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WINGED WAR

Aircraft of the U.S. 8th Air Force hammer at Fort de Royan, German held pocket of resistance on the French atlantic seaboard. Wherever German troops are to be found the Allied winged war seeks them out.

In Denmark, Mosquitos of the R.A.F. 2nd Tactical Air Force picked out Gestapo Headquarters at Oden Sog for a devastating low-level attack. Only pin-point bombers could have carried out this assignment. Note the mass of camouflage netting on the right used in a vain effort to hide the building.

Lancasters of Bomber Command, carrying 12,000 pound bombs keeps date with the last of Germany's pocket battleships, the Lutzow lurking in its Baltic base at Swinemunde. Brilliantly placed near-misses ripped the ship apart below the water-line. Out of the war goes Hitler's last battleship.

Leipzig, sixth largest city of Germany, is now in Allied hands. Biggest industrial centre in Saxony, Leipzig was focal point of one of the largest rail-networks in Germany. What about this for a marshalling yard? No wonder the R.A.F. gave it plenty of attention.

From the outside Leipzig Town Hall looks imposing still. Inside the Rathaus the Mayor, his wife and daughter had poisoned themselves. Sporadic fighting went on for awhile before the streets were finally cleared.

Disregarding Dr. Goebbels orders, the people of Leipzig break out in the familiar rash of white flags.

Fifty thousand German Prisoners crowd into one American First Army cage. The majority of this bag were ~~EEEE~~ taken in the Ruhr pocket. They are a mixed lot ranging from seven generals down to the usual crop of Hitler Youth, here being looked after by a German priest.

35 Americans are all that are required to guard the 50,000. A Czech soldier, released from a concentration camp, lends a hand and seems to enjoy the job. German A.T.S. in civilian clothes, are among the prisoners. After the great round-up sample the joy of British and Empire P.O.s released from Stalag 357.

Nuremberg, 1945. The huge Adolf Hitler Stadium is desolate and silent, a fitting graveyard for the evil movement of which it was once the heart and centre.

How different a sight it presents now from these days in the 1930s when a dazed and unbelieving world watched Germany swagger arrogantly towards a second world war. Like ghosts come these reminders of the evil to which the German people surrendered themselves and the "voice of the man who thought he was Europe's man of destiny.

The silence of death mocks the rantings that once filled this arena of Nazi fanaticism.