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**PATHE GAZETTE takes pride in presenting  
NEW BRITISH BATTLESHIPS.**

This issue of Pathe Gazette brings you a Pictorial record of a great Naval occasion - two new Capital ships H.M.S. HOWE and H.M.S. ANSON are brought into commission. The finishing touches are made by Painters and shipwrights, as 35,000 tons of fighting steel are got ready for handing over to the Royal Navy. From the armour plated hull there pours a small army of workmen - their solid work completed. From now on the battleship is the home of the men who will sail her. The ship's complement comes aboard. These are the men who will work and fight aboard H.M.S. HOWE under their Commanding Officer, Captain Woodhouse - "Woodhouse of the AJAX".

The busy provisioning of ship is under way. From the railway-siding is unloaded food to fill the vast store rooms. Sacks of sugar, beans, flour, potatoes. Crates containing easins, tinned peas, sardines and no doubt bully beef - Food for fifteen hundred men.

Settling down and posting aboard a new ship is a busy time. It's all very new and maybe a little strange. Now we see the actual moment when the Captain takes over the ship from its builders. Rapidly the great vessel takes on its warlike character. Shells for her fourteen inch guns are slung over to fill her magazines. Projectiles for her main armament. There's fighting talk in them there pills.

Money has a way of talking too. The first pay parade aboard comes as a welcome relief to a very busy crew.

On the Quarter Deck the Chaplain of the Fleet holds his service of dedication. A moment when all seek by Prayer God's blessing on the ship and her endeavours.

The supreme moment of departure from the Graving Dock is at hand. One of Britain's newest Battleships is about to move from her berth out into the open waters of the Firth of Forth. With inches only to spare on either side, it is a feat of navigation which calls for infinite skill on the part of the Senior Admiralty Pilot. Slowly the thirty-five thousand ton monster edges her way. Foot by foot H.M.S. HOWE is helped out by tugs and straining hawsers. The slightest error of judgment might cause serious damage.

Every man aboard must feel a thrill of pride as the great warship gathers speed and begins to pulsate with life as she heads for the blue water where she will display her powers. Looming large ahead of her, the Forth Bridge (which has known many such glorious moments) seems to open its great spans as if in welcome to the newcomer.

Deep in the glistening engine room the Engineers tend her with the care of mothers. The machinery settles down to a steady vibrant hum. In this maze of gauges, valves, throttles and dials, excitement is mixed with skill, but vigilance never relaxes. Rising hugely in her natural element the great ship is subjected to every kind of trial. Now and then she shudders as her tremendous power is put to the test.

Mounting wake boils astern as power is increased. HOWE is taking the bone in her teeth.

HOWE carries four aircraft and one seaplane. The latter is made ready for catapulting. As the engine is revved up the signal to fire the propelling charge is given from the bridge.

The sister Ships ANSON and HOWE mount ~~fourteen~~ ten fourteen inch, sixteen five point twenty-five guns, four multiple pom-poms and other weapons. Prior to the big shoot the fourteen inch turret guns have their tampions removed.

And now those guns speak for the first time.

ANSON and HOWE are now on Active Service. Born during the dark days of the war they now emerge in all their glory, to add their weight to the British Navy. No longer are they merely things of Steel, they live, possessing the soul and the voice of Britain.