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## VICTORY IN TUNISIA.

The road which led to the resounding Allied victory in Tunisia.

The valleys and hills around Medjes-el-Bab rattle and shake, as our armored divisions bear down to deliver the crippling body blow which sealed the fate of Tunisia.

General Alexander, the great architect of this superb operation, surveys the execution of his well-laid plans. *(Surveys battlefield through field glasses)*

Each hour in every twenty four is filled with the steady drone of Allied aircraft dominating the sky. They have liquidated the Luftwaffe and ruined the chances of escape for the Axis. The Nazis and Fascists have their backs against a very insecure wall. The last great battle in Africa is turning into a military catastrophe for them. Their morale is cracking; their spirit at breaking point.

In a German cemetery one of their tanks which has taken cover behind the graveyard hedge, makes its own funeral pyre. A direct hit from a shell, and it burns itself out on the site of its own choosing. Many men who took part in the last battles for Tunisia had been in North Africa since the beginning. Veterans of three years of fighting - in Africa participating in the crowning successes.

Frenzied drunk and almost demented by the fury of our attack, groups of dispirited Axis soldiers gave themselves up. The remains of the Afrika Corps were becoming infested with the Germs of Defeat.

With incredible speed our advance elements were already in the outskirts of Tunis while fighting was still in progress further back. Enemy Sappers didn't even have time to mine their roads. Confusion was added to their realization of the utter hopelessness of their situation. The road to Tunis was crammed tight with our transport. Everybody seemed to want to be first in. Wagon loads of wonderfully happy men.

As dusk was falling our leading columns were establishing themselves in the suburbs. The German staff car caught alight after we had fired on it as it tried to make a getaway. Resistance was rapidly collapsing. Drove of grey uniformed prisoners were to be seen everywhere. Defeat seemed to strike each man according to his taste. Most of the Germans looked sulky and tired, while others were in almost high spirits. It's my guess that not a few of them will try to make out that they're not really Nazis or Fascist in spirit. A bit of eyewash which the Axis will no doubt turn-on to save their hide. As the Americans say - That stuff is for suckers.

Marched into a large field, the prisoners are given food and drink. Some had been without anything to eat for nearly two days.

Look at this chap. Somebody ought to give him a kick in the pants.

The thousands of captives taken has called for rapid evacuation overseas so as to relieve the strain on the food situation.

A high proportion of the enemy troops were by now giving themselves up wholesale. They began to stream out as we moved in. They had had too much bombing, too much pressure along their line of retreat. They felt and acted like men completely fed up and glad to throw in the towel. They knew they were finished.

Flying over Tunis airfield, we see what a bashing it has received. "Collapse" is seen in everything that meets the eye. The whole place has been wiped out. By contrast, our plane swings away from the aerodrome and follows the main highway through the city. Here the practically unscathed buildings pass below. In them are people ready and waiting to throw off the effects of German occupation and replace it with an almost hysterical joy.

The ruined docks of Tunis from which escape was made impossible. No wonder there was no Dunkirk for the Axis - the doors out of Tunisia were sealed with debris.

For the moment Tunis is expecting an outbreak of street fighting. Slit trenches have been hastily dug in the streets. In buildings, behind barricades, groups of Germans are still in hiding. Cornered men can fight desperately so tanks and vehicles feel their way in as the Allied occupation begins.

The chatter of a Tommy gun, the crackle of rifle fire at street corners and skirmishes break out here and there.

One by one these "last minute men" are rounded up. In one narrow lane they tried to bring a 75 millimeter gun into action. Snipers were firing from windows. Several civilians scurrying in and out of houses nearly got caught in a cross fire. For a time Tunis was nervy and on edge.

As mopping up proceeded, the lines of prisoners grew in length. The incidents were dwindling rapidly and only a scattered handful offered any stubborn resistance. What was left of the routed army had already fled for the neck of land reaching out to Cape Bon.

An Allied tank opens upon the last remaining enemy strong point; a half-built block of flats in which a suicide squad held out. The quick way to finish them off is by gun fire from two Sherman tanks.

**Prisoners**

By 7 o'clock most of the resistance finished out. The predominant noise in the streets was the tramp of marching feet as the seemingly endless stream of prisoners flowed on. By now the excited people of Tunis were beginning to line the roads to see this great humiliation of their enemies.

Then, like a human tidal wave, the masses closed in on the main body of our forces as it entered the city. Almost delirious with joy, the crowds surged round their liberators. Here is the amazing scene as the Derbyshire Yeomanry and the 11th Hussars ( who fought all the way from Alamein) try to make their way through the excited throng.

First and Eighth Army men find it almost impossible to move through the crowds of men, women and children who shower them with flowers and press gifts upon them. Until half an hour ago, German soldiers were fighting bitterly in these same streets. Hand Grenades were being thrown from windows. Now from balconies, its bouquets instead of bombs; Kisses and V signs; a few closely guarded Allied flags begin to appear, and through it all the ceaseless cheering.

All he has to do is to sit back and be kissed, and kissed and kissed.

Every lorry is packed with men, and as each goes by they receive an ovation which is sheer hero worship. This is one time when the expression "Hero worship" fits. Khaki clad heroes getting what we long to give them ourselves. Jumping aboard the vehicles, the wildly excited crowds swamp our troops with the warmth of their welcome. Trust a cameraman to pick the right spot.

For three years it had not been healthy to possess a Union Jack, a Tricolour or the Stars and Stripes. But today those three years are ended, and colours which have been given hidden away in secret hiding places are brought out and held aloft. Tunis rejoices. Tunis is rid of the disease which gripped her. Today the whole of North Africa is clean again.