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PROOF OF THE POUNDING.

Have you ever wondered how an enemy column looks after our tanks have
 caught up with it and pounded their target with high explosive?
 Or how a desert battleground appears after a bloody encounter between
 guns and tanks, fighter-bombers and supply vehicles? It's an ugly
 sight with its burning heaps of twisted wreckage, but its one that needs
 to be brought home to us occasionally if only to show that out in
 the Middle East our 8th Army is taking the bit between its jaws and
 resolutely setting about the extermination of Rommel's Afrika Corps.
 We owe it to our men to bring to light evidence of the solid part they
 are taking in the destruction of the vilest thing that ever set foot
 about the armed suffocation of the world.

This is a graveyard which the drifting desert sand will one day cover up.
 Perhaps in some future age this land will be visited again by historians
 in search of the remains of politically drugged men who blindly followed
 their would be world dictator. They who lived by the sword will have
 perished by the sword. Their God was the God of the Mailed Fist.
 When the end came many a 21 year old Nazi was buried beneath the crooked
 cross.