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Taken from sources never before seen by Western scholars, this compelling narrative chronicles the harrowing siege that was a psychological turning point of World War II. On August 23, 1942, Hitler's 16th Tank Division stopped on the banks of the Volga River. To their right, the city of Stalingrad erupted with the first air raid by General von Richthofen, which killed 40,000 civilians. Many German soldiers believed that the war against Russia was won. But in the city of Stalin of the same name on the Volga, Hitler chose the wrong target. The Battle of Stalingrad would be the most ruthless and perhaps the most important battle in history. When the fighting ended, the world first began to believe that Hitler could be defeated. The history of Stalingrad is unusual in all respects. Hitler told General Paulus that with his Sixth Army, the most powerful in the Wehrmacht, he could storm the heavens. But then, in a sudden environment, more than a quarter of a million Paulus people were trapped. Away from home, the attackers were subjected to a terrible siege during the brutal Russian winter as Goering brags that the Luftwaffe can keep supplies rendered empty. Hitler, unable to face the truth of his own catastrophe, refused his starving and frozen permission of the army to surrender. Goebbels ordered to destroy their last letters home. The story has never been told, as Antony Beevor tells here. He writes about the great Manichean clash between Stalin and Hitler, the strategic brilliance and fatal shortcomings of their generals. But his Stalingrad is first of all the story of a man on earth, the first who conveyed the true experience of ordinary Russians and Germans, caught in the first major modern battle in the city, which became the death zone of ruins. His extraordinary research allows him to re-create the irresistible human drama of the fatal siege. Beevor gained access to key sources that had never been used before, including reports of desertions and executions from the archives of the Russian Ministry of Defence, seized German documents, transcripts of prisoners' interrogations, personal letters and diaries of soldiers on both sides, medical reports and interviews with key witnesses and participants. These materials and Beevor's compelling storytelling style create a terrifying montage of catastrophes and deprivations, an apocalyptic vision of the first battle of a truly modern war. You're stupid! You've fallen victim to one of the classic mistakes - the most famous of which is never getting involved in a land war in Asia - but only a little less famous is this: Never go against the Sicilian when death is on the line!-- Wallace Shaw as Vizzini in Princess Never to take part in the Land War in Asia.

Or the European part of Russia. That's good advice. However, for some reason the lure of Russia - its vast steppes, its huge resources, its vast and bloody history - has You fool! You have fallen victim to one of the classic - The most famous of which has never participated in the land war in Asia - but only a little less famous is: Never go against the Sicilian when death is on the line!-- Wallace Shaw as Vizzini in Princess BrideNever to participate in the land war in Asia. Or the European part of Russia. That's good advice. However, for some reason, the lure of Russia - its vast steppes, its vast resources, its vast and bloody history - proved insurmountable, extending to the early Mongolian invasions. The two most famous fools who dared to aspire to Moscow were Napoleon and Hitler. Napoleon failed because of the logistics of his time and time; the more pressed he put on Kutuzov, and the deeper he got to Russia, the longer his supply line became. When he reached his goal, he ran out of food, and turned back in the midst of a brutal winter. At his retreat, Napoleon famously remarked that it was only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The temptation to work with Operation Barbarossa, Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union, is to compare his failure with Napoleon's failure, and chalk him up to the sheer size of Russia and the unforgiving winter. Undoubtedly, the winters were turbulent, and the Germans unprepared, but, as Antony Beevor makes clear in Stalingrad, the fault lay not in the weather, but in Hitler and the stars. Operation Barbarossa was a huge gamble that many Hitler's general (and his generally imbecile foreign minister, Ribbentrop) wanted him to avoid. However, because of Stalin's willful blindness, it almost worked. Indeed, it should have worked. Without Hitler's constant clumsy intervention, it would have worked. Instead, the Germans attacked Stalingrad and almost captured it. The Russians then surrounded the Germans, and the attackers attacked. The Germans surrendered at Stalingrad, and in the end the entire German invasion was reversed. The mistake in Bivor Stalingrad is that there has ever been the Battle of Stalingrad. In particular, during the second summer of the German invasion, the Nazi armies were ready to flee to the Caucasus and seize Soviet oil fields. Hitler intervened and divided the German army group, sending Group B to Stalingrad, where it was eventually chewed to pieces. All this is explained in the first sections of Stalingrad, which are devoted to the planning of Operation Barbarossa, the beginning of the invasion, the battle for Moscow and the first Russian winter. I found that this is the weakest part of the book, and it actually made me pause and consider continuing. Not that I don't appreciate the goal. I firmly believe that even the most substantive history book should provide a small context. In this case, however, the review was not only cursory, but also confusing. Beevor quickly jumps from event to event, battle to battle, using a series of unrelated anecdotes. He tries to cover too many subjects in too few pages, so there is no place to breathe or even about what you're reading. Oh, the Germans executed thousands of Jews in Babi Yar? It's interesting, but we're moving in the right direction. The situation does not help a small number of cards. Beevor spends a lot of ink detailing the movement of troops. However, without a map showing where this body of soldiers was actually located on this earth, it's all lots of numbers and letters that signify nothing. If you want me to care that the 81st Cavalry Division of the 4th Cavalry Corps crossed the Kalmyk steppe on the southern flank, you will have to show me where the Kalmyk steppe is. (I guess it's ... somewhere in the south). Once the preliminary data is accepted and the emphasis is on General Paulus' struggle for Stalingrad, things get better. At least the letter is sometimes bright and memorable. Beevor has a romantic flair for creating memorable images. Take, for example, this description of Russian troops crossing the Volga to enter Stalingrad: The crossing was probably most eerie for those in rowing boats as the water gently hit the bow, and the castles creaked in unison. The far crack of rifle shots and the thud of bursts of projectile sounded hollow over the expanses of the river. Then the German artillery, mortars and any machine guns close enough to the shore switched their target. Columns of water were thrown in the middle of the stream, dousing the boat's passengers. Silver bellies of stunned fish soon gleamed on the surface... Some men stared at the water around them to avoid the view of the far shore, as the climber refuses to look down. Others, however, continued to look forward to the blazing buildings on the west bank, their steel head helmets instinctively lifted into their shoulders... As darkness intensified, a huge flame silhouetted the shells of tall buildings on a bank high above them and threw grotesque shadows. Sparks soared into the night air... Approaching the shore, they caught the smell of charred buildings and a painful stench from decomposing corpses under the rubble. Even during this middle section of the book, while the Germans were still on the offensive, I still had problems with the consistency of the book. Many times the paragraphs on the page seemed completely unfamiliar to each other. Also, many items just left me scratching my head. For example, one paragraph on Russia's response to desertion said, This is a rare case... authorities felt that the officers were overworked. After the statement, Beevor quoted a story about a 19-year-old lieutenant executed after two of his men deserted. Yes? The suggestion in the paragraph is that sometimes even the Russians realize that they are nuts; but instead of supporting this statement, Beevor tells a story that shows the exact opposite. It's not to get picky, but as I've read, I often have this almost unconscious feeling that something was a little off. Final third the book, however, is pretty strong. Once the Germans are on the defensive, battling the Russians and winter, Beevor's story really captures you. It's a good book to read, sitting in a chair on a cold February day (so you can sympathize, without empathy). Along with the details of the fight, there's a fascinating discussion (is it a fascinating correct word?) on topics as varied as medical care, hunger, frostbite, and Russian vodka rations (they often went into the fight drunk, natch). Stalingrad is a difficult battle. There are large troop movements leading to the fight in the city. And there are large movements of troops that lead to the encirculation of the German army. However, most of the fierce fighting in the city itself was a small unit action. There are certain note locations - such as the Tractor Factory - but many descriptions of the fighting are vague and generalized, as they come from individual soldiers, and they certainly couldn't know what was going on. Beevor at his absolute best when he leaves the community and finds a specific character or two to follow within a few pages. These mini-arcs were fascinating, nothing more than Bivor's story about Smyslov (intelligence of the Russian Army) and Dyatlenko (about the NKVD of Russia). The two men were ordered to give a message to General Paulus. And in the Russian army, orders mean something. After braving the German fire, they convince the Nazi sentry to lead them into a bunker (after they are blindfolded with their own parkas). Once in the bunker, they finally convince the commander of the German company to take the message to his commander. But then the commander comes back and says he won't deliver the message. When the Russians ask the German to sign a receipt for a message they can take with their superiors, the German refuses. It's almost a Shakespearean farce. One of the oddities of this book is that I found my rooting interest in being with the Germans. I don't think it's entirely my fault, because there is a clear anti-Soviet bias in Beevor's story. While the German atrocities in Russia are briefly listed at the beginning of the book, Russian atrocities - against their own troops, no less! - covered in great detail. Beevor even devotes a whole chapter to explaining how much the Germans loved Christmas and how they tried to celebrate despite freezing and starving to death. Beevor even compares and contrasts letters home from the troops. While German soldiers wrote fondly about how much they missed the hearth and the house, Beevor makes it clear that the Russian letters were filled with thoughtless propoganda. Stalingrad was known as the fateful city. It was the highest water mark of Germany. Even when Stalingrad fell, Rommel was losing in North Africa, and America was preparing (finally) to take part in the battle. From now on, Germany will know nothing but defeat. Looking back, we were left gasping for breath as to how close we came to dominated by the Nazis. Some may find it hard to believe that we were running through what appeared to be luck - luck that Hitler made such a string of reckless decisions. I would hardly call this luck, though. It was inevitable for me. Our character is our destiny. Napoleonic saying that in order to gain power, you need to be absolutely petty, but to wield power, you need to show true greatness. It is understandable that a self-aggrandizing, paranoid and delusional sociopath like Hitler will seek absolute power and, with some interruptions along the way, will eventually achieve it. But it also makes the same sense that a self-aggrandizement, paranoid-delusional sociopath would be utterly unable to exercise that power, and would make stupid decisions in an unsupported belief that he was always right. These traits ensured that he would get to Stalingrad and then self-destruct. ... More... More stalingrad book pdf download. battle of stalingrad book pdf

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