

Mason Hammond, after his excellent work for Fine Arts and Monuments, finds himself superseded, like almost everyone else. But here, as the officials concerned are charming fellows like (Major) Baillie Reynolds and (Major Theodore) Sizer, I do not think there will be any greater problems of adjustment than the problem Smith and I have.

Anyway, for my part I only hope the awkward situation between Smith and myself will be solved. One man alone, so far, does not seem to have been disturbed by these revolutionary changes of recent times, and that is Reggie Harris, who is in charge of Property Control.

*Sunday, 31st October 1943*

The Control Commission is evidently intent upon militarizing Military Government with a vengeance. A ridiculous order has been issued which forbids anyone to talk to anyone else two ranks or more higher!

Was there ever anything so unbelievable before? This means that if the chief of staff, who is one rank higher than I am, is not available I cannot go in and see the General no matter how pressing the business. While the Fine Arts Adviser, who is of equal status by function, but lower in military rank, cannot talk to anyone!

Among the other nonsenses is the order to write all our letters in sextuplicate on a size of paper far larger than the printed Military Government notepaper of which we have a large quantity already printed. I shall ignore the order and use our old paper whatever the consequences. It seems to me criminal that such folly and waste should be permitted.

*Monday, 1st November 1943*

Washburne with his usual directness and fearless tread has solved the problems for T. V. and myself. He, apparently, marched into General McSherry's office and asked him to solve the problem, with the result I am to continue in office as Educational Adviser in Military Government territory and Director of Education in Control territory. We are both glad to know where we stand, and I think Colonel Smith more than I.

General McSherry ordered Washburne to go and see the

Badoglio government (a thing I have been agitating for, for weeks) to work out a common plan—especially on this *Scuola Media* question, for Poletti's decree has now put us in a difficult position—we have the *Scuola Media* abolished in Sicily, very much alive under McCaffrey in Calabria, and the Italian Minister credited with being in support of its continued existence also.

I have told Washburne what I think we should aim at—but he has a good enough idea himself, and he will leave as soon as possible for Brindisi. I want him also to see Lord Rennell at Bari on his way there, as I am not so sure that we should not have an educational organization well forward with the 15th Army to deal with problems in the earlier phases.

Late this afternoon, in company with Signora Varisco and her husband, I called on Avvocato Capelli who has an orange grove just on the eastern outskirts of Palermo, and another a little further afield. The Avvocato kept plucking the best from his trees and expected me to eat them by the dozen. Even when fairly green they were sweet, of such a quality was his fruit. He had 2,000 trees—but the fruit, like the lemons, has little prospect of doing more than rot on the ground, as neither are there packing cases nor is there transport to send them to England—where they are so badly needed. A pity, too, because there is little doubt that Sicilian oranges and lemons are about the best in the world. Here in Sicily I have learnt how to peel an orange with a knife.

*Tuesday, 2nd November 1943*

I am told this morning that on the Italian radio broadcast from Palermo our department was praised for the hard work we are putting in on Italian education.

Several days ago I saw a long article (rather highly coloured) on our work in the American military paper *The Stars and Stripes*.

Aldo the waiter came flying in while we were at dinner to say the car was being stolen. I ran to the balcony of the house, and saw in the darkness what I thought was the flying figure of the thief, and I fired with my automatic. I did not hit anyone—but I believe that the effect of the shot will make the thieves respect that particular corner of the street and the cars of our own and

other officers which normally remain outside the door during the course of the day.

I hear the same thing here of this war as I heard so frequently in French Flanders in the winter of 1939-40 concerning the last war, namely the correctness of the German Army in occupation. But I find here that despite the fact that the Germans were allies there was hardly any more contact between the German Army and the Italian civilians, than there was in the last war between them and the French. The Germans may, because of their discipline, make themselves respected, but they do not make themselves beloved of the civilian population.

*Wednesday, 3rd November 1943*

Reached an agreement with Poletti at long last on an exact definition of powers between our department and the regional administration. I have gained all that I wanted, namely the appointment of all professors, rectors, presidi or deans of faculties, the publication and revision of text-books and the form the schools are to take. I hope that we shall be left in peace to carry out this great task of rebuilding and reform—but I am being much vexed by internal pin-pricking in the remodelled administration which seems much less aware of the urgency of eradicating fascism than was that of Rennell and McSherry.

Anyway, we have had no order against fraternization. It is a good thing, first, because it would have been impracticable to have carried it out: secondly because the people are altogether too friendly to be treated as entirely enemies: and thirdly, without large civilian staffs, owing to the inadequate provision made for military government, we could not carry on the working of this headquarters at all.

*Thursday, 4th November 1943*

This is the Italian Armistice anniversary of the last war and to-day Catania University reopened. Lieutenant-Colonel T. V. Smith who is Professor of Chicago University, left to read a speech of his own and also carry my greetings. He flew there to-day.

(Captain) Maxse, who is in our little mess, told a story to-night which sums up the feelings of many soldiers here now. It is

of a British Tommy writing home from Bethlehem in the last war:

'Ere oi am in Bethlehem where Chroist was born; oi wish to Chroist oi was in 'ackney where oi was born.'

I have been bothered recently by an Italo-American officer (who was born and bred, and schooled in Palermo) trying to get favours for his relatives here who are schoolmasters. I do not think that any officer should hold an appointment in the administration who has relatives or business interests in this country.

*Friday, 5th November 1943*

Meeting of the Executive Council to-day. General McSherry did well—ruthlessly crushing certain newcomers who came forward with nonsensical suggestions of what we should do—they, having no experience of Italian conditions, naturally offered suggestions which we had long ago tried and found useless. This constant break in continuity is a great pity as it means we are always going over old ground.

To my surprise (Captain A.) Vesselo walked into my office to-day. I had heard he had left Oxford, but I never thought it was to join me. I am sending him to Calabria and Lucania to take over the job of Director of Education there and I know, despite the size of the job, that he will do it extremely well.

The food in our mess is dropping off. The fault is our own—the cook is getting lazy and we are all too busy to supervise her.

Second-Lieutenant H. T. Coker arrived.

*Saturday, 6th November 1943*

Had a visit from the Bishop of Mazara del Vallo and gave him permission to open his church schools officially and wrote a short speech for the opening. Afterwards visited the Jesuit College with him and had lunch there: the Bishop, the Rector of the College, and I; an old lay brother, who had a white neckerchief round his neck, served. The latter reminded me of the song 'A Jovial Monk am I'. The Bishop was very merry. He wants a broadcast to let the rest of Italy and the Pope know that schools are reopening under the Allied Military Government. I shall try to arrange this for him.

On coming out of the college, Antonio Colontoni, my ex-Italian sergeant-major driver, was weeping at the car. Another ex-Italian soldier who had just passed and who knew him, being also from Naples, told him that his father, mother, sister, and brother were all killed in the bombardment: and besides, in their retreat, the Germans had removed his father's forty-eight lorries. I sent him home. The Bishop gave him his blessing. I do not know which affected him most, the loss of his relatives or the loss of the lorries! [Many months later this story was found to be untrue.]

*Sunday, 7th November 1943*

Took a couple of hours off and visited Avvocato Capelli at his orange grove, but it rained most of the time. He loaded me with vegetables for the mess—the generosity of the Sicilian seems to know no limits.

From Wednesday, Sherwood comes on to my staff full time—up till now he has been working partly with me and partly with (Lieutenant-Colonel) Purgold, who has taken over from him.

Here milk is not normally fed to the children, being considered by many unwholesome. What milk there is is brought around in the early hours of the morning inside the cow, and milked from her at the doors.

The Sicilian is charmingly uninhibited. Recently I was in a long conference with some distinguished academicians, when an equally important official arrived, but unconnected with the party engaged with me in my office. Instead of being left in the ante-rooms, he was, because of his importance, shown into Major Sherwood's large and palatial room. Growing tired of waiting, despite the comfort of the deep arm-chair, in full sight of the whole office, he got up and looked through the keyhole to see how my conference was getting along!

*Monday, 8th November 1943*

I hear reports of the good work being done by many C.A. officers scattered about the provinces of Sicily; Hare at Bagheiria, (Major C. C.) Neslen, (Major E. B.) Johnwick, (Captain) Lacy, and many more, British and American alike.

*Tuesday, 9th November 1943*

The Rector of the University (Baviera), Professor Catinella, Professor Guarneri, and several other deans and professors took me over the university to-day to look into the condition of the library and museum, the latter having been very badly knocked about. It is a great pity to see a museum in the condition of this one—geological and other specimens all broken and misplaced, so that it may never be possible to get it into order again.

I have been having much trouble recently over the son of H. E. Musotto, the Prefect of Palermo, which is likely to develop bad relations between us. Although I have no wish that such a situation should arise, I can do no other than I am doing. His son is a Professor of Sassari University in Sardinia, and before the invasion the Italian Government had approved of his transfer to Palermo University, to take over the chair of Criminal Procedure, as he is an expert on the German penal code, having studied some time at Munich University. But to-day conditions have changed: it is not an expert knowledge of German penal procedure which must be considered a qualification for a legal chair in an Italian University. I have therefore not been able to allow the transfer to take place on those grounds, and have caused, I fear, much disappointment in many quarters as a result.

*Wednesday, 10th November 1943*

A certain English officer appears to be interested in keeping alive the traditional English type in these parts. As the governor of an interior town he was sitting one day in the mayor's chair in the local town hall, idly flicking the flies away with a horse-tail while the town outside was rioting owing to the shortage of bread. Ultimately the cry of 'Pane, pane' reached him in the quiet of his office. At the same time his chief of the carabinieri rushed in from the gate to say that the mob was about to burn the Town Hall down if he did not give them bread immediately.

With one more flick, the officer replied:

'Go and tell the vulgar rabble that I will not be intimidated.'

On hearing this astonishing reply the rioters looked at each

other, shrugged their shoulders, and dispersed! While the officer went on flicking and hoping that the supplies of grain would get through before the Town Hall was really burnt down.

*Thursday, 11th November 1943*

To-night General Eisenhower broadcast that Armistice Control Commission takes over from to-day. We think it is a great mistake as the Badoglio Government is not in a position to govern and it is premature.

To-night, on the same news bulletin from Radio Palermo was a broadcast of my message to the Bishop of Mazara del Vallo on the opening of his schools.

Yesterday Vesselo and I took ill—the usual stomach troubles. He is still ill, on a camp bed in our sitting-room.

The town is coming more and more to life, and I should think that now about half the shops are open again, in some degree or another.

The weather is a little warmer, but I am wearing a coat because of the fever. I am down to two shirts and five pairs of socks—so someone has been stealing my kit.

*Friday, 12th November 1943*

The cook has become so idle and dirty that our mess has got into the state the old mess was in, and the only virtue it has is that we can choose our own dining companions. So I have been severe with her and she is weeping. But I fear she will not improve as she knows that Aldo Raffa and some of the others think I am severe. I will send Signora Varisco to deal with her.

Our civilian office staff has increased considerably lately; besides Signora Varisco and Professor Catinella we have a receptionist (Rosetta) and two typists.

Some negro policemen on traffic control near the Politeama Theatre, when Aldo Raffa and I were being driven home in my Lancia, began to be very abusive to Colontoni until they saw there were Allied officers in the back, and then changed their tune. Aldo was particularly indignant—and I am distressed to think what Italian civilians must be suffering sometimes from these negroes. The authority goes to their heads.

It is now some time since I fired at the car thief or thieves, and

our corner of the Via Nicolo Garzili seems to have been less frequented by these bandits than formerly.

*Saturday, 13th November 1943*

To-day I had a stern interview with a university professor—he was a squadrist (that is, a Marcher on Rome) but pretended that he had to be one. He was surprised when I produced a letter of his dated the 3rd of September 1939 in which he boasted of his fascism and used that as a plea for promotion. He pleaded his family. I pointed out that it was because there were people like him in Italy and Germany that millions had died. He left shaken and white.

*Sunday, 14th November 1943*

To-day went to Mondello, a resort near Palermo, to have tea with Professor and Mrs. Catinella. (I have appointed Professor Catinella Professor of Comparative Law in the University of Palermo.) I took with me Major Sherwood and Captain Vesselo. It was a pleasant change from the humdrum life of work, bad food, with resultant fevers, and dysentery, from which we are always suffering.

Salvatore Catinella is indispensable to us. He is a trained lawyer and now Professor of the University, and one of the few who have studied English and American legal systems, and he has worked, and is working with great zeal for the good not merely of the Military Government administration, but the well-being of the universities and the educational system generally—but he is mainly concerned with the universities—the schools falling mainly into the hands of Washburne and Albeggiani, the Provveditore.

To-night, at the theatre, the Sicilian separatists made a demonstration and threw leaflets from the gallery. The concert ended with Verdi's 'Sicilian Vespers', which it seems to me foolish for the Allies to have allowed. The massacre (1282) of the French garrisons in Sicily is bound to be a symbol for revolt. In a month or two I think it is quite possible to have political trouble.

*Monday, 15th November 1943*

To-day Washburne returned from Italy having been to

Brindisi to talk with the Badoglio Government. He had also been to Naples, Bari, and Reggio. He had not done so well on his mission—but that was not his fault. He had found General Joyce, American, now head of the Allied Armistice Control Commission, to be particularly trying. I must say, however, that I had been treated differently by him. He found Lieutenant-General Mason Macfarlane courteous and Lord Rennell was equally friendly—and invited him to lunch. He said he owed me a letter.

*Tuesday, 16th November 1943*

The great lack of any real understanding of English in Sicily among the educated classes is most marked, and it is a defect which we should do our best to remedy as soon as possible—otherwise they are bound to fall back upon French and German literature entirely. Had there been no tourist traffic and returned emigrants from U.S.A. I doubt if anyone would speak English at all. There is little doubt that they are entirely cut off from the world of English thought. A good example of this was provided to-day. I received a polite letter from the Bishop of Mazara del Vallo in which he did me the quite unnecessary courtesy of thanking me for what little I have done here connected with his schools, and invited me to visit his schools. Here it is written in flowing Italian:

Mazara 13 Novembre 1943

Illustrissimo Signor Colonnello,

L'opera sapientemente volitiva svolta dalla S. S. Illma per l'alto riconoscimento del diritto innato alla Chiesa Cattolica di poter aprire le sue scuole confessionali, é per me un argomento indiscutibile di profonda gratitudine.

La facoltà concessa alla Chiesa Cattolica di esercitare liberamente il diritto di fondare in Italia le sue scuole secondo le sacrosanti e divine sue leggi, ridonda a sommo onore del Governo Alleato e della S. S. Illma che degnamente lo rappresenta.

A Lei Illmo Sig. Colonnello, vada la mia personale riconoscenza sia per i lusinghieri documenti rilasciati per la fondazione della Scuola Parrocchiale Confessionale, sia per tutte quelle espressioni di simpatia esternate nei vari cordiali colloqui e nella tanto per me onorifica sua visita alle Scuole Cattoliche di Mazara.

Come Vescovo, come cioè rappresentante della Chiesa Cattolica, tengo a dichiarare che la libertà concessa alla Chiesa, nel campo scolastico, dal Governo Alleato appaga finalmente le ansiose aspettative di molti e molti anni di innaturali coercizioni dei Cattolici, che perciò ne sono sommamente lieto e immensamente grato.

Colgo propizia l'occasione per ossequiarLa distintamente.

Illustrissimo Signore

Sig. T. Col. GR. Gayre,

Educational Adviser,

A.M.G.O.T., Palermo.

The Bishop with his usual foresight and courtesy, had apparently asked someone to get the letter translated into English in order to save me the trouble of reading the original and the person who pretended to this linguistic ability produced the following funny but tragic effort, if we bear in mind that a knowledge of our language is essential to the political progress of this country:

Mazara del Vallo,

13th November 1943

Dearest Sir T. Colonnello, GR. Gayre,

The all Your work for to recognized of the inborn straight the Catholic Church from open the She Confessionals Schools and I not can write me at Your the my grateful deep. The Your order for give me the liberty for open the She School in Italy, for according the She God laws, from all the Honour by the Allied Government, and of the Your Dearest who worthy to represent.

At Your, Dearest Sir T. Colonel, the my recognized for all Your maker from give at me the documents for open in this City of Mazara del Vallo, the Confessionals Schools, and for all the Your Friendship and the Honoriphic Your Visit at the Mazara del Vallo Catholic School.

How Hepischoper, that is to representing the Catholic Church, I say at Your that the liberty granted at the Church, in the schoolastic field by the Allied Government, performs at last the aspectatives anxieuses of all and all very much year's of the all italians Catholic's, who therefore am all pleased's and Thank-

ful's hugs. I send at Your Sir T. Colonel, and Allied Government, thank Your very much with all me heart.

Very truly yours.

How horrified the Bishop really would be if he knew this was the translation that had been provided with the aid of a dictionary and no knowledge of the language, by some zealous person. However, as he has a good sense of humour, he would probably enjoy the joke as much as we have done in the office to-day.

Vesselo has gone to Matera to open up the work of Director of Education for Southern Italy (Region II).

*Wednesday, 17th November 1943*

To-day a letter from Lord Rennell.

Sherwood and I have created a panic in certain Sicilian quarters by a piece of what was intended for good-humoured mischief recently. We rather implied that Greece was to have restored to it the Island of Sicily—based upon racial claims going back to pre-Christian times. The story was no doubt repeated as a joke, but it soon became a whispered 'secret' on the 'highest authority'. Apparently the Sicilians have no wish to have any dealings with the Greeks—they even prefer the Italians!

*Thursday, 18th November 1943*

There is trouble in Baucina. The local Civil Affairs Officer has ordered them to clean the streets. No order has so upset the inhabitants before.

*Friday, 19th November 1943*

To-night we had a turkey—an unexpected luxury, and it was cooked with chestnuts. We had it cooked at the Excelsior or else it would have been ruined. Mr. Nester joined us at dinner, and the more I see of him, the more I like him. He is witty and knows his Italian and Sicilian from every angle.

*Saturday, 20th November 1943*

Visited Mazara del Vallo to-day and I had an excellent lunch with the Bishop in his palace and went over the school and seminary afterwards. The discipline and cleanliness of the Bishop's

scholars, and their good manners when they and the young seminarists passed one in the street, was most marked and pleasing. The good Bishop wants to turn his palace into a museum, and I think it would perform a very useful function. It is a pity that the Provveditore does not get on with him for he is full of good works.

It is a pretty town—situated rather like St. Andrews—and is the first Sicilian cathedral town that I have seen quiet and orderly and clean.

Professor Catinella begged me not to go as it meant returning to Palermo in the dark. Signora Varisco, my interpreter, was equally afraid and said she would die when I ordered her into the car. I had a sword-stick and a pistol. Owing to weapons which have been found as a result of the war, by the inhabitants, public safety is now as bad as ever it was before fascism cleaned up the Mafia. I was told (and the local carabinieri on the way confirmed it) that we would probably be held up between Alcamo and Partinico by shots or hand-grenades bursting the tyres of the car. In this part many of the houses along the roadside are abandoned and ruinous, because of Mafia activity in the past and these are used as lurking places for these attacks. I rode back with my hand on my pistol, and Colonel Smith had my sword-stick and recited verses all the way, but fortunately we were not molested.

I found Dr. Martino, Rector of Messina University, waiting to see me on urgent university business, and he did not leave me till 11.30 p.m., by which time I was very tired. He said he was embarrassed to find that instead of behaving as a conqueror our educational administration was directed to binding up the wounds of war and causing the resurgence of Italian culture.

Professor Baviera, Rector of the University of Palermo, arrived this morning to tell me that the university wishes to confer the degree of Doctor upon the General and upon me—this is very flattering, but I shall have to find out what the military authorities think of the matter. These are the first honorary degrees which this university will have ever conferred.

*Sunday, 21st November 1943*

The state of this country is drifting from bad to worse. Prices

have reached a terribly high level. The fault lies in the fact that the Military Government has never had the means or the weapons to govern efficiently; that it has done as well as it has is remarkable. If we had had less change at the top, better control would have been maintained. Democracy is in danger of becoming a laughing stock, having given the people far less than was afforded by fascism. There is a rhyme going round Palermo—'When we said *Buon Giorno* we had bread, now that we say "Good-bye" we starve.'

To-day I gave a university rector a tin one-third full of real coffee, and he went away greatly delighted with it—so scarce are such commodities here. Cigarettes are equally scarce; as a consequence, British and American cigarettes are the principal means of barter. If an Italian offers you a cigarette it is one that has come from England or America through the Forces. At Monreale, in the market, we saw American cigarettes, and other military articles, on public sale.

We have been to see Monreale, Toby Moore, Aldo Raffa, Sherry, and I, because we had to look into a case of an alleged schoolmaster who was organizing riots against the Military Government and thought we might look at this famous cathedral at the same time. The church was closed but I called on the Episcopal palace adjoining and the Bishop kindly permitted us to look over the church. Here the mosaics are magnificent, and it is easy to see the different influences, Greek, Saracen, and Norman in the styles.

On the way back, down the steep road which leads to Palermo we passed one of the usual sights—an overladen bus broken down on the way up the hill. The passengers, who were piled all over it, including the roof, take a practical and intimate interest in an affair of this sort—they do not stand around as we would, tired, bored, and sulky, while a perspiring driver and conductor make good the damage. As many men as can possibly get near the wheel do, and they pull and they lug at it all together, and so the job is done. Whether it is done any faster than by our driver and conductor I cannot say, but I rather doubt it. There are so many to give advice, and so many to get in each other's way and to pull contrary ways, because every man has his own idea how the job should be done. But nevertheless, there is a display of

common concern and common heart here which is unfortunately lacking with us. From a purely mechanical point of view our way might be best, but it does show a decided spiritual deficiency.

Monday, 22nd November 1943

Permission has been granted to accept the honorary degree the university means to confer.

There is not a thing one may do which does not create an agitation, until they learn that the agitation will not serve any purpose, and then it all dies away as quickly as it arose. We have had such a trouble over the Chair of Albanian. Here in Sicily there are Albanian communities, as there are in Calabria, and they are of great antiquity. They have their own religion of the Greek rite, and owing to the interest of the Cardinal in them, their own bishop. In any normal country they would have the right to their own language in the schools and a Chair in the university, but that is not the case here, where it has been the policy of fascism to repress them. Consequently I have been disposed to give them these liberties, if there are any demands for them—and finding there are, I have allowed the *incaricato* Chair of Albanian to be elevated to titular rank. The whole of the anti-Cardinal party attacked then, although the issue had nothing whatever to do with religious politics at all. And the curious thing is that some of them were the most professed anti-fascists—which just shows how topsy-turvy things can be here. Anyway the Chair stands—and Petrotta is Professor. But the opposition have got their Chair of Psychology and I think both are now satisfied.

Tuesday, 23rd November 1943

To-day I should have left by 'plane for Brindisi with other heads of sub-commissions. But although we waited at the airport till nearly two o'clock, the aeroplane never arrived owing to the high winds which virtually close this air-ground.

Dysentery again—I hope it does not prevent me leaving tomorrow.

Wednesday, 24th November 1943

Ill all night, and with difficulty able to dress and reach the

airport. T. V. Smith, who has been in hospital with dysentery and is only recently out, gave me some powder to take which I hope will tide me over the flight.

Left to-day at nine o'clock for Brindisi. It was a bad flying day and the aeroplane could not make the direct flight across the high Calabrian mountains, and so we had to follow the coast. I was sick—but only very slightly. Poletti was also not well and as glad as I was when the journey was over.

T. V. Smith is the most indefatigable traveller I have ever met—he sat on the top of some luggage, took out his portable typewriter and wrote poetry while Poletti went white and held his head in his hands, and I nursed my stomach.

Smith will remain at Brindisi and represent our Education Division with the Italian Government—and he will do it well.

This afternoon all had a conference with General Joyce, the head of the Armistice Control Commission, about our attitude to the Italian Ministers in the coming conference.

Poletti and I very merry and shared the same cramped bedroom in the hotel. Fortunately I brought some hard-boiled eggs and chocolate which we have found useful already.

*Thursday, 25th November 1943*

For the first time for months I have had a decent night's sleep of nine to ten hours, and I have had little work to do all day, for a change. Poletti is as glad as I am of this restful time.

To-day I was received with other heads of sub-commissions of the Allied Armistice Control Commission by Marshal Badoglio, head of the Italian Government. He struck me as vigorous, but his Minister of Education was an old and weak man who had been out of office for twenty years, and only had come back as an ex-deputy and as a patriot to serve his king and country. His name is Cuomo. Colonel Smith and I have made him work till after midnight—and such vigorous procedure certainly was unpleasant for him. Italians are not used to hard work and speedy action.

*Friday, 26th November 1943*

Gave my report of meeting with the Educational Minister to General Joyce.

To-day an amusing incident occurred. In our hotel here in Brindisi which is our headquarters, I was sitting in the sort of upstairs lounge which acted as our general office. There were some newspapers here—English ones, *The Times* among them, and although they were very old I was reading them. The door opened opposite me—it led into General Joyce's room, and he was standing in the doorway looking at me. When I looked up from my newspaper the General beckoned, and I went across to see what he wanted. Was it something more to do with Washburne's visit, when he had eaten him up before he had a chance to say a word in his defence? No, it was not. Addressing me, he said, he could not make his fire burn (you have to be a General to be lucky enough to get a fire in your room in this country), and he told me to see to it for him! I suggested that the fire which was only smouldering was not being helped by the half tree he had put on. Had he a bell? How did he get wood? Who looked after him? All these things I asked—and finding a bell, a servant of the hotel arrived, but the General knew no Italian, and so after some explanation on the part of the General in English, and on mine in bad Italian, because I become more ungrammatical than ever in a crisis, I hope the General got his fire lit. When I was a Second-Lieutenant I had a batman and a groom, now that I am a Lieutenant-Colonel I have neither, and so polish my own shoes and buttons, and even help Generals with the fires!

*Saturday, 27th November 1943*

The weather is very bad so no American aircraft are leaving Brindisi. But Poletti and I must get back to Palermo, if at all possible, as we have so much work to do. Poletti arranged through his friend Belotti (or whatever his name is—the man with the big black beard) for an Italian Regia Aeronautica aeroplane for us from Lecce.

Thus, leaving the wet airfield of Brindisi we motored south to Lecce, in Apulia, where, being in the only part of Italy not under Military Government, the Italian flag flies—King's Italy, although the King does not seem very popular here, by all accounts.

What a different country is Apulia to Sicily and Calabria. Here the land is more like Flanders—long straight roads, between

olives and great stretches of fields, passing through towns built at cross-roads like S. Pietro, Vernotico, Squinzano, and Trepuzzi; a journey all told of about twenty miles. The carts of the peasants, where we saw any, were quite distinct from anything we saw in Sicily—long, low affairs, without any of the beautiful colouring and pictorial scenes which distinguish them there. Such colour as there was, being of a very formal nature and poorly done. These lowlands must once have been, if not now, very malarious.

At Lecce, instead of the usual utilitarian American transport aeroplane with metal bucket seats and portholes so low that one cannot look out with ease, we were provided with a beautiful passenger aeroplane normally used by Italian general officers. What a change to sit in an upholstered seat and look out of a curtained window. But who would have thought six months ago that British and American officers would be flying in a three-engined plane, piloted by R. Italian pilots, with the red, white, and green tricolour on the wings!

We took off, not before the pilots had asked if we were still willing to risk the flight.

Flying westwards and to the south of these low Apulian hills (the Murge Tarantine) we reached the sea at about Gallipoli and flew past the island of S. Andrea, on which there is a lighthouse. The plainest island always seems romantic from the air.

Thence we flew across the Gulf of Taranto, Taranto and its harbour being plainly seen to the north, so the pilot must have flown in a northerly arc, probably on account of the treacherous nature of the weather, in order that we should not be too far from land. We passed a naval flotilla below—Royal Navy, I suppose.

Reaching the western shore of the Gulf we flew southwards, bumping up and down as we came abreast of every valley—the bad weather approaching from the west. Ahead and on our starboard the sky was dark and lowering. I was afraid I might be sick, as I have not been well for some time, but I managed to hold out.

The alternatives before the pilots were either to turn back or else to attempt to cross the Calabrian mountains by flying up the valley of the River Crati and over the passes of the mountains, or else to go further south and try to cross the mountains at their

lowest, south of the Sila Calabrie, coming out on the Gulf of S. Eufemia, or failing that, to go even further south and around the toe of Italy, landing if necessary at Catania.

It was these two latter courses the pilots attempted. We passed over Crotone, which looks very beautiful from the air, lying as it does on the sea coast, and just to the south of it we could see the pass between the Gulf of Squillace, which we were now in, and the Gulf of S. Eufemia. The pass had a streak of bright sky like a thin pencil of light and over it hung the black clouds, and now, as we were in the line of the pass, although still at sea, the aeroplane rocked and was buffeted heavily. One of the crew came back to us to say that as the weather was rapidly getting worse it was madness to go on, but they would, if we ordered it, and so to the great annoyance of Poletti and myself, we had to turn back to Lecce where, the weather being worse than when we started, the field was already flooded, and we broke a flap.

Then we went to the huge R. Aeronautica mess and had a substantial meal with our pilots and returned to Brindisi, to suffer the jeers and quips of our fellow-passengers from Palermo who had lazily passed the day in Brindisi waiting for the weather to clear. With difficulty Poletti and I got back to our bedroom and we finished the last of Signora Varisco's hard-boiled eggs and my chocolate.

*Sunday, 28th November 1943*

Left to-day from Brindisi (to which we returned last night) in an American aeroplane. We passed Stromboli and the Lipari Islands, which I was glad to see, but I wondered that anyone could live on such rugged mountain tops jutting out of the sea. Nevertheless, here in pre-fascist days prisoners lived at great ease and often, on release, committed some crime to be sent back there. The fascist concentration camps on the islands were, doubtless, less pleasant.

Over the Calabrian mountains we passed several small towns which, by their names (such as St. Marco di Albanese) are Albanian settlements.

A parcel was awaiting me from England, with shoe polish—for which I am very thankful, as none can be bought in Sicily.

Letter from Professor Giuseppe Cocchiara thanking me for his appointment as Professor of Social Anthropology in the University. I believe that he is going to make a very good job of this chair, and Palermo is in a fair way, with him, of becoming a centre for anthropological studies.

He wants to translate some of the standard English works on ethnology and anthropology into Italian, and it is a project which should be supported—Italy has recently derived far too much both in science and law from Germany—and it is a malign influence.

Some of the greybeards here are rather shocked at the appointments which we have made, because there are so many like Catinella, Cocchiara, Titone, Montalbano, and Restivo, all of whom are young—not over forty in the main. They believe that these youngsters ought not to be holding such important positions, but I have told them I believe in catching them young—and in any case, I do not want *pasts*, I want *futures*, if we are to see a rebirth of Italian culture and letters; as I am certain we will under the vigorous leadership of these young men.

The prestige of Military Government is not being helped by the antics of some of the new arrivals. They have very much of the 'get together' spirit and so have started dances to which they take questionable women. Recently at one of these affairs a British senior officer took off his tunic in the middle of the floor to an American over one of the women. Now it is all round the town.

*Monday, 29th November 1943*

Two more officers (Major G. R. Koopman and Captain G. Geyer) have arrived to-day. I have now seven officers and this additional help is of great assistance, although as there is so much work to do, I find it does not lessen the amount each of us has to do, as every new arrival breaks new ground. For example, T. V. Smith now acts as our liaison officer with the Italian Government at Brindisi, Vesselo has gone to Calabria, and is now at Matera with McCaffrey, and one of these new arrivals I shall send to Naples where our work is already behind-hand, although thanks to the Fine Arts officer (Major Paul Gardner) there, I have been kept informed of the position.

*Tuesday, 30th November 1943*

To-day received another letter which has promoted me to the peerage—this time from Professor Emanuele Oliveri, complaining that his branch of the Faculty of Science is being neglected. There is every reason to believe that this university is restored to a natural and healthy condition when we get the reappearance of these rivalries between the various sciences. He claims that six chairs belong to naturalistic and biological subjects, six to mathematical, and only one to Physics and another to Chemistry. I shall have to give this some attention and see if we can restore the balance.

*Wednesday, 1st December 1943*

To-day, with Sherwood and Signora Varisco, on the invitation of the priest, I went over the old Norman church in the square to the east of the Quattro Canti, in which there is the Municipio. This is the second time I have been there, the first being with Catinella who insisted that I must see it. And it is well worth a visit. Although it has suffered some slight damage by bombing it is mainly intact—the worst damage being on the priest's house in the courtyard. There are some old mosaics of the Monreale type. The church is the centre of the Greek rite and the priest was surprised (and delighted) when at the lectern, opening the Bible, I read him from Saint John's Gospel:

*Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Λόγος,  
καὶ ὁ Λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεόν,  
καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ Λόγος*

[In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God, etc.]

*Thursday, 2nd December 1943*

It is curious the type of people who get into trouble with the Military Government. In a near-by country town we have had to put a priest in jail and there he will probably stay the whole length of his sentence of six months. Not content with hiding German arms (which he no doubt intended to sell later, having picked them up after the tide of battle rolled over his town) but he must defraud the agricultural agency (Consorzio Agrario)