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PATHE GAZETTE HEADLING NEWS.... COMMANDOS' RAID NORWAY.

Miniature invasion comes to the Nazioccupied islands of Vaage and Maaley off the Norwegian Coast. Once again the Royal Navy ups anchor for another brilliantly executed expedition, officially described as a small scale raid. As the armada sets sail, Naval and Military commanders check their operational plans on a model relief map.

This is the preface to a six hour battle to be carried out by the three services in perfect co-ordination, the military activities being undertaken by Commandos. One outstanding figure is Major Churchill (The "Mad Major" they call him), who piped the men over, and again played his pipes in the heat of battle.

Down below, the toughest men in the British Army head for their destination in much the same manner as the warriors of old. In their dimly lit quarters, men prime the grenades, dripping their daggers like a Capt. Kidd or Long John Silver.

Overhead fly the planes of the R.A.F. setting forth on their primary task. Men of the Navy and Commandos lay great emphasis on the indispensable part taken by the Air Force. Bomber, Fighter and Coastal Commands sent Hampdens, Blenheims and Beaufighters in relays. One of the objects of the raid was to intercept supplies going to the German armies engaged with the Russians in the North. A speck on the map, but an important one.

In the dark hours of morning a deathly silence precedes zero hour. Eventhe tick of a watch sounds loud.

Attack!! From the bowels of waiting ships clamber the Commandos. Assault landing craft already in the water are filled with men. Two landings will be made on the snow-clad islands of Maaley and Vaage. By now the German Garrison is aware of danger. Up go their Very Lights, probing the darkness to see the dim outline of our invading force. Then, with a fire power of nearly 50 shells a minute, every gun on our warships opens up in a furious broadside. All hell is let loose as the Coastal batteries are smashed into pulp.

There goes our signal to lift the bombardment. Everything is ready for the actual landing. Our aircraft have laid a very effective smoke-screen and dropped incendiaries over a wide area of Vaage and the nearby island of Maaley. Under cover of the smoke, assault landing craft (A.L.C's to the Commandos) approach the rocky shore. With the troops go a picked body of British Newsreel and official cameramen, risking everything to bring you a faithful record of the raid.

The main landing is at the little town of South Vaageo. In the face of stiff opposition from the German garrison, the Commandos (still watched over by the R.A.F.) gain the rocky slopes and set about the defenders, (a first class Nazi regiment).

Camoramen keep in close touch with the troops as they come header to the Germans. They follow the Commandos as they make their way along the snow-covered approaches to the burning town. The incendiaries have prepared the way.

Hastily established headquarters keep in touch by radio with the forward troops engaged in the attack. Meanwhile a Destroyer proceeds up the Eira Fiord to deal with enemy shipping.

The Germans begin defending from house to house, which means that we have to engage them in that most deadly form of warfare - street fighting. Barricading themselves in houses, many Germans are burned to death.

Reinforcements are landed as we set about the destruction of the garrison. The centre of the town echoes to the whine of sniper's bullets and the roar and crackle of flames. By this time every German on Maaley had either been killed or captured.

German Headquarters in the main hotel is surrounded by Commandos. Camoramen follow them as they creep cautiously round bullet-swept corners.

Two Quislings have been smelt out and surrender anoverhead two venturesome German planes suddenly appear on the scene. It's even money they'll never get back... and there goes one of them now.

A building at the back of the German H.Q. is receiving some attention from a squad of men with a mortar. Every now and then, when a figure runs wildly for cover, snipers try to pick him off. By contrast with the enemy losses, our casualties were light. Fighting under conditions like these is no picnic.

Shooting pictures was forbidden by the Nazis, so they shot the Nazis and went on shooting pictures. Those who surrendered were sent back under armed escort to be taken care of aboard our ships lying off-shore. A ferry service of barges takes them across.

One of the factories which had been worked by the Germans has its safe blown open, and the contents brought away.

Local Quislings made to do something charitable for once in their miserable lives are ordered to carry their own wounded. Nine of them were brought off, in addition to the German Commander of the Garrison who also came away on a stretcher.

A number of fish-oil and Canning factories were then blown up together with the ammunition dump.

Lumps of burning debris are ~~glued~~ flung clear over into the town. Exploding small arms ammunition adding to the general turmoil as the now successful raid reaches its climax.

As we came, so we departed. With perfect timing the Assault Landing Craft are ready waiting to re-embark the Commandos. It's been a hard day's work but Vaage and Maaley no longer will be of any use to the Germans. Gone are its factories, radio station and entire German and Quisling population, thanks to the Army, the Navy and the Air Force.

Nearly 16,000 tons of shipping employed by the Germans was also lost to them. It was a magnificent curtain raiser to the now three-day attack on the Lofoten Islands which followed soon after.

Yes, Big Man, you've had a busy day.

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