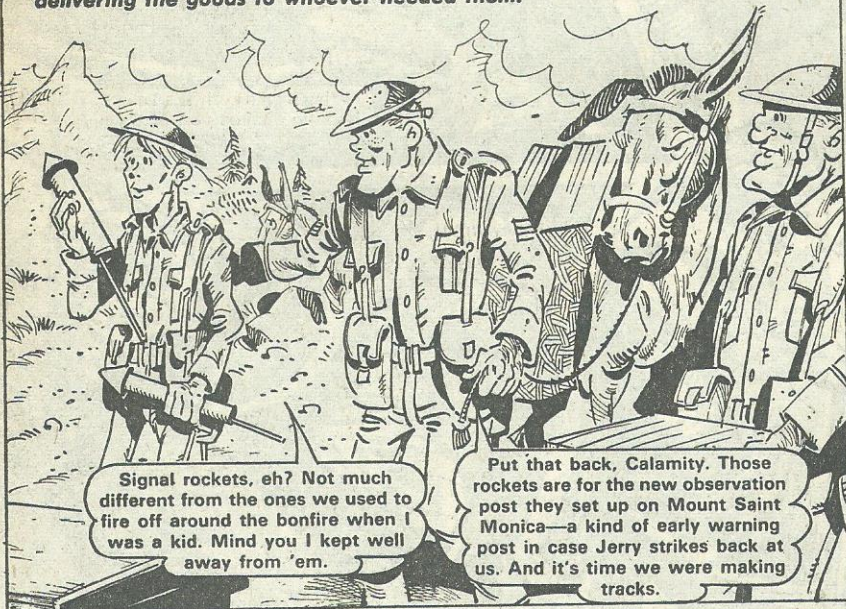


MULLIGAN AND HIS MULES

THOUGH the Italians had surrendered in 1943 the Germans in Italy fought on, and Sergeant Mulligan and his special mule section carried on delivering the goods to whoever needed them.



Signal rockets, eh? Not much different from the ones we used to fire off around the bonfire when I was a kid. Mind you I kept well away from 'em.

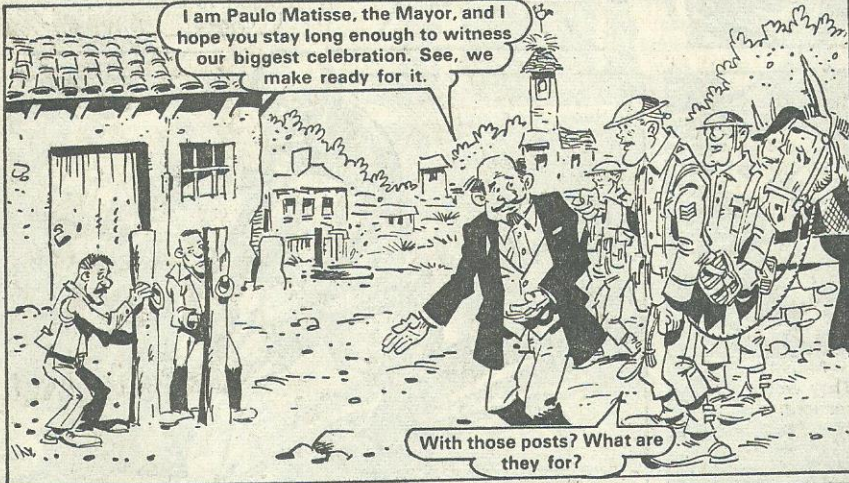
Put that back, Calamity. Those rockets are for the new observation post they set up on Mount Saint Monica—a kind of early warning post in case Jerry strikes back at us. And it's time we were making tracks.

Halfway up to the observation post they entered a village.



Welcome to Santa Monica! Join us as we celebrate the feast day of our patron saint.

Thanks, Mister, but we can't stay long.



I am Paulo Matisse, the Mayor, and I hope you stay long enough to witness our biggest celebration. See, we make ready for it.

With those posts? What are they for?

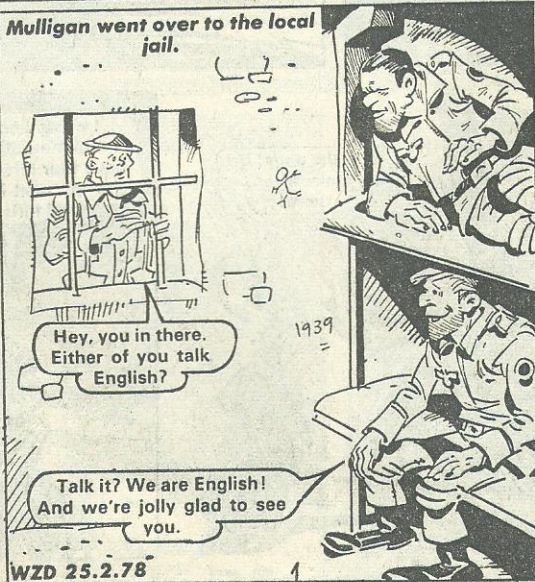


We captured two German paratroops and we have saved them for The Saint's Day. Now we execute them.

You can't do that. They're prisoners of war. We'll hand 'em over to the British troops.



My son was killed by the Germans. We found these two in the hills near to Santa Monica. They had parachuted down and our mountain men grabbed them. They pay the price for my son.



Mulligan went over to the local jail.

Hey, you in there. Either of you talk English?

Talk it? We are English! And we're jolly glad to see you.



I'm Captain Hughes and this is Lieutenant Larkin. We were supposed to be dropped behind the German lines in disguise, but we landed too far south and these mad Italians grabbed us. They won't believe we're British.

Mmm, I see. Of course you might be bluffing. I'll just test you.