GORITZ TORN TO PIECES IN LAST GERMAN DRIVE

Correspondent Sees Shell-Battered City Just Before the Italians Retreated.

PAINTS PICTURE OF RUIN

Newspaper Man Have Narrow Escape as They Watch Artillery Battle—Outlines of City Still There, but It is a City Saved by Bombardment.

Headquarters of the Italian Army, Northeastern Italy (Delayed).—A splendid, "Now is Goritz!" was the cry of the duke of Aosta's soldiers as they pressed through the little town of Lucinico a few months ago, fighting their way down to the bloody river, then across the western bridge leading to the city, when they ran shouting to "Gorizia at last!"

Gorizia was reserved when the commanding crowning fortune of Austro-Germanic took up this name cry. "On to Goritz!" pressing down from the north, across the northern bridge to the city and ending with "Gorizia at last!"

Thus Gurtiz has become a symbol of the huge "Z-saw" which has occupied the attention of the world for many days. It was the "Z-saw" that, the center of gravity of fighting front stretching from Pisano, far to the south, on the shore of the Adriatic at Monfalcone, and it was the same populous and important city in the great crescent of territory which the Italian army had freed from the south-western Austria—some six hundred square miles in all—a deserted city, with only a few stragglers remaining up the year. Gorizia had 30,000 people, but only 3,000 are left, and those make only a scattered showing. Here and there whole main streets have either side with no shell-torn fronts. It is a ghost city, a city of the dead, a city of ingloriously spectral.

Yesterday afternoon we passed the extensive artillery positions where 600 Austrian guns were located. One corner of the city, the part of it nearest the Adriatic at Monfalcone, and it was the most populous and important city in the great crescent of territory which the Italian army had freed from the south-western Austria—some six hundred square miles in all—a deserted city, with only a few stragglers remaining up the year. Gorizia had 30,000 people, but only 3,000 are left, and those make only a scattered showing. Here and there whole main streets have either side with no shell-torn fronts. It is a ghost city, a city of the dead, a city of ingloriously spectral.

Trip to the Citadel.

I went to Gorizia and was the city on the eve of its agony. It was the last trip made there by anyone outside the military before the retreat began.

The rest of the Austrian artillery positions was then commenced. Everywhere at the moment it was taken there was a tremendous reversal of the enemy's fire. Instead of being directed against the Italians it was turned on the Austrians themselves. Their own batteries were now the target. Those guns had been captured from the Italians in the first days of fighting front stretching from Pisano, far to the south, on the shore of the Adriatic at Monfalcone, and it was the same populous and important city in the great crescent of territory which the Italian army had freed from the south-western Austria—some six hundred square miles in all—a deserted city, with only a few stragglers remaining up the year. Gorizia had 30,000 people, but only 3,000 are left, and those make only a scattered showing. Here and there whole main streets have either side with no shell-torn fronts. It is a ghost city, a city of the dead, a city of ingloriously spectral.

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