested by the Sicilian of any party.

[January 1946. Since this entry was written the Separatist movement in Sicily has been proscribed by the Rome Government. From information received, Finocchiaro-Aprile and other leaders of the party have been arrested, and deported to an island off the mainland at Naples. It is alleged by Separatists that their leaders have been in some cases not only arrested, but wounded, badly treated, and even beaten. What truth there is in this I do not know, and I merely state what I have been told. But the proscription has the effect of stamping out the legal existence of a

party which was opposed to the Italian Government of Signor Parri—and it is undoubtedly one way of attempting to get rid of an opposition party. The result of the proscription means that the Separatists are forbidden under pain of punishment to carry out any sort of political activity. Their offices, I understand, have been raided, and, so it is said by some of the Separatists, their homes have been invaded by the police.

[The general complaint of the Separatists, apart from the clear neglect which Sicily has suffered, is that they were 'swindled' by the union with Italy in 1861, as they lent their support to Garibaldi in the belief that they would be freed from the Bourbon yoke, and that they would enter into union with Italy on a federal basis, whereas, the election which they believed was to lead to such a federal relationship was used to annex Sicily, and that annexation has been maintained by force of arms ever since. They therefore demand the right of secession.

[They also complain that ever since 1861 Sicily has been treated as a colony, and that she has been exploited economically by the north, because the north believes that it would be disastrous if they lost the internal market for their industrial goods provided by agricultural Sicily. The Sicilians claim that, whereas their own economy is absolutely sound, so that they can find markets for their own goods provided they are allowed to trade freely with industrial countries, the economy of northern Italy is less sound, finding it difficult to compete in the open market with other industrial countries. In fine, they argue that in the interest of the northern industrialists, they are reduced to a state of economic slavery, and their intention is not to tolerate these conditions. The guarantee of their liberties they see in the control of their own finance and their own customs houses. Anyway such are the claims of the Sicilian party: and the Parri Government's reply was to proscribe the party.

[Among such a spirited people as the Sicilians, a people who gave the fascists more trouble than any other, it is not surprising that this should have been followed, as has occurred now in January 1946, by open revolt in one place in the interior, and at another to the west of Palermo. In this latter place, which is a strong Separatist district, one thousand Separatists fortified

themselves in a hill position and fought back the carabinieri for a whole day under the scarlet and gold flag of Sicily.

[Proscription has not killed the Separatist feeling, and Separatists argue that if they were wrong in their views, the northern parties should have convinced them of their errors in the normal democratic manner by political argument. They say that since they are made the subjects of political oppression it not only argues that the intolerance of which the fascists were guilty is not dead in Italy, but it also suggests that their opponents have no arguments other than force to apply.

[While some Separatists have taken to rebellion, which, no doubt, in accordance with the traditions of the country, will flare up from time to time, and which will be mightily aided by the stocks of weapons and ammunition generously strewn across the countryside by German, Italian, American, and British armies, other Separatists have ostensibly renounced Separatism, to come out as a legal party for the autonomy of Sicily. It would seem that this must place the new, and from what one can see, more ably led government of Signor Gasperi, on the horns of a dilemma. For if they refuse the reasonable demands of the autonomists, it must prolong the Separatist struggle. But if they concede the demands they can scarcely continue to keep the leaders of the Separatist party in prison. These leaders must then become, if they have not become already, martyrs for liberty in the eyes of the Sicilian population as a whole, and must inevitably take over the leadership of Sicilian opinion. Whether Sicily secedes from that autonomist position to one of Separatism thereafter will depend, not on what Italy wants, but on what the Sicilian Separatists demand. It is not easy to escape the parallel between the position of Eire in relation to Britain and Sicily in relation to Italy. The two stages which occurred in the separation of southern Ireland from the British Empire, first by the creation of the Free State, to be followed later by southern Ireland's unilateral repudiation of that status which bound her to Britain and her own self-established, and somewhat anomalous, 'Republic' of Eire, may quite easily be the pattern of events in Sicily.

[Autonomy for Sicily seems, therefore, inescapable, but it is likely to be granted too late, to be anything other than a transi-

tory stage to secession. The responsibility for this must in the first place lie with old Italian Governments, and very much lies at the door of the Fascist Government, which did its best to stifle local independence, particularly in Sicily, where it found a population less malleable than elsewhere.]

Thursday, 6th January 1944

One more instance of how some of our officers are creating bad impressions has been told to me to-day both by officers and civilians. It is to the effect that a certain Civil Affairs officer keeps a mistress openly and goes every morning from the mess, in his official car, with, so it is said, a tray of food on his knees for his lady love. I can only speak from hearsay, and I can only hope it is not true. But the stories are persistent. The scandal is certainly widespread.

These open floutings of normal conduct, which happen so often where armies go, as might be expected, are perhaps encouraged in the case of the Americans and British by the simple notion that all foreign peoples, and particularly those of Latin Europe, are by nature immoral, and therefore conduct which would be inexcusable at home, is to be looked upon as normal in these countries. In point of fact the very reverse is true for the women are much more subject to family and home influences than our own. You do not see in the streets of Palermo girls of fourteen years of age waiting for American soldiers as I often used to see at Oxford.

Friday, 7th January 1944

To-day I went with the Cardinal (Lavitrano) in my car, Colontoni driving, and Signora and Avvocato Varisco with me, to visit, at his earnest request, one of his schools. It was a girls' school and specialized in teaching domestic subjects, needlework, and so on. I was greatly impressed with the generally high standard of equipment and teaching aimed at. Before leaving, as is always the custom here, we were taken to have some cakes and vermouth—but I noticed the Cardinal himself took no wine. And so, amidst much curtsying and bowing, we left.

Everyone here has been visiting me in the last two or three days to say how they regret the fact that I must now move over

to Naples—our main headquarters has been there some time, and I have only kept our educational headquarters here because the work in Sicily needed finishing. Fortunately Washburne is there with our advance headquarters now. I am always haunted by the feeling that the time is short in which to set things to rights, and so I have wanted to make sure that Sicily was finished satisfactorily, before passing on to the mainland, where the work being only started, it does not quite matter so much. To-day I have announced that I shall leave on the 10th. The Variscos are especially upset, and so is Catinella. I threatened to take him with me, as I do not know what we are to do without him, but he has cried off.

Some of our Scotland Yard men serving here as investigating officers have a sure instinct for detecting crime. One of them was bringing the Rector of Catania University to my office for a conference. Transport being so difficult, and the roads so bad, it is well-nigh impossible for communications to be maintained with the universities except by arranging for high officials to be brought by our officers as they travel about on their duties. On this occasion when passing through one of the small, narrow-streeted coastal towns a car came out from a side way and ran into the officer's car in which the rector (Petroncelli) was travelling, and broke one of its springs as a consequence. The officer jumped out, while the Italian driver gesticulated and talked volubly; not one word of which the police officer understood, for the police have not, as a breed, the gift of tongues. 'Get out of that car—get out!' But the Sicilian only grimaced, argued, protested and talked the more. 'Get out, I tell you!' ordered the policeman. Then to the rector's amazement out came the civilian driver. The officer said that the civilian ran his jaw on his fist, shooting himself through the window of the car in order to do so! At that moment the local *maresciallo* arrived, and picked up the civilian and took him off to jail, so what the civilian had to say is not recorded. The following week the report came in on the prisoner—the car was stolen, was unlicensed, was working on stolen petrol, and the civilian was a noted organizer of the black market with a car full of his wares. The *maresciallo* is content to keep the rascal in prison indefinitely—or until there is time to try him, which is almost the same thing; so many await

trial before the military courts that it will be some time before they come to his case.

*Saturday, 8th January 1944*

Aldo tells me that he and Roy Barone were driving back to Palermo when a truck driven by negroes dashed past him, almost ditched him and went at full speed through the town they were at the time entering—scattering women, children, and old men, and running over hens. He gave chase and caught them up but found them extremely difficult to deal with as they were so insolent. He regrets now that he did not have them arrested—as I think he should have done.

Cavaliere Tasca and I discussed the goodness and badness of Sicilian wine the other day. It seems incredible that any country should have so much bad wine to release for the consumption of such beer-swilling and whisky-tipping troops as our own and the Americans as Sicily has to-day. It cannot be, in my opinion, for any other reason than that it is generally made carelessly. That view is supported by the fact that most of it is muddy, acid, new wine. I do not believe that there is any virtue in the traditional methods of treading the grapes, or any other means that allows organic matter to enter the *must* which should not be there. But I cannot shake the *mayoi* (Tasca). He stands firm for the virtue of the old manner. With proper handling I am certain that there are districts of Sicily which can produce wines of the finest quality, quite apart from Marsala.

*Sunday, 9th January 1944*

This morning, having some days ago expressed a desire to be in the open air for a few hours, I went shooting (so it is called) on the mountain to the east of Palermo with Avvocato Varisco, Signora Varisco and some friends of theirs accompanying us to a stone cottage part way up the mountain, where we had breakfast in the open air. This hill is Monte Grifone, and it is actually higher than Monte Pellegrino, on the other side of Palermo. It stands well over 2,000 feet, but we did not climb all the way up, keeping to those spurs which overlooked the sea.

As usual I saw and shot nothing—although the *avvocato* said he saw a rabbit at which he fired and which he hit, although we

did not find it. But the labour of climbing up there with guns on shoulders was well worth while for the magnificent view and the fine air. How beautiful Sicily is in the winter time on a fine day! I have now seen this island change from the arid brown of summer to the green of winter, through all the passing shades, and I like it best in its winter garb. This second Ireland is not the green isle, but the motley coated isle of brown and green in the Mediterranean, which, chameleon-like, changes its coat from one colour to another, according to whether it is winter or summer.

Coming down the mountain path we saw the spring flowers beginning to shoot, and lower still we passed in the steep valleys, the intensive terracing which permits the Sicilian to win a good wheat crop from a steep mountain slope. Below on the outskirts of a hamlet the *avvocato* saw some sparrows and offered them to me as a shot—to console me for my empty-handedness—in just the same way as our woodcutters in the royal forest had done. Apparently anything that flies, and is edible, is considered fair game. We, a hundred years ago, were not above taking advantage too of unsuspecting sparrows and blackbirds—and sparrow pie, where still made in England, is considered a delicacy. Perhaps, when we have lost all our wealth as a result of this war, we too shall lapse back into these customs and manners of our forebears.

At the foot we found Colontoni waiting for us with the car—he does not seem to mind how long he waits, as he just sleeps. Then to the school of Padre Zingali, the Dom Bosco school belonging to the Salesian Order which I have long been invited to visit and now at last have arranged to see.

It is the only boarding school in Palermo other than the Convitto Nazionale, and so was of particular interest for that reason. I arrived to find the boys all drawn up—in much the same way that the Bishop of Mazara had arranged his scholars—and in the same way they embarrassed me by their hearty clapping. Here I had to mount a platform with the Rector, Padre Zingali, and both make a speech and listen to one read by a scholar in English. English has now become the fashion and I fear that we may not be speedy enough nor wise enough to see that this is our chance of bringing to Italy the real vehicle which will permit them to learn of our way of life.

We left the hall to the strains of 'Colonel Bogey,' for which I was thankful; having so often marched to it on church parade at Woolwich, I was able to cut a better figure than would otherwise have been the case.

We had lunch in the refectory, and afterwards examined the kitchens and the machine for making the pasta, and thence proceeded to the pig-sties, for the priests had boasted that not only could they train boys in good manners, but pigs also!

Here, indeed, I saw a demonstration which amply justified their boast. The pig-man was getting their dinner ready, and going in and out with bucket after bucket of it into the inner sty where the troughs lay, while all the pigs remained in the open outer sty—sniffing the wind as every bucket passed. Yet withal they did not make any attempt to enter the sty and gorge upon the dinner for which they were ravenous—and all because the pig-man's broom rested in the doorway; in the language of the pigs of the Salesian Order of Palermo that meant 'keep out' and they kept out. That the pigs used an element of intelligence, as well as mere instinct responding to the undoubted strokes from the broom to keep them out, was fairly clear. For when a young pig, with all the hardihood of youth and all its giddy irresponsibility approached towards the door to look through at the savoury mess lying inviting and unattended in the troughs, an older more corpulent and sage relative grunted and snuffled it away from this forbidden spot.

But the moment the broom was removed there was a grunting, snuffling, and squealing such as pigs make in a stampede, and they poured like a torrent through the doorway, kicking and struggling against each other in their haste to get there first for dinner.

The boys were as well, and as easily, disciplined as the pigs—and seemed very happy.

From the school we went to one of their churches, Signora Varisco expressing surprise that I knew the various Biblical stories portrayed in many of the paintings and carvings of the church—I think she thinks that England is a pagan non-Christian land.

From this church we went to see an orphanage in the centre of Palermo, off the main street, the Via Maqueda, where there is

much poverty. Here the Salesians had done much good work in pre-war years. But, first the Germans seized the printing presses which they had here for the purpose of training the orphans to the printing trade. Then came the invasion, and the bombs of the American air force—destroying their church and part of the adjoining orphanage. Now the place is closed down, and at a time like this it is a great loss to the community. For Sicily is a backward place and so far as I can see there is not the provision for the waifs and strays of society such as is found with us in England. The *portiere* at Via Milano 25, where the Variscos and Gentiles live, for example, found a child wandering around after the bombing, and now he lives there—living only because of the goodness of the *portiere* and his wife.

Although unable to carry on their work as an orphanage, the priests were trying to do something by getting the boys off the streets for Sunday services and for sing-songs, and one was in progress whilst I was there. The pandemonium was like the opening of Palermo University—only worse! The poverty here is extreme, and the lack of restraint and discipline in the youths and boys is most marked, and I left with a feeling that these Salesians are doing a good job of work—the only trouble about it is that it is merely scratching the surface—and more schools and orphanages are needed.

The strong impression left in my mind by the Dom Bosco school and the work of Padre Zingali was the sense of self-discipline and restraint which is so rare in Sicily. It was only necessary for a master to blow a whistle and all the boys immediately stood still—and stood still as though they were proud to do so, as though it were part of a game. Indeed, if Padre Zingali had had the students before they went to the universities, I do not think that scenes such as were enacted at Messina and Palermo reopening ceremonies could have taken place. Without being critical of the work of the state schools, I feel that one must realize that these private schools are doing a very fine piece of work and making an excellent contribution to the welfare of the community.

Monday, 10th January 1944

To-day, unexpectedly, the Rector of the University, Professor

Baviera, having been told for certain that I am leaving Palermo to-morrow, held a luncheon party to enable the professors to say farewell to me. Although a runner had to be sent out and most of the professors are not normally in Palermo at this time, and despite the fact that they had to buy their own tickets, a big luncheon party was quickly assembled—and every shade of university opinion was represented. There were among them a few men whom I had had to reprimand for their closeness to fascist thought but who had not been bad enough to put away, there were socialists, clericals, anti-clericals, separatists and anti-separatists to the number of thirty-five. Among them were Ferretti, Dean of the Faculty of Letters; Crosti, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine; Guarneri, Dean of Laws; Professor Ascoli (with his wife's dog—she being in enemy hands); Professor Catinella; Professor Giardino, Dean of the Faculty of Science, and his son, also a professor, who has served our office with Catinella so well; Mineo; Lavagnini; Restivo; de Stefano; Cocchiario and many more; and in addition Signora and Avvocato Varisco. The Signora had gone home, not having cared to come to the luncheon, although I have a shrewd suspicion that she had helped the Rector a great deal in the arrangements, but as she had been the first member of our staff, and had worked so well for the Military Government, I sent Colontoni for her and her husband, and everyone was glad to see them there.

At the end of the luncheon the rector presented me with a volume inscribed with all the names of these men—who a few months ago were our enemies (so far as Italy was at war with us) and now have become firm friends, looking towards Britain and America for that cultural association which formerly had been provided by Germany. That so deep a change could be effected so rapidly is, however, due to the fact that the Sicilian has always been, in the main, anti-fascist—in fact he is the foe of any movement which curbs his liberty—and that is why fascism always had difficulty with the south. This land of the Mafia will neither breed fascism nor communism, for the love of personal independence is far too great.

The lunch followed another event of some importance. In my office during the morning there took place the first meeting of the Anthropological Society of Sicily, the decree for which was

signed by me as my last act of the old year. Present were Professor Giardino, the Dean of the Faculty of Science and Professor of Zoology, who was elected President; Professor Crosti, the Dean of Medicine, elected Vice-President; Professor Cocchiara (Professor of Social Anthropology) was made Secretary, and Professor Montalbano was elected Treasurer. To my great surprise they all insisted that I was to be Honorary President and Founder-Member—which, while pleasing, was once more overwhelming and embarrassing. The kindness of the Sicilian to those he respects and likes knows no bounds—and furthermore their loyalty by the same token is very great. I do not think that a Sicilian who is your friend would ever betray you—but one might who pretended to be your friend for they are very artful.

It is strange to see Professor Montalbano made Treasurer of the Society, for he is another over whom I have had great difficulty. He is a communist by profession and naturally the others did not want him—but, as I knew that he had suffered considerably at the hands of the fascists, and had been unjustly prevented from obtaining a Chair, I had to permit the appointment no matter how much the others deplored my action. It is curious that, despite these deep and bitter currents of almost open warfare between the factions, we have been able to leave with the respect of all.

The Bishop of Mazara arrived this evening, having only heard yesterday at Mazara del Vallo, which is south of Trapani on the west coast, that I was leaving, and so had with difficulty got a car and rushed to Palermo to bid me good-bye. Such an act is again typical of these people—as is also the way news travels. How it does no Englishman will ever understand—it is like the 'bush telegraph'. Padre Zingali also came in, and he and the Bishop both had letters they wanted me to send off for them through military channels and Sherry is arranging this through our intelligence circles. This evening I packed all my things, and through the kindness of Avvocato Varisco and his wife, the pair of whom are always studying my welfare, I have slept at their house in the town, so that I have no packing to do in the morning. Just after I had reached the Variscos' house and was about to go to bed Sherry and Aldo Raffa burst in with the surprising news that Aldo had received sudden orders to proceed to London

—at which he is jumping mad with rage—he wants nothing to do with Germany, and why should he, as he speaks Italian fluently. Of course it is complete nonsense pulling him out of Italy where he is doing a first-class job, but that is the army all over. However, I must delay my start in the morning as he wants introductions from me.

*Tuesday, 11th January 1944*

Spent all morning writing introductions and instructions for Aldo, so I did not get away from Palermo till 12.45 instead of at 8.30 as at first planned. I left with a heavy heart at parting with so many friends. Already it would appear that all Sicily is plotting to get me back. Anyway, I must come back for the inauguration of the Anthropological Academy at the end of the month, as I have promised to write the opening address for them. Bill Hare joined me at Bagheria with his excellent assistant and batman, Tony, of the American Army, and we arrived at Messina at 7.45 p.m. and met Professor Gaetano Martino, who was waiting for us at Colonel Story's mess, where we had dinner. This mess, and that of Colonel French at Catania, are the two best I have seen. The headquarters messes of Civil Government out here are completely wretched and badly run. The absence of batmen is a great handicap—but in the provinces the Senior Civil Affairs Officer can usually arrange to have a well-run mess, which is, after all, absolutely essential if he is to keep his officers free from illness and in good heart. Bill and I shared a room in the mess to-night—another unique distinction of this mess being that it is the only one that has hot water. It is a great change to have a warm house instead of this everlasting shivering in the cold, and counting yourself lucky if you get a little wood ash in an old biscuit tin to make-believe it is warming the room. The Catinellas' house was also warm, because it had a wide open English type of hearth, and they burnt the wood from their lemon grove.

*Wednesday, 12th January 1944*

I spent most of the day with Professor Martino and Mrs. Lipari—Colonel Story's interpreter and secretary, Captain Hare being with me, having come to Messina to investigate the ante-

cedents of several professors of the university. In the morning we attended a meeting of the *Senatus Academicus* and I requested them to lift the ban on the examinations, which they had very properly imposed upon the students as a punishment for their unseemly conduct on the occasion of the reopening of the university. Already there has been much heart-burning about the affair and a monster petition was sent to me by the students condemning the rowdies. The banning of the examinations is a very serious measure, for it means in fact that the students would have to stay a year longer at the university than would otherwise be the case, and the imposition of it has quelled all revolt. The *Senatus* were as pleased to lift the ban as were the rector and myself, for there was no desire to prolong the punishment or make it too heavy, as many innocent students would suffer as a result of it.

At this meeting of the *Senatus* I was told, to my embarrassment, that the new Faculty of Letters and Philosophy which has been restored to the University of Messina is to be named after me. The importance of the Faculty cannot be overlooked, for a university without a Faculty of Arts is no university, but only a technical school, and it is a fair comment upon fascism that it should have suppressed it in this ancient university. The only trouble is that there will be intrigue of every type after I have gone to suppress it again, as there is a degree of jealousy between the universities here which is much more marked than with ourselves—and Naples University in particular benefited by this suppression, since a number of students were diverted from Messina to Naples as a consequence. It will, however, be a tragic mistake if the new, and we hope democratic government of Italy, as a result of such intrigue, following in the steps of fascism, suppresses this essential faculty. It will certainly make a very bad impression in Sicily.

I have just received a letter from a vast body of students of the University of Messina, dated 11th instant, disassociating themselves from the unruliness of the group which interrupted the inauguration ceremony—but they are smart men, these students—in the greeting they convey their thanks for all the favours they still confidently expect to receive from the Military Government!

Of the same date I have received the *Verbale* of the Faculty of Science of Messina University stating that the dignity of their university has been affronted and that they completely back the action of the rector, Professor Martino, and that they unanimously praise his work, and express their gratitude to him for what he has done to the advantage of the university, ending by saying he is '*un Rettore veramente eccezionale*'. At all of which I am very glad.

After the meeting of the Senate we had lunch with the rector's wife's family, her mother, the Principessa d'Alcantrez, and her brother entertaining us. Their house lies to the south of Messina in the country. It is a pretty drive, with the sea—the Strait of Messina—on our left and Calabria and its high mountains to the east across the blue sea. On the right rise the mountains of Sicily, deforested and grey at the summits, below that the wheat, and lower still the vineyards and orange groves. The curse of Sicily is the goat, but it is difficult to make the Sicilian see that since the goat is almost the mainstay of their animal husbandry. But if the goat could be banished and the hills re-afforested, the water supply would be better conserved, and with that there would be the beginning of a development scheme for which the country is ripe. A few million pounds of British capital here would work wonders.

Further south at Catania, and here at Messina, the carts are not so fine as they are in the western part of the island. There they are beautifully painted, and it is rare to find a farmer who has neglected his cart and allowed the colours to tarnish and wear away, but here on the east that is a commoner fault to find. Perhaps it is due to nearness to the continent, for there the carts are neither the same shape, nor are they so finely painted—indeed when one gets as far away as Apulia the designs have become very formal and conventional, hardly amounting to anything at all in some cases. But even at the best they consist only of geometrical patterns and a few floral designs, whereas here in Sicily we have scenes from legends and traditions painted on the panels, and the frames and back boards are beautifully carved with saints, such as Saint Rosalia or Saint George, or again with a tournament scene from one of the Norman romances. This last I have long wanted to become possessed of, but I have not yet suc-

ceeded in finding a piece of one of these carts with this particular scene upon it.

Another distinction between the western half of the island and particularly this north-eastern, Messina, province is the appearance of oxen as draught animals. They are usually harnessed in pairs. The women here also carry things on their heads, and often remind one of some of the biblical scenes one has seen pictured in one's childhood.

The house of the rector's in-laws is built of wood so that it can withstand the shock of earthquakes.