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BRITISH PARATROOPS RAID FRANCE,

Our raid on the Nazi Radiolocation post near Havre gave us another

example of perfect co-operation between the Navy, Infantry, Air Force - and Paratroops. Even the ship's dog-mascot was prepared for any eventuality. They hadn't got nine life-belts to spare for the cat.

The action took place at night, so I'm afraid you must be content with pictures of the final preparations for the raid.. An attack of the kind ~~under~~ review needs much preliminary work, in order that the operation shall be carried out without a hitch. In the actual raid, under cover of darkness, landing craft were lowered from the ships, and silently set out for the shore. As newsreel pictures cannot be taken in the dark, the cameraman stayed aboard in order to film the return of the heroic band after the raid.

While events of this nature were proceeding at sea and on the beach, there was much activity in another direction. The "shock troops" of the job on hand were making ready to play their part. So we switch to the Paratroops, seen here at one of their training stations, doing just those things they were called upon to do in earnest, in the real raid.

When the paratroop-carrying planes reached their objective, the signal was given and a force of determined British soldiers dropped to earth. By the way, although the Bruneval raid has its particular significance, it was by no means a major operation; ~~we~~ but we fervently hope that it will prove to be just a foretaste of other medicine to come. We have been told that "we shall hit the Hun wherever he may be found". Well, we know he is on the other side of the Channel, and we ~~must~~ hit him good and hard there, just as we all hope to finish him off in Germany!

Just as in these pictures, the paratroops in the darkness, set out for the radiolocation post. The destruction was completed, not without opposition from the German guards, but it was completed.

And now we come to authentic pictures of the return from the actual raid. The job well done, and everybody in excellent spirits, although there are quite a lot of black looks. Black, because the raiders had blacked their faces so that the Nazis would be like the chap who looked for a black cat in the coal cellar.

A New type of stretcher makes the transport of wounded an easier task for the R.A.M.C. men. Of course, there is the matter of prisoners. Our boys grabbed some and they're having the experience of their lives. They're on their way to a free country, although they'll not be free until all the world mess is finally cleaned up.

We won't finish our story with shots of Nazis, even though they are out of the war; so let's turn to a much more refreshing picture - Wing-Commander Pickard who led the planes, that dropped the paratroops at their objective. A very gallant gentleman.