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THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

Down the long battle line from the Baltic to the Sea of Azov, the Soviet forces are on the offensive. Their successes are announced by the victory guns of Moscow. Russia sends us pictures, not of those, but of the Red Army gunners in the field.

See by the map the territory won back in thirteen months. That shaded corridor which hurdles the DNIÉPER and, like the Stormoviks of the Red Air Force, spreads westward to sweep the invader into his own land there to destroy him for good. The Anglo-American air offensive enables Soviet aircraft to be employed at the front. Russian bombers and fighters are released for army support, while her allies see to it that German war industry is crippled. The interlocking system of air warfare.

Victim of one of Stalin's fighters. Out of this wreckage they brought a Nazi pilot.

Here is Russia's imperishable Stalingrad today. From chaotic piles of rubble and torn masonry arises a canvas city, where the builders of a new Stalingrad live and work. Every brick and stone block is reshaped and used in the reconstruction of new buildings. Young and old set about the task of bringing order out of confusion. Every wall that grows in this wonderland is fashioned from the shell and bomb-torn skeletons of a city which refused to die.

Down the Volga goes timber for Stalingrad. Great log rafts carried on its busy stream for use in reconstruction. "Greetings to the heroes of Stalingrad" reads the message. No other city was ever born of such courage.

Recognising the many deeds of courage performed in the defence of Stalingrad, medals and certificates are presented to those who fought in the battles for the steel city. A day in which men and women heroes of the Red Army step out of the ranks to receive the decorations of a grateful Republican Union.

Design for the two-handed Sword of Honour which the King has had forged to commemorate the inflexible courage of the warrior city. Britain's oldest sword-maker, Tom Beasley, is the craftsman, pausing in his work of fashioning Commando knives, to shape the four foot long blade. A magnificent weapon of the finest steel.

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Corporal Durbin of the R.A.F. works on the silver mountains to the scabbard covered with crimson Persian lambskin. After the handle is assembled, the blade is taken by an expert and rung against an anvil to test it. Inscribed in English and Russian are these words: "To the steel hearted citizens of Stalingrad, the gift of King George VI, in token of the homage of the British people".

At Goldsmith's Hall in the war-torn City of London the finished article is on view. It will be exhibited elsewhere in BRITAIN. M. GUSEK the new Soviet Ambassador is among the distinguished visitors to examine it. Long lines of Londoners queued up to see the Sword then on view to the public.

Transported back to the Russian battlefields by these Soviet war pictures, we visit the coastal district near NOVOROSISK, graveyard of Nazi hopes in the now liberated Kuban. From here Red Army guns are trained on the remains of the German bridgehead dwindling into nothingness.

Shock troops are rushed forward on tanks to maintain the pressure being exerted on the Germans falling back on the Kerch peninsular. Another battle for the Crimea is in the making.

Attack and counter attack. For several weeks it was thrust and parry in this sector around BYELGOROD, but there is no weak link in Stalin's master plan. By herculean labours and great bravery the Germans were driven back.

The succession of defeats dating from Stalingrad have bitten deep into the German mind. The urge to escape further disasters by withdrawal is strong. They call it "shortening their lines". But the symptoms of wholesale defeat are there.

Assembly point of captured German equipment. From many battlefields come vast quantities of material for transport back for reconditioning or the blast furnaces. A Hitler secret weapon - the multiple-barrel mortar known as the "Sobbing Sister" joins the trainloads of scrap destined for Stalingrad and the factories working within easy march distance of her ruins.

A lease-lend Jeep travels up to the artillery lines where Soviet gunners are hammering at the German positions. Devastating blows by the Red Army call forth our unstinted admiration and still more practicable support. Formidable though the German Army still is, its days of riding roughshod over Europe are rapidly in decline.