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### THE FALL OF CAEN.

Out of the setting sun come waves of heavy bombers. As Lancasters and Halifaxes pass overhead, the battlefront stands still to watch. This is the awe inspiring sight of the great assault which swept the British and Canadians into Caen. Pathfinders trace the target areas with their indicators; and in those planes, Australians and Canadians, sharing with United Kingdom airmen the task of cracking open the heavily-fortified eastern bastion of the German line.

For over half an hour it lasted; attacking with high explosives in a way never before seen on a battlefront. Then came an all night artillery fire with its climax in the hours of dawn. It was solid drum-fire, shaking the earth and sky.

Self propelled Priest guns add their bark to the barrage.

A flail tank moves in to beat a path through a minefield, and General Dempsey sends in his armour. Take note of the importance of CAEN; its the biggest French town yet taken: Its the hub of 12 major roads and the sixth port of France, handling as much if not more cargo than Cherbourg itself. Caen is 130 miles from Paris.

A Barrel of Normandy elder gets mixed up with the ironclads. Storming into the North-Eastern outskirts of Caen, our men were rapidly breaking through the crust of the outer defences. Waist high in cornfields the Anglo-Canadian forces close in on the town. This may prove to be one of the decisive battles of Normandy.

From high ground we get our first glimpse of the objective. Service and newsreel cameramen, including our own Kenneth Gordon are quick on the scene of entry. The pulverised outskirts become a battleground for snipers; the last desperate stand by rearguard riflemen. German casualties have been reported as sacrificial in Rommel's vain attempt to stem the advance. The importance the Germans placed in CAEN was reflected in the way they tried desperately to hold it. But we struck and struck hard at the heart of German resistance.