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In their relentless advance along the West Coast of France, the British and Canadians find all bridges over the Seine destroyed. But engineers swiftly throw new bridges across the river, and soon vehicles bearing the Allied Expeditionary Forces star are speeding to overtake the enemy. Once the Seine had been crossed the full scale German retreat began. All homour to the United Kingdom and Canadian troops who at last have been able to move from the killing grounds, where they held the Germans in a deadly grip, and leap along the coastline to the old stamping grounds of 1940.

Along the road to Dieppe our forces plunge, passing many signs of fervent welcome. "Honour to the Canadians", says this streamer put up by overjoyed frank French folk, The troops press rapidly on, right into Dieppe itself, without catching sight of the Germans, who have abandoned fight for flight. In their hasty withdrawal they had no time to destroy anything but the harbour installations and their precious oil dumps, one of which can be seen still smeking under the cliff.

Liberation has been so wift that the people of Dieppe can hardly wake up to the fact that the Boche has gone;

The Canadians find sadness, but also a great pride, in visiting the graves of their comrades who fell in that Dieppe raid two years ago, which was the first prelude to invasion.

Here is a deadly weapon, which from D-Day to the present has done great work in burning the Germans out of France. The Flame Throwers, whose withering jets of fire provide one of our biggest nightnares for the Namis. The fiery breath of these monsters may yet be scorehing into Germany itself.