

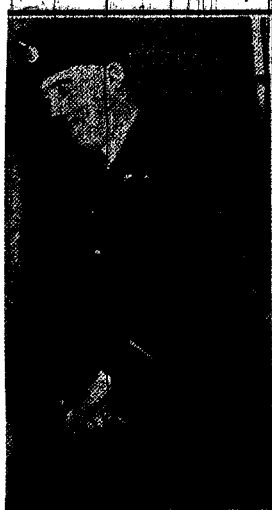
CE STANDS UP"

DE GAULLE'S BROADCAST

TO THE NATION

Gaule broadcast the message to the people of France

battle has begun. After so much fury, suffering, this is the blow we have so much to hope for. This is the battle of France's battle. The day of attack, that is to say, the day when we have already begun to fight on the shores of old England. The oppression was arrested in this last bastion of Europe.



F. Headquarters, where they Minister is seen signing the Trafford Leigh-Mallory.

no to-day it is the base from which the offensive of liberty is being launched for four years, but not yet. France stands up in this offensive.

of France, wherever or who ever there is a simple and sacred with all the means at their disposal must be destroyed, that they and soils the Motherland, honoured enemy. He will do his power to escape his fate. He is stubbornly to our land as long as. But for a long time already in a wild beast in retreat. From arnopol, from the banks of the from Tunis to Rome, he has customed to defeat.

light this battle with fury. She in good order. That is how, we have won each of our is how we shall win this one.

There is no problem for y, and Air Force. They have are ardent, more skilled, more frica, Italy, the ocean, and the their strength and their reviving native land will see them to in bound hand and foot, which

ELATION IN ALGIERS

AFTER FOUR WEARY YEARS

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

ALGIERS, JUNE 6

The great news seeped slowly through Algiers this morning. Few have wireless sets; also the news had to break through the wall of incredulity built up by four weary years of unrealized hoping.

The strongest emotions were those of the men and boys who have escaped from France within the past six months. At midday at the Club des Evadés, where escaped *maquisards* take their meals, the announcement was made by loud-speaker. It was the first intimation that most had had. The elation of the youngest—boys of 16, 17, and 18—was indescribably moving. Their faces were radiant with a surge of joy, though the eyes of many were moist, as they clapped, cheered, and stood to attention to sing the Marseillaise, which was followed by a minute's silence for lads of the *maquis* who have fallen or who will fall, and from whom we are separated.

When General de Gaulle's speech was relayed by loud-speakers in the main square in the late afternoon a large crowd listened attentively, and for the National Anthem stood rigidly to attention, with a seriousness and discipline unwonted here.

A friend of mine, a boy of 19 who fought in the guerrilla warfare in Corrèze, and whose father was shot by the Germans within his own and his mother's hearing at the prison to which they had been summoned in answer to a request to see him, told me that as soon as he had heard the news earlier in the morning he had begun polishing his revolver; he said that he knew it was useless, but he could not help himself.

A BOTTLE OF WINE

Another lad, whom I had never before seen, recognizing my uniform, sent a bottle of wine, apologetically introduced himself, and said that on such a day he could not allow a Briton among them not to drink with them all, or drink but as their guest. After the first effusions several spoke of their disappointment that they were not taking the part for which many have undergone long training; but the disappointment passed like a cloud under the African sun. They also spoke of their regret that no French troops were reported to be taking part.

Among the older men, such as Assembly delegates, the mood was graver, for they were more alive to the agony which the Germans in the last struggle may inflict on France, and the slaughter which the spite of the Nazis and the Vichy militia may cause before they yield. North Africa, in spite of elation, feels peacefully remote and helpless now that the supreme moment of liberation has come.

"ALL PATRIOTS HAVE A PART"

GENERAL EISENHOWER TO WESTERN EUROPE

A message from General Eisenhower was broadcast yesterday to the people of Western Europe, in which he said:—

"I have this message for all of you: Although the initial assault may not have been made in your own country, the hour of your liberation is approaching. All patriots, men and women young and old, have a part to play in the achievement of final victory. To members of resistance movements, whether led by national or by outside leaders, I say: 'Follow the instructions you have received.' To patriots who are not members of organized resistance groups I say: 'Continue your passive re-

THE TROOPS GO ABOARD

CHEERS, SONGS, AND HUMOUR

MASSING OF SHIPS

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH THE MERCHANT NAVY

ON BOARD A BRITISH TROOPSHIP (Delayed)

Smiling, excited, looking as bronzed and fit as county cricketers at summer's end, troops are filing aboard this graceful veteran, which has as full and proud a war record as any ship afloat. Soon, one of thousands of ships of every type and size, Royal and Merchant Navy, British, United States, Norwegian, Dutch, Belgian, and French, she will be heading for Europe, and the liberation of a second continent will be on.

This ship has carried allied fighting men to all the battle fronts. She saw service in Greece and Crete, Madagascar, Malta, was in the North Africa landings, and after that took the soldiers on to Sicily and Italy. She has been bombed as well—and her gunners have hit back hard.

A sight of this port such as I had yesterday and today would have stirred and filled with pride the people of Britain, our allies, and our friends among the subjugated peoples—and would have sent alarm and despondency running riot through the enemy. Calmly and in a businesslike way, the setting for an epic was being completed, the preliminaries to high adventure were being rounded off. Port and town were a huge military camp. Yet—and we kept asking each other, "Why?"—not a single enemy machine came near.

In precise and orderly fashion troops moved gradually nearer the quayside—and Europe. And while history was being made every day life—women queueing for cakes and fish, milkmen doing their rounds, house-painters at work—went on. Soldiers camped temporarily in quiet streets, sharing them with the coalman, the baker, and children at play. Soon they were brewing themselves some tea. Long files of military vehicles moved forward, too.

NO GERMAN AIRCRAFT

Many of them were lorries laden with troops, grand-looking men, who cheered or sang or shouted a mixture of greetings to the people they passed. Some had travelled far, all were heavily equipped, but their cheerfulness was invincible. There was no doubting their fine spirit or the joy they felt—and showed—at being on their way at last. Many of their lorries were liberally chalked with messages—"Berlin or bust," "We're on our way," "Here come Monty's boys."

And so it was all the way to the dockside, troops and more troops, and their machines. And no sign of German aircraft, though here