



Smoke billows out of the post office after the delayed-action mine goes off in the cellar, spattering the wide street with

burning fragments. Between the two U.S. jeeps and the truck a piece of tin has fallen. Soldiers meanwhile guard the area.



His burned arms held out helplessly and his face and clothes badly charred, an Italian civilian calls for help. The child be-



side him, also walking away from bombed and burning area, holds his hand on his back where apparently he has been hit.



In the midst of the wreckage British and American soldiers at the left are grouped around a wounded soldier lying near a

stretcher. At right a wounded civilian lifts himself from the ground, while other bodies behind him are still under debris.

NAZI MINE KILLS 100

On Oct. 7 in Naples the Germans perpetrated one of the great horrors of the war. That afternoon the fancy new post office, built in 1933 by Mussolini, was crowded with Allied soldiers and Italian civilians. Suddenly in the basement a delayed-action mine, left by the Germans when they evacuated the city, exploded. More than 100 people, including many women and children, were blown to death, and the whole pavement running in front of the post office was flung into the air.

In the next building when the explosion occurred, was *Time* and *LIFE* Correspondent Will Lang. He cabled: "There was a sudden overwhelming roar and then shattered window glass clanked and tinkled all over the furniture. It was dark; huge masses of black smoke blotted the light from the room. From the street below a woman screamed in short, labored breaths. A wild dissonant chorus of pain pierced up through the gloom.

"Below, huge building blocks lay in smoking piles and a depressing mantle of black covered everything. Here and there were misshapen bodies and parts of bodies sprawled on the street and sidewalk. It was unreal, and even blood was black.



Bodies are lined up under blankets on the blasted street, while first-aid men lower a wounded child onto a stretcher. An American sergeant at left watches, while other soldiers clear debris.



Two bodies lie amid the litter. The explosion tore the shirt and coat off the man in the foreground, and apparently blew off his left foot. Among litter is a broken stone window frame.

AT NAPLES POST OFFICE

A dark shape rose from the destruction and went screaming around the corner.

"One entire corner of the post office was ruined. The explosion had blown out the first floor, striking passing civilians and soldiers. An old lady with wisps of white hair sprawled grotesquely. Nearby the twisted body of a child lay still. Then I almost stepped on the headless body of an Italian man.

"Soldiers and *carabinieri* lowered ropes into the pit. First the living came up, stumbling on arrival amid the wreckage. Then the dead. The ropes brought up the charred bodies and when they came into sight at street level, even tough soldiers grimaced. One broken corpse seemed ten feet long when the *carabinieri* pulled it over the edge. An American soldier, so black he could be distinguished only by his leggings, wandered up to the first-aid men, clutching his bleeding forehead in one hand.

"Those sonsabitches," he said with difficulty. "Those goddam dirty sonsabitches."

Also nearby when mine exploded were *LIFE* Photographer Robert Capa and *Acme* News Photographer Charles Corte. They took the pictures which are printed here.



Into a Red Cross ambulance a wounded soldier is gently helped by British soldiers. At the left an Italian policeman apparently is trying to snap the man on the stretcher out of his hysteria.



The body of a little boy lies bloody and torn on edge of rubble. One woman, walking around the corner of the Via Roma, 150 yards away, had her head blown completely off by the blast.