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TRIUMPH IN FRANCE.

As the German armies in the West reel towards ever greater disaster, Allied shells and bombs sound Hitler's death-knell. Under bombardment is the citadel overlooking the harbour of St. Malo, where fanatical Nazi resistance, after things had become hopeless, only prolonged the towns sufferings. Enemy guns still make things hot, so troops have to go forward cautiously to prise the Germans out.

Completely cut off, and blasted relentlessly day and night, the citadel gives in, and its garrison goes to join the thousands of other prisoners taken in Brittany.

The man who, from his underground shelter well stocked with bad brandy ordered his garrison to continue its futile resistance is Colonel Von Anlock, known as "the madman of St. Malo". He vowed that he would never surrender.....then he heard that his grateful Fuehrer had awarded him the Oak Leaves to the Iron Cross, and he knew by this that his number was up. "We will fight to the last drop of blood" he had declared; but judging by the behaviour of his orderly, they had fought to the last drop of something else.

As the mad Colonel goes to join the other German Commanders who have changed the Swastika for the white flag, we turn eastwards to the town of Trun, where Canadian armour finally closed the Falaise pocket, graveyard of the German Seventh Army. What remains of the town is mostly in flames. One of the few things still undamaged is the memorial to the town's menfolk who fell in that other war against the Besche a generation ago. The Canadians demolish unsafe buildings with explosives the Germans themselves left behind.

South-east, to Orleans, whose lightning capture by the Allies opened the way towards Paris. The Germans were taken so completely by surprise that they cleared out, leaving only a few snipers to be mopped up.

As the Allied armies surge across France, men of the Maquis hear the call to arms. Hidden weapons are brought out of the secret hiding places where they have been kept in readiness for an important job..... the job of killing Germans.

A few scores have to be settled by this Mademoiselle who fights side by side with her menfolk.

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The famous cathedral of Chartres looks down upon citizens who, after four long years, can breathe freely again. The speed of the Allied advance reached a new level when the liberating armies swept through the ancient city. Paris is only forty-four miles away, and the Germans have been able to do nothing to stem our advance, beyond leaving a few suicide squads to be mopped up.

As everywhere in the path of the Allied advance, German prisoners come rolling in. And the inhabitants of Orleans lose no time in taking care of these citizens who have consorted with the Nazis.

Women who have associated with their country's oppressors have had their heads shaved. An angry crowd gathers at the railings of the Prefecture of Police to jeer at the prisoners herded there.

A few days before, the town of Le Mans was in the front line; now it can hardly hear the distant sounds of war. The Cinema Pathe is again showing the truth to the townsfolk, the shops are open once more, and the people of Le Mans have settled down to an almost normal existence.

There appears to be plenty in the shops, and the rationing system seems to work very much the same as ours. The fashion displays attract admiring glances from these American nurses; while the windows of the shops prove that the French can make wooden-soled footwear look as gay as it does over here. Newspapers that dare to tell the truth are again on the streets, and what great news they have to tell these citizens who sit outside their cafes watching the Allied armour roll by on the road to Paris.

French flags from London roof tops. First electrifying news that Paris is about to fall numbs everyone by the speed of its sudden announcement. Though a big question-mark hangs over Paris, the victory bells of St. Paul's Cathedral chime out. The eagerly awaited news of Paris's liberation is in everyone's mind. Cautiously awaiting developments, undemonstrative Londoners reserve their energy for final victory.