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## ROAD TO CHERBOURG.

American troops close in on Cherbourg. Pressing along the main highways and narrow byeways on which the Germans fought delaying actions as they fell back to their main fortifications from which there was to be no escape.

One more town in the Allied bag. One place at least which has escaped serious damage in the fierce clash of battle up the peninsular.

A German relief route buckled by Allied bombs to seal off reinforcements. The track is lifted bodily over the lip of the crater. Travelling now to MONTEBOURG only a few kilometers away, we land in what was once its main street. Our last pictures of it showed it fully occupied by Americans. Now it has had to be re-won... a rat-in-a-hole kind of warfare as German snipers are mopped up.

A strong wind fans the fires sweeping the houses following an air raid. Guttled shells of buildings become furnaces as the flames eat their way unhindered through the village. After all, what is there to save?

Through the night MONTEBOURG casts its red glow in the sky. The aggrary roar of the flames merging with the distant rumble of gunfire.

The cellar dwellers of Montebourg. Families who hid themselves deep down while for days on end Naval, Air and Artillery bombardment laid the town above them in ruins. Somehow they managed to have their meals while debris fell about them. There were a few evacuees from Cherbourg there. They too found shelter in the cellars which nearly every house in the department of ~~Brit~~ Calvados possesses.

The ghost town of LINGEVRES. Not a soul to be seen in this battered relic of a village wherein a tank battle was fought.

In the fields outside the village, British <sup>guns</sup>/shell German mortar positions in TILLEY.

TILLEY once had a reputation as a beauty spot. Its now a haunt for snipers as men of a famous County Regiment occupy the much disputed town.

The Germans sowed their usual harvest of land mines and booby traps before getting out. The Royal Engineers were sent for to clear the obstacles from the path of our advance.

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Tilley, Tilley, not far from Piccadilly; opening line of a song our lads sang as they chopped their way into the village. One more place on the Western Front War Maps where you can pin-mark our progress with a British flag.