

In this district, we are making ready for that offensive. Our troops were caught on the wrong foot by the suddenness and cunning of Jap jungle warfare. But every day in this steamy vegetation we're gaining to get our own back. Camouflage, surprise, assault; no denying the little men made rings round us and we suffered defeat and disaster: someday, those little men are going to pay for their fun.

Preparation on the land, on the sea --- and for the air. The bulldozer is the modern trail blazer; crashing through primeval forest to make an ~~airfield~~ aerodrome; ~~this task too, is~~ ~~Caplan; and we've got some old scores to pay back in the air as well~~ ~~as on the ground.~~ In the fury of the Japanese Far Eastern onslaught, we were repeatedly hammered through lack of shore-based aircraft. It seems that this somewhat obvious principle of strategy is now being taken care of; ~~we~~ we are pleased to see the bulldozer at work; but the jungle ^{birds} ~~animals~~ hate it.

But some of the inhabitants of this ^{once -} dark forest are landing a hand. My lord the elephant; his dignity and majesty couldn't possibly have anything in common with undersized little ^{Japanese} blokes without any sense of honour.

My lord the elephant fully comprehends the dignity of labour; he will not hurry or be flustered; but when he's finished a job it stays finished. Rather like the way we work ourselves; they shouldn't ring the victory bells just yet in Japan. My lord --- when the task is done you shall eat a mountain of sugar-cane.

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