

2-00000

**BURMA ARAKAN FRONT.**

Riverboats ply the waterways leading into the sweating interior of Arakan Province. Pictorial news from Burma, where a cameraman stationed near Maya, and operating with General Wavell's Army, turns his camera on British and Indian troops disembarking from sampans on their way to the front.

The carrying of supplies creates a demand for manual labour. There are coloured boys out East willing to lend a hand, and a shoulder.

Innumerable rivers, inlets and waterways impose a heavy strain on communications; part of the burden of fighting the Japs in Burma.

Local police return to the re-occupied areas won back from the Japanese.

It's a war unto itself on this Arakan front. Constant patrolling is called for, even along the smooth beaches which fringe the Maya peninsula. Jap snipers are still about.

In the Hill Country, known as the Arakan Yoma, jungle fighting is the lot of men now acclimatized to the hardships of tropical warfare.

Just how tough they are can be gauged by these couple of old sweats with a fag-end between them. More often than not they don't see their enemy. They fire at sound, and they're pretty darn quick with the trigger finger. Smoke hangs over the dark green tangle of the Burmese

No-man's-land. On the Arakan front you'll find a strange collection of men -but as hardy and fine as they make 'em.