

44-11

ON TO ROSS....

In September we jumped on the toe of Italy at Messina, and landed the army on the sides at Salerno. In January came the kick on the kneecap at Anzio. These are Army PMA Unit and Howard Association pictures of the new Allied landings 30 miles south of Ross. Here is Salerno again, and the beaches and Harbours in and near Naples, sending off the great seaborne convoys to catch General Kesselring on his seaward flank. The Anzio Nettuno surprise attack launched by General Mark Clark 57 miles North of the 5th Army's main line.

The now familiar sight of a great armada of floating steel venturing on invasion. Men embark in assault craft run up on shore, and head out to the waiting transport ships filling with British and American troops. Admiral Troubridge of the Royal Navy commanding the forces which landed the British troops.

Docks are crissed with American Rangers. They are told of the forthcoming mission where they will go in with British Commandos to establish a bridgehead. The irritating hours of waiting are helped slip by with explanatory talks and constant reference to maps and the condition of their weapons. Yes, "Tonight, is the night".

The Allied Air Attack during the period of the Fifth Army landings was on a large and formidable scale. The Montgomery-Toddler technique of first winning the supremacy of the air was successfully applied.

Admiral Leahy of the United States Navy was in command of the Allied warships employed. Covering fire was laid down as landing craft of all types swept into the beaches in the wake of the minesweepers. While still some distance off shore desultory shelling from enemy artillery was experienced.

Troops in the first assault craft were astonished as they came ashore by the absence of enemy resistance. At this early stage there was every indication that the Fifth Army had pulled off a brilliant surprise manoeuvre. The Rangers and Commandos were experiencing another Messina. The first swift excursion inland to enlarge the beachhead before the enemy counter-attacks could make themselves felt.

By the early morning light you see amphibious Dubs penetrating along taped-off tracks through minefields which have had their first sweeping.

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Standing among the Engineers while they pood, detect and dig for
Lankine is General Alexander in conversation with Admiral Troubridge.

Consolidating the swiftly won position came the second wave of assaulting
troops. Not a casualty suffered and hardly a shot fired. Those few
precious unlost hours were sufficient for us to establish ourselves
firmly. Once the initial impetus was spent, it became the German
intention to try and contain our forces within its defensive perimeter.

An innovation of this assault was the use of floating jetties over
which much of the heavy stuff was driven ashore.

The harbour of Nettuno is Porto d'Anzio. This is it, packed tight
with a vast assortment of vessels. The Emperor Nero built it, now we
do more than fiddle on his doorstep.

General Clark made a dash to dusk visit to the area, travelling to and
from the beaches in his seaplane.

Flying above the Anzio Canal we see how the Germans destroyed
the bridges to slow up our advance. The town of Anzio itself bore
such evidence of the pounding it had received. The civilian population
had been evacuated by the time we entered.

Here and there, groups of German prisoners are to be seen, shepherded
by soldiers with a natural dislike for Nazis.

At the time these pictures were taken this road marked the boundary
of our beachhead. Along it march American and British troops, the
boys to whom we say "Well Done" in this latest Anglo-American
feat of arms.

Twisting a lyric for the occasion, its "Show us the way to go Home"
General Alexander looked off another classic left hook and made contact.

