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WITH THE FRENCH IN THE FRONT LINE

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When winter, the severest for years, descended on France, the question of transporting food to the troops, in the forward areas became acute, but our allies are nothing if not resourceful.

We are now well up in the region of "the line", and a spot of hot food is very welcome indeed (said he, in most unmilitary language); as one doesn't talk during eating, I'll ease up for a few moments.

A line to the people at home. Valuables deposited in a box for safe keeping during risky operations. Cold feet (not due to funk) warmed up - and we move along to positions almost within a biscuit's toss of the enemy. A sharp look out is kept from these forward positions. Relaxation of vigilance might have serious consequences.

And now we present authentic pictures of real action by a party of French Infantrymen. A protective barrage has gone over, and, taking a leaf out of the book of the heroic Finns (on another front) the troops don white cloaks and hoods as effective camouflage in the snow.

Advancing with great stealth through the woods, the party penetrates as far as is considered necessary by the Officer in charge. No revving eye on the opposite side spots the white-robed Frenchmen, who achieve their object without interference. Just another successful patrol.

And as a fitting finish to a useful day, the machine gunners loose off a "spot of hate", just in case Jerry should try any of his tricks.

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