

fairly, but there had been a danger of what were undesirable tendencies, from their point of view, developing, and he was grateful that we had taken the action we had done in regard to the Ferretti document.

Afterwards Catinella took Sherry and me to lunch at the house of Professor Restivo, where we found Mrs. Catinella. Professor Restivo is long-suffering—for Catinella asked at the outset of the meal if there was any sweet *this time*, and Sherwood hoped it was a good meal. But the Restivos did not mind these pleasantries, at which those who knew either of them less would have been offended. We had dinner with the de Pasqualinos, Professor Ascoli and Professor Martino being present. The hostess is an artist—but paints, what are for me, terribly modern things, fit for the walls of a lunatic asylum. I fear I have no appreciation of this modernism. The food was good and the wine also—and Sherry was very merry. I spent much of my time talking to Ascoli. He is a remarkable man, a physician who was put out by the fascists from his Chair in the university because he was a Jew, or rather had Jewish blood—in physical characters no man could be less Jewish, being roughly a mixture of Nordic and Mediterranean, as are so many Sicilians. It was a great pleasure to be able to restore him to his Chair. His discovery of a new treatment for curing malaria, without any later recurrences, is of great importance and I have sent an account of it home, at his request. If all I hear about it is correct, it is likely to save us a great deal of money in pensions if we take up the treatment.

The party running late, several ladies and gentlemen demanded from Sherry a pass to go home, because curfew time had passed, so he (as a merry Irishman might be expected to do under such circumstances) wrote them one in English, which authorized and gave them the liberty to go to the Devil! They all seemed very pleased with their passes—and I only hope they got home all right—or else they are sure to appeal to me, and I shall have to do something about it.

Since getting back to Sicily Colontoni has been missing. Apparently he just took French leave after I left, although he has had his pay from the Military Government, and from all I can hear has been profitably engaged—as anyone can be in civil life here if he happens to be possessed of a sound car. This he has,

having got back from the officer, by whom he was employed before I took him into my service, the car that officer no longer needs. (I gave my car back to its owner before leaving Sicily, and had instructed Sherwood to get another car, or get hold of this one which Colontoni is now driving.) Anyway, I put the whole matter into the capable hands of the Variscos—and Colontoni is back in our service to-night, car and all, but looking very sheepish withal, and I suspect amply supplied with funds as a result of his recent escapades.

Living in Sicily in these days is like living as a baron in the Middle Ages; except instead of a poignard you have an automatic in your pocket, and you make good your will with a bold front—even if it sometimes hides a palpitating heart.

*Tuesday, 1st February 1944*

Lunched with Professor Cocchiara at the Pitre Museum. Mr. and Mrs. Catinella there and Major Sherwood. Cocchiara is trying to get me a set of Italian anthropological works which I shall be glad to have. Professor de Stefano, of the Historical Society, who put the *Storia Patria* at the disposal of the Anthropological Society for its inaugural meeting, also came to lunch. An excellent lunch—as always with Cocchiara. So good that it was with difficulty that I got back to the office in Palermo by 3 p.m. to meet Monsignor Carroll. We had a cordial talk at which he expressed much concern at my possible departure for London, where I am expecting to go to work in planning for German education. He was also greatly exercised at the attitude of the Rector of Naples University (Omodeo), whom he considered as tantamount to being an atheist, and he disagreed with Koopman's viewpoint, when the latter justified, if necessary, appointing an atheist in a Catholic country as the rector of an important university. I was able to tell the Monsignor that I had had a talk with Omodeo who had emphasized that he was not necessarily anti-religious at all, and in any case he had given me his assurance that he was not using, and would not use, his office for the purpose of furthering anti-clericalism or any other political development. This interview is like so many our office has had to handle with pressure coming from all sides; on this occasion it was the Church, but often enough it is the Labour Front, since



they all realize that whoever controls the youth of Italy controls in no small measure its future. It seems to be the Allies alone who relegate the work of the Educational Division to a less important role than 'groceries' (commerce), banking, and other purely economic functions of government. Perhaps that comes of belonging to a nation of shopkeepers.

Among the many problems I have had to deal with during these busy days of my return to Sicily has been one which is typical of the country. In Baucina, the town where live the Variscos, there was a family of very low class, which had served fascism faithfully, and one member of which family was a personal enemy of the *Avvocato* Varisco. As soon as the Allies entered the town they came out with every sort of accusation against this family, and accused Signora Varisco of being a fascist, and did their best to get them imprisoned by the Allied Civil Affairs Officer who arrived in due course. All this came to my notice shortly after Signora Varisco joined my office, since I insisted upon Major Raffa carrying out a thorough investigation on her suitability for employment, during which inquiry all these affairs came to light and were thoroughly examined. The position when thoroughly investigated came down to this: Signora Varisco was an American citizen, of Sicilian parentage, who had married a Sicilian. The Federal Secretary of the Fascist Party had decided that she was to be the local secretary of the fascist women's organization in Baucina. She had refused, until it became dangerous to protest any further. But instead of functioning in the office, all she did was to give to the poor of the town the funds she was sent from Palermo for purposes of this women's guild. When the Federal Secretary realized that Signora Varisco was not performing her duties properly he threatened severe measures against the family. At that stage her husband was driven, in their defence, to plead that Signora Varisco could not be compelled to carry out these functions as she was not an Italian national. This led to a writ being served upon him to appear in court to answer for his obstruction of the party's measures. (I have actually seen the document.) Varisco's position was extremely difficult, as there is little doubt what judgement the court would have given. But he was saved by the Allied invasion.

No sooner were the enemy driven out of Baucina, and a military government régime established, than, as I have observed, this near criminal family of fascist antecedents came forward to inform against them as fascists! For a time they were successful in making things unpleasant, until the Civil Affairs Officer had time to find out the true facts when he gave these people short shrift. When Signora Varisco joined the staff of the Education Division not a word was raised further on this issue. According to Sicilian ways of thinking Signora Varisco was far too near the throne to be impugned any further.

But I had hardly left to move my main office to Naples when sedition of every sort broke out in Baucina. The old charges were brought up again, and these villains and their kinsfolk had the audacity to come into Palermo, raising their cries, even piqueting the street in which the advocate and his wife lived, and way-laying the maidservant as she came in and out, as a form of terrorizing them.

In the midst of this situation I returned. It was, for these blackguards, as though someone had risen from the dead.

There was only one way to deal with the situation, and that was the firm and forceful way. Orders were given for the *Maresciallo* of Baucina to march the whole of the men-folk of this family into Palermo to see me. Then they were kept two days in my ante-rooms waiting to see me, among the dozens of others waiting for audience, standing up and bowing low every time one of my officers or myself passed through. This is a useful 'softening up' process, always worth while employing where meditation on past sins is liable to make a contribution to reform. Then I handed them over to an American and an English police officer, both of whom were attached to my staff for investigation purposes, and an hour's interrogation soon drew out of them their own fascist past and misdeeds. The result is we have enough to put them in a concentration camp in north Africa for quite a time. Furthermore, as the more respectable of the group happens to be a schoolmaster, I have given orders for him to be moved to another town from the one where he lives now, and if there is any more trouble with this family, I have told them that I shall send the schoolmaster to take an appointment in the Lipari Islands. They have left the office cringing and cowed, and



I think we have seen the end of this trouble, which has turned Baucina upside down in the last few weeks, and terrorized these poor people here in the heart of Palermo itself.

The whole incident is typical of the kind of thing that happens in Sicily, where life in all its aspects is remote from our own, with entirely different standards of judgement and action.

*Wednesday, 2nd February 1944*

Padre Gliozzo and Professor Catinella were both very concerned this morning at the thought that I might be leaving for England as soon as Colonel Smith gets back to relieve me—and both seemed determined to put a spoke in my wheels and keep me in Italy! The rectors all talked similarly. We are in a country where orders are not taken too seriously. How fascism ever held Sicily down defeats me.

To-day, in company with Captain Hare and Sherry, I took leave of Palermo and left for Messina again. We travelled in convoy, our car being accompanied by Captain Hare's car—Tony (Hare's batman) and Colontoni travelling together in ours with the luggage, and Sherry and I in Hare's car. The first trouble, for there is always trouble on these journeys, was at Termini, when something went wrong with Hare's tyre.

Somewhere beyond Cefalù, before reaching S. Stefano, we had trouble with our car, tyres again, the normal and most usual trouble, for all the tyres are wearing out and they cannot be replaced. It would have been thought easy to replace them by military tyres since these cars are used for military purposes, but that is not possible. It was done at first in the early days of the invasion, but so many tyres leaked on to the black market that it has now been decreed that all civilian cars must have only civilian tyres in order to assist the military police in coping with the situation.

At this place we had our lunch—the ever-hospitable Variscos having laden Sherry and me with provisions, bread, cheese, some roast goat and some of their excellent wine, and Bill Hare and Tony having brought with them their sandwiches made from ration meat. The roadside had small hedgerows of geraniums and lavender, and we ate our meal under an olive tree, with wild brambles growing around, and the sea beyond the road looking

blue and calm. It is strange that here in Sicily they make no use of the blackberry.

Along the stretch of road around Santa Agatha (where the Liparis live in a large old-fashioned house) on both the eastern and western sides of it, but particularly the latter, I noticed more barefoot women than is usual for Sicily; barefoot women are more normal in Calabria. There is decided evidence of Atlantic blood in this part of Sicily. There are probably several sources for this strain in the Sicilian. The first is from the ancient Sikels of prehistoric times, the next is from the Carthaginians, who, although nominally of Canaanitish origin, must have absorbed some Berber blood, and the last, and by no means least, is from the Arabs, who, whether they came from Spain (as some did) or from Barbary, were Kabyles by origin: and these people are derived from the White Libyans depicted on the Egyptian monuments, who were most plainly of the Atlantic type. On the whole it has seemed to me that the Atlantic type is strongest in the western half of the island, and here along the northern coast.

[By Atlantic blood I mean people of the type which suggests descent from the Cro-Magnon men of prehistoric times. The type is tall, heavily made, bright fresh complexion, light eyes but dark hair, often red, heavy and big forehead, long skull, with a face not so long as that of the Nordic or the Mediterranean but longer than that of the Alpine. It is this type which is so often erroneously called 'Mediterranean' in works touching upon British ethnology. Thus most of them talk of the basis of the Welsh, Cornish, and Irish as Mediterranean. But in most cases the peoples and groups they are speaking of conform more closely to the Cro-Magnon, or Atlantic, than any other. It is the black hair combined with the long skull, which has confused the issue. The type is also found strongly represented among the Kabyles of northern Africa in Barbary, and in parts of Dalarna in Sweden and in parts of Westphalia, and hence the Swedish and German names for the type respectively as *Dalarnish* and *Faelish*.]

In these parts, not only are the women often barefoot but they carry almost everything upon their heads, including large jars. This gives quite a north African and eastern touch to the scene—



but this custom is not necessarily the result of Saracen influence, since it is found also in Calabria.

To-night I stayed with Professor Martino, the Rector, at his country cottage at S. Stefano di Briga. (There are so many S. Stefanos that they all have an addition to their names.) The house is in a remote and romantic setting. After putting the car in the garage in a country lane, we went down to the nearby river, the bed of which was very broad, with the stream running limpidly in the middle, among the rocks and boulders, and we crossed this water-course with the aid of some of the larger rocks, and so, reaching the other side, found some steps leading up from the river. Winding our way upwards by the aid of the moonlight, passing an alleyway off to the right, and on beyond several houses, we reached the top of the hamlet where there was a garden and court, wherein a terrier was barking. We had reached the rector's house. Overhead was the deep blue of the night sky, and there was the smell of the countryside and the gardens on the slowly moving breeze. This was the true Mediterranean setting.

Meanwhile, whilst I stayed with the rector and his wife, Sherry stayed with her mother, the Principessa d'Alcantrez, nearer to Messina.

*Thursday, 3rd February 1944*

With Captain Hare to-day I dealt with the university doctors whom we had dismissed. There seems little doubt as a result of this investigation that there was a plot to overthrow the rector by alleging, as all accusers do here, that he was a fascist and that he was oppressing democrats! They are, as usual, mainly lying, and now they are frightened, as they well may be after all the trouble they have caused—being behind the disturbance which occurred at the opening of the university and other plots of sundry kinds. They struck me as a pretty low lot, and if there is any more trouble from some of them, drastic action will have to be taken. However, I think that we have seen the end of the business—at any rate I hope so. But our work in Italy is not eased by the plotting and charges and counter-charges made against everyone. I find that enemies of fascism are alleged to be fascists (until we examine into the history of the cases) and really bad

fascists present themselves as angels of light and democrats. It has been observed, for instance, at Catania, that among the new communists who have suddenly sprung into existence, there are a goodly number of really bad 'ex'-fascists.

To-day I read my paper on blood-groups for the reopening of the Peloritania Academy, and I was made a corresponding member and presented with a very fine scroll, which was an unexpected and pleasant surprise. Major Ramsay, Captain Crivon, Sherry, and Hare were present, as well as a fair sprinkling of Allied officers, all in a completely overcrowded hall in which the reading took place. The rector read the paper for me, and it was no easy matter, as it was very technical, and, needless to say, they were all very glad when it was over, except a few of the actual researchers in that subject who happened to be present. It was curious that I had to make several references to the work of Lattes, which I had studied very carefully when at Oxford before coming out here, and which to me seemed the most sensible work and interpretation of blood-groups which had come my way, and all this time I did not realize that he was of Messina University. So Messina has to its credit two men who have done a great deal to help our present knowledge of ethnology—Giuseppe Sergi and Lattes.

After the ceremony, and tired with the detailed problems of the university, we (Sherry and Hare) left with the rector for a speedy visit to Taormina, continuing our discussions on the way, and then returned to the university for more discussions.

Taormina is one of the prettiest spots I have ever seen. It is about thirty miles south of Messina, and rests on the top of a hill, the slopes of which are covered with villas, all neatly laid out, one of which belonged to the ex-Kaiser, who was apparently partly responsible for Taormina becoming a tourist centre. The streets were neat and clean, and everything so tidy that we could not believe that we were in Sicily. On the top of the hill there is a fine Greek amphitheatre, from which there are magnificent views, and the whole form of the theatre is impressive. In the streets were a few American soldiers, and in one café to which we went for a cup of tea with Professor Martino's cousin, who had suggested the visit, we found several playing darts, and a drunken officer; but he was quite well behaved. The cousin of the



rector is a poet also, like so many here, an advocate, I think, and was once a newspaper editor and likely to become one again. The conversation turned upon separatism, as it always does if you show a real interest in the country, and the poet and a friend he had with him were very strongly interested in this question. The way the strength of this movement is being ignored outside of Sicily puzzles me, as we find people at every turn who refer to it—and very few of them are drastically in opposition. I have noticed that the freemasons are particularly keen upon separatism—it seems that the members of Scottish rite out here are particularly predisposed in this direction.

*Friday, 4th February 1944*

This morning I woke at 5 a.m. and had a hurried breakfast kindly provided by my host, Professor Martino, and then left S. Stefano with him to pick up Sherwood at the Principessa d'Alcantrez' house. As usual Colontoni, although he had had a whole day to arrange everything, had neither collected the spare wheel which I had been promised by a local garage proprietor whom I had assisted recently (Colontoni having had his spare wheel stolen the last time he was in Messina) nor had he told anyone that he had not got it, nor had he filled the car with petrol! We lost the first naval ferry across the straits as a consequence, and had to go by the second whilst I was filled with forebodings about the journey—having only four tyres and knowing both their condition and the state of the roads and the mountains. Bill Hare remained with Tony to 'mop-up' some of the outstanding work still to be done in the university.

The ferry was a landing craft under command of a naval lieutenant, which had just come in from the Nettuno beaches, where the Fifth Army is landing south of Rome. It had been sent back as its back was broken. The rector, Signore and Signora Lipari and Hare and Tony came to see us off at the beach.

Sicily, as always, looked beautiful as we left it—with Etna in the distance covered with snow. This time travelling northwards through Calabria, we took the coast road after passing Nicastro. There is little doubt that the people here are poorer and life is more primitive even than in Sicily. At Paola, where we passed the night, some of the people on the whole seemed so poor and

so dirty, that it would have been more in keeping if their skins had been brown or black instead of white. Their condition could hardly have been higher than that of some of the Arab communities in north Africa.

Here there was no Civil Affairs Officer, and I think that some of the lack of direction and leadership about the place may have been due to that fact: it seemed as though he had been withdrawn (as part of the policy of handing over to the Italian Government as soon as possible) before the place had been properly organized. Sicily has been slower, apparently, than the mainland, in foregoing the services of that hard-worked official—the C.A.O. (Civil Affairs Officer)—with appreciable benefits to itself as a consequence. While he is there, and if he is the right man for the job, as so many of them are, at any rate things get done, and towns are cleaned up and communications developed.

This morning on the way through the Italian governed territory from Reggio northwards we were held up badly by two British lorries full of Italian ex-prisoners or soldiers. The more Colontoni sounded his horn the greater fun they thought it to hold us up. The lorries were crowded, so that it looked as though a man could not fall down. Tired of this, Sherry and I acted in unpremeditated concert. I put my automatic out through the window on the left, and he his shotgun through the rear window on the right, and as soon as they saw them they all fell down in a flash and the lorry swung to the side of the road and let us pass. Then the same thing started again with the lorry in front, the jeering and then the falling-down act. This is a strong man's country at the present time, where the man who holds a weapon and will use it if need be will win his way.

Bill Hare told me the other day of personal chastisement handed out by a C.A.O. The C.A.O. saw a man in one of the hill towns of Sicily beating his mule and then go round to the head and kick it in the mouth. The Captain stopped his car, got out and felled the man with his fist. But it was no doubt misplaced justice and indignation—as I am certain the muleteer does not know to this day for what he was smitten.

The inn at which we stayed rejoiced in the name of the Albergo Imperiale! It was because of this very Imperial Hotel,



of which Professor Martino had told me on the beach, that I had altered our journey to the coast route, instead of going inland through Cosenza, where I neither trusted to the hospitality of the officer in charge of the administration there, nor to the couple of sparrows and poor pasta for fifty lire at the inn. Students travelling from Calabria to Messina University had mentioned to the rector that there was an inn open here—itself a phenomenon these days, and, whatever it was like, it was at least some point for which we could make, without the fuss of having to ask a mayor to find us a billet. It was a queer place, many of its windows broken because of war. At the end of this long cold day, instead of alighting, half frozen, from our car to face a good Italian meal of pasta, with perhaps some goat's flesh, or even chicken if we were lucky (for our estimation of the capabilities of the Hotel Imperial had grown as the miles passed beneath our wheels), we were told that they could give us nothing to eat at all! We had to unpack our rations from the car, and, choosing a downstairs room in which there were two beds which looked clean, we put them and our luggage there, and then having been assured they could find accommodation for Colontoni we set out to find a place for the car, there being no garage attached to the hotel, and no-one would think of leaving a car in the open overnight here. Further down the street we found an Italian subaltern with a small detachment in a large room with double doors, and there they had their office, orderly room, and barrack room—so into this we drove the car for the night.

The hotel was very clean despite the dismal reception and its general untidiness, and I think it was quite unnecessary for Sherry to use his anti-vermin powder, but as he said it was better to be sure than sorry. Their wine, the only thing we could buy from them, was good and cheap, and we drank a great deal of it. The rain fell dismally, and so, there being nothing to see and nowhere to go, we went early to bed, I writing up this journal in bed. It becomes quite a labour when one is so tired.

*Saturday, 5th February 1944*

To-day we have had a dreadful journey—just as I feared when we crossed the straits yesterday without a spare tyre. Our luck broke at midday when we were in the high mountains, amidst

the snow, and there the tyre was punctured. That was easily repaired, and while Colontoni was attending to the matter, Sherry and I sheltered in a peasant's cottage. This was in the neighbourhood of Monte Coccomello, and we had just about reached the line where the snow was giving way to warmer conditions, and the hillsides were sparsely covered with forest—higher up still we had travelled through what looked like northern European forest, with snow and ice on the roads and in all the dells.

The cottage was one of several. They formed a short terrace of two storeys, the ground floor being a different cottage from the upper, and they probably housed about four families in all. Along the side of the ground floor facing the road, were several doors, the latch of one of which I lifted expecting to find my way into the house, but I found myself in the pigsties instead.

Our peasants who gave us shelter, a man, his wife, and child, lived upstairs at one end of this row of cottages, and crouched over a wood fire which burned on a hearth, while draughts and gusts of wind penetrated from all around. Here, in Calabria, in contrast with even the mountainous parts of Sicily, the people are more realistic, and, realizing that the winter in the Mediterranean, especially at high altitudes, is very cold, pocket their pride and build chimneys and have chimney pots on their cottages and houses. Can it be that the lack of the chimney has some historic explanation? Sicily has always been colonized and settled, with the exception of the Normans, who were after all a ruling class alone, by people from hot countries. Of the Sikels we know little, but I assume they belonged to the Atlantic race and were a branch of the White Libyans of the Egyptian monuments, and therefore a north African people: then we have the Greeks, the Carthaginians from north Africa and Palestine originally, and later still the Arabs or Saracens from Barbary. Therefore, in contrast to the mainland where the influence of the northern peoples is stronger, the basic elements of Sicily are from lands in which fires were not needed for warming purposes.

Anyway back to our peasant's cottage. There was a wood fire on the hearth, and around it a few primitive cooking utensils, some drying pigs' trotters and sausages and chillies hung from the smoky rafters. A few stools and wooden chairs were the total



furnishings. After the chilly blast outside, we were more than glad to warm our hands around the fire. It is strange how Colontoni, in his threadbare clothes, does not seem to feel the cold as much as we northerners. While sheltering here the snow began falling again, and it was snowing quite hard when we climbed into the car, each with an egg, given to us by the ever-hospitable Italian peasants. Some chocolate we had was gratefully received by the child. No matter how poor and primitive these people may be they always have some little store to give away to the stranger who crosses their threshold. They may drive a hard bargain in the shops, they may by consummate effrontery increase the prices manifold, to remove from the stranger, who is so rich in their estimation, some of his wealth, but once he crosses the threshold, or in some other way shows his friendliness, he will never go away empty-handed.

On again through these snow-clad mountains and along the winding dangerous roads, 2,000 or more feet above sea-level. We went on through Lagonegro, and down into the valley of the Diano (Vallo di Diano) where the road ceased to wind so much and became much straighter. We increased our speed, for we wished to reach Naples this night, instead, as on the last occasion, of spending the night at Potenza. River, railway, and road ran through this valley, with the mountains rising up steeply, particularly on our right. We passed Atena Lucana, where last time I turned to the right over more bleak mountains to Potenza, and along which road, where it crosses the railway, there were many signs of war. We passed a convoy of Indian troops, which went on for miles—and somewhere past Auletta, while the car was travelling at speed, we met with the accident which I had feared. Another burst tyre, and this time the rotten inner tube was torn in ribbons. Colontoni nearly wept, and then swore lustily, calling on all the saints at once, and we joined him. He wanted us to stop the first civilian car and take a wheel, and he thought me mad that I would not do so! I suppose I had the power, but I had not the heart to do it. Fortunately we had passed, half a mile back, the furthest south British signal detachment, a corporal and a few men, who were there to watch the cable. All south of us lay territory already handed over to the Italian Army, and how we should have fared had we met with

this accident south of the Anglo-American military zone I do not know. As it was, we put the car into the keeping of this detachment, along with the box of excellent Sicilian oranges, a present from Padre Gliozzo, and our tools, and the corporal took us in his truck with our luggage to Eboli, an hour's drive to the west—one of the chilliest journeys I have suffered in an open truck, with the wind sweeping down from the cold hills: from thence he carried us to Salerno, through the battle area of Battipaglia, and there I left Major Sherwood for the night, pushing on myself with Colontoni to Naples. First, by stopping a civilian car in the main street of Salerno and explaining our predicament, I got a lift as far as a narrow bridge over a gorge at Cava de Tirreni—and the hospitable driver of the car, who was only driving home as far as Cava, wished to give us accommodation for the night. At this narrow bridge, one arch of which had been destroyed by the enemy, and over which there was an improvised span, the military police stopped truck after truck to find if one was going as far as Naples, and at last, after an hour's wait in the cold and dark, poor Colontoni, terribly cold without a coat, and I found a truck driven by two subalterns of the Palestine Regiment, and in this we completed our unpleasant, uncomfortable, and undignified journey to Naples, arriving at 10.30 p.m.; but Colontoni was content to be home at last. What explanations to the *portiera*, and how kind she was in producing a glass of Italian cognac, which at last restored my circulation and made it easier to face the chilliness of my bedroom.

*Sunday, 6th February 1944*

To-day met the commission of the Royal Society of Naples. (This was the reason why I had, at all costs, to get into Naples last night.) The Royal Society of Naples is one of the first rank in Italy, having had a distinguished record of service to science and scholarship for over two hundred years, and associated with it is the Pontaniana Academy which is even older—being the senior academy, in point of age in Italy, so I am told. Before the fascist régime the Pontaniana Academy was independent, but one of the fascist measures was to merge it with the Royal Society. The fascists could not stand anything which either was independent or did not fit into some uniform mould. But this is not only



the tendency of the totalitarians—their disease is spreading to the democracies as well. Anyway, one of my problems, besides defascistizing the membership of the Royal Society and putting it on its feet again, is to decide what has to be done with the Pontaniana Academy.

Despite their age, these famous institutions exist only in name at the moment. The Rector of the University, Omodeo, told me that when the Germans were retreating from Naples, they were jeered at, so they claimed, by two Italian sailors standing on the steps of the university. Not only did they shoot the alleged offenders, but, entering the university, they fired that part of it which housed the famous collections of MSS. and books of the society and of the academy, and refused to permit the fire brigades to deal with the fires. As a result there is in the rooms of the academy and of the society the most complete destruction I have yet seen. I never knew before that books could burn away so completely—only a soft white dust being left of the learning of the ages. It is such acts as these that have disgusted the Italians, as much as us, with their former allies.

Present at the meeting were Professor Adolfo Omodeo, the Rector; Senatore De Lorenzo, Vice-President of the Royal Society; Signora Bakunin, Professor of Chemistry, an old lady of seventy years of age with a distinguished record in university circles in Naples, who has lost her all in the destruction of the Royal Society. Her rooms were beneath the Society's, and the Germans only permitted her to take away what she stood up in, a fur coat and a handbag was about all. Professor Bakunin, so I am told, had a charmingly furnished home, and spent all her stipend on entertaining, being well known for her hospitality. Now she has lost everything and has no money, and, as her time for retirement has been reached, she is in desperate straits. For with the existence of inflation, even if she could retain her appointment, she would have insufficient to live upon and re-furnish even a most moderate home. There I have another problem, for until now I have refused to sanction the demands which I have received from all quarters to extend the age limits—for if I do that, every sort of abuse will creep in. But here is a case which I cannot ignore, and I must find some formula for helping Professor Bakunin without opening the floodgates.

Besides Professor Bakunin there were present Professor Arangio-Ruiz, Dean of the Faculty of Laws and head of the Liberal Party, Count Filangieri, the Dean of the Faculty of Science, and Mr. Houser.

Washburne has had much trouble over our offices whilst I have been away in Sicily. As soon as I had gone he was ordered to give up the two rooms we had in the dirty, bomb-damaged, and frigid Post Office building, and go to Salerno. He stood firm and, being unable to get any other accommodation, went and arranged his own—with the result, as at Palermo, we are now in a better state of accommodation than other people. These new offices are clean, well furnished, and are in a modern electricity company's office.

Carlton has set up another commission here to replace the one we had in Sicily, on which are represented the educationalists, Church, and other interested parties. They look as though they are going to produce some useful work, and, with our experience of the mistakes and difficulties of Sicily, the results ought to be better.

The text-book business is consuming endless time. The MSS. were completed in Sicily, and some of them have been printed there, and now we are trying to get them published here in Naples. The trouble is materials on which to print. Carlton has found some American newsprint, and whilst this is not good enough for text-books it will have to do, but even to get that has been a great difficulty—Washburne having had what they call a 'run around' over it. Anyway he drew General Mason Macfarlane's attention to the difficulties and they were then solved immediately. But I have since been told by aggrieved staff officers (in the administrative warren of this headquarters) that they take unkindly to these methods of Carlton's. I suppose they were rapped over the knuckles for their dilatoriness and obstruction. Our educational staff is first-class, and it includes prominent and able men like Bob Koopman and Carlton Washburne, but they will get nothing in the way of recognition for what they have done as we have had to put too many backs up in order to get these things done.

Among the staff we now employ is a Signorina Barbatti, one of Washburne's secretaries, whose mother is English. Like the



Liparis, they had a difficult time while their country home was between the German and Allied lines, sheltering in caves and woods, and even now they are without much of their furniture and clothes, which are in the town in which they were living at the time of the German retreat, but to which they can get no transport to bring the goods back to Naples. What terrible destruction an invasion brings with it!

Washburne's Italian is improving and going apace—he, with a Major Dickie, is taking lessons almost every second evening from a Signorina Gabriella Rombo, D.Phil. Oxon., a daughter of an Italian Vice-Admiral. Despite the fact that our car is marooned without a tyre at the far-away British signals post, he gets about. Apparently Gabriella has a lawyer friend named Florio who has a car: and Carlton seems to be able to use it when he wants! I wish he had not got the use of this car, for otherwise, if restricted to his feet, I reckon he would have got a new tyre for our car within twenty-four hours, for a thing like a tyre would not defeat him.

Carlton has recently been having tea with some duke of his, and on saying that the peasants in the country and this ducal family at the other end of the social scale were real and vital, quite unlike the dispirited town dwellers, and might be like any group that might 'drop in for Sunday tea in Winnetka' [Illinois]—Sherry murmured, perhaps enviously, 'Yes, like any duke dropping in for tea at Winnetka.' There is one thing about our corps of educational officials—we all laugh at one another; and, although coming from different ends of the earth, have become a family of friends. I have never known a problem which was not judged on its merits. We have never had a 'nationality' problem between British and Americans.

*Monday, 7th February 1944*

For those of us living near the Via S. Brigida (where Sherry and I live) a new mess was recently organized at the end of the street opposite the Castel Nuovo. This is a complete change to AMGOT methods of messing—everything being clean and pleasant, with a quartette to play, but the bar makes preposterous charges.

The only unpleasant thing about it is the big shop windows

along the side of the dining-room. As a consequence starving beggars flatten their noses against the windows and beg, by gesture, for food. Several times I have seen waiters go out to drive away persistent beggars.

I am being badgered by Stansgate. He wants me to produce distinguished Italians to go several times a week to Salerno to discuss with him Italian politics and affairs—and he has set his heart particularly on the Rector of Naples University, Professor Omodeo. One has quite enough to do defascistizing the universities and the educational system, and rebuilding the whole, without providing educational services for the improvement of distinguished heads of the Control Commission. Furthermore, it is a situation which I consider undesirable as it will place Omodeo and myself in false positions since it is unlikely that discussions will be restricted to general affairs and I can quite easily see the development of difficulties between us all over matters of educational administration, arising from this wish. In addition, at the moment, Omodeo has too much to do, if we are going to get Naples University opened shortly. I wish he would set his heart on dismissing Cuomo instead. It would be far more useful.

*Tuesday, 8th February 1944*

I am extremely busy these days putting the university and the learned societies to rights—for these matters involve constant meetings and discussions with officials, and one is not helped by the paper mill created by our headquarters on all sorts of immaterial matters which have nothing to do with the government of Italy.

To-day visited Cardinal Ascalesi at his invitation, conveyed through Monsignore Rubino. I was accompanied by Mr. Houser and Signorina De Lorenzo, my secretary.

The Cardinal was very friendly but very distressed at the state of Naples, with the growth of prostitution to an unlimited degree, the spread of venereal disease, and lawlessness and robbery which have, he says, increased enormously. Indeed there must be much truth in what he says, for this is the only town in southern Italy in which I have been accosted in the streets by prostitutes between my office and the mess of an evening. Houser says the latest figures for venereal disease are one in four



for white troops and three in four for black. If his figures are correct, then they represent a serious situation, and this is despite all the prophylactic stations which both the Americans and British armies have established at convenient places in the city.

The Cardinal was very interested to hear about affairs in Sicily and to know the part played in them by Cardinal Lavigerano. He was also interested and distressed at the amount of Mafia activity which had grown up again, and interested in the development of the separatist movement. He expressed his concern at the great anti-clericalism being shown in certain quarters of Naples University and Monsignore Rubino, who was present at the interview, said he had heard that not only had the picture of Mussolini been removed from the classrooms, but also the crucifix which was prescribed by law under the Concordat.

The Cardinal is a pleasant man, of big bone and strong features. When we arrived he was seated in audience receiving some sisters, but when we were announced they left, and he came forward to receive us, seized me by the hand and led me to a seat by the window where we sat together. The whole meeting was very friendly and informal, and the Cardinal sat wrapped in his scarlet shawl—for like all of us he is cold, very cold, as there is no coal in this country, and the weather is bitter. The conference lasted a full hour and a half.

[Since returning to England I have been told that there has been much criticism of officers being received by Archbishops in Sicily and kissing their rings. It is usual for Roman Catholics to kiss the bishop's ring, and Catinella, Signora Varisco, Signorina De Lorenzo, and others who accompanied me usually did, but I never did, nor did my officers who came with me to these meetings, and never once did bishop or cardinal expect it. If such 'indiscretions', if they are such, did occur, it was only because the officer concerned saw Italians doing it and thought it the courteous thing to do—but I never met with a single instance of its happening.]

I have spoken to the Rector about the difficulties between himself and the Church and he denies being an anti-clerical and says that he did not remove the crucifix from the classrooms. Anyway, I told him that I did not wish the educational administra-

tion to become involved in such battles between Italian parties, and he agreed that it was undesirable, and I think that he will see to it that there is less of this stress and strain, of which there appears to have been too much in Naples recently. If the crucifixes have been taken down, contrary to the Concordat, no doubt they will now go back.

The weather is still extremely cold. Yesterday, early, travelling in a jeep to Salerno to see Lord Stansgate, I caught a chill on the stomach and so the dysentery has started again. It was with difficulty, owing to this sickness, that I was able to see the Cardinal this morning and now I have had to take to my bed again. The *portiera* is kind enough to make me some hot coffee—I always carry with me some as it is impossible to buy it here.

*Friday, 11th February 1944*

Monsignore Rubino to see me, and to express the great distress felt by the Cardinal and himself at my forthcoming return to London. I must say that now that it is imminent I am no more happy about it than they are. Italy grips one, and one feels that there is a man's job to be done here.

To-day I received a message from Senatore Benedetto Croce, to say that owing to his accident—he had broken his arm—and his other duties, he could not accept the Presidency of the Royal Society which the Society's commission had offered him. To which I replied that, in view of his reply, I had asked Senatore De Lorenzo to accept this position as he was the senior Vice-President and that Professor Forti was being asked to be Vice-President and Professor Pierantoni, secretary. We have got a good team here, and, I have every reason to believe, as acceptable to Croce and the Liberals as to ourselves.

I also told Croce that to-morrow there would be a further meeting of the Commission for the reform and straightening out of the affairs of the Royal Society and that his wishes concerning the Pontaniana Academy would be made known by Senatore De Lorenzo.

*Saturday, 12th February 1944*

To-day I went over one of the finest hospitals for lung diseases and tuberculosis I have yet seen with the Rector of the Univer-



sity and some of the staff—I was accompanied by Lieutenant Vella and Signorina De Lorenzo. Half of the hospital is occupied by the Americans and they have 2,000 cases there from the front at the moment.

The operating theatres were truly excellent, but the heat was stifling and one could not escape it—this I was told was due to the Americans who insisted upon keeping up the utmost central heating. Outside in the cold which is prevailing just now, one grumbles at the lack of heat, but here the heat was just as trying. It is the difference in outlook and acclimatization between us and the Americans.

I was amused to find in the excellently appointed school of the hospital that they still had the fascist books. It shows how little defascistization really takes place when one has to rely entirely, as one has here at the present moment, upon local Italian officials to carry it out—despite their loud protestations of democratic belief. The Provveditore here is one of those who claim to have been persecuted for twenty years by the fascists.

To-night I was glad to welcome Lieutenant-Colonel T. V. Smith back from London, where he had been for some time. Now I am free to take off for London, as he will be here to succeed me. But there is much work I must do yet, despite my orders to leave as soon as he is back.

To-day we had a meeting of the Royal Society, and I think, in view of the spirit of good-will being shown by all, we will get the society on its feet and the Pontaniana Academy restored again.

There was one incident when one of the members protested at the American bombing of the famous Abbey of Cassino. There is no doubt it has done us no good, but I have little doubt it was a military necessity. The Senatore took up the cudgels and pointed out that regrettable incidents like that should not deflect them from taking the broad view, that it was Germany and not the Americans who represented the spirit of destruction in European civilization. (I was not there, but I heard all about it.)

I like Sherwood's description of Stansgate whom he went to see for me recently at Salerno: 'He was dressed in flying boots and looked like a rather tired and friendly owl'.

*Monday, 14th February 1944*

I wrote to Lord Rennell to-day to tell him that I had received from Professor Baviera, Rector of the University of Palermo, the parchment scrolls, conferring the degree of Doctor in the Faculty of Laws on him and General McSherry and myself, and these I was bringing home with me, and I would deliver them on arrival.

General Mason-MacFarlane, who has succeeded the American General Joyce, cuts a figure of Spartan austerity by wearing khaki shorts in the midst of all this bitter cold here. With a stick in his hand he looks for all the world like a scoutmaster. It cannot be because he has no clothing more in keeping with the snow-clad hills surrounding Naples and the bitter winds, and so I am forced to conclude it is some fad, or else, a sense of 'example'.

We have some Russian officers on our staff. They walk about in pairs, talk to no-one else, and generally behave as though afraid to catch some disease from the Anglo-American officers.

A rather interesting occurrence has taken place recently. The Russian press representative, whom, I believe, Vishinsky left behind with us, went back to Russia, and has cropped up again on return as a Major-General! One assumes that in the state of blimpishness of this headquarters, the Russians decided upon this effective manner of dealing with the matter of personal relations. The Russian now outranks every one but Mason-MacFarlane himself.

The sense of frustration increases. In the time of Rennell or McSherry I was daily in the office of the Chief of Staff or of Rennell or McSherry, but although Mason-MacFarlane has been here some time now I have not even been sent for by him. I myself do not notice any lively realization of the importance of re-establishing the educational system of Italy on a fascist-free basis. Even if I go to see Stansgate, who comes between Mason-MacFarlane and myself, I find attempts made to head me off by the innumerable staff whose duty it appears to be, to surround the President and the Vice-President of the Commission with an aura of sanctity and unapproachableness such as one might find surrounding the Mikado. Stansgate is probably unaware of the fact that I have often had downright rows with them over



these matters of 'procedure', and when I have seen him, it has been because I have gone straight to him and by-passed the office staff.

In these respects the British are far worse than the Americans. There is an American 'blimp': we have quite a collection of them here now. But, on the whole, the tendency towards informality in the American Army makes it less easy for them to survive and flourish than with us.

There is another fact which is worth recording, and that is the tendency to take national sides which has arisen since this big influx of new-comers began to arrive, on the setting up of the Control Commission conditions. In the time of Rennell and McSherry I have not a single recollection of any situation arising which caused national divisions. There were great differences of opinion, but one would find Americans and English mixed on each side. Now it is different. I hear things said against the Americans *sotto voce*, and no doubt the reverse is also being said by Americans about the British, but being British I would not hear the remarks. Usually these remarks arise from the irritation that these procedure-ingrained individuals feel when their own office arrangements and systems are upset by some move on the other side which they do not understand, and which has the effect of throwing a monkey-wrench in the works of their cast-iron office machinery.

There are, of course, first-class regular officers, who by reason of health, over-age, or very special qualifications, should be sent to Military Government. But it seems quite wrong when there is a war on, and a shortage of man-power that some regular or even temporary officers of fighting age, of physical fitness, and having no qualifications for dealing with European peoples, should find their way into the Control Commission, where, because of the seniority they have accumulated for quite other and distinct purposes, they must be found high-ranking appointments on the establishment. But, because they have no qualifications at all for being in Military Government, they clutter up the administrative machinery, until the headquarter's own internal organization becomes out of all proportion to the rest of the establishment. Such people tend to impede the work of the divisions and sub-commissions which are really doing the work

for which the whole organization is set up; and, often enough, because they live cheek by jowl with the heads of the Commission, may embarrass the relations between these heads and the divisions. At any rate that is the only explanation which I can offer for the frequent impediments recently placed in my way, and the lack of support which I have had from above. I welcomed the arrival of a Socialist Vice-President (Stansgate) of the Commission (I did not know at that time that the President—Mason-Macfarlane—was also a Socialist) as I believed that my efforts to get rid of fascists from the educational system, and also to replace Cuomo by a more vigorous and anti-fascist man, would be supported wholeheartedly. But I feel I have had less support from them than I had from either Rennell or McSherry.

Tuesday, 15th February 1944

The incredible stupidity of the German Army in retreat is well illustrated, not only by their destruction of the Royal Society of Naples, but by what happened to the Filangieri archives. Count Filangieri, and his family, built up through the centuries a collection of historical documents of first-class importance to historians, particularly to those interested in Italy's relations with Germany throughout the Middle Ages. When the Germans were about to withdraw in the neighbourhood of Naples a German officer arrived with his men and told Count Filangieri that he had been sent to destroy the archives. The Count begged him not to destroy history. He would not listen. The Count told him that he was destroying the history of Germany as well as of Italy. Still he would not listen: and the archives were destroyed.

Wednesday, 16th February 1944

I have so far had a terrible week—there is so much work to do that I have been working frantically against time getting all the affairs of the office, and particularly of the university, in order.

I have had to be forceful to an extreme to get everything settled and now all is well—I think. Omodeo, who is also a man with a strong point of view, is no longer obstructionist in his procedures, and, on the contrary, has become most helpful and friendly. He is a man who is somewhat austere, but he improves on acquaintance. He is certainly energetic, and being a Sicilian is



a forceful character. Professor Arangio-Ruiz, another energetic character of this university, has been working out his own plans for the elimination of the fascist elements in the country, but I have shown him that these will have to be brought into line with our own procedures in order to avoid confusion, and he is very willing to co-operate.

To-day with Lieutenant-Colonel T. V. Smith, Major Sherwood, Lieutenant Vella, Senatore De Lorenzo, and Professor Bakunin I went to see Benedetto Croce, the Italian philosopher who is now in a nursing home in Naples with a broken arm and collar-bone. Although he was obviously very tired and in pain, he insisted upon autographing one of his books which he gave me. He looked tired and obviously ill and frail, and I do not think he can last very long—not, at any rate, in the hurly-burly of politics, unless he makes a remarkable recovery. Croce was particularly pleased that I had undone the fascist measures and separated the Pontaniana Academy once more from the Royal Society, and he was quite touched that I had had him made Honorary President of this Ancient Academy, with Professor Bakunin as the President.

Those unacquainted with the Italian scene can have little idea what lengthy documents (full of, at the best, unnecessary rhetoric and at the worst, rhetorically expressed downright lies) we have to wade through daily. Furthermore, outsiders can be in no position to evaluate the claims of the contending parties and the trickery to which many of those who profess the most liberal and democratic views will resort. A man who contends he has suffered for the cause is often an undesirable liar and cheat. The Italian of this territory which we now hold, and which roughly is the same as that of the old Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, is not a politician, but a family man—to be the head of a family and to have unlimited *bambini* is a cause for daily boasting. As a result, whether the régime is fascist, communist, or democratic, the south Italian will cheat the doctrinaire politician, because every family will ensure its property by having a member of it somewhere on the opposite side for whom they will entertain the utmost respect and affection, and whom they will protect against the political consequences of his folly, until, some day, the wheel turning, he will become their benefactor. This accounts for so

many notorious anti-fascists surviving that régime here without imprisonment.

Another thing not always understood, is that some people were too bad to be in the party, and this criminal and near-criminal class comes forward to-day posing as those who have suffered for democracy and the Allied cause.

Even when we are not dealing with criminal elements, they are often scamps and will try to serve the family by any deceit and lie that is possible, and will sometimes, too, do the dirtiest possible tricks to others to gain those ends.

We have recently been troubled by a case of this sort on the part of a family which has been able to grab, in the turmoil of the collapse of fascism, two important appointments and now wants a third for another brother. He is posed as a paragon of all the virtues, whilst the anti-fascist services of his brother who petitions for this plum ('and myself take the liberty to apply to the Allied Commands for one single prize') are not forgotten. In his own words he says it himself: 'These last twenty years I have been sacrificing my life to ideals which are the ideals of the United Nations.' But the brother—the aspirant—is an upright citizen and head of a family. . . . He has gone through humiliations and privations of all kinds . . . because his brother (the petitioner) was a well-known anti-fascist!

Again of the aspirant we read 'and the loss of dignity in front of the students who did not know the truth, and were surprised at seeing such a clever teacher shut out systematically from the Qualification Commissions. . . .' And again: 'For that reason he was often in danger of losing his employment . . . notwithstanding that such a position was hardly equal to his eminent historic, philosophic, and literary culture.'

We read pages of this, and then when we turn to the appointment, we find it is not vacant but occupied by a lady of eighty years of age, and to get us to dispose of her they come forward with two sovereign accusations:

First she 'has never had a great credit also owing to insisting rumours always spread in her days on certain tendencies of her excessively affective toward women of her own sex, tendencies which have not made her and do not make her the fittest person to direct an educational institute for girls.'



Secondly: 'It is useless to remind you that this above lady has, these twenty years, been notoriously and shamelessly fascist.'

Well, this stuff is put out to our own investigation section and to the proper Italian authority, the Questura, and it is found she is a person of the highest moral character, and was only a nominal party member, as she was bound to be to hold her appointment.

Of course the petitioner mentioned Count Sforza, Croce, Alberto Cianca, and Alberto Tarchiani among his friends—they always do!

I delegated T.V. and Sherry to deal with the petitioner and tell him that his brother would not get the job and if they did not watch their steps the pair of them would find themselves in prison.

My own considered opinion is that we shall find that the only reliable elements in this country, upon which we can normally build a stable government, will be in the majority of cases officials who accepted fascism nominally in order to hold their appointments, but kept outside of active support of the régime. They are far sounder, more respectable and more able characters than the political adventurers and scallywags whom we are likely to get otherwise. Where we can get the support of reliable anti-fascists of known probity we should of course use them, but they are bound to be few at all times.

*Thursday, 17th February 1944*

This morning I took my leave of the Cardinal with whom I spent over an hour. Sherry and Signorina De Lorenzo were with me. The Cardinal is old and obviously tired, but extremely vital still, and very friendly. Monsignore Rubino was also there. The Cardinal was very upset that I am leaving so soon and asked, as did the Monsignore, why I could not stay in Italy.

At three o'clock I presided at the meeting of the Senatus Academicus in the rector's room in the university. They were all very cordial, and I told them what was my policy and also my hope for the restoration of Italian culture. My remarks have now become well-worn on this theme, but I think they can well be repeated, until their significance is grasped. The Italians are not

a martial people, and they are not the heirs of the military force of Rome. Their destiny is in arts and letters, and they must set out to conquer this empire and, if they do it, will bring the world before the throne of Italy's empire much more effectively than by any military conception of empire. It is with regret that I cannot see the outcome of these currents of thought which I have been starting.

I left T. V. Smith in the office studying the files I have got ready for him. He has now a big running machine to take over—which is better than starting from scratch as I had to do that day when I arrived in much-bombed Palermo.

To-day I received the following communication from Senatore De Lorenzo: 'I have the honour to inform you that at a full sitting of the Royal Society of Naples, the Royal Academy of Science, Physics, and Mathematics has elected you, in recognition of your service to anthropological science, a foreign member.'

Such kindness as this is difficult to repay.

*Friday, 18th February 1944*

Another terrible day in the office. This evening my officers gave me a dinner on my departure from Italy, at the British Officers' Club, which is in the San Carlo Theatre. Lieutenant-Colonel T. V. Smith, Sherry, Carlton, Bergin, Vesselo, Gregory, Geyer, Vella, Sam Noe, Heilmann, and Houser were all present. As usual T.V. rose to the occasion and made one of his very witty speeches—he is one of the most persuasive speakers I have ever heard, and his absence from Chicago University must be a great loss. He presented me with the carved rear-board of a Sicilian cart—an article I have long wanted to possess, and which he apparently searched out for me when recently staying for several days with Professor and Mrs. Petroncelli at Catania. Sherry had got hold of some very good wine, Lachrimae Christi, and also spoke wittily, whilst Carlton told his good stories, and we were a merry party.

Gregory and Vella are two first-class officers, and I am persuaded that they will be very successful out here in this work. Gregory I tried to get transferred to us some time ago, and Vella came out of the blue, to our great assistance, having to-



gether with Houser taken over much of the university work. He is a Professor of Valetta University, and has suffered for his British citizenship in this war—losing his eldest child in the air raids on Malta. Because he speaks with a foreign accent as he was educated at Rome, sometimes people do not think he realizes what bombing means, such as that suffered in Britain—and that makes him very angry, with good cause.

I have had a very busy time this week since T. V. Smith got back from England with the information that I had to go to London. A great deal has been covered and I think that we have put everything in order—as well as it can be done for the present, but as a result of all this work I have had no time to attend meetings of the Administrative Directorate at Salerno, and T.V. went instead of me. But to-day I went over there to take my leave of Lord Stansgate from whom I did not wish to part without saying farewell, as he has been so pleasant and in every way easy to get on with. He was not there, and there was a great air of mystery about his absence. I sensed a conspiracy of silence and got to the bottom of it. He takes a day off a week, and spends most of the time resting—and I was told he would probably be found in bed in the hotel which A.C.C. has requisitioned as a mess at Cava de Tirreni, some miles back along the road I had come. It was fearfully cold, and I could only get an open truck to take me to Salerno, so I cursed him good and hard for not having let me know he would be at Cava instead of Salerno.

Cava is a curious town. Coming out of Salerno one has to wind up a steep defile, and eventually cross a narrow bridge over another ravine, where I waited with Colontoni for the military police to find us a truck. The Germans have blown one span of this bridge. After crossing it, Cava lies to the left, and the town is made up, so far as I could see, of one main street, which is very narrow, and has quite a medieval aspect, because the buildings on our right had a cloister-like appearance with the upper story overhanging the lower, and supported by stone pillars and arches along the street.

Arriving at the hotel I found that Lord Stansgate was asleep—and, as I had to get back to Naples, because I still had another conference in my office, and it was already 4 p.m., I had to do something about it. I went back to the door, banged it, and

stood in the doorway. Lord Stansgate awoke with a start, I apologized for waking him, and he, still not rightly awake, murmured, 'Come in, Colonel, I am glad to hear you are not leaving us!' Was it wishful thinking? At least I hope it was. I felt a brute to be leaving, and to have awakened him in this uncere- monious way; but it had to be.

He offered me tea, but this I had to refuse or else I could not have got back to my conference, and while he started his tea, sitting up in bed, dressed in blue battle dress of the R.A.F., with his flying boots beside the bed, we talked—and I pressed upon him the need of being watchful about the reinstatement of dismissed personnel from Military Government territory in King's territory. Before I left I once more warned him that the Minister of Education was not co-operative in removing fascists and I begged him to try and get him replaced. We parted in the greatest of amity—he the Noble Socialist and I the Tory Commoner.

[Is it due to the flying boots which he always wore that they called him in the War Office 'Puss in boots'?]

*Saturday, 19th February 1944*

We have now got what is for us an enormous staff, and T.V. should be able to carry on all right. Not counting himself I leave eight officers at headquarters alone.

In the regions he has at Region I, Koopman, Beard, and Crichton; Region II, Vesselo and Captain Willis E. Pratt; Region III, George Geyer and Sam V. Noe, and in Region IV Carlton Washburne and Captain Heilmann. Carlton also works at headquarters as Acting Assistant Director of Schools.

To-day took place the formal reopening of the Royal Society of Naples, which is the end of that big piece of reorganization about which we have had so much work ever since we came to Naples. Despite the fact that the reorganization has been carried out at high speed it has been done democratically, with the full support of the principal people in the society, and Senatore De Lorenzo has been made the President. It is a change for these societies to get some control over their own affairs instead of receiving orders from the dictatorial Minister in Rome. There had been great difficulty in finding a suitable paper for reading at the reopening, as there was little time to approach anyone to



write one—and so a paper of mine, elaborating a new theory of racial classification in connection with the blood-group theory I had laid before the Peloritania Academy, was written out and very ably translated by Signorina De Lorenzo who was assisted by her father and Professoressa Bakunin. But it cost me much trouble, being mainly written of an evening, and in bed because of the cold. As the Royal Society's own rooms had been gutted by the Germans the inaugural meeting of the society was held in Professoressa Bakunin's Institute of Chemistry, which is within the main buildings of the university, and Professoressa Bakunin herself read the paper—*Le Tre Specie Primitive Umane*.

The reopening of this Royal Society must have occasioned some surprise to the Italian Minister of Education (Cuomo) who a few days ago publicly announced its abolition. But this was without his powers, as he had no jurisdiction over Military Government territory, and in any case he should have consulted me before issuing any such statement. But this is typical of the lack of co-operation I have been receiving. I believe that his intentions were quite honest. He had heard that the Pontaniana Academy wished to be separated from the Royal Society again, and his wish to abolish the society was apparently the beginning of the long and cumbersome process of restoring the Pontaniana Academy. After this abolition he would have had to restore independent existence by decree to the Pontaniana Academy and then to the Royal Society in a smaller and shrunken form. Terrible feuds would have been engendered as a by-product of all these decrees. Whereas, by common and harmonious agreement within the Royal Society, we have accomplished this separation without interrupting the continuity of life of either academy, with Senatore De Lorenzo as the president of one, and Benedetto Croce as the honorary president of the other. Furthermore, we have allayed that outbreak of indignation which followed the unauthorized announcement in the Press that he intended to abolish the Royal Society.

There is another advantage in the path we have chosen. After getting rid of the fascist elements, the nucleus of office-bearers have continued in office, and their numbers are being augmented by others who are considered both by the survivors and ourselves suitable for the appointments. The result has been that only

a limited number of vacancies were left to fill—whereas the method of abolishing so important a Society (even if there was the intention, as I believe there must have been, of restoring it shortly afterwards) would have opened the flood-gates for all sorts of ambitious people to aspire to the offices of the society, all of which would then have been vacant. That, in Italy, would have led to wrangles which could have held up the work of the society for a twelve-month or more.

Of this society we have dismissed fourteen members on political grounds, and so the society has been purged—for this is a goodly number in such an organization. It is true that in the case of the Peloritania Academy of Messina we had to get rid of thirty-five or thereabouts, but there was a reason for that academy having such a great number of ardent fascists inscribed among its fellows. The Federal Secretary of the party at Messina was academically as well as politically ambitious and he had made it his aim to pack the academy with his friends. But that did not occur everywhere, and fourteen dismissals in an academy is a fair number. It should be remembered that the universities, especially in the south of Italy, were the last strongholds of resistance to fascism, and many nominal fascists were really enemies of fascism.

The society's meeting was a great success—Lieutenant-Colonel T. V. Smith, Major Sherwood, Captain Gregory, Captain Vesselo, Lieutenant Vella, and an officer representing Brigadier-General Hume attended.

Immediately afterwards I was taken by the rector, Omodeo, to the Rettorato of the University, accompanied by the Dean of the Faculty of Science, Arangio-Ruiz, the Dean of Laws, and many other professors, and there I was robed in a black silk gown lined with green. Actually, I had been told a few days ago that a degree was to be conferred upon me by Lieutenant Vella, who had just come from the rector, but I did not expect any such ceremony, and I was very surprised at this generosity of the university and of Rector Omodeo in particular. From thence we went to the large hall, where there was an audience already waiting—something I had not bargained for—and there the degree was conferred, according to the *Verbale*, in recognition of my work for ethnological science. The costumes were extremely interest-



ing and seemed in the main to date from about Elizabethan times. The rector, apart from all the other interesting points of his dress, wore a beautiful Elizabethan ruff round the neck and presented not only a picturesque but also very dignified figure. The Dean, although not quite so magnificently attired, was very similarly dressed. The hat worn by doctors of the university is much the same as the hat used to be in England in early times—a soft hat developing into four points. From this our stiff and ridiculous mortar-board has arisen: but the sooner it is abolished the better.

The public manner in which the degree was conferred, and the surprise that this publicity occasioned me, left me nigh speechless, and I fear that in my distress I was lost for words to reply to the eloquent speech made by the Dean of the Faculty.

This evening Mr. Houser, George Geyer, Lieutenant Vella, Captain Vesselo, and I went, after dinner, to take coffee with Senatore De Lorenzo and his daughter, Signorina Anna, to whom our office is so greatly indebted. The Senatore presented me with his own medal as a member of the Royal Society of Naples—a second surprise in one day. I was once again more than embarrassed by this generosity, and when I am so embarrassed I find it impossible to express my thanks adequately, and I fear that I leave an impression of ingratitude—whereas I am far from ungrateful. I wish all these kindnesses were not shown; because they are so embarrassing I feel them deeply, but being unable to express my feelings, I cut such a bad figure.

*Sunday, 20th February 1944*

To-day I left for Palermo by air—Sherry and Vesselo seeing me off at the airport, and both looking about as glum as I was feeling. I arrived at about 2.30 p.m., the 'plane having come in once more over Mondello. I was very glad to see the hills of Sicily again. The American air force lieutenant, for whom I bought some boots once at Catania, lent me his jeep, and with this I went to the Variscos' house, where they have always a bed for me. It is more convenient than trying to find military quarters, and, owing to the fact that I cannot keep the lieutenant's jeep off the air-field for any length of time, I cannot go all the way out to Mondello to stay with Catinella, much as he wishes

me to do so. Professor Mario Petroncelli, Rector of the Catania University, arrived shortly after I got in and was very glad to hear that his transfer to Naples University had been arranged for the following academic year. He is not a Sicilian; furthermore, he finds the office of rector onerous, as he is anxious to get back to his studies, and so has been longing to get this appointment. But his loss at Catania will be felt. I wonder how he and Omodeo will fare together—being at opposite ends of the religious poles.

*Monday, 21st February 1944*

Everyone seemed to pour into the office to-day—the three rectors, professors, the Provviditore, Dr. Albeggiani. I had lunch at the Excelsior, which is Region I mess, with Bob Koopman, who is Director of Education for Sicily, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hancock, the Chief Commissioner for Sicily (as the Regional Civil Affairs Officer is now called).

This morning I had a long and cordial audience with the Cardinal, and I was accompanied by Professor Martino, Rector of the University of Messina, Professor Petroncelli, Rector of Catania University, Monsignore de Gaetano, and Padre Gliozzo. It was interesting to notice the little acts of custom and courtesy. The Rector of Catania, a leader in the Catholic Action Movement, and the two priests, kissed the Cardinal's ring, Professor Martino took his hand and made a bow, and I took his hand and shook it. Martino, coming out, smiled and drew attention to this gradation—yet it all meant nothing so far as cordiality was concerned on either side. The Cardinal repeated time and again his distress at my departure from Italy. They are all making me feel very caddish now that I am leaving. But actually this recall to take over work in German education has been the result of orders arising from above, and therefore not within my control.

This evening, accompanied by Captain Hare and Professor Martino, we went to dinner with Professor Catinella. The more I see of Martino, with his quiet modesty, his great efficiency as an organizer and his scholarly ability, the more I like him. Lieutenant-Colonel Lucky of the American Army, judge advocate's department, an extremely pleasant man, was there playing with Giovanna. The result of these Anglo-American contacts on the child is having its effect, and she is becoming less shy and will



even speak an odd word of English occasionally—she understands the language but, until now, has ignored its existence completely!

I have accepted the ever-pressing hospitality of Catinella and am now staying with him in his lemon grove at Partanna outside Mondello. It is prettily placed with the mountains behind it to the north-west in Monte Gallo. The only trouble of living out here is the dread that we shall not be able to get to Palermo the next day, for Catinella's tyres are so bad—like everyone else's. It is nothing to take as long to motor a distance as to walk it.

I learn that the Mafia have now become quite well organized and as a result the indiscriminate crime of the *delinquenti* is being stamped out by the *mafiosi*.

[The position has changed somewhat since I left Sicily: bands of unorganized ruffians are roving eastern Sicily, and to this there is the added complication of armed clashes between Communists and Separatists and Separatists and the police.]

An example of Mafia activity came to my attention to-day. An American command car was left in a lane outside a country house in the Mondello neighbourhood. When the American Colonel returned to it, it had been rifled including his maps. The householder immediately made the loss known—and the Mafia did the rest. The delinquent, a mere thief, and not a member of the organized Mafia, was beaten up, took to his bed for a week, and the maps and other articles were completely restored in twenty-four hours.

A certain lawyer I know here spends his time defending *mafiosi* free in the courts. It is his way of paying his membership fees. As a result his farm in the country is protected from robbers. How Rome expects to rule this people I do not know. But I think that some of our C.A.O.s (and particularly the better type of our police officers such as Hare) have made a tolerable job of doing so—and with ever-increasing experience might very probably succeed if given the time.

In a country which is Mafia-ridden nothing is secret, and in consequence I have been given what I believe is a substantially true story of the capture of Mussolini by a certain General Castellano who is a Sicilian and has recently arrived here.

I repeat the account for what it is worth—but from the source

from which I have received it I have every reason to believe that it is true.

A certain General Giuseppe Castellano, who has long been an anti-fascist, was in February 1942 attached to the general headquarters in Rome, and there he evolved, with others, a plan to overthrow the Mussolini dictatorship. Realizing that a *coup d'état* could only succeed with the help of the General Staff, he and his associates took advantage of Marshal Cavallero's unpopularity because of his German sympathies, and they worked for the latter's removal—playing upon the dislike existing between Ciano and Cavallero. The outcome was that General Ambrosio (reputed to be another anti-fascist) replaced Cavallero.

At this time there was great dissatisfaction among high fascists at the course of events, and this, Ambrosio and his followers, including Castellano, exploited and used. Castellano himself personally supervised the capture of Mussolini and went later with Count Acquarone (the Royal Minister) after the capture had been made effective, to offer Badoglio the leadership of the Government. Before this, however, as soon as the arrest (on the 25th of July 1943) had taken place, Castellano went to the Minister of the Interior to inform him of it, and to ask him to adhere to the revolt. There was an awful moment of suspense during which the General expected to be arrested—but it ended in the Minister adhering to the revolt. Then Castellano took the necessary steps to guard the King and the new Government against fascist (and perhaps German) action.

To the Germans the revolt had been represented as a change of Government and not a withdrawal from the war. But behind all this Ambrosio and Castellano were plotting to get Italy out of the war. This was even more difficult than arresting the Duce. To accomplish this difficult task Castellano was entrusted with the dangerous mission of getting into touch with the enemy through Sir Samuel Hoare at Madrid. This was only possible by joining, in disguise or on some pretext, a train of German diplomats going to Lisbon, and seeing Hoare at Madrid on the way, during the time the train was waiting in the station. With difficulty this was done, and having as it were 'tipped the wink' to our ambassador, Castellano continued his dangerous journey to Lisbon where, detaching himself from the Germans he nego-



tiated with the British, and these conversations led to the Armistice. To Castellano is credited the intention not merely of getting Italy out of the war, but of bringing her in on our side.

Anyway that is the account which has come to my ears in this country in which you are able to enjoy state secrets if you are in the right circles.

*Tuesday, 22nd February 1944*

To-day a repetition of yesterday so far as the office is concerned—numerous decrees and ordinances dating from before February the 10th had to be discussed with Baviera, Petroncelli, and Martino. This territory was handed over to the Italian Government as from February the 10th on the understanding that the acts of Military Government remained valid, and so we had to carry out a rush of work before that date, signing many decrees and ordinances in order to complete our work in Sicily before the Italian Minister took over direct control, otherwise there would have been a disastrous hiatus. And now all this mass of work has to be discussed and explained in detail to the rectors and Albergiani, who has acted and spoken for all of the provveditori of Sicily, and other interested people, in addition to dealing with that routine work which falls to our Control Commission category for this territory.

We had lunch with the ever-hospitable Cavaliere Tasca, the Sindaco, at his home at Mondello on the sea coast. How much warmer Sicily is compared with Naples! It is still somewhat wintry, but the weather is improving rapidly now. The almond-trees are in blossom in the La Favorita and present a beautiful sight. Tasca's vice-Sindaco, Di Napoli, a lawyer, Catinella, Martino, and Du Crot were there. We discussed the need for the development of Sicily if prosperity were to be brought to this country. Di Napoli propounded a scheme which, however, I did not like myself, and the rest of the company agreed with me.

This evening I had an excellent dinner with Mr. Nester, the very likeable and efficient U.S. Consul-General here; America is very fortunate in its representative. John, his son and my clerk, was there, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Catinella and Rector Martino. The dinner was held at his new home—he has been

looking for a house for some time—and now he has got a ducal palace near the Casa Cinese, not unlike, in the painted ceilings and walls, our Palazzo Constantini. The liquor as usual was good. How he gets it all I cannot tell—but he knows how to handle the Sicilian.

We had a most interesting talk about Sicilian affairs, and also about freemasonry.

The more I study conditions here the more I am convinced that Communism has little chance in Sicily. The majority of the population is agricultural and opposed to it, and the fact that most of the farmers have been able to hoard money throughout the war makes Communism even less attractive than usual to them. I should imagine that that is true in no small measure for much of southern Italy. That probably accounts for the efforts being made at Cosenza to persuade the peasant that Communism will not interfere with his property rights.

Another factor is that the whole of the south, and even more so Sicily, being agricultural, will have recovered already from the immediate effects of the war, so far as damage is concerned, by the time the north of Italy is liberated. As a result prosperity will have returned to the south long before the heavy and extensive industrial plants of the north can have been restored. The contrasts between relative agricultural prosperity and stability in the south and northern chaos will be great—and what most enemies of Communism in the south fear is that Communism will dominate in the north, and try to impose that trend of government upon them. This is not a little responsible for some people's adherence to Sicilian Separatism.

But, in view of this, it seems to me that the present political parties in Italy do not represent the real situation—which is one of strongly rightist parties in the south, and, ultimately, strongly leftist parties in the north.

*Wednesday, 23rd February 1944*

To-day is my last day as Educational Adviser to the Military Government and Control Commission. From to-morrow Colonel Smith takes over. Petroncelli has gone back to Catania, having obtained a seat in a returning car—and in the difficulty of transport here one does not miss such opportunities. Had lunch with



Bill Hare, Bob Crivon, and Signore and Signora Lipari in the new restaurant run by 'George' our ex-AMGOT barman. Then afterwards, with Professor Traina (whom we appointed to the Chair of Genetics despite a whole series of protests which I found out afterwards were directed against him for what I think were mainly political reasons, he being definitely right wing in his point of view) we went to Santa Flavia. There we picked up the old Cavaliere Ciauri and taking Hare and Martino with us, with the Variscos as well, we went to see the bees in the lemon grove. Then back to coffee with the Cavaliere at his house in the town. Traina, as usual, provided much amusement with his thick rubber gloves (both right-handed) and greatcoat and huge veil in which he enwraps himself before sallying forth against the bees. The Cavaliere was, apparently, impressed with my handling of the bees, for he and the professor exclaimed 'Un pratico!'—so if I can pass muster with so old and competent a bee-master, I am very happy indeed. But those bees were pure-bred black Sicilians, and very placid all things considered. This is probably the most beautiful bee-garden in the world. It is a garden surrounded by a stone wall, and is planted in lemon-trees and other fruit, and slopes down towards the blue sea of the Mediterranean. Lying across the bay and directly opposite to us, is the beauty and the romance of the scene, the white snow-topped mountains of Sicily.

Bill Hare and I dined to-night with the Variscos, where we always have a warm welcome, and good Sicilian wine. It is the only house where we have had old and good native wine—some of it is sixteen years old, and one lot we once had was sixty years of age. It was made on their farm at Baucina—the most gloriously dirty and squalid town I think I have ever been in.

*Thursday, 24th February 1944*

To-day Aldo Raffa gave me a copy of some American humourist's *Soldier's Guide to the United States*. It is a parody on the guides issued to American troops as an introduction to them of the country to which they are going, and the strange natives they will meet and their customs—such as ten florins make a pound, which equals eight half-crowns!

Some extracts from it are worth giving:

'Introduction: You have been assigned to duty in the United States and the helpful rules of conduct contained in this pamphlet will be of great assistance in cementing a great friendship with the civilian population. . . . A practical plan of entering into any conversation is to preface all remarks as follows, "Now when we landed in North Africa", or "When we invaded Sicily". This will silence all other conversation and secure instant attention, especially when a slightly loud tone of voice is used.'

'*Historical background.* The United States was discovered and they immediately had trouble with the Indians. It seems that eventually they were all placed on certain tracts of land where oil was subsequently discovered. Of course the Indian was immediately chased off and was later rounded up and placed in the 45th Division.

'*Food.* The staple articles of diet are meat and potatoes and pie. This is very monotonous. Everything is rationed but you will soon make your black market connections and do all right.

'*Drink.* The natives are moderate drinkers and the sight of a drunken man creates consternation. The shortages being what they are naturally they want to know where the hell he got it.

'*Traffic.* Traffic keeps to the right of the road as in Sicily.

'With the above hints you should get along quite well with the Americans. One splendid way to ingratiate yourself with soldiers you will meet there is to ask if they have been overseas. When they reply in the negative just sneer at the jerks. You will find yourself creeping right into their hearts.'

Raffa tells me that in Sicily we have made more use of his Scheda for the sifting of fascist personnel than any other division of Military Government. He tells me that of the total number of Schedas which have passed through his department, numbering 1,676, 1,100 have belonged to the educational field. But it has been hard work for him and for us, and we have had to study every one, and sit as courts of investigation and inquiry on every doubtful case, and in addition hear many appeals. Looking back over these months I can hardly realize that we have covered so much with so small a staff. If they were not such hard and speedy workers we could not have done it. The complete harmony in our division has also helped—as we have had no dissensions.



Friday, 25th February 1944

Yesterday and to-day I made two abortive attempts to get out of the airport in order to continue my journey home through North Africa. But the winds being contrary, this being a most difficult airport when the winds cross the runway by reason of the mountains which surround it, it was impossible to get off the ground.

After waiting around all the morning, Hare and I went by car, in his Bianchi, to Mondello to find Catinella in bed with a cold. He was very surprised to find me back again, thinking I had already left. We had tea with him, and then back to Palermo to the office, and thence with Raffa to dinner once more at the Variscos'. Aldo is very doleful at having to leave Sicily, and he is waiting for a 'plane to take him to Naples to join the convoy which is leaving from that port.

Saturday, 26th February 1944

Again no flight—and so to lunch with Aldo at the new restaurant established by 'George' who used to run our mess bar and charge us in his obliging and disarmingly good-natured way such high prices at the AMGOT mess. There Aldo met some civilian friends whom he has made, one of them a great exporter of lemons, and shortly after Du Crot came in, and was very surprised to see me still in Palermo. Also saw the Italian pilot—I believe his name is Bellotti, but I never quite caught it correctly—with whom Charles Poletti and I had a meal at Lecce when he tried to arrange an aeroplane for us back to Palermo. I believe he is now Badoglio's pilot—I do not think he knows what nerves are.

After lunch I drove to Casteldaccia, having nothing to do now that Colonel Smith has taken over, and it being absolutely necessary to avoid the office as I should be having so many visitors in to see me: indeed I am keeping these odd days during which I am grounded in Palermo secret—if one can keep anything secret in Sicily! Here I got some fresh air, of which I feel in need, as I have become very tired as a result, I think, of the amount of work rushed through so fast from the time I landed in Sicily till now. The car was provided by an uncle of the Variscos, who is a major of the carabinieri, and with us came Avvocato Gentile.

We visited the house belonging to Avvocato Gentile, which is now occupied by our Professor Giardina, with whose wife we had a word. Then we walked part of the way back towards Solanto because, despite my warning, they had insisted on driving the car up a road I would never have taken my own with its good tyres—and the inevitable puncture occurred. But the Sicilian is nothing if he is not an optimist. However, they soon repaired the car, and catching us up, took us to the castle of the Princess Gangia over against Sta. Flavia, which I have so often admired from the bee-garden on the other side. It suffers from the usual curse of this land—it is closed up, only being lived in for a short time each year, when the tunny fishing is on, a matter of one month or thereabouts, and then the surrounding outbuildings of the castle are a fish factory. The Principessa, with a few other families, has had from Bourbon times one of the tunny monopolies—and this I am told brings her in about £6,000 a year. I speculated on what the Sicilian proprietors of the tunny fishing monopolies would do and think if some enterprising Englishman or Scandinavian should put a fish factory off shore and catch the precious fish before they did! Such a row, such an outburst of anger, such gesticulation and rhetoric would be released as even this island had never heard before! It is a project worth pondering upon.

Sunday, 27th February 1944

Again no flight. Lieutenant Beard kindly waited with me all the morning at the airport, and then took me (and Captain O'Leary, who was waiting in vain for a flight to Naples, to join the sea-borne party going home) to the Opera—Beard is very keen on the theatre, being no mean musician himself. He seems to have inherited Sherry's royal box. There we saw *Cavalleria Rusticana* but very badly done. The costumes were good, as one might expect from Sherry's description of this theatre, he having gone over it thoroughly, as the Massimo is one of the biggest in the world. The opera being in a Sicilian setting, despite the bad performers, not only were the costumes good, but they were properly used, there being no fooleries, such as one sometimes sees, of Elizabethans brushing shoulders with Victorians on the same stage. That always offends my sense of accuracy. Afterwards met



Toby Moore at the American Red Cross Club, to which Captain O'Leary took me for tea; Toby told me he is enjoying life much better at Petralia as an Assistant Commissioner than ever he did as a judge in the Military Court in Palermo. He told me how he had obtained a post for the waiter of our mess, Aldo, whom he had taken with him to Petralia because Aldo had made out that without Toby he would starve. The first job was on a bus, but Aldo so upset the passengers that they had to remove him from that job. Apparently he would only carry such passengers as he took a fancy to—and these he refused to charge any fare—the others being left by the wayside. That will at least show Toby, Sherry, and Aldo Raffa that I was not so ill-humoured as they thought me when I used sometimes to deal so harshly with Aldo and the old cook—they really were the most incompetent people I ever met.

Toby full of a tale of the Mafia and the kidnapping of a gentleman's daughter, involving some important names in Sicily today. I wonder if people at home can picture the background to the Sicilian scene.

This evening had dinner at the 7th Army mess with Lieutenant-Colonel Lucky, who invited me there so that I might have an opportunity of a last evening with the Catinellas, who were also his guests, at which I was very pleased.

I have been going through the list of dismissals which we have made in the universities of southern Italy since my arrival. Of full-ranking titular professors, at Palermo, four have been completely dismissed and five suspended. This is out of about sixty-four professors, and at first sight it might seem as though we had not done our job of throwing out fascists very efficiently, whereas the contrary is the case. Actually there are in any case fewer to dismiss in southern Italy than will be the case in Rome and the north. My preliminary investigations show that at least forty per cent of the Rome professors will have to go at once. But here in Palermo so many chairs had fallen vacant that only a few remained behind to be dealt with by us at all. As a result we have made sixteen appointments and we have only had need to make four dismissals to make so many. The medicals are, on the whole, less contaminated with fascism, and so in the Royal Academy of Medical Science of Palermo we made only one dis-

missal and one suspension. But in the Royal Academy of Science, Letters and Arts of Palermo we have fourteen dismissals and twelve suspensions. At Messina University again we made sixteen appointments, or thereabouts, and only had need to dismiss one professor besides the administrator, so many Chairs falling vacant automatically. The Peloritania Academy of Messina had the highest number of dismissals, amounting to thirty-six. Catania University saw five new appointments and one dismissal. At Naples University we dismissed twelve professors, and in the Royal Society we put out fourteen members and suspended one.

Of the Chairs which we have abolished from the Italian educational system there are *Diritto Corporativo*, *Storia e dottrina del Fascismo*, and *Cultura Militare*.

In the case of other fascist chairs, rather than abolish them I have had them transformed back into those subjects from which they formerly arose, such as:

*Economia politica corporativa* becomes *Economia politica*.

*Demografia generale e demografia comparata delle Razze* becomes *Etnologia*.

*Legislazione del Lavoro* becomes *Diritto del Lavoro*.

*Diritto Corporativo e Diritto del Lavoro* becomes *Diritto del Lavoro*.

*Diritto Coloniale* becomes *Diritto Coloniale Comparato*.

*Principi di economia generale corporativa e statistica* becomes *Principi di economia politica e statistica*.

*Biologia delle razze umane* becomes *Biologia umana*.

*Diritto costituzionale italiano comparato* becomes *Diritto pubblico comparato*.

Some people seemed to think that all these subjects should be abolished out of hand, and this difficult and cumbersome business of transformation should not have been attempted. They seem to forget that without these subjects it is impossible for the students to take a normal degree, and it is imperative, if the morale and the leadership for the new Italy is to be provided, that the universities should be kept open and working normally. This we have succeeded in doing—but the other way would have been easier for us, as each of these changes has involved many conferences with rectors and deans of faculties.



Among the directors of education of the Italian provinces we have found it necessary to dismiss a much higher proportion than of university professors—ten having been dismissed so far. This is readily understood, as fascism considered the schools a principal means of indoctrination, and, normally, a man could not hold this office without being an ardent fascist.

Toto has made out a list for me of all the professors whom we have appointed to titular rank in the University of Palermo, and it makes a formidable roll—and I think that we have done a good job here by being able both to fill these appointments, and so avoid a break in the life of the university, and furthermore to have filled them by so many Sicilians, and so avoid the grievance which has always existed that the Chairs were filled from Rome by people in political favour in the north. Besides that, they are all mainly on the young side and dynamic, and I think we have caught some very good fish.

[The new professors appointed were:

1. Salvatore Catinella, Professor of Public Comparative Law.
2. Giuseppe Montalbano, Professor of Penal Procedure.
3. Giuseppe Cocchiara, Professor of Folklore and Popular Literature.
4. Virgilio Titone, Professor of Modern History.
5. Gastone Canziani, Professor of Psychology.
6. Gaetano Petrotta, Professor of Albanian Literature.
7. Francesco Serio, Professor of Semiotics.
8. Beniamino Gulotta, Professor of Calculus and Law of Averages.
9. Salvatore Traina, Professor of Genetics.
10. Francesco Cipolla, Professor of Geology.
11. Enrico Castiglia, Professor of the Science of Building.
12. Franco Restivo, Professor of Institutes of Public Law.
13. Giuseppe La Loggia, Professor of Labour Law.
14. Salvatore Orlando Cascio, Professor of Agricultural Law.
15. Rolando Cultrera, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry.
16. Salvatore Monastero, Professor of Entomology.

If I had been a fascist Minister of Education, what a good store of bribery this would have represented.]

Monday, 28th February 1944

At last after many days of contrary winds I managed to get away from Palermo to-day, but even so it was not ideal flying weather—on the contrary it was very bad.

At the airport I met General Castellano and his A.D.C., Catinella's friend. Catinella arranged for me to meet both of them on Tuesday at his home, as I had already heard stories of him. General Giuseppe Castellano is a Sicilian and about fifty years of age, of about medium stature, with an acute and intelligent expression. The important part that the General played in the Armistice negotiations, and the great moral courage he showed then, ought certainly to mark him out for a distinguished career in the service of Italy. At the airport I also met Mr. Howard, who was on his way to Naples. He asked to be remembered to Sir Percy Loraine when I next saw him.

On arriving at Algiers the General asked me to stay the night with him at his mess, and he very kindly placed his car and driver at my disposal, which was more than helpful. I had heard that he was not considered very favourably disposed to the Allies, but I think there is no foundation for this allegation, as at our last meeting and now again during the evening I found him distinctly friendly and very straightforward and convincing. When one considers all the rogues who want to control Sicilian affairs I am surprised that the General, as a Sicilian himself, has not been marked out for some high position in Sicily by Badoglio. We discussed many characters and movements in Sicily, and the General did not underestimate the power or the position of the Mafia element in Sicily.

The grandson of the Prince of Trabia was one of his staff officers, and as charming as Catinella's friend and the general himself. When the day comes that the General can tell his story, including his mission to Madrid, it will make a brave tale, and he will begin to get the credit which is due to him.

Tuesday, 29th February 1944

Annoyed to see in to-day's *Stars and Stripes*, Algiers edition, that the Badoglio Government have already started to take the credit for what we have done in revising the text-books—or is it just inaccurate reporting?



'Elementary school text-books are being revised by the Badoglio Government's Education Ministry,' the announcement said. 'Books for schools in Sicily, Calabria, and other parts of liberated Italy are affected by this revision.'

Won't Carlton be annoyed?

The weather is terrible—rain and wind—and quite cold, but that one is used to now, after a winter in Italy.

We took off to-day from Oran in a South African aeroplane. It is good to be in a British machine again, but we had to turn back on account of this bad weather. In fact the pilot was afraid for his wings.

At first, on our left was the North African shore, and immediately behind it the mountains, and on our right a solid dark wall (a 'cold front') of storm. Gradually the streak of clear weather between the coast and the mountains closed in, and the pilot tried to climb up over the mountains, but finding it too dangerous, and being sorely buffeted about, we turned about, just clearing the nearer mountains, and so returned to Algiers. The weather here too was very bad. Curiously enough, on getting out of the 'plane I met Major McDougal, one of our American officers, neither of us having noticed till then that we were fellow-passengers. He was also on his way to England.

Later, after lunch—a mug of coffee and terrible sandwiches struggled for in a jostling crowd of officers and other ranks (Americans so often do these messing arrangements badly)—we tried again. This time we reached Oran safely, although towards the end of the flight there was lightning, thunder, and mists—but the pelting rain and wind had died down. McDougal and I stayed at Ganieli's Hotel and messed at the American Grillon mess, where was provided the very opposite of all I said about American messing in that terrible hutment on the airfield at Algiers, where, even after we had had to struggle for our coffee and sandwiches we were turned out at two o'clock. Here was a great contrast indeed. The first exception was the generosity—for they did not charge strangers. The food, too, was good, and the place was spotlessly clean and well arranged. Then the wine was free—and as much of it as we needed, and the waiters, Italian prisoners of war, were very pleasant and helpful when we spoke to them in Italian.

*Wednesday, 1st March 1944*

We took off from Oran to-day at eight-thirty in the same South African transport 'plane with its very pleasant crew of young well-mannered officers. Having found that I had been in the Airborne Division, they were kind enough to invite me into the cockpit. Here it was much more interesting and, flying at a great height through the Straits of Gibraltar, we had magnificent views of Spain and Tangier. This route lay in what they call 'Bomb Alley', because German fighters have the habit of ranging out here from France and frequently attack shipping and transport 'planes. This one, for instance, has neither armament nor speed, and so it is fair game for any enemy fighter. One of our pilots a short time before had been attacked here by eight Messerschmidts.

We came down at Fort Lyautey, where, in an American mess, we had a very indifferent lunch at a very high cost—officers and men feeding together. We arrived at Casablanca at 2.30 p.m., having called at Rabat on the way. The weather was noticeably warmer and quite a change from the cold of the Mediterranean.

To our delight we were told we could leave for England tonight. But they make these arrangements badly. We were told to return at 9 p.m., although the 'plane was not leaving till midnight, and the second-lieutenant in charge was as near insolent as he could be. Although the Americans have covered the Mediterranean with a network of transport services, which have been of immense help to our war effort, it is difficult to see how they can retain them after the war in competition with other nations. It may be, of course, that this is not a fair comparison with their civilian services.

During the day I walked round Casablanca and bought a small panier of eggs, dates, and nuts to take home with me, drank beer (a welcome change) at a wayside café and was pestered by begging Arabs who were far worse than the beggars in Sicily. It was noticeable that there is a stronger negroid element in the native population here than in Algiers, but at the same time, as in Algiers, the blue-eyed strain is very large. This colour might be derived from Atlantic as well as Nordic sources, but the latter must form a large proportion of it, and it would seem to