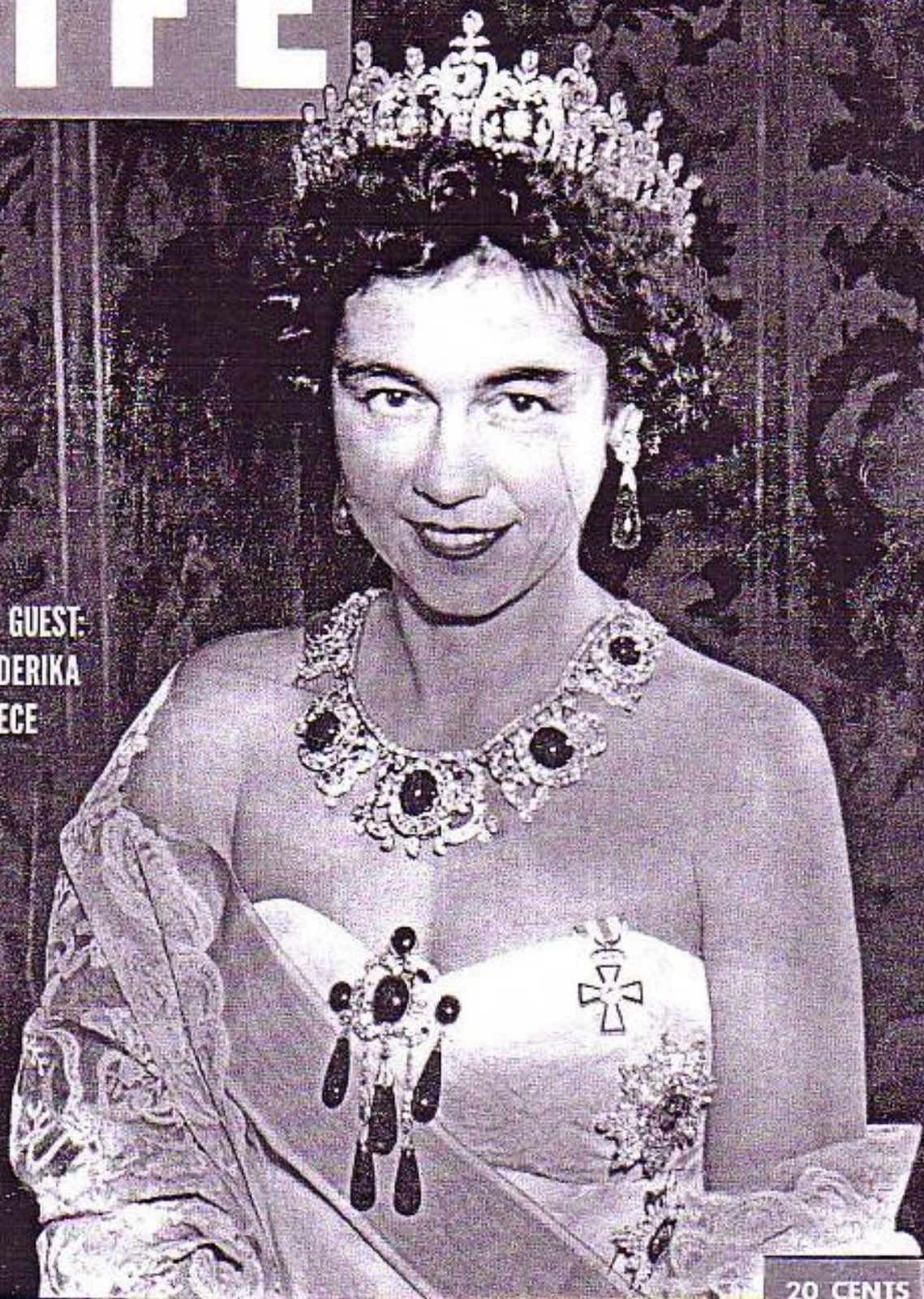


LIFE

BACKGROUND OF TROTting SCANDAL
CHURCHILL ON THE GREAT BETRAYAL

AMERICA'S GUEST:
QUEEN FREDERIKA
OF GREECE

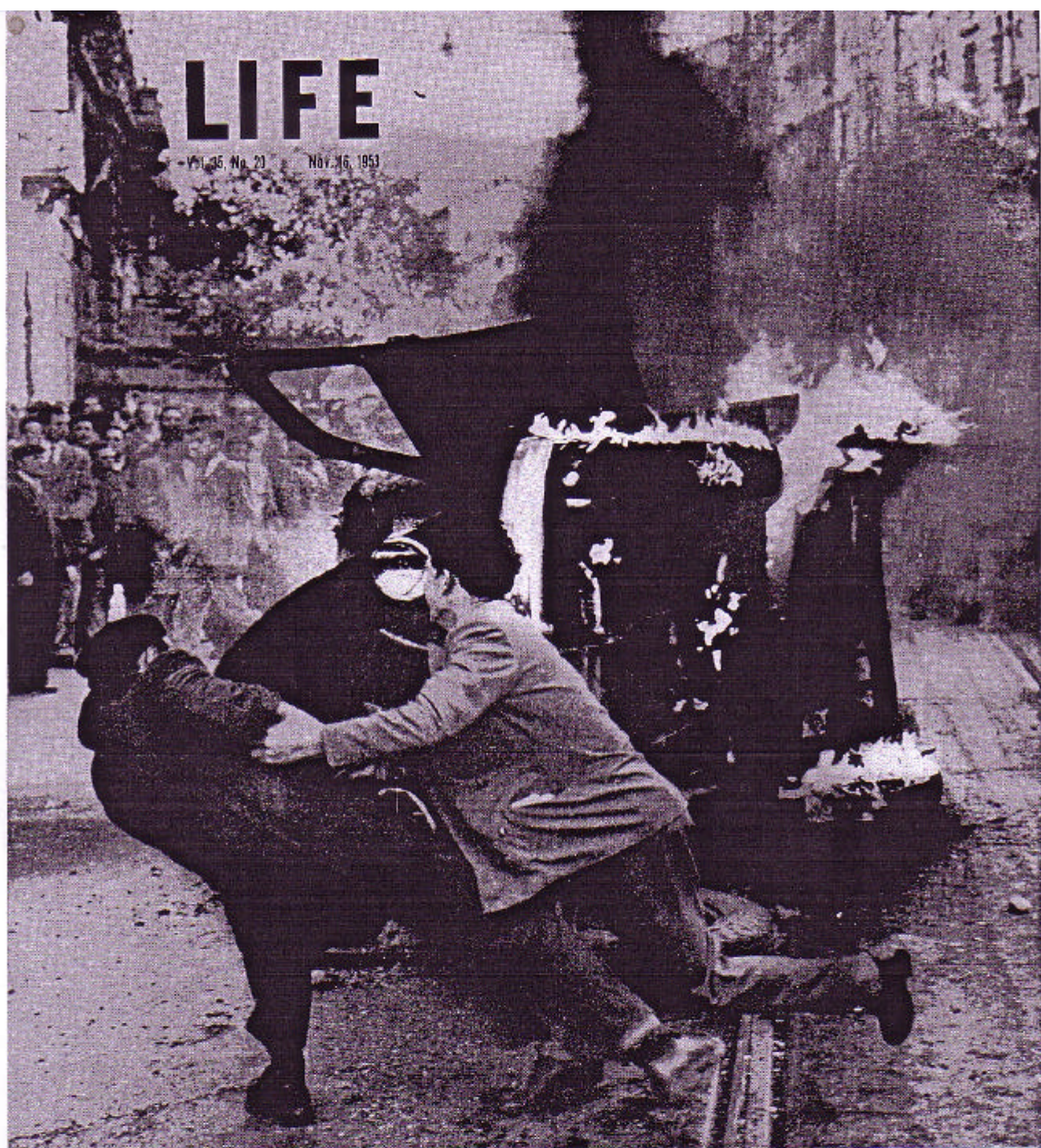


20 CENTS

NOVEMBER 16, 1953

LIFE

Vol. 36, No. 21 Nov. 16, 1953



POLICE CAR, SET AFIRE BY RIOTERS, BLAZES IN TRIESTE AS TWO STUDENTS STRUGGLE TO WRENCH OFF THE BUMPER AND LICENSE PLATES AS SOUVENIRS

TRIESTE, CITY OF FIRE AND BLOOD

Sparked by patriotic fervor and fanned to fury by police, Italian passions over Trieste last week flamed up and threatened to disrupt negotiations over the disputed territory's future. The outburst began in forever touchy Trieste itself where pro-Italians feted Italy's victory in World War I. Feeling, as all Italians passionately do today, that Italy suffered through that war to win Trieste, the pro-Italians seized the occasion to demonstrate against any heed the British and Americans may give to Yugoslavia's protest against turning Zone A over

to Italy (Tito already administers Zone B).

On Tuesday a march by 500 students, yelling "Viva Italia," was broken up easily by Trieste's British-trained and led police. On Wednesday, 1,000 Triestini, back from a memorial speech by Italian Premier Giuseppe Pella in nearby Redipuglia, clashed with the police in a stone-throwing, club-swinging melee. On Thursday the situation turned ugly when police chased a gang of rioters into downtown St. Anthony's church, then violated the sanctuary of the church to club them out again.

Ten thousand Triestini were soon going strong with pried-up paving stones as weapons. Losing control, police opened fire into the crowd. Next day, as riots erupted in Rome and other Italian cities, 50,000 Triestini were on the streets, looking for trouble. The result was a confused battle of hurled rocks, exploding grenades and volleys of police fire described on the next page by LIFE's James Whitmore, who took the picture above. By week's end, Triestini had at least 10 dead to mourn, but for the moment, U.S. troops were in firm control.



AS FOOT POLICE RUN FOR COVER A JEEP PREPARES TO CHARGE UNDER TEAR GAS TO CITY HALL WHERE RETREATING STUDENTS HAD HUNG OUT ITALIAN FLAG

EYEWITNESS STORY OF GRENADES AND DEATH IN THE PHARMACY

James Whitmore was in Trieste for LIFE when the bloodiest riot yet broke out Friday, Nov. 6. His pictures, on preceding page, above and on opposite page, arrived in the U.S. last Sunday. Earlier Whitmore managed to cable this report:

I was standing with my back to the police in the Piazza dell'Unita, watching the students catch their breath 100 yards away. A hard dry explosion went off behind me. I found myself flat on my face with carbine fire going out over my head. An American-made hand grenade had exploded in the middle of the police—killing three of them. I was later told.

I picked myself up and did a foolish thing. I headed for the students instead of the police, who were barely 15 feet behind me. I did that 100 yards in 10 flat with the pavement around me popping like a plate of Rice Krispies as the bullets ricocheted.

Heaving myself around the corner of the first building, I was ashamed I hadn't photographed the whole thing from where I lay, but glad I was there. I turned to a young student shouting beside me just as his shoulder jerked

back and blood poured from it. He half fell and half jumped into the door of a pharmacy a few feet away. The spurting blood sounded like an open water faucet. Another student was carried inside the pharmacy with a hole into his jaw and out his temple. He was dead. I looked back at the first student and saw the pharmacist tapping his eyeballs. He was alive but only just, and then he died too (opposite page).

I ran 50 yards to my hotel to get more film and another camera. I got back to the piazza just in time to see the second grenade go off. The pattern was repeated: more shooting, more panicky running, more wounded. Then the police ducked into the entrance of the government's palazzo and things quieted down for an hour. The piazza was dotted with people walking dogs and wheeling babies. It looked all over. Then the third bomb went off.

The police came out shouting and swearing. They were viciously mad now. Old men, women, children and dogs all got mixed in with the students in a fantastic panic until the Americans arrived—a company of the crack 351st Infantry. The whole piazza cheered. Trieste

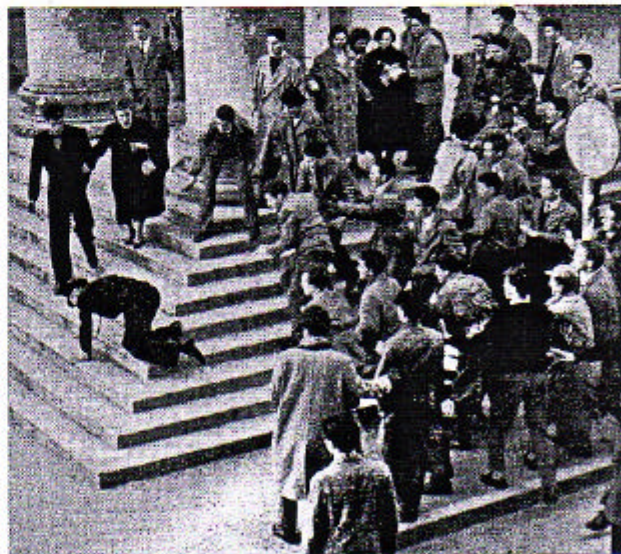
Italians respect the U.S. occupation troops. But two British platoons were booed as they marched in and superintended the removal of a large Italian flag from the city hall. The British soon left, but unfortunately at the same time the Americans retired inside the palazzo with the police. With the piazza bare of authority, someone threw a bundle of dynamite among the police trucks. The police charged out again and fired some more shots, but targets weren't very thick this time.

The piazza was a mess. I found slices in the pavement every two or three feet. That explained the terrible wounds. Police bullets had hit the pavement at a shallow angle, flattened out, bounced and then smashed into running bodies, tearing big shapeless holes. The streets were covered with trails and puddles of blood.

On my expense account, I'm going to sock the magazine for at least a mending job on my coat which has a large gap in it. Just inside that gap I found the head and fuse assembly of an American hand grenade caught in the lining. It must have been from that first one that landed behind me in the middle of the police.



RACING FOR SANCTUARY, rioters flee up steps of St. Anthony's as a British officer of Trieste police force sprints after them in lone pursuit (see right).



REPULSED ON STEPS, the officer sprawls, shoved by rioters. Triestini were enraged when police violated church sanctuary to club students taking refuge.

