

WITH THE B.E.F. IN BELGIUM.

The Barriers are rising, all along the frontiers of Belgium and France. And day and night, day after day, the Allies are rolling in, to repeat the story of nineteen fourteen all over again.

Here is a people in distress, happy to break down the barriers, happy to welcome our aid. What a contrast to the sullen faces of the crowds, when Hitler drove in to his bloodless conquests.

Here is no conquest, we're going to fight the battles of the weak... against the oppressor.

But this story has its grim tragedy, back from the war zone....

back from the roar of the guns, come the endless stream of pathetic refugees. Now they are homeless. Some of the older ones remember fleeing before the invader twenty six years ago. Now the same invader has come again... to bring them sorrow and suffering.

Few words are needed to picture the agony of the people, fleeing before the ruthless brutality of Nazi warfare. Few words are needed to picture the destruction, wrought by Nazi bombers. All over Holland, Belgium, and Northern France. These are civilians... this is a civilian town... with no possible Military objective.

Some Nazi bombers are brought down, but for the moment there are others to take their place... in the deadly work of destroying the will to fight of a weaker nation, by attacking women and children.

Such scenes as these, bring only grim determination to the faces of our men, as they march to battle.