

Protected by a smoke screen the flotilla approached the German base. Although preparations for the attack had been made for months, the Germans were completely taken by surprise.

Captain Carpenter in charge of the *Vindictive* emerged from the smoke screen, and, bringing his ship to the Mole, prepared to make good his landing. Against the greatest odds his picked men fought their way across the Mole, under a raking fire from land batteries and machine guns. Never in history was a more daring attack made. In those few moments many a hero fell, but those brave men did not sacrifice their lives in vain. The Mole was wrecked and as the shell-shattered *Vindictive* withdrew, the great question with the wounded was "Have we won?"

Three cruisers were sunk in the mouth of the Canal during the storming of the Mole, so the raid that seemed impossible of success closed the harbor of Zeebrugge. These magnificent men gave their lives to save their country in its hour of peril and make the sea safe for those who had been at the mercy of a ruthless enemy.

APPLE PICKING TIME IN NORMANDY

MOST of the boys who at times made things most uncomfortable for the Germans are acquainted with the little village of Maroe. At one time this was a smiling hive of industry nestling closely around its great "fosse," the sole cause of its birth and being, and was the home of many busy workers who spent their days in the black depths of the mine, and their evenings in song and dance in its many neat residences.

But things have changed sadly, and now instead of merry people, laughing children and blooming flowers, the eye is treated to a scene of utter desolation, battered houses, broken walls, groaning ruins, and long streaks of ugly camouflage. Grim black muzzles of 8-inch and 9.2-inch look out the coal chute, and in place of preserve bottles stand row on row of iron bottles, tightly sealed, containing preserves of a different kind. Across a small valley looms Hill 70, and from the top of this, German field glasses are forever trained to detect and report the least movement in the near-by brick piles once known as villages.

'Twas to this smiling village, at least one thousand yards in a direct line from the *line*, that we wended our weary way one day in July, to enjoy a rest. The weather was ideal, warm, dreamy, lazy, delicious summer time, the air fragrant with the odor of ripe fruit, ripened grain and withering grasses, and melodious with the wondrous song of the sky-lark. We took full advantage of our rest, spending a day or two acquainting ourselves with our surroundings and cleaning up generally after a period of hard work. The only drawback was that if more than one of us appeared at one time a very loving message sailed over, telling us to go down with the rats.