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SQUEEZING THE NAZIS OUT OF NORMANDY.

We enter along the road marked Cherbourg to witness some of the happenings in and around the now liberated port. For many a British soldier four years ago, Cherbourg was evacuation city following Dunkirk... that's how I knew it in mid-June 1940. Happy release from German occupation is expressed on many a war-weary French face. On the cliffs overlooking the city is Fort du Roule where intense fighting took place. It was here that American artillery gave the Germans a fierce sample of its capabilities. Within the great structure we came across Russian prisoners brought to France by the Germans to do enforced labour. The bearded Ruski became the centre of admiration.

Now see the Nazis on the run. Herds of Hitlerites turned into pasture land where sheep once grazed. A Prisoner-of-war compound where captives of the Cherbourg garrison can now meditate on how the Master Race is winning the war.

To keep the prisoners company they give them a portrait of their foreman. If Adolf knew he was being made fun of, he'd have another Military purge.

Two more of those German Pistol packin' Mommas. They had a share in the shooting from a German pillbox. They bore arms and landed themselves in a sea of trouble.

An American soldier tries to iron out a complication. He attempts to by sign language and a self-concocted form of Esperanto to explain that contrary to what these Russians and their wives have been told by the Germans, they are not going to be executed. These unfortunate people pressed into the German Army Labour gangs originally came from Orel. You can imagine what kind of a life they have led since they were taken on the Russian front and forced to work for the Nazis.

It was some little while before resistance in Cherbourg was finally overcome. Sniper trouble had patrols on the alert even after the surrender by General von Schlieben. In some quarters it was still unsafe for men to walk without a finger on the trigger of a rifle.

That Jerry died at his window seat; one German who didn't live to see the American soldiers taking possession of the city.

Now the mighty have fallen; not the goosestepping German soldiery now. Heil Hitler my foot.

Out along that same road marked Cherbourg winds the solemn line of prisoners.

American's number one victory in France enables the people of Cherbourg to tear down every evidence of German occupation.

Ceremony of the formal return of Cherbourg into French control. A Tricolour made from the red, white and blue silk parachutes which fell on Normandy on D Day, flies with Allied flags in the main square. A dwindled population of civilians hears words from General Collins. It hears also the Marseillaise played again. From the Mayor of Cherbourg came these words: "It is with heartfelt emotion and intense joy that I bid you welcome".

Revisiting the Normandy beaches, we find them as one vast depository for Allied supplies. The shore has been transformed. One-time bathing resorts are unrecognisable; sand dunes have roadways cut through them, and heavy mesh wire carpets the waterfront. A constant stream of landing craft nose into the shallows and disgorge every conceivable weapon of war. The skyline is blotted out by vessels of all kinds. Beachmasters give instructions through loud hailer, and the clatter and roar of unloading goes on without cessation. Straight from the beaches the cargoes are rushed to inland depots. The business of supply is something to marvel at.

A fine Battle Panorama, showing British armour and infantry moving forward to the attack South West of CAEN. This particular operation took place in the thrust which gained us the first bridgehead across the river ODON. Corn provide cover for the troops while tank crews revel in this natural battleground for armour.

Casualties among a herd of cattle. Many a Normandy farm has been overrun; In the trail of battle are many villages and hamlets utterly destroyed. Their ruins become the hiding place for snipers. Men proceed with caution in this wilderness of tumbled stone.

Through the village of CREUX, and on into the front line where General Dempsey's men of the British Second Army are forcing a salient in the German defences.

Here's another incident with a German sniper hidden in the roof of a barn. It's only a matter of time before Jerry snipers end up full of lead.

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The railway line North of the ODON becomes a jumping off place for other British troops in this sector. Bren Carriers flatten the level crossing gates and plow on to their objective.

Tourville is one more step in the right direction. It has now been revealed that the famous 51st Highland Division is now fighting in France. ...a new 51st but as redoubtable as the old Division, which fought to the last cartridge in Normandy in 1940.

Aftermath of the Battle of RAURAY. British wounded are brought back to base. The point we want to make here is this: In these pictures you see how Blood Plasma is being given to a casualty as his stretcher is being loaded into an ambulance. Its that life saving fluid which has come from the veins of civilians on the home front.

New Anti-land-mine device is the Flail Tank which, by means of chains continuously threshing the ground, detonates anti-personnel and anti-tank mines, buried up to 3 ft deep. A South African invention it was first used at Alamein. The beating chains can successfully clear a path through an enemy mine-field.

It would be a soaking good idea if, at the end of the war, they put Hitler in front of one of these things.