

914 4:10 PM M. J. [unclear]

SOVIET BATTLEFRONT --- FRONT LINE RECORD OF RED ARMY ACTION BY
THE RIVER DON.

A symbol of peace and plenty; the flowing River Don; winding through the fertile lands ⁸⁶ the south --- and a tank that reminds us that here armies of millions are locked in battle; the quiet Don has run red with blood. Over the vast plains an endless river of supply is also flowing; and men who are pledged and determined to fight the German invader to the last. Fifteen months of total war has found the Red Army still with the strength of a Colossus; still pouring munitions and man-power into the cauldron for the sake of ~~independence~~ independence. Not a day or a night has passed without the thunder of a cannonade in this huge arena of a world at war.

Artillery hammers at a market town transformed by the Germans into a strong-point. At the end of the action the camera turns upon the oft-repeated scene of the price men pay for ~~the~~ ambition/~~the~~ ~~loss~~: How many Nazis have died for Hitler's dream of world conquest? ~~the answer is still the same~~; not nearly enough. *And then*

are prisoners from the ~~men prisoners in these days in Russia; but these are men of the~~ routed 840th Division, brought to the Don Valley from Occupied France.

But there's no rest in fighting Russia; after each attack and counter-attack, another attack must be mounted. No rest for the Red Army --- no rest for the invader.

Another section of the same Don front; tanks, infantry and automatic weapons pour a ceaseless fusillade of fire across the greatest battlefield in history. ~~Casualty figures are meaningless; imagination fails to grasp the enormous wastage in this kind of war; but thousands of men under the banner of the Red Cross are doing the work of heroes with no hope of rest.~~

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From the battlefield we switch to Moscow; to the Kremlin where soldiers are receiving the awards of their valour. They gained these honours in the epic siege of Sebastopol.

Another sector of the southern battlefront; in a land whose railways are the same lifeline that our sea communications are to us. The ~~main~~ ^{Kirov} railway is a main supply line for the front and the camera goes aboard on one of its hazardous journeys.

Nazi bombers are overhead and every A.A. gun is brought into play.

~~You can't do much evasive swerving with a train; it's a miracle that they get through - but they do; and they take heavy~~ heavy toll of the raiders.

And while another heavy infantry attack is in progress, a cameraman goes out on a killing expedition with an expert sniper. The camera has a long-range lens; the sniper with the telescope has 700 dead Germans to his credit; *and he has the camera all the evening that you need to live*

Waiting for No. 701.

And No. 702.

Two less of the would-be master race to befoul the earth; and we travel with yet another newsreel war correspondent to cover another phase of the Red Army's wonderful fight. Right into the firing line, with high explosive ~~striking~~ ^{shaking} the very vitals of the earth.

War on the grand scale; who could have hoped in 1941 that the Soviet Union would still be fighting on so gallantly? the world had certainly underrated the ~~fighting~~ power of this great and single-minded nation. Their unity and patriotism came like a breath of clean air after the foul stench of betrayal ~~had~~ had enveloped Europe. They continue to bring forth their vast reserves for the battle: we must hope to strike the death blow with them before those reserves are gone.