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OVER THERE!

Across the English Channel to the Western Front. The practically unhampered flow along the sea lanes which lead to Normandy. We already have ashore a fighting force many times more formidable than was Lord Gert's in the first Battle of France, the administrative task being equivalent to the movement of the entire population if two of our biggest cities. Added to this is the colossal tonnage of supplies to fill their fighting needs, their sustenance and welfare. Even Berlin comes out with the admission that "Allied forces are steadily increasing... coming over the channel like products on a factory conveyor belt". But they omit to mention the willing help which comes freely from Normandy fishermen and villagers.

There are friendly greetings along every kilometer of the Allied advance, but that doesn't overlook the fact that snipers skilfully positioned in rooftops and church belfreys are there in plenty. Quite a number have turned out to be the wives of German soldiers living in France.

Place names mentioned in communiques come to life as we travel inland through the deserted streets of St.Mere Eglise and the towns and villages of liberated France. St.Mere Eglise fell to the Americans . . . their paratroops fighting figuring prominently in the fighting.

Road junction outside SURRAIN and St. Honerine. Allied armour advancing for the tank battles on the outskirts of CAEN. Others press forward in the CARENTAN direction to link up with the airborne forces in that area.

BAYEUX is already celebrating its release from German occupation. From a rostrum draped with flags a French War Correspondent speaks to the crowd.. while fighting is taking place less than two miles away.

First pictures of one of the Allied landing strips under construction. Bulldozers, scoops, Angledozers and rollers plus the muscle power of Pioneer Corps and R.A.F. Servicing Commandos ~~working~~ carving a surface for our front line aircraft.

One of those unruffled French farmers on the skyline. Almost overnight his farmland has become an airfield.

Now we're in the region where the British 6th Airborne Division made landings. Their gliders are draped over the countryside just as the men left them when they touched down and went into action.

Backing up the Infantry, an American artillery Unit brings its heavies to bear on the Germans.

From the automatic cameras on Allied aircraft come more spectacular pictures of how they're strafing ground targets behind the German lines. The big explosions are ammunition supplies going up.

The left-overs from battle. German wounded and prisoners are sorted out for transport out of France. Several Mongolians ex-prisoners from the Russian Front are wearing German uniforms.

It seems that one little Nazi objects to getting his pants wet. He rolls 'em up and paddles out of the war with the rest of his travelling companions.

The inclusion at this point of captured German newsreel pictures of Hitler's Atlantic Wall, (pre-invasion), has a most useful purpose. Apart from the fact that we see Field-Marshal Rommel making a round of inspection, it emphasises the German swing over from the offensive to the defensive state of mind. Apprehensive of the growing might of the Allies in the West, they built their Atlantic Wall...A coastal Maginot Line. They who had sneered at the Fortress-minded French, themselves fell prey to an artificial sense of security behind a mass of concrete and steel. While Dr. Goebbels made frantic assertions as to its invincibility, we probed its secrets - of defence and chose well the point at which to strike. Long range guns housed in huge hangars were brought into the design. With these it was planned to smash any invasion fleet before it set sail. We may in time discover the mangled remains of many guns like this and pass the credit for their destruction to the Allied Air Fleets.

If only Rommel were here now to see this section of it. Demolished by drill and dynamite the barrier to our progress inland is removed.

Crossing the Channel in H.M.S. KELVIN, the Prime Minister, General Smuts and Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke visit the Normandy beaches. KELVINS guns had already been in action when Mr. Churchill transferred to an amphibious craft for the journey to the shore.

First to greet him is Monty. Mr. Churchill is out to inhale the smell of battle. The fighting blood of the Marlboroughs is roused. Come hell or high water, he's going to see things for himself.

This is a picture which will go back to South Africa. It doesn't include General Smuts because he's the photographer.

And this is what Mr. Churchill went for. His presence among the troops was electrifying.

What better quotation than this for the motive behind the Prime Minister's visit. "There is no sacrifice of health or of comfort that he will not make in the Service of Britain."