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THE FAR EAST FRONT --- BURMA --- CHINESE TROOPS IN ACTION.

It looks like the countryside of England, but it's the Martaban district of Burma; British soldiers are moving up with a mule train towards the front line after the Moulmein evacuation. A thin line of khaki, green and brown in a world of dense jungle and insufferable tropical heat. A distant outpost against the march of the little Nazis of Asia.

Burmese troops are in action on the side of the Allies, and though Japanese Fifth Column work has reaped its harvest of treachery there are many who give their lives or their blood in our cause. Indians too, are in action; for this is almost the threshold of India. Fine fighting men with a warrior tradition and Spartan endurance.

~~The local troops are watching~~ the arrival of British and Indian reinforcements in a hard-pressed battle-zone. And presently artillery swings into the line and prepares for action. Action with a forward Observation Post; observation for the gunners; correcting range and direction on a Japanese target.

Here the newsreel camera records the first meeting with a detachment of the Great armies of China; this is the famous Salween River. It is in this formidable land of steamy hills and valleys that China continues the battles of her own war which is now ours too. Entering a village led by General Liu Kwan-Loong --- the gallant soldiers of ancient China; ~~Remote, smiling, tough little men:~~

~~passing the village, aware of the watch with solemn eyes. Remote,~~

unsmiting, tough little men (u)

These are local troops; not the crack veterans of the great central army; provincial soldiers drawn from the South West from Yun-nan province, Yu-ling and Kwei-yang. North-east of Burma, hurried down by Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek to reinforce the battalions of his new comrades-in-arms. A nation that despised the arts of war for ~~centuries~~ countless centuries has here seen the vital necessity of fighting to the death to preserve its culture and dignity. It grows plainer day by day; that this is not international warfare but world revolution; the powers that value the standards of decent conduct against those that value nothing except greed and conquest.

The village is a rendez-vous with the British Command; General Hutton was G.C.C. in Burma when he met General Kwan Loong but since has been replaced by General Alexander. The man of China bears a marked resemblance to his country's brilliant leader

~~Enter the village march the tireless companies of the most~~
~~inscrutable neighbour of the Burman.~~ Their needs are few and very simple and they barter with the market-trader folk for supplies of fruit and vegetables and a little meat.

~~But they know that time is short;~~ soon they are pressing on again; leaving the village for that uncharted hinterland of leaf and scrub. They have learnt camouflage in a school ^{at} which life itself pays the penalty of failure; they merge into the drab, thick background of a jungle that supplies death in many forms; the crack and whistle of a sniper's bullet---the soft hiss of a snake; ~~the sudden roar of a tiger;~~ the furious trumpeting of a rogue elephant in a war of his own.

the sudden roar of a tiger

help / out

A jungle strong-point is being dug with anti-tank & machine-gun nests. and

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Behind that draped curtain of leaf there may be peering two eyes in the face of a Japanese soldier --- a face that grins like the neighbouring monkey but makes no tell-tale chatter. Cunning must be met with super-cunning the ~~the~~ war of the wilds.

~~A jungle strong-point is being dug with anti tank and machine gun-nests: a complicated network of defence and offense, to be heavily camouflaged.~~

Snail

Snipers disappear from sight to take up their position in which they will lie concealed for hours --- ~~unseen-unheard~~ *unseen-unheard*

~~From a dark slit in the earth pokes a black snout of heavy machine gun to keep silent watch as a crocodile watches~~

The first reconnaissance patrol goes out ahead of the main body --- scouts ahead. The stealthy advance of modern troops against an enemy who might be anywhere ~~a~~ a world at war, from the Arctic Sea to the Indian Ocean; engulfing every land from Alaska to Nairobi; from the Far East jungles to the bitter steppes of the Soviet Union --- the signal is advance.