

BOULOGNE ENTERED INTO SURRENDER.

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British long-range guns at Hell Fire Corner, manned by Coastal Artillery and the Royal Marines Seige Regiment, open up on German strong points at Boulogne. Across the Channel these monster shells are pin-pointing heavily fortified enemy positions.

The 1st Canadian Army closing in on the enemy is directing the Cross Channel fire by radio. Infinite accuracy is absolutely vital, for if the gunners overshoot, Allied soldiers and not Germans will take the weight of these 2,000 pound projectiles. There's no room for mistakes - and no mistakes are made, as the Nazis learn to their cost when, one after another, direct hits are registered. Not a single enemy battery retaliates as the guns are loaded and reloaded without pause.

New cameras in France take up the story of the battering of Boulogne. After the shells come the bombs, to add their quota of destruction. A thousand Lancasters arrive to hammer the cornered enemy. The terrifying concussion can be heard 50 miles away.

And yet again the guns thunder from the English Coastline. Shells and propellent charges are slung into position.

Flail tanks and flame-throwing Churchill-Crecediles go ahead to beat a passage through the formidable minefields and burn the Nazis out of Boulogne.

Splintered strong points and the wreckage of German block houses bear dreadful testimony to the effectiveness of our shelling and bombing.

Hardly a street has escaped; but flying-bomb victims will welcome this sign that more of the Pas de Calais is in our hands. This town, which so often has been the traveller's first glimpse of France, bears terrible evidence of the ferocity of our attack.

Engineers quickly erect bridges to help our advance into the dock area.

Once more the white flag provides a safe but inglorious passage for Nazis who know when they've had enough. Any more for the Channel packet?

More than passing interest in these prisoners will be taken by the people of Southern England. There were men in their ranks who helped in the shelling of our Channel Coast. The very personal enemies of the women and children of Hellfire Corner.