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HEADLINES FROM THE PATHE NEWS DESK

The Allies number two secret weapon, the Radio Proximity Fuse, product of the combined skill of British and American science. Vanes which spin during flight, set the fuse which operates as a miniature radio sending and receiving set. Fitted into rocket shells, the electronic miracle adds a new punch to air attack.

Diagrams show how the radio zone of sensitivity spreads about the nose of the bomb to provide a curtain of contact.

Fitted into bombs and artillery shells, the Radio Proximity Fuse provided fire power unequalled by anything the enemy could put up. Diagrams illustrate the relative ineffectiveness of the old type contact bomb when compared with the radio controlled type.

Here's the bomb in actual use.

Bombs with self-controlled radios spray fragmentations all over the target area.

For no better reason than to escape the unpleasant, we switch to the world of fashion. Pathe Gazette brings radios' youngest sweetheart, 12 year-old Petula Clark, to talk about the very newest wear for children.

That's me, looking on while little girls and boys showed the people some of the prettiest frocks they've seen for ages. Little Polly Flinders, they call this dress and even boys couldn't help looking fairly nice.

One I liked specially is called Peggy Ann. It's pale blue with white spots. There were so many party dresses, I couldn't decide which was best. A little boy in a white Pixie Suit looked sweet and Christmassy.

Everybody loved the ladybird twins. They showed us what the smartest 3-year-olds are wearing. Mummy was looking out for a nice outdoor coat for me, I think. These two were in a lovely mohair stuff with red trimmings and some of the bigger girls walked on just like real mannequins. It was a lovely show. What's this little chap thinking? "This is no job for a growing man."

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Into Southampton's King George the Fifth Graving Dock, the biggest in the world, comes the world's largest vessel, the Queen Elizabeth. She's in for a quick check-over before crossing the Atlantic again. Fifty-eight million gallons of water flood into the huge dock in giant mushrooms.

Held steady by cables and nosed by fassing tags the Queen of the Atlantic moves gracefully in for her beauty treatment.

The painters start work as the water level begins to drop. The whole dock is emptied in four hours. One man controls the twelve main pumps, and by the morning the ship finally rests high and dry.

The only ship in the world with three anchors forward. Pathe cameramen's pictures of the Queen Elizabeth out of the water give a new slant on how puny man is.

It's along time ago now since men first went down to the sea in ships, and the Queen Elizabeth represents the last word in grandeur on the oceans of the world.

News flashed over the tapes, told that Britain's Gloster Meteor jet plane had set up a new world speed record bettering six hundred miles an hour. Cutting the air at a speed very nearly as fast as sound, the Meteor's Rolls Royce engines send man through space faster than he has ever travelled before.

Watchers near the Herne Bay course saw what it looks like to move at ten miles a minute. Most were open mouthed and peeped.

The Photographic recording apparatus also hit the headlines. First announcement gave test pilot Eric Greenwood as the record beater. Later it was found that the fastest average had been set up by Group Captain Willie Wilson whose catchphrase is "Icy calm, chaps icy calm."

SPEECH