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GATEWAY TO AUSTRALIA... KOKODA (New Guinea) IN THE FRONT LINE.

Damien Parer.

Eight days ago I was with our Advance Troops in the Jungle, facing the Japs at Kokoda. Its an uncanny sort of warfare, you never see a Jap even though he's only 50 yards away.

Don't under estimate the Jap. He's a highly trained soldier. Well disciplined and brave and although he's had some success up to the present, he's now got against him some of the finest and toughest troops in the world.

I have seen the war, and I know what your husbands, sweethearts and brothers are going through.

COMMENTARY.

Deep into the heart of the Owen Stanley Mountain Country went cameraman Damien Parer. Into the land where once prospectors flew in search of gold. Today the New Guinea Ranges rumble to the roar of warplanes. In that steaming Jungle a new kind of warfare is being fought- a warfare which tears up textbooks and confounds the experts. Here are eerie, vivid and startling pictures of the battle with an unseen enemy. These aircraft are dropping supplies just behind the front lines. The never ceasing struggle to deliver the necessities of war.

There's plenty of excitement among the bush boys who marvel at these strange birds which traverse in about 30 minutes a distance that is a six-days journey on foot. Here are food and blankets, medicine and ammunition for the men who fight the Japanese under incredible hardships.

Hungry men coming out of the lines must be fed. In a tropical heat which sends the mercury into the hundred and twenties, they eat their austerity meal.

~~Exhale~~ Fresh troops are already on their way to make contact with the Japs. Aussies with splendid battle records in Greece and Crete and the Middle East. They move through the dim, dank sweating jungle, and the enemy is close. Green uniforms, hands and faces painted, hidden in tree-tops, peering through the green wilderness.

Cameraman Paper follows this strange uncanny warfare. Where the patrols go, this now bearded newsreel man goes too.

The Japs are masters at camouflage. Quickly the Aussies are learning to play them at their own game. Suddenly fighting breaks out - men fire at sound.

Japs are believed to have used that hut. Bren Gun bullets search for any who may have escaped. It's a grim business of man against man, kill

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or be killed.

Coming out after six weeks in contact with the enemy. Battle scarred Jungle legionaires, who have upheld the traditions of the Australian army.

They have suffered fearful privations, fighting day and night. Their casualties are not light, ~~it~~ but they've carried on. This is war - the real thing - the utter weariness of sorely tried men is evident on their faces. Quietly they accept praise for the job they've done. Six day's journey from here there's a base hospital. The wounded have got to be brought back. They face a long and painful journey. Fuzzy-haired bush-boys shoulder their stretchers and then begins the march through the Owen Stanley Gap.

In the depth of this tangled wilderness there hangs a banner. Every soldier will salute a great organisation doing a magnificent job. Dramatic reality like a shaft of light entering a dark room. The care and consideration shown for the wounded by the bush boys has won the complete admiration of the troops. With them, the black skinned boys are White.

Tropical rain breaks out; falling in a deluge to last for days. The bursting clouds turn the track into a quagmire, multiplying a thousandfold their difficulties. By these things do we begin to grasp the appalling hardships of the New Guinea Campaign.

It was of these things which cameraman Parer thought when he spoke to his countrymen in Australia.

Parer's speech.

I've seen the war and I know what your husbands, sweethearts and brothers are going through. If only everybody at home would realise that this country is in peril, that the Japanese are a well-equipped and dangerous enemy, we might forget the trivial things and go ahead with the job of licking them.

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