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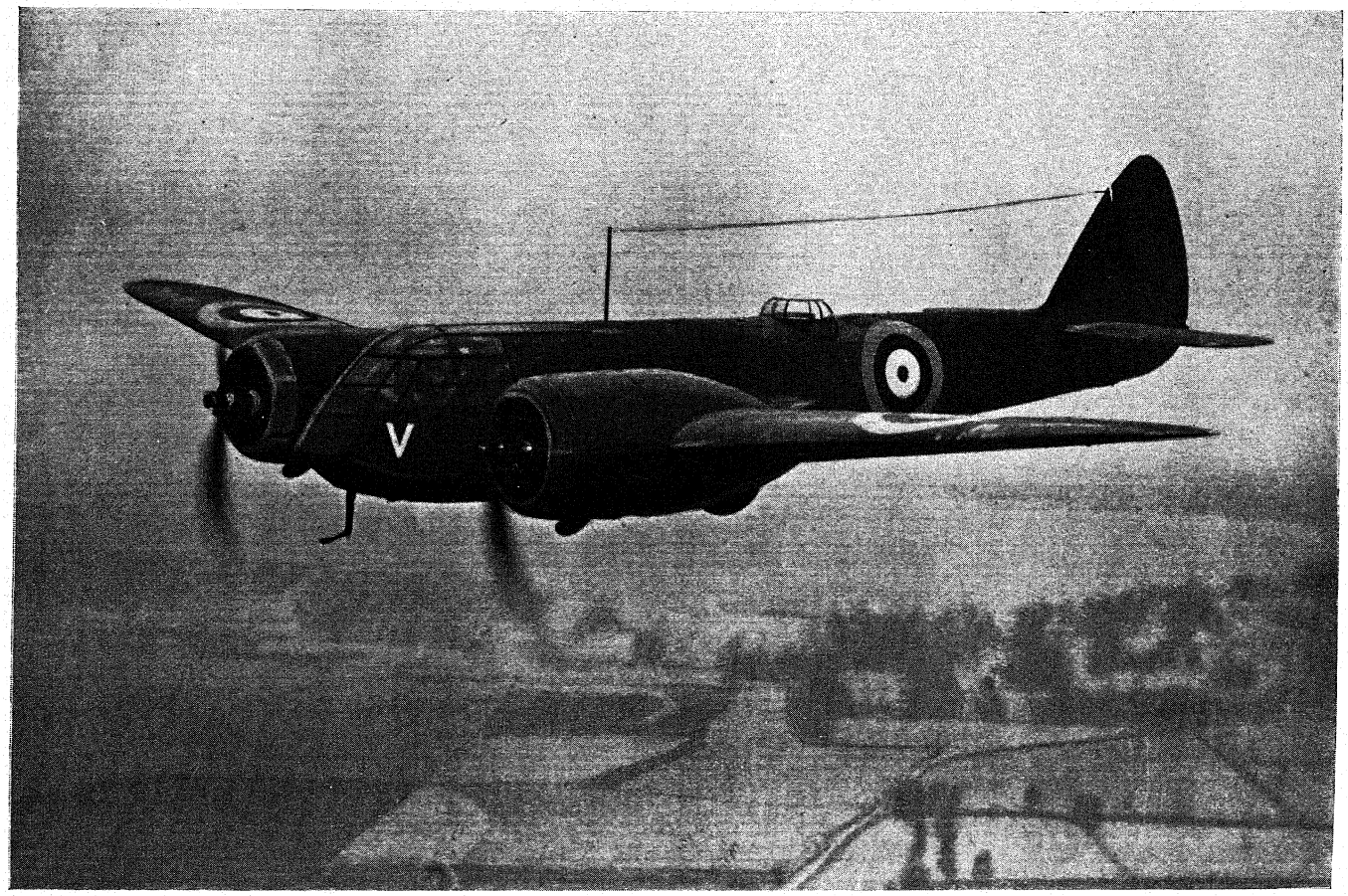

A BLENHEIM BOMBER.
(By Courtesy of "The Aeroplane.")

EDITORIAL

The War

Since the last Editorial was written Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and a large part of France have been invaded. Paris has fallen and the Italian jackal has joined the German lion.

The hopes of the Allies are centred on stopping the German advance, so that behind a stable front the armaments of Great Britain and America may accumulate until the scale is turned. We are thinking of early September, 1914, when the situation was very similar. There is another period in the history of France which was even more similar to the present time. In 1796, France was in a state of considerable chaos internally; she was ringed with enemies and rays of hope were hard to see. At that time no sudden access of armaments or men saved her. She was saved by one man—a junior gunner-major, aged twenty-six years.

Napolean found France everywhere on the defensive, and apparently incapable of any form of attack. In one speech he charged his men with an offensive spirit, in a few weeks he led them in an attack which has become, and will remain, a classic.

The present Allied leaders are men with brilliant military careers. They have been tested and never found wanting in war. They are still performing wonders of defense and there is no question whatever but that our armies are well served. Still it is no disloyalty to hope for a re-incarnation of Napolean, even if he be re-born into some other arm of the service. If age is the potent factor, he will not be a major.

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Prophesy and Fact

The lot of a war prophet is usually unhappy unless his prophesies are so prolific that he has covered almost every possibility. He can then await events with confidence in his heart and "I told you so" on his lips. There are very few such people at the present time. Perhaps the most confounding fact has been the success of offensive action. Even now many of us are rescuing our beliefs with the

thought that attack has always been possible for those who would face the bill. Captain Liddell Hart and others have always stressed the prohibitive cost of offensive action in the last war. They were not entirely right.

Writing with reference to the British losses in the German attack of March 21, 1918, General Charteris stated in his journal, at G. H. Q.: "Our casualties are enormous. There is not yet a complete return of them, but they exceed by far what we have suffered during any of our great attacks in 1916 or last year. That also was what we have always urged—that attack, even when not fully successful, was less costly in lives than imperfect defence. The Cabinet would not believe it; but it is unfair to blame the whole Cabinet, for the Prime Minister is virtually Dictator." The British, defending from March 21 to June 30, 1918, had 418,374 casualties, while in the offensive battle from July to November the casualties amounted to 411,636.

Much of the truth of General Charteris' remark lies in the words "imperfect defence," but those words apply to the Allied operations in Belgium and Northern France. It may, therefore, be wrong for us to presume that the casualties suffered by Germany in the early attacks greatly exceed those of France and ourselves.

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Modern Warfare

The German invasions of Southern Norway, Holland and Belgium must excite admiration in any soldier's mind. They were not humane, they were not in accordance with the rules of war and they may prove to be political blunders, but they were successful to a degree which few soldiers foresaw. Two civilised nations were overrun in little more than a week apiece. Surprise was achieved by parachutists, by the extent to which air forces were used and by the weight and mobility of the land attack. All these three methods resulted in heavy casualties among the individuals concerned—and in success. General newspaper comment expressed horror at the illegal and inhuman side of such methods. That is right. Newspapers are written by law-abiding civilians, for civilians. Soldiers, who are paid to protect these civilians cannot be content to regard the facts with horror; they, like doctors dissecting a poisoned child, must view the facts with purely

analytical eyes. Such questions will arise as, "How can such methods be prevented from succeeding in the future?" "Can we, albeit with less inhumanity and more legality, do the same?" The first of these questions has undoubtedly been asked, and in some part answered, in Europe. The second may well repay thought in India. Before the Germans overran their victim countries they trained their troops for those specific operations. They thought out the best technique and then practised it with every soldier who was to take part. It was a different technique for each country. So in India if the Germans were faced with the invasion of, say, the Ahmedzai Salient, they would decide on the most suitable methods and train the whole force concerned in these methods until that force was perfect. The operations would then be executed.

The days are gone when the general-purpose soldiers that we keep in peace-time can be regarded as fully trained for war. They still need the finishing process of "rehearsal," or whatever the final training will come to be called. The fact that such training may forewarn or incense the chosen victim is potent, but did not prevent the German Army from allowing a British officer to attend the manœuvres on which they rehearsed their method of attack on the Czechoslovakian defences in 1938.

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There is another feature of modern warfare that gives thought to soldiers in India. It is the paramountcy of superior equipment on the battlefield. In the last War trenches and small-arms fire were sufficient to check an advance and, in most cases, to prevent a break-through. Trenches and small-arms fire are both the result of man-power, in which India is rich; they have now been overridden by tanks and aircraft to an extent that has never happened before. Tanks and aircraft do not represent man-power, but wealth and industrial development. In both these India is far from rich. For the moment we may feel safety between the Himalayas and British sea-power, but it is, nevertheless, unpleasant to think that if final decisions are to be made by war, then non-industrial nations, however large, will have no say in such decisions.

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The Ahmedzai Operations

The Ahmedzai operations which began on 20th February were completed on 24th May. Our casualties totalled one British officer, three V. C. O.s and 15 Indian Other Ranks killed; the enemy killed have been

estimated at twenty-nine, but were probably more. A few only of the known leaders of anti-government elements were among the enemy casualties, and none was captured.

The operations may be regarded as successful.

We achieved our limited object, which was to open up the Salient and deny its use to hostile gangs as a safe base from which to raid the Settled Districts. The salient is now penetrated by roads, and posts have been established. Only one "regrettable incident" was suffered, and against this we can balance a most successful battle at the beginning of the operation. This battle derived its success from the surprise use of an unusual weight of artillery fire and air support.

The science of invasion has been advanced so much during the last few months that it will be satisfactory to start a new chapter of Frontier Warfare, leaving a successful little operation at the end of the last chapter.

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China

The Japanese invasion of China has not been much in the news, largely because it is overshadowed by events in Europe, but also because little of importance is happening in China. The Japanese hold the main lines of communication in the east and south of China; and they are now consolidating their hold on these areas. The Chinese are carrying on guerilla warfare, directed chiefly against the Japanese communications. These operations have had some successes in the last few months and the Japanese have suffered casualties.

There are three main areas of operations. The south is the most important because it lies on the borders of Burma and French Indo-China, and contains the main lines of supply of armaments to the Chinese. Great Britain, the United States and France are all interested in this area; and it is probably their influence that is deterring the Japanese from any form of total war. The Chinese have had some considerable successes in this area, chiefly round Nanking, which is 400 miles west of Hong-kong.

The central area centres on Nanchang (400 miles south-west of Shanghai) where the activity is entirely guerilla. The Chinese have had few successes, but their nuisance-value has been considerable. This is the least important area.

The Northern area runs westwards from Peiping (Pekin) towards Inner Mongolia. The Japanese have made long advances

in this area, and, in some cases, subsequent withdrawals. It is probable that these moves have had the dual object of suppressing Chinese guerilla bands and of interrupting communications with Soviet territory. The Chinese have had no considerable successes in this area.

There are so few countries left from whom the Chinese can import armaments, that we cannot expect any great change in the tide of events in the near future. A reasonable outlook would seem to include the gradual consolidation of the Japanese in the east and south, continuing until the war in Europe is finished. At the end of the European war it might well prove prejudicial to Japan's ultimate interests for her to be too strongly entrenched in China.

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Finance

The anouncement by H.E. the Commander-in-Chief of a considerable expansion to the military, naval and air forces of India carries with it inevitable financial consequences. So far, the impact of the war upon India has been financially beneficial. Without any very great additional strain upon her resources, the rise of prices of her products and a great extension of demands upon her, have increased the national income. The change in the war situation in Europe and the entry of Italy into the war, and the consequent necessity for additional armaments, have abruptly shattered the golden dreams of the first months of the war. Additional and almost certainly heavy, expenditure will be needed. It is not yet known whether the Government of India proposes to introduce a supplementary budget in the current financial year, but administrative considerations of this kind are of purely secondary importance. The time has come when pecuniary sacrifices are called for, and all pretence of maintaining pre-war standards must be dropped. The essence of a war economy is abstention from consumption: the resources thus set free must be placed at the disposal of the military machine, which, in modern war, devours materials even more voraciously than it devours men.

India has still to adjust itself to this situation. The most obvious form in which a contribution can be made is by way of additional taxation. But, as already indicated, this may not be imposed at once. In the absence of extra taxation alternative solutions are possible.

In 1931 all pay suffered a 10 per cent. cut because money was needed. Money is more urgently needed now. Both civil and military salary scales in this country have been pitched higher than in the United Kingdom for reasons which can be defended in peace-time. Yet in war-time the higher scale of payment should be a direct challenge to the patriotic feelings of Government servants in India. It is not difficult to work out a scale of pay cuts, which might be as low as $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at the lower end, and should certainly not be less than 10 per cent. on salaries of over, let us say, 2,500 rupees per mensem. A level cut, as imposed in 1931, is manifestly unjust; but a graduated cut should be welcomed.

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Women in War

German girls have thrown themselves from aeroplanes with German parachute troops. On landing they carry hand grenades and other material for the troops.

Belgians girls have been machine-gunned as they fled from their homes.

Polish girls have been moved into Germany for unknown destinations and unspecified work.

Girls in England are working, and breaking down through overwork, in hospital kitchens, munition factories and offices. Many are risking and giving their lives on land, and at sea in hospital ships.

It is therefore, possible to expect with confidence that the young socialites of India's hill stations will face with fortitude any curtailment of entertainments that may be forced on them. The hardiest of them might even consider learning to type or to nurse in case the fact that they are already wanted becomes known to them.

In a speech on 10th June the Chancellor of the Exchequer said: "In this war there are no non-combatants." Any woman or girl who is neither working nor training to work is a non-combatant; and quarrelling with this statement will not raise her to combatant status.

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The Articles in this Number

"MILITARY RESEARCH" is a provocative article which recommends the establishment of a kind of mental lighthouse in the higher headquarters. Lighthouses guide mariners at sea but only in hours of darkness.

"EAST PRUSSIAN INTERLUDE" tells of the manner in which General Samsonov met his end after Tannenburg. It is a strange tale.

"HOW TO LIVE IN INDIA ON YOUR PAY" is a witty and practical account of an Indian Army Officer's financial life. The answer provided will be summarised by many as "Living poor in order to die idle," and they may well prefer to live a bit richer and continue work after retirement.

"LEARNING RUSSIAN" follows "LEARNING TURKISH" in the April number, and is better.

"COLONEL SCOTT'S BUNGALOW" is an account of a strange incident in Southern India. It gives some insight into military life in the past when news travelled slowly.

"THE BALTIC STATES AND FINLAND" is a short article covering a wide field. It gives a useful background to a part of Europe which will reappear in the newspaper headlines.

"THE PATH OF DELIVERANCE" is of no direct military application. It is a translation from a Hindi author and points one true road to peace, perhaps the only one.

"CAUCASIAN EXCURSION" is an interesting account of an area that may well become of military importance before many months are past.

"THE STEYR-SOLOTHUM MACHINE PISTOL" is a short article describing one type of "Tommy gun."

"O'REGAN PREPARES FOR WAR" is a continuation in a series of light articles.

MILITARY RESEARCH

By "Auspex"

In nearly all other professions, in which progress is necessary, there is a considerable amount of research. The object of research is to look into the past for guidance and for any points at which the roads of progress forked, so as to find a parallel for to-day, or to follow up a fork in the road of progress which has not hitherto been explored. Research into past history and into present writings gives the matter from which it is possible to produce new material, new technique, in fact, new invention in thought and in material, which form a starting point from which again to look into the future.

In commerce, success lies in being ahead of one's competitors. In the profession of war, success lies also in being ahead of all one's potential enemies in thought, in material, in technique and, finally, in the training devised for these. Many commercial firms have a special staff detailed for this work. The Army has no such special staff. All the Army has is a few individuals who take a deep interest in their profession and who so absorb themselves in it that every now and then they are able to throw a shaft of light on future technique and progress and on present deficiencies. These officers are naturally struggling against the mass of the opinion of the Army. Their efforts are unco-ordinated and their strength is only that of the individual. Thus they effect very little and the Army naturally either stagnates, or tends to fall behind. Worst of all, the attitude of mind of the Army as a whole becomes resistant instead of being receptive and creative.

We have left it to the Germans to produce a new technique in this war, just as we so frequently left it to them in the Great War. Numbers, and industrial and financial strength have the greatest effect in war, but all these can be successfully opposed and defeated by an army whose military thought, whose technique and whose training and skill are well ahead of those of their opponent.

At times, the terms "military mind," "military thought" are regarded as things to be held up to derision. If only the amateurs, both civil and military, would realise how vitally essential it is for soldiers to have military minds and to think in the military way, then there would be far more real thought given to the profession of war in our army than there is to-day.

It is because the individual effort and the individual military mind is failing to advance military thought that we must possess a definite organisation which has the power to influence it in creative and progressive directions.

Military History moves in cycles. The wheel of development turns full circle. We should not be caught guessing at the next phase for we should see it coming.

It seems almost that no form of land war which we see to-day or may see in the future, until such time as a revolutionary weapon appears, has not had its parallel in the past, however much it may be disguised in its new dress. Ingredients of fire-power, protection, and mobility are continually being mixed by the processes of material progress in ever-varying quantities to form the military whole. Are we to remain blind to the effects of the differing mixture as time goes by? Can we not see how civilisation will mix these ingredients five years hence for the purpose of the military machine? Can we not see what must be the effect on our technique and on the whole face of war of the next mixture?

To-day in France we see a reversion in history to the wars of the early 18th Century, affected, of course, in a new way by the advent of aircraft. Yet, it does not seem to be realised that the days of Marlborough are back with us on land. We think in terms of linear defences in depth instead of realising that defence is area defence in which the great strategic towns form the defended islands between which the war of manœuvre will rage and where are held the vital depots of supply. The only linear defences are those which form geographical barriers to armoured movement. The defended islands are there to provision, to recuperate and to obstruct the movements of the enemy's field forces. A linear defence in depth pre-supposes the existence throughout of suitable and sufficient weapons, or that those weapons can be brought up at call to throw back the attack of heavy armoured

formations. What happens, in fact, is that these defences are beaten in detail from front to rear for their strong points are seldom strong enough to withstand armoured attack for long.

Practically never in military history has there been a defensive position which has not been broken or turned. The Maginot Line is unlikely to be an exception.

With the ability of mechanised forces to live to a great extent on the country, or, at any rate, to be fed from the air, it is vital that main points of supply, such as are these towns of which I speak, shall be defended against their onslaught far to the rear. Air fields must be grouped within the defended islands or in an area enclosed by their defences or else they are lost, at least temporarily.

The study of the history of the early 18th Century shows us how closely the cavalry arm of that day resembled the tank arm of to-day, most particularly in its correlation with infantry in attack. I have made this point about 18th Century warfare in order to show the immense value that can be got from historical research when one is puzzled as to the future.

In 1914 we were caught unprepared. The Russo-Japanese War, the Boer War and the Wars in the Balkans had shown us only too clearly the effect of the small-bore weapon in defence. We had seen the slaughter done by the automatic weapon and the strength of modern earthworks in defence. Yet we entered that war with few enough automatics and no heavy artillery. Firepower was the main ingredient but we did not possess it nor had we made a study of how to overcome it. We paid the penalty in many a battle up to 1918. Of recent years the study of modern war, in so far as it has looked to the future, seems to have been conducted, or at any rate made public, for our Army by ex-officers or civilians and little enough by the Army itself. To-day we find ourselves taken aback by what are obvious tactics employing incidentally an arm, the tank, that we had ourselves invented and which we intended to use in hordes in 1919 and a form of close air attack that we can be said to have introduced. We seem to have been dreaming. Even now it is not too late to wake up and to get ahead in military thought on total war.

It is within the General Staff of a nation's army that the research organisation must be formed, for the General Staff must be

the nation's guide and mentor. This organisation can easily be worked out in detail, and experience will soon show finally how it should be constituted. It must have access to every officer and every organisation in the army and be in a position to extract whatever information it needs from the civil government. In war, if not in peace, its organisation must stretch from Army Headquarters in India, down through the army headquarters in the field, through corps headquarters, down to divisional headquarters. At Divisional Headquarters must be a representative whose business it is to be in constant personal touch with the foremost elements in the battle, so that he can study the enemy's technique and see how our methods can be improved, modified or completely altered in order to put us ahead of the enemy in technique and training, and to give us the immediate initiative from the smallest sub-unit on the battlefield, upwards. From this representative will frequently come the demand for some new weapon which will perform some new and desirable task.

In peacetime the research section will be needed to put us ahead of our enemy from the very inception of a war, at least in our methods, in our weapons, and in our whole conception of what is modern in thought and material. It is probable that the research section at Army Headquarters would soon find itself thrown into research about field administration, as well as into the complex problems for which it should be primarily designed. The Staff Duties Directorate co-ordinates the factual side of the army, while the research section must co-ordinate its thinking and creative side. Even now, there is vital need for such a section in India, for it can, in no very great period, at least throw our military thought ahead of that of a potential enemy and so create the demand for the right sort of weapon and the right sort of organisation.

EAST PRUSSIAN INTERLUDE

By Captain J. Knapp, r.a.

The German Lufthansa passenger plane, in which I was travelling, was flying low over the thickly wooded plain of East Prussia. It was the summer of 1938. As we approached Konigsberg, only occasional glimpses of the town were to be seen between great gusts of rain. We had been flying through squalls and heavy weather ever since we left Tallinn. For a short while we had flown into better conditions while crossing a short bit of sea in the gulf of Riga. Now as we planed down on the great new aerodrome at Konigsberg, cold driving rain was sweeping across it. I soon discovered that it takes more than the weather to affect the spirits of Nazi officials.

The plane had hardly taxied to a standstill before the door of the cabin was flung open and we found ourselves the centre of bustle and efficiency. Uniforms, of course, were everywhere. In the shelter of large umbrellas and accompanied by our luggage we were conducted to the customs office. Speed was the keynote of the whole procedure. Orders were given and obeyed with alacrity.

When the customs were over I went into the restaurant next door. From the opposite direction the only waiter arrived at a pace which compromised between a walk and a trot. He took my order, disappeared and was back in a moment or two with some not wholly appetising chunks of meat swimming in gravy. However, what was lacking in the quality of the food was made up in the excellence of the service. Anyhow I was hungry and did full justice to that meat. Little did I realise that this meal was to cost me a long wait later on. Perhaps I ought to explain here that my knowledge of the German language was limited to the small dictionary, which I kept in my pocket. At any rate this proved to be little disadvantage, for though the English speaking people in Konigsberg are comparatively few, yet great courtesy was shown by all and I quickly found myself carried off in a taxi to the station by a total stranger, who had been commandeered for the job.

It was now, as I looked at the face of the big clock outside the station, that the truth dawned on me for the first time. I had gained an hour in the aeroplane in my journey from Estonia, but I had lost it again in having my lunch at the aerodrome. My

train was due to leave for Allenstein at 2-15 P.M.; it was now 2-20. After a certain amount of hard labour with the dictionary I discovered that the next train did not leave till 6-30 P.M. I could at least occupy my time looking at the town. Konigsberg calls for little description really. In ten days' time it was due to celebrate its tenth anniversary of Nazism. Everywhere there were Nazi banners, the footpaths were crowded with brownshirts, uniformed police patrolled the streets and through the midst of them all strode with easy confidence the children of the movement—the Nazi youth. The Nazi party relies on blind obedience from its members, and in its youth element it has found just such suitable material. To-day the most unbalanced and vicious forces in Germany are represented by these youth corps. Power and authority are put into the hands of boys for the most part town-bred and without any experience of responsibility. On this particular day in the summer of 1938 Konigsberg had all the appearance of an armed camp.

The branch line of the East Prussian Railway, which runs to Allenstein, conducts one through a very fertile countryside and it looked as though 1938 was to produce a fine harvest for Germany. The trains, not unlike those which run on our branch lines at home, are not conspicuous for their speed. It was already after 9-00 P.M. when I reached Allenstein. Here I had to change into another train for the last fifteen miles to Hohenstein, the centre from which most people tour the Tannenberg Battlefield.

Eventually I arrived there about 10-30 to be met by a boy from the hotel, who took over my bags. The hotel was full of German officers. They had on the previous day concluded large-scale manœuvres in the area; and it was for this reason that I had put off my arrival for two days, as the German War Office had stipulated that I should not put in an appearance in those parts before the end of manœuvres. They had also mentioned that a guide would be waiting at Hohenstein to take me round the battlefields. But who this would be, whether military or civilian, I had no idea.

In the morning I was down to breakfast by 8-00 A.M. The day was wet and stormy and the prospect of seeing long distances over the battlefield did not appear good. While eating my breakfast I presently became aware of a very smartly dressed German Cavalry officer, who was restlessly wandering in and out of the restaurant. It never occurred to me that he could be my guide. But he presently came up and asked me if I was the British officer

who had come over to see the Battlefield of Tannenberg. I told him that I was; and he then told me that he had been detailed by the German War Office to look after me. He further told me that his car was outside and that we could start as soon as I was ready. This was far beyond my modest expectations. I had hoped for nothing better than to walk round the nearer portions of the battlefield and to take a taxi for the most distant actions. And now here I was being escorted by a specially selected interpreter at the German Government's expense. No wonder that I felt that I had something to live up to.

My escort was a very young looking captain, tall, with a fine figure, a typical cavalryman to look at. He had a quiet reserved manner. He talked English quite well, but was obviously a bit out of practice. He was stationed in a Cavalry Regiment in Allenstein, but was himself from the Rhineland. He had been just old enough to take part in the last year of the Great War, but after the War, he had been demobilised and had only been recalled when Hitler increased the armed forces of the Reich. He was to prove a most friendly and interesting companion during the next three days.

On leaving Hohenstein we went first to the Tannenberg War Memorial. This is a typically German building—harsh and unlovely, characterising much that is German and nothing that is beautiful. Constructed out of reddish brown brick, hexagonal in shape, with a square tower at each corner, it stands up gaunt and rugged, surmounted as everything is in Germany to-day by the inevitable cluster of Nazi flags. In the days when they still built defensive lines above ground it might well have formed some bastion of some long forgotton Siegfried line. The site is a fine one, standing up on a dominating slope marking as it does almost the furthest advance of the Russians, before this advance was turned into disastrous rout.

Opened only a short while ago, its surroundings were still not completed, and yet, at the same time, preparations on a large scale were going ahead for the present war.

Near the War Memorial there was a hall, in which descriptions of the whole battle during the five days that it lasted are given. The lectures are characterised by typical German thoroughness. In the hall there hangs a huge map of East Prussia. As soon as the lecture is about to start, the lights are turned down and the map is illuminated to show the dispositions

of both forces at the outbreak of the battle, divisions being represented by small bulbs. Gradually as the lecturer unfolds the tale of the battle so these divisions move and hour by hour take up the positions that they occupied. Thus very graphically you see on a small scale this great drama enacted before you. Particularly clear is the great encircling movement carried out by the troops detached from Von Francois' command.

From the War Memorial we motored South, stopping to study two actions on the way, which were described to me by my companion from minutely accurate accounts compiled by the Germans.

By the time that we reached the little town of Neudenberg, where General Samsonov had had his headquarters during the greater part of the battle, we were beginning to want our lunch. So we drew up in front of the little inn in the corner of the town square and went into lunch.

From my seat at the table I could see out of the window across the small town square; it was surrounded as it must have been in 1914 by the same insignificant, grey houses; its cobbled surface was probably a bit more worn than in those hot summer days, when the whole power of Imperial Russia had marched into the borders of East Prussia in its attempt to save its allies in the West. Some of the houses, which had suffered from bombardment, had had to be built up, but apart from this there was little difference. I had never expected, as I read the accounts of the Battle of Tannenberg, to be sitting so soon after in the historic little inn in Neudenberg, where General Samsonov had had his headquarters during this fateful battle. And now I was lunching with a German Cavalry officer in this very same inn after a morning spent in visiting various parts of the battlefield.

He was as pleased as I was to have an opportunity of seeing for himself all the actions of which there are such detailed German accounts, and calling the innkeeper to him he asked him if he could tell us anything of the part which the inn had played in those momentous days. The innkeeper as it turned out, was the same fellow who had been there in 1914. He told us that it had indeed been the Headquarters of the II Russian Army during the greater part of the battle. He could remember the different officers of Samsonov's staff quite well, and, as a matter of fact, he still had some photographs that had been taken there at the time.

He went off and presently returned with several large photographs. These were remarkably clear and it was easy to recognise

the various personalities in the staff from the descriptions one had heard of them. One was of General (?) Samsonov, a huge soldierly figure in his long Russian greatcoat standing outside his Headquarters. One could see at a glance that, if not a strategist, he had all the air of a commander. Another photograph showed his chief of intelligence interrogating two German prisoners in a room of the inn; in the picture one of his assistants is clearly seen extracting a message out of the lining of one of the German helmets. The third photograph was of a sister of mercy going round in a German prisoner-of-war camp among a crowd of Russian soldiers; the sister of mercy had a strikingly strong and dignified face and the innkeeper related to us a strange story as he explained her presence there.

The 29th of August, 1914, was, like its predecessors, hot and stuffy and the sun tried vainly to force its way through the damp, foggy atmosphere. For four days already the battle had rolled over the East Prussian plain. And now its fate had been decided and 80,000 Russians were pouring back by the same tracks over which they had advanced so confidently a few days before. Their commander, fighting with them up to the last possible moment, had only now considered his own necessity for escape. He, the commander of five corps, in all upward of 200,000 men, had now to find a way out before the German pincers closed, completely ringing in the retreating Russian masses. And so it was that early on this particular morning with his chief of staff, General Postovsky, his Quartermaster General, Filimonov, Lebedev, his head of the operations section, Colonel Vyalov, the liaison officer sent from G. H. Q., and with a small escort of Cossacks, he set out from Orlau to find a way out of the net, a place to reform his battered troops where he could await reinforcements before advancing again. Arriving only a fortnight before the battle from sick leave in the Caucasus, with a staff entirely new to him, he had been called upon to make an immediate advance into the heart of East Prussia and, by so doing, to cause consternation at German Headquarters and so relieve the pressure on France on the Western Front. Questions of time and space, the necessity for detailed organisation, the hopeless state of the commissariat, defects of equipment, all had been set aside before the desire to help the French. And now the result was this, that Samsonov had been fighting a pitched battle for four days against a better equipped and more highly trained enemy, who knew all his movements long before he made them. It was now just a question of saving what he could from the wreckage of his army.

It was in such a frame of mind that Samsonov set out on this disastrous day. Mounted on a troop horse with an ordinary G. S saddle, for his own groom and horse had been lost in the hurried moves, he rode on ahead, sitting heavily slumped forward in his saddle, his head sunk on his breast. His iron self-control had at last deserted him. The party rode in silence and it was clear now to the staff that Samsonov had come to the end of his resources. The utter hopelessness of his position only added to his physical exhaustion. The road by which they were moving was heavily encumbered with transport; some of it moving slowly in the direction of the Russian border; some of it standing dejectedly by the side of the road, the drivers and horses incapable of going any further. Nowhere was there evidence of an organised withdrawal and the appearance of men and animals showed what they had gone through in the last few days owing to lack of food. Samsonov's staff, seeing his exhaustion, tried to persuade him to commandeer a cart. At first he refused and then, when no effort of will would sustain him further, he gave in. Vyalov, who had taken charge of the party, called on one of the carts to pull up and ordered the soldiers sprawling inside it to get out. They obeyed sulkily and Samsonov was assisted into it. The escort formed round it and the ride continued in the direction of Janovo. Ten kilometres passed rapidly, and it seemed as though the commander would yet make his escape. But, suddenly, the way in front appeared blocked by halted groups of infantry, standing listlessly on the road.

Not far ahead firing could be heard. The information on the spot was conflicting, and so Vyalov rode on to find out the real situation. He came back with the news that they would have to try and find another way out. The troops in front had met strong opposition from a force of Germans entrenched across the line of their retreat. And so, close as they were to the frontier, they turned back, and their problem became all the harder. They now headed along the route taken by Martos Corps in the direction of Villenberg. The road, which had been little better than a track, now got steadily worse. The cart made desperately slow progress and, with great creakings, ploughed its way through the deep ruts which alternated with long stretches of deep sand which are to be found all over the great forests of Grunfliess and Kaltenborn. Woods and clearings follow each other in a ceaseless procession and the little party used the escort to guard against surprise. An hour passed and there were shouts and fir

ing ahead. A wounded Cossack galloped back to report that they had been heavily fired at and once again they had to turn back

So they wandered along, demoralised by the endlessness of these great woods, always hoping that chance had left a gap, by which they might profit. At last they reached a point where, from some rising ground, they could discern the main road from Neudenberg to Villenberg; once across this and they would be safe. Making their way as far as possible under cover they left the protection of the trees and almost immediately came under heavy fire. A hurried consultation followed and it was decided to stake all on a desperate chance. Colonel Vyalov, at the head of the Cossack escort, led three headlong charges, only to be beaten back each time with heavy losses. A council-of-war was now held and the weary men exerted their tired wills to form a new plan. Samsonov eventually gave orders for them to abandon the Headquarters papers. He ordered his Cossack escort to disperse and proposed that he, with his personal staff, should try to escape on foot, as it was evident that on horseback they attracted too much attention. This they did, even stripping off their badges of rank, so that the Germans should not realise whom they were pursuing. And so the flight continued, but now more slowly than before, as the little band struggled across the broken country.

Night overtook them as they walked, and they groped their way along heavy, sandy tracks which never seemed to end. Fatigue and demoralisation were taking their toll; only Vyalov now seemed capable of leading. He had the only remaining map and, with the aid of this and a torch, he somehow contrived to find a way. Soon even the torch gave out. A roll-call was organised in order to ensure that the party kept together. Word was passed from front to rear as on column of march. Thus, slowly and heavily, they went forward. Samsonov and Lebedev were the first to show signs of cracking under the terrific strain; both were big, heavily built men, unused to great physical exertion and, in addition, none of the staff had touched food for forty-eight hours, so that their condition was hardly to be wondered at. Towards dawn a halt was called. Each man fell where he stood and was instantly overpowered with sleep, even Vyalov, who was most concerned with the safety of the party, was unable to keep watch for long. But their rest was short and disturbed. The tramp of approaching feet brought them to their senses and, while they lay hidden, hundreds of German soldiers marched by on the road that ran not far away. It was clearly time to be on the move again, before

it should be full light. Again they set out, this time in more extended file than before, and once again they had to resort to the roll-call. Things became serious when Lebedev fell unconscious of sheer exhaustion. Every effort was made to restore him to consciousness, but the precious minutes slipped by and still he showed no signs of reviving. Eventually it was Vyalov who gave the order to continue the march. And so Lebedev was left to his fate; but fate was kind to him and when, after a few hours he regained consciousness, he had not gone far before he came upon a forester's hut where he was taken in and looked after, eventually recrossing the frontier two days later. The little party, now grown even smaller, marched on and on, and always the same monotonous cry could be heard passing back and forward along the file. Now they had passed the main road and Vyalov could see ahead the railway cutting over which they had to pass to safety. Suddenly the voice of Postovsky was heard calling urgently from some way behind; the rear of the party had straggled; he had lost touch with general Samsonov and now there was no sign of him. No one had seen him in front and their calls met with no response. They strained their ears and waited. Only a few minutes before the General had answered his name and now he had vanished. And while they listened, distinct and clear a shot rang out from somewhere at a little distance. They looked at each other and on each man's face were portrayed his worst fears. For an hour or more they searched, but all to no avail; General Samsonov's batman, distraught with grief, left the others and was not seen again till ten days later, when he was picked up by a Russian patrol. Samsonov was never seen again alive, and the little band of exhausted men, the remnants of the staff of an army of 250,000 men, could give no news of the whereabouts of their commander to the Russian Cavalry patrol, which found them that morning as they dragged their way across the frontier.

It was in search of news of her husband that Mme. Samsonov visited the Russian prisoners-of-war camps and it had been her photo that I had seen in the inn. For two years she combined her work of mercy with her search. How impossible it was can be judged from the fact that over 50,000 Russians and about 10,000 Germans had been laid side by side in huge common graves after the battle. The casualties in the battle had been terrible and men had been employed for months clearing the wreckage. None-the-less Mme. Samsonov never wavered in her faith that ultimately she would find the body of her husband. And by

chance one day she stopped at a woodcutter's hut on her errand of mercy and, being given something to eat, she learnt that the woodcutter had been amongst those who had helped to bury the dead. He recounted how he had found the body of a big handsome officer lying all by itself in the wood. How he had met his death it was impossible to say for certain, for there were no evidences of a struggle. The officer from his appearance had clearly been of high rank, but was not wearing any distinguishing badges. However, the woodcutter had noticed a locket which the officer was wearing round his neck and had kept it for a keepsake. He went in search of it and presently returned and showed to Mme. Samsonov.

Inside it were two miniatures; one of a very handsome young woman in evening dress; the other of a general of the Russian army. This was the very locket which General Samsonov always carried about with him wherever he went. To Mme. Samsonov it meant the end of her long search, for the woodcutter, certain that this was not an ordinary Russian officer, had buried him in a separate grave at some little distance from the main cemeteries and he was able to lead Mme. Samsonov to the spot. Only a year before the downfall of the Russian Empire the body of the General was carried back to Russia for burial in the family estate of the Samsonovs.

Shortly afterwards, I stood myself by the stone memorial commemorating the death of Samsonov. It is erected in the wood close to the Polish frontier, near where the body is supposed to have been found. The story was fresh in my mind and the photo too, which the innkeeper had shown me, that of a man who had commanded an army of five corps and had lost everything.

"HOW TO LIVE IN INDIA ON YOUR PAY"

By Rs. As. Ps.

Some years ago an officer calling himself "Mauser" wrote a book on "How to Live in England on a Pension;" the gist of the book was that you can't.

This really useful, though somewhat depressing book did, however, suggest various plans which, if adopted, made living on a pension possible; the principle ingredient being that you should live on your pay while serving and save sufficient to purchase a house and furniture on retirement. I have not read the book for some years but fancy the sum was about £2,500. It is on this subject that I propose to give the results of something under 30 years' service in India during which accurate records have been kept.

I take throughout the case of an officer of the Indian Army who marries round about 30, has two children fairly soon and retires as a Lieut.-Colonel—the lot, after all, of the majority.

Many officers on joining the Army have little or no money and some on retirement have a small overdraft of say £100; the result, therefore, of the trading of their body with the Army for some 28 years is a net loss of £100; not good business! Admittedly they have assets in the shape of a wife and two children; no doubt a delightful wife and delightful children but these assets require such dull things as food, clothes, schools, a house to live in and a bed to sleep on. Mauser assures us that a pension will not provide all these and my experience in having a family in England for the last year confirms this quite positively.

Is this financial problem capable, therefore, of solution? It is.

Now the Indian Army officer has a great advantage over his civilian confrères in that he gets a fixed salary and knows exactly at what age it will rise and to what amount and, above all, he knows what his pension will be. He therefore does not have to save all that is needed to support him in the days to come when he will talk of "Peshawar way back in '39." And so his financial plans (if any) run something like this: "I'm now a subaltern drawing Rs. 535 P.M.; I get most of it too, as my rent, taxes and subscriptions are very small, but I cannot, of course, save; however, I play polo, shoot and I do live on my pay, and

when I'm a captain I'll draw the by-no-means insufficient sum of about Rs. 700."

Sure enough in a few years he is a captain drawing Rs. 700; he's a little injured that increased income-tax and rent, etc., take up a good deal, but he finds he can do all he wants, buy a good car and contemplate matrimony.

Now meet our friend two years later, just maried, a captain drawing Rs. 760 P.M. He has wisely married an economical wife, but even an economical wife must eat, be clothed and live in a bungalow. She costs him roughly Rs. 300 P.M., so he finds himself with Rs. 760 *minus* Rs. 300 equals Rs. 460, while increased rent, tax, etc., bring this down to less than he had as a subaltern six years ago. However, she has lovely clothes, they had a wonderful leave touring most of Europe in that nice new car, and by dropping polo he can live on his pay. Anyway, in a month or two his pay rises to Rs. 925, and he will be able to manage till he gets a major's fabulous pay of Rs. 1,300 a month, so it won't matter.

Now meet our friend as a major with his nicely (though not so nicely) dressed wife, and hear of the two delightful children at the preparatory school (fortunately grannie takes them for the holidays, which saves a lot). He's given up shooting for fishing which he enjoys as much and costs much less, as he finds that from this pay of Rs. 1,300 he must—

	Rs.
Put by (or even pay) for two schools ...	400 P.M.
His wife still costs him ...	300 P.M.
Tax, rent and I.M.W. & O. Fund cost ...	240 P.M.

leaving him with Rs. 365 P.M. or considerably less than he had 16 years ago. Then, as he has not enough to meet the insurance premia and the bills over from the last leave home, he starts a small overdraft with the bank. This he explains is no harm as the overdraft is covered by his insurance policy, and it won't be long till he gets a rise of Rs. 130 P.M. and not so very long till he's a Lieut.-Colonel with, at last, a decent salary of Rs. 1,950.

Finally meet our friends now a Colonel and a Colonel's wife; you'll be glad to hear he got command; but she will tell you quite frankly that such clothes as she can buy come from the "Guinea" shops with shoes from Bata's. He still fishes, has his car, his games, his club and . . . . his overdraft which has increased. Unfortunately his wife now lives at Home to provide a holiday home for the children (grannie's home having gone

the way of all good homes); or if not, is frequently travelling to and fro to see the children or to choose a new holiday home to replace that last unsuccessful one! Her Lee Commission passages are all gone, so every time she tearfully bids "Good-bye," her husband hands at least £100 to Mr. Cook. He is worried, too, about what will happen to his family should he die, and as his wife suggests that it would be much cheaper to buy a house he writes out the following little sum:

Gross pay, Rs. 1,950 P.M.—

		Rs.	
Income tax	...	200	
Half rent	...	75	(wife at Home).
I. M. W. & O. Fd.	...	55	
Two public schools	...	500	P.M.
Two children's clothes	...	50	„
Wife's clothes	...	25	„ !!
Clothes for self	...	0	„ !!
Insurance	...	100	
To try to pay back the overdraft	...	100	
Wife's living at Home:			
8 months at £32 (very low)			
4 months at £50 (holidays)			
Average	...	460	
TOTAL	...	1,580	P.M.

leaving that distraught man with Rs. 370 P.M. for himself to live on or less than he had 24 years ago, and with higher mess, etc., subscriptions, etc., to pay.

"Damn it all," he says, "I can't live on that."

That sad tale is not fantasy; it is true; but don't rush off and wire the girl cancelling your marriage; it *can* be done.

The whole trouble comes from the expression "I can't save so much and live on my pay." In England people can't say "I can't live on my pay;" they've *got* to. They can't praise England, sign a chit at the local cinema, and instead of scribbling their name for a bottle of whiskey must rattle six or seven hard half-crowns on the counter, and so, instead of doing what they want and adding up the bills at the end of the month showing a debit, they buy only what they can afford. Well, we in India must do the same.

Our aims must be:

(*a*) To live a nice life, including sport.

(*b*) To pay for our leaves Home.

(*c*) To save some money to set up a house.

(*d*) To provide for the family in case of death.

I have put these aims in this order deliberately as this is the order in which we usually put them in India—quite wrongly of course. The correct order is:

(*a*) To provide for one's family in case of death;

(*b*) To provide for a house and furniture on retirement;

(*c*) To provide for leaves, necessary for health;

and what is left over is *all we have to live on,* which has nothing whatever to do with *how* we'd like to live.

The moral of the sad tale of our friend is, of course, that the less pay he had, the "richer" he was, and so in a better position to save, especially when a subaltern or unmarried captain and also when he was a senior married captain without children, or even with children young enough not to have to go Home to school.

Do you, young Mr. Flounder of to-day, realise that a Lieut.-Colonel's rent, income-tax and I. M. W. & O. Fund alone amount to approximately Rs. 405 P.M.—the whole of a 2nd Lieut.'s pay, *plus* higher mess subscriptions and higher drink bills, (largely your own)? If you don't save in these precious years, your burden will be almost impossible later, and if you don't care to believe this, wait till you have 28 years' service and you'll find out then.

And now we have reached the stage when we can work out the sums we must set aside for our three aims. Finally, I will show the best way to go about living on what is left over; the figures are only approximate.

PROVIDING FOR THE FAMILY

This, of course, is done by taking out a policy and as there are innumerable expert agents who can advise on this, I will say little about it except to stress that it should be started as early as possible. (I started this for my children with a tiny premium at the age of 9.)

An endowment policy can be purchased for as little as about Rs. 20 p.m., which will give you at the age of 46 a sum (including profits) of about £600, or would be paid at once to your widow on your death. You may criticise this in that it is not enough, but read the rest of my plan; it is a start anyway. The widow could, if you prefer, get a much larger sum from the same premium by a whole-life policy but it would only be payable on death and would not be returned to the fold when you reach the age of 46.

A marriage settlement is an inestimable boon and enforces the retention of any capital a young officer or his bride may have. If he has no capital, then at least he can put in an endowment assurance policy.

Later, when children are born, he will also have to provide for their education but I will return to this later.

NOW FOR THE HOUSE AND FURNITURE

Our aim must be to save £2,000 for the house and £500 for furniture, clothes, etc. If this sum is not saved, the only way a pensioner and his family can avoid sleeping in a field with no clothes on is by the Building Society-Hire Purchase System. Now, while these are great boons, it is a well-known fact that you pay far more (through interest charges) for an article by the hire-purchase plan than by cash purchase. Moreover, if you are going to buy your house and furniture by instalments out of your pension, you will find from Mr. Mauser's book that you won't have enough to eat. You may say, "But I can't save £2,500 in 28 years, namely, Rs. 33,000 or about Rs. 1,200 P.A." Well, I must admit it doesn't look possible but, thanks to the principle of compound interest, it can be done by joining the Defence Services Officers' Provident Fund as a 2nd Lieut. Done thus, considerably less than Rs. 1,200 need be deposited, the interest alone in some years amounting to Rs. 1,000 odd.

It is a regular gold mine, especially as you get older, for all deposits are income-tax-free, and the interest is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *compound,* a rolling stone which does gather moss at an almost unbelievable rate. Take a Lieut.-Colonel for instance, paying in Rs. 90 P.M. He is exempt Rs. 9-9-0 tax rebate, namely, 11 per cent.; so with every deposit he makes an actual increase of 11 per cent. of his capital straight away plus $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. compound interest thereafter on Rs. 90 although in fact he only paid in Rs. 80-7-0. This is too good to be missed. Junior officers won't of course make so much as they pay less tax, but they will all make

an appreciable sum straight away *plus* the very good rate of interest.

It is of course, voluntary and the subscriptions are:

	Minimum P.M. Rs.	**Maximum* P.M. Rs.
2nd Lieutenants	... 10	30
Lieutenants	... 12	36
Captains	... 20	60
Majors	... 25	75
Lieut.-Colonels	... 30	90

The total savings *plus* compound interest are repaid when you go on leave pending retirement, or to the widow at death.

I am not an actuary but, according to my working, if you have saved the maximum rate from your first year of service, you will have saved the following almost incredible figures:

	£
By the time you are promoted captain ...	300
By the time you are promoted Major ...	1,000
By the time you are promoted Lieut.-Colonel	1,800
By the time you retire at, say, 28 years ...	2,500

and don't forget that in addition you will have saved a very large sum in tax rebate with each deposit.

This is why I feel justified in suggesting a policy of £600 only for family provision.

There are, by the way, two useful options open to D.S.O.P. Fd. subscribers; first in case of need you can take an advance from your savings and repay it in 12 or 24 months, or you can use your savings to pay insurance premia, and, secondly, if you find you can not continue your subscription, you can reduce the amount on the 1st April.

Now having provided for family and house let us:

PROVIDE FOR LONG LEAVE HOME

Apart from the writer's first long leave Home, when he spent as a young and foolish officer a huge sum above his pay, he has spent as a married man on every leave home £200 above his pay. So for a bachelor, let us call it £100. £200 is roughly Rs. 2,700 and assuming that leave is taken after $3\frac{1}{2}$ years (42 months) in the country, a sum of Rs. 65 for a married man or Rs. 35 for a bachelor p.m. must be put into a P.O.S.B. account or equivalent, by bankers' order. It is essential that it be paid in by bankers' order other wise it will be "forgotten."

*The maximum has been increased recently.

As a summary I suggest that the following must be set aside:

All figures are Rupees per mensem.

	2nd Lt.	Lieut.	Capt.	Major.	Lt.-Col.
Insurance Premium	0	20	20	20	20
D.S.O.P. Fd. for house	30	36	60	75	90
P.O.S.B. a/c for leave	0	35	35/65	0/65	65

The accompanying table shows that if this is done there will be left over Rs. 350 p.m. for a bachelor or Rs. 700 for a married couple to live on, rent, tax and the above already paid.

Exception 1.—The subalterns and captains will have a sum of from Rs. 45 to 150 over and above the Rs. 350. This surplus must be paid into a P.O.S.B. a/c to meet the deficit later. Alternatively or preferably, this surplus can be used to buy a series of endowment insurance policies which will mature from the estimated year children might go home to school to the estimated year of promotion to Lt.-Colonel.

Exception 2.—The senior major and 11-year captain will not be able to go on leave unless they have saved as shown above, and as marked by a * in the Table.

The interesting point to note is that the poorest rank is that of major or of captain if married before the rise to Rs. 1,105, but this latter is only for a year or so.

Finally, I promised to give guidance as to how to live on what's left over, *i.e.*, Rs. 350 for a bachelor or Rs. 700 for a married couple; I repeat, it's no good saying "I can't live on that;" it's all you will have and remember that it is free of all other liabilities except mess bill. In any case, during the last few years when my bank balance forced me to live on it, I found that I could do it reasonably comfortably and include games, fishing, dancing, bridge (usually losing!), a fair share of "parties," fair clothes for my wife and a car, but we had to be careful, *e.g.*, very few cinemas It wasn't easy. As a "bachelor," I lived on from Rs. 305 to Rs. 380, exclusive, of course, of rent, I.M.W. & O.Fd., etc.

Now for a system to achieve this: it's quite simple; a budget must be made varying with each individual's taste, separating essentials from non-essentials, thus:

Available	*Bachelors*	*Married*
	Rs.	Rs.
	350	700
Rent, income-tax, I.M.W. & O.Fd., Insurance, D.S.O.P. Fd., Savings for leave.	Allowed for separately.	

ESSENTIALS

Servants	a	a
Mess bill	b	b
Grocer's bill (not drinks) ...		c
Chemist's bill		d
Cook's account		e
Petty bills	f	f
Dairy bills		g
Furniture bills ...	h	h
Wife's clothes		i
Children's clothes		j
Self	k	k
Petty Cash	l	l
Local taxes	m	m
Etc.?	n	n
	—	—
TOTAL	o	o
	—	—
BALANCE AVAILABLE ...	p	p

For	*Bachelor*	*Married*
Club, Drinks, Fishing, Shooting, Horses, Purchase of a car, Upkeep of a car, Parties, Cinema, Etc.	The balance at Rs. p must be apportioned against each of these items as the individual thinks best value.	
TOTAL ...	Rs. 330	Rs. 680
Reserve for the Unforeseen ...	Rs. 20	Rs. 20
GRAND TOTAL ...	Rs. 350	Rs. 700

A few minor tips: fishing is cheaper than shooting and is excellent sport, in which moreover a wife can join; the cinema in India usually costs 3/4*d.* for a bachelor or 6/8*d.* for a couple or £1 for three trips; two bicycles cost less than a car; a car depreciates; a car *must* be paid for in advance; so must a radio. It is to be hoped that every officer will have an English nurse, a car and a radio *if he can afford them.*

One tip for those who are already in the mire of the overdraft: you can secure a policy for, say, £500, payable to your widow for as little as about £5 P.A.; this would ensure that *she* gets your endowment insurance policy money and that it does not go to meet *your* overdraft. Of course, if you don't die you lose your £5 and so it is "bad" finance, but cheap and comforting and you can drop it the moment (if ever!!) you pay off your overdraft.

My figures are mostly based on pre-this-war facts. Whatever comes of this war, you may be sure of one thing—it won't improve my figures.

In conclusion, you may not agree with these figures. I admit that many are open to severe criticism but you will, I hope, admit that they at least provide food for thought, and a reasonable basis on which (especially subalterns and captains) can budget to "save to defend the right to be free" of debt as a Major or Lieut.-Colonel on retirement.

M=Married. B=Bachelor. Rank.	Gross Pay.	Rent.	Income-Tax.	I.M.W. & O. Fund.	Insurance.	To D.S.O.P. Fund.	To P.O.S.B. a/c for leave.	School Bills.	Total Cols. 3 to 9.	Additional saving to P.O.S.B. a/c for leave as junior Captain or senior Major.	Balance left for self and wife in case of marrieds.	Remarks.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
2nd Lieut. (B) ..	405	20	10	5	0	30	0	..	65	..	340	
Lieut. (B) 3 years ..	535	25	20	5	20	36	35	..	140	45*	350	**See* note (*a*)
Lieut. (B) 6 years ..	605	25	25	5	20	36	35	..	145	110*	350	**See* note (*a*)
Captain (B) 8 years ..	690	35	30	10	20	60	35	..	190	150*	350	**See* note (*a*)
Captain (M) 11 years..	925	70	50	30	20	60	*Nil* available for leave (*a*)	0	230	..	695	(*a*) Can only afford to go on leave if he has saved at *above.
Captain (M) 14 years..	1,105	90	70	30	20	75	65	0	350	..	755	
Major (M) 17 years ..	1,305	100	95	40	20	75	65	200 (*b*)	605	..	700	(*b*) One child at preparatory School.
Major (M) 22 years ..	1,435	110	115	40	20	75	*Nil* available for leave (*a*)	400 (*c*)	760	..	675	(*a*) Can only afford to go on leave if he has saved at *above. (*c*) Two children at school
Lt.-Col. (M) ..	1,950	150	190*q*	55	20	90	65	500	1,065	..	885 (*d*)	(*d*) From this he can set aside Rs. 135 to increase insurance or put it in a building society to help buy the house.

q—All figures in this column are lower than might be expected as rebate of income-tax in columns 5, 6 and 7 has been allowed.

LEARNING RUSSIAN

By Karshish

Learning languages in the Army, or at any rate in the Indian Army, often leads to disappointment. The attitude of the General Staff towards the linguist sometimes gives an impression of suspicion not unmingled with contempt. As a rule, however, the study of Russian has the General Staff's unstinted approval and it not infrequently happens that officers who know Russian are allowed to use their knowledge. It is, therefore, with some assurance that I embark on a light sketch intended to encourage officers to learn a language which, apart from its professional value, is a sheer delight to any man of education and taste, and which is not nearly so difficult as it is made out to be.

My own Russian studies have mostly been spasmodic and light-hearted and I do not suppose I shall ever know the language thoroughly. It is 19 years ago that I first began to learn Russian and I am still learning it now. Looking back, I realise that I might never have started Russian at all had not Bingham of the Queen's invited me, one spring morning in Constantinople, to go with him to a *jigitovka.* Intrigued by the roguish sound of a word I had never heard before, I accepted at once and that afternoon went off to a *jigitovka* or Russian rough-riding display. Never much of a hippophile, I found the conversation of Nina Alekseevna, who was one of the party, far more interesting than the *jigitovka.* Like many other Russian girls, Nina was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Within a week she had made me learn to dance and the following week she started giving me Russian lessons.

I have said elsewhere and I repeat it here that women are far better language teachers than men, but let me give one word of warning to my young and ardent readers: It is not much use trying to learn a language from a young and attractive girl unless she knows no language but her own. If, like Nina, she knows English and French well, you will make little progress. So I made small progress with Nina, but though I learned little Russian beyond the basis of a fair pronunciation, she did introduce me to Russian society. Through Nina and through my new accomplishment of dancing (I never danced a step until I was twenty-five) I met many Russians, mostly women, and incidentally

got to know a great deal of the Russian character. I moved in two circles. One had its centre in the Y.W.C.A. Here there lived some fifteen women, mostly young and of good family, who were earning their living as secretaries, clerks and shop assistants. The other circle was that of the cabarets and night-clubs where worked many Russians, mostly of what one must call the middle class although no such thing ever really existed in Russia. Many of them were the wives or relations of army officers of "the Line" and were supposed by foreigners to be members of the Russian aristocracy.

Much criticism, most of it unfair, has been levelled against Russian refugees. The majority of Western European critics have derived their impressions from the less reputable type of Russian who haunted and still haunts places of amusements or who attempted to live on charity which they claimed as a right due to real or bogus artistocratic descent. These either deluded themselves or tried to delude others that, on the imminent re-establishment of the Royalist régime in Russia, they would step once more "into their own." The best Russians preferred to get down to work out their own salvation without stopping to consider whether the Soviet régime was transitory or not. The Englishman who so readily condemns Russian inconsequence, lack of thrift and laziness may often be found to be basing his ideas on people who would be wasters in any country and in any circumstances. Thousands of Russian refugees of good family, who had never before known want or discomfort, have settled in Europe and have never attempted to ingratiate themselves with better class people in the country of their forced adoption. In Baghdad I came to know by chance an officer of the Household Cavalry Division (his father had commanded it) who came of one of the best and oldest families in Russia. He was a first-class horseman and tennis-player who might have led a pleasant social existence among British officers for, in addition to other things, he spoke English quite perfectly. Yet he preferred to remain what circumstances had driven him to—a small clerk in a commercial firm. He told me that he thought the Russian reputation for cadging was quite sufficiently established already.

Of my acquaintance in the cabaret-night-club circle I shall say little as it was only trivial. I think the men were mostly scallywags who would have been scallwags anywhere. The women were some of them merely "gay" and improvident, while

others were supporting idle or incompetent husbands by any means varying from drudgery to prostitution.

In 1922 there were anything up to 200,000 Russians in and around Constantinople. The greater part of these have moved elsewhere and there must be but very few left in Turkey now. At the time of which I am writing the Allied Army of Occupation found employment for many but I do not think we were ever properly sympathetic with them. There was a feeling that, had the Russians not been such an inferior people, the Revolution could not have taken place. The apparent futility and improvidence of many senior Russian officers in exile came in for sharp criticism from British officers who did not stop to think what kind of figure some of themselves might cut if reduced to the plight of the Russian refugees. Many Englishmen who knew nothing of Russians beyond the girls they had met and found so accommodating in restaurants and night-clubs had formed the hasty and totally erroneous conclusion that the average Russian woman's morals were of the flimsiest description.

Towards the end of 1922, I began to get down to Russian more seriously and found a capable teacher in Mr. Seeman, an Englishman who had spent most of his life in Russia. He was bilingual or nearly so, for actually he knew Russian better than English. Seeman told me what I now know to be perfectly true, that it is really useless to attempt Russian seriously until one has a complete command of the accidence. It was this conviction that prompted Nevill Forbes to write his First Russian Book which deals exclusively with the case-endings of nouns, pronouns and adjectives. As he says in the preface, a great deal can be said in Russian without the use of verbs for the present tense of the verb "to be" can hardly be said to exist.

I took lessons every day with Seeman but somehow I made very little progress. I seemed to be acquiring a kind of general grasp of the language but I could not speak it with any fluency. I now know that one reason was the lack of the proper atmosphere. There were any number of Russians in Constantinople and I was constantly hearing the language spoken, but there was something in the appearance and air of the city that was utterly un-Russian and I feel sure that this acted as a kind of subtle brake on my progress. My friend Maria Alekseevna, though all her English was so perfect, frequently used Russian expressions which she said were untranslatable. They were almost always lost on me

and she used to say that there was not much use in my being keen on languages if I could not manage to learn Russian.

In 1923 I left Constantinople and dropped Russian for a period of nearly three years. Though I had nominally been learning Russian for almost eighteen months, I had learnt surprisingly little. I had, however, formed a lasting affection for the language and for the people and, by mixing so much with Russians, had acquired not a little insight into the genius and spirit which is behind every language.

After brief sojourns in Malta and Palestine I returned to India and spent four months with my regiment. During this time, I got to know and like my brother officers, learned to admire and marvel at the tolerance and friendliness with which they could treat a bird of passage and an interloper, and aroused the disgust and manifest hostility of the Brigade Commander. Flushed with these notable achievements, I left to take up a temporary appointment on the Staff of a Command and in May, 1926, went to Meshed as Military Attaché.

In 1926 the history of Russian relations with Iran had reached a turning point. The lapsing of the Anglo-Russian Agreement consequent on the Revolution had at first seemed to place Great Britain in an exceedingly strong position vis-à-vis Iran. Russia and Great Britain had been the only serious competitors for influence in Iran. The Revolution caused Russia's temporary retirement from the field and more adroit handling and a closer knowledge of the Iranian character might indeed have placed Great Britain in a lasting position of benevolent yet firm control. But, as in Turkey so in Iran, we failed to perceive the rising tide of nationalism. Lord Curzon for all his vast store of knowledge and experience did not understand that the projected Anglo-Iranian Agreement of 1919 was precisely what was not required.

At first it seemed as if, by making this error, we had played into the hands of the Russians. Indeed, the earlier activities of Soviet Russia in the Middle East were crowned with a certain amount of success. Closer in touch with realities by reason of their proximity to and familiarity with oriental peoples, the Russians did not fail as we had done to mark the growth of Nationalism. By repudiating the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907 and renouncing the Capitulations in Iran, by financially assisting the Turkish Nationalists and many other similar gestures, the U.S.S.R. proclaimed itself the champion of small oriental nations against "western exploitation." Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan

were perfectly ready to accept such aid, but their rulers had apparently no intention of offering the U.S.S.R. any *quid pro quo.* Neither they nor their people had any wish to associate themselves politically with Turkestan or to rely for their existence on the patronage of Soviet Russia. These countries, and especially Iran had had a respect for the despotic magnificence of the Tsar; they did not see anything worthy of respect in the "democratic" emissaries of the Soviet who, more often than not, were Armenians or Jews—objects of their almost traditional contempt. The goal of Middle Eastern Nationalism was first of all independence but, that attained, the newly formed states wished to become members of the Western Comity of Nations rather than maintain an exclusively oriental character. The idea of becoming mere members of some federation of Eastern republics they regarded with strong repugnance.

It was some time before Moscow could fully grasp this new state of affairs. In the disorganisation of the post-war period their propaganda methods had a certain superficial effect in Iran. They established clubs in all the big cities, Soviet officials and the flashy ladies who usually accompanied them associated with Iranians on terms of easy familiarity and Soviet commercial employees, mostly Caucasians, were to be found everywhere, giving the impression of important trade connections between the U.S.S.R. and Iran. The support of some of the influential though less reputable Moslem religious dignitaries was obtained and for a time it certainly looked as if Soviet influence in Iran were paramount. With the growing power of the Shah, however, the Russians seemed to realise that their methods were out of date, that Iranian society was not to be undermined by toadying or by insidious means and that the proper line to take, at any rate for the moment, was that of supporting the Shah and of trying to cut as dignified a figure in the diplomatic world as the hated capitalists.

Accordingly, in 1926, a number of Soviet Consuls and other representatives were replaced by men of respectable appearance and undoubted gifts of diplomacy. My arrival in Meshed almost coincided with the appointment as Soviet Consul-General of Comrade Krzhminski, a Polish Jew of considerable culture and personal charm. His predecessor had been an Armenian whose "ideology" was no doubt beyond reproach but whose appearance and general bearing were not calculated favourably to impress a people like the Iranians.

I realised at once that the atmosphere in Meshed was eminently Russian and that there was nothing to prevent my long-delayed progress in the language. I secured a good teacher in Vera Sergeevna, the wife of a White Russian working in a Soviet-German concern. She was a good and painstaking teacher and fortunately, though an ardent Royalist in sentiment, she strongly advised me to work in new orthography which is easier than the old and, of course, of far greater practical value.

Officially we saw a good deal of the staff of the Soviet Consulate-General. Comrade Krzhminski was really a charming man. Whatever his instructions may have been he was evidently determined to raise Bolshevik prestige in Meshed. He himself was a brilliant and interesting conversationalist who skilfully avoided political subjects, at any rate when speaking with us. He was doubtless a sound Communist but he did not allow this to obscure either his common-sense or his sense of humour.

I was by this time sufficiently fluent in Russian to act as interpreter and when Colonel Biscoe, the new Consul-General, arrived, I accompanied him on his official visit to the Soviet Consulate-General. We both went in full dress and were suitably received by Comrade Krzhminski and his staff attired in frock-coats. The most genial compliments were exchanged and in a few moments His Majesty's representatives, gorgeously dressed in black, gold and scarlet, were sitting down at a table drinking tea and eating huge slices of a most excellent but very messy cream cake. The Bolsheviks sat round and made light conversation. The scene struck us both as distinctly humorous and we could hardly refrain from roaring with laughter as we drove off in the car surrounded by our cavalry escort. Interviews with the Bolsheviks were always pleasant and sometimes quaint. I remember another occasion when I was acting Consul-General for a short-time. Comrade Krassin had died and according to custom we received a card to the effect that visits of condolence would be received at a specified time. I duly presented myself assuming a *figure de circonstance* which I felt to be appropriate to the occasion. To my surprise I found Krzhminski and his colleagues in a gay and hearty mood. I was again regaled with cream cake and carried on a light conversation for several minutes. On leaving I made some remark about Comrade Krassin's untimely demise but it was received with delighted smiles by the Bolsheviks.

Krzhminski's assistants were not quite up to his own standard. The Vice-Consul was Comrade Levinsohn, a very small Jew with

whom I ultimately became very friendly. Another assistant of a more sinister type was Comrade Braun who spoke fluent English. He had been a jeweller in London and was a member of a well-known London club. He was really quite horrible to look at and his gallantries eventually became displeasing to Krzhminski who had him withdrawn.

Before Krzhminski's arrival the Soviet Club had been a distinctly rowdy institution. Occasionally concerts were given to which we were invited. There was plenty of talent but little organisation and the appearance and behaviour of some of the wives of Soviet officials left much to be desired. Krzhminski changed all this and, at the first concert given after his arrival, achieved a really remarkable degree of respectability. The women were all dressed in black and their behaviour was positively demure. The concert was excellently arranged and the refreshments delicious. Krzhminski was in evening dress and proved a perfect and polished host.

I have already said that the year 1926 marked a turning point in Iranian-Soviet relations. The Bolsheviks became outwardly more normal and their subterranean activities, though still considerable, were directed towards different ends. Up to 1925, they had unquestionably been concerned in making trouble in various parts of Iran. They had without doubt attempted to sow the seeds of Communism among Iranian youth and to poison the minds of Iranian officials against the British. From 1926 onwards, however, they were principally concerned with pushing their commercial interests, with secretly observing what they genuinely believed to be British machinations and with attempting to sabotage British endeavours to get information out of Soviet Russia in general and Turkestan in particular.

In the winter of 1926, there arrived in Meshed one Agabekov whose interesting memoirs may now be obtained under the title of "OGPU, The Russian Secret Terror." I knew him to be in charge of all espionage work at the Soviet Consulate-General but I did not know the full extent of his activities until after he had left Soviet Service and his reminiscences began to appear in a Russian paper published in Paris during 1930. Actually, his principal work in Meshed, where he did not stay long, was that of intercepting British official correspondence arriving from India by the Iranian post. His activities in Tehran and other parts of Iran were more extensive and of much greater interest. He was undoubtedly a most competent and quite unscrupulous secret

agent and his organisation for intercepting diplomatic correspondence going to and from the various foreign legations in Tehran was excellent. All this makes good reading in his book and its novelty and thrill have served to obscure for some the real interest of his revelations.

It is quite obvious from Agabekov's book that from 1925 onwards the work of the OGPU in Iran was largely of a defensive character. He himself, in common, I think, with the Soviet Government, genuinely believed that Great Britain had the most far-reaching designs on Iran and maintained an elaborate and heavily financed organisation for the purpose of sabotaging Soviet interests. The Soviet official contention, so repeatedly expressed to the Russian people, that the Capitalists were preparing for war with Soviet Russia, was not merely propaganda; they really believed it. Agabekov, before he seceded from Soviet service, had held a number of appointments under the OGPU in Afghanistan, Iran and Turkey and had also been employed in the Eastern Section of the OGPU in Moscow. It is unlikely that he could have been given bogus instructions in view of the free hand which, quite apart from his own statements, he was obviously allowed. Our failure to grasp the genuine nature of the U.S.S.R.'s fear of "intervention" and our reluctance to admit that Soviet commercial operations were in any sense serious caused us to impute subversive motives to their activities which they did not in reality possess. Up to 1931 stories were still current of the "dissemination of propaganda" by Soviet vessels in the Persian Gulf. The fact that no sample of this propaganda, which was supposed to be in leaflet form, ever came to hand did not, curiously enough, serve to discount the reports. Soviet activities were supposed to be furtive and subterranean and the axiom was not generally accepted that propaganda, to be effective, must be propagated.

In actual fact, I do not believe that Agabekov's or the OGPU's activities in Iran did us very much harm. The correspondence which he intercepted was not of any great importance. At that time, the minds of many Soviet officials were so loaded with prejudice and so poor in education and experience that they sometimes put the most grotesque interpretation on despatches which they intercepted. In the case of the Afghan rebellion of 1928, it appears to have been a total misunderstanding of intercepted British despatches that impelled the U.S.S.R. to make its ill-fated armed intervention in Afghan Turkestan. It is significant that Agabekov considered British Consuls' situation reports from Tabriz, Isfahan,

Shiraz and elsewhere as the most important of the intercepted correspondence for they provided a more reliable and more detailed account of happenings in those parts than the garbled and hyperbolic effusions of Soviet representatives.

In Meshed I occasionally found myself almost at handgrips with the OGPU. Among my employees was an old Turkoman who had escaped to Iran in the early days of the Revolution. He was a remarkable and very reliable old man and became a close personal friend of mine, but being totally illiterate he could clearly play no very important part in my work. The OGPU, however, were convinced that he was the repository of my greatest secrets and made more than one attempt to suborn him. One of these attempts is worth recounting for a different version of it appears in Agabekov's book. The old man had a son who had remained in Soviet territory and had some slight official dealings with Soviet Government officials. One day the old man told me that he had received a telegram from his son asking him to go urgently to Bolan, a small town on the Iranian-Soviet frontier. He suspected some trick so I told him to ignore the telegram altogether. A few days afterwards the son himself arrived in Meshed and told the following story: Karutski, chief of the OGPU in Askhabad, had sent for him and told him that he must get his father into Soviet territory. The telegram had been sent and, when it achieved no result, the son was ordered to go to Meshed and there endeavour to discover from his father by what means the British were obtaining their information. The young man was somewhat perturbed. He had no wish to harm either his father or the British but feared for his life and his family if he were to go back empty-handed. After some consideration, I told him to go back to Askhabad and tell Karutski that he had only been able to find out one thing from his father, namely, that the British obtained most of their information from an important official in the Soviet Consulate-General in Meshed. This story, which was quite untrue, seemed to me to serve the double purpose of saving the young Turkoman's bacon and frustrating Karutski's knavish tricks. I do not know for certain whether my instructions were carried out to the letter but very shortly afterwards a comb-out of the staff of the Consulate-General took place and several officials were removed.

Intelligence is not always such fun as might appear from the foregoing incident. I remember once, many years later, visiting in the purlieus of . . ., a Russian whom I hoped to employ as an agent on account of his extensive acquaintance among a particular group of people. He was a highly educated man who had

fallen on evil days and he listened with some interest to my proposals. He seemed to hesitate and I gathered that he thought such work would be dangerous. I hastened to explain that I did not think he would incur any danger; the people of the country had hospitably received the Russian refugees and, in accordance with tradition, scarcely suspected them of any irregular activities. His face cleared: "I cannot do such work," he said, "You yourself have underlined the fact of this people's hospitality. I have consistently received kindness and consideration at their hands. How do you expect me to abuse their hospitality? It is different for you. It is your duty to do such work for your country. I have no country now but I cannot forget that once, at any rate, I was a gentleman." There was only one thing to do: I apologised for having made the suggestion and expressed my admiration for his attitude. It was not the first nor the last time that intelligence work has made me feel thoroughly uncomfortable.

By the spring of 1927, I had become quite friendly with some of the Bolsheviks. Comrade Levinsohn had accepted an invitation to dinner. He felt it his duty to maintain a strictly democratic attitude throughout and on leaving formally shook hands with every member of the Iranian guard outside my gate. After this, however, he used to drop in and see me in the evenings and we had long and interesting conversations. He would seldom take anything to drink but on one occasion he accepted a glass of vermouth. He raised his glass and said with some empressement, "Pyu za nashu druzhbu." (I drink to our friendship.) I liked Comrade Levinsohn and was very sorry to hear of his death which took place a short while later.

My friendly relations with the Bolsheviks were soon to be cut short by the breaking off of diplomatic relations following on the Arcos raid. As usual, the Bolsheviks got the news before we did. At the Iranian army races, Comrade Krzhminski drew me aside and asked if I had heard that Great Britain had broken off relations with the U.S.S.R. He added that he sincerely hoped the report was not true as it would spoil our friendship. True, however, it was and, with the exception of a few words at an Iranian reception to which we were both invited, I did not speak to Comrade Krzhminski or any other Bolsheviks again.

By this time the more soldierly of my readers are, I feel, beginning to "curve a contumelious lip." "This fellow," they are thinking (perhaps using an even stronger expression out of their simple vocabulary), "is clearly not the right type of officer.

What is all this stuff about Russian girls and Bolshevik spies? We expected some serious advice about learning Russian—something about the importance of the language in the Army." Such criticism would be far from unjust. Though it was not my fault that my duties led me off the beaten track of military life, I did most culpably neglect the serious study of Russian. Since I left Meshed in 1928 I have had to make good the omission by much hard reading and calculated study. You cannot trifle with a language like Russian. I had had exceptional opportunities for acquiring a good colloquial knowledge of the language and had rubbed shoulders with Russians of almost every sort. If, however, I had early acquired a sound knowledge of the grammar and structure of the language I should have done my work far better. Realising all this, I shall now try and disarm my critics by concluding with some more serious observations about the study of Russian and its relation to military efficiency.

Why is a knowledge of Russian important for army officers in general and in particular for those of the Indian Army? Because it is the language spoken throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union, because the Red Army and Air Force are among the largest in the world and because the southern frontiers of the U.S.S.R. closely approach those of India. Few will disagree with this answer but the matter does not end there. For over twenty years the U.S.S.R. has remained aloof from the rest of the world, large areas have remained practically inaccessible to foreigners and the number of Soviet subjects who have visited other countries has been strictly limited. During this period vast changes have taken place in the administrative, economic, military and scientific life of the Union. Descriptions of these changes can, indeed, be found in the not inconsiderable number of books published in English or other Western European languages. Most of these books are, however, tendentious or heavily biased and by far the most accurate description of Soviet industrial and other developments is to be obtained from purely Russian sources. Only a close and objective study of those sources will make up, to some extent, for the lack of ordinary intercourse with the U.S.S.R. since the Revolution. From the military point of view, with which we are here principally concerned, it must be emphasised that *a proper understanding of the tactical and technical development of the Soviet armed forces requires a close, constant and imaginative scrutiny of Soviet technical and military publications in the original Russian.*

Russian is the most important of the Slavonic languages and the most highly developed. It is what is known as an inflectional language, that is to say, grammatical relations are expressed by the inflection or modification of the endings of words, and in this respect it closely resembles Greek. It is a language rich in vocabulary and power of idiomatic expression. It is popularly believed that it has greatly changed its nature under the Soviet regime but this is not true. The orthography has, however, been much simplified.

It is obvious that Russian, like any other language, can best be learnt in the country and with the assistance of a competent native teacher. A great deal, however, can be achieved by private study provided that use is made of the right books and of gramophone records. What follows does not claim to be a complete list of all the available aids for the learning of Russian but only of those that I have come across during a fairly long experience and which seem to me to be good.

When beginning the study of Russian or any other language, the first necessity is to obtain a grasp of the essentials of the grammar and of the basic vocabulary. One of the best books for this purpose is "Russian Grammar and Self-Educator" by Louis Segal (5th Edition published by the British Russian Gazette and Trade Outlook Ltd.). While working carefully through this, the student may profitably use "The Basis and Essentials of Russian" by Duff and Krongliakoff (Nelson). Hugo's "Russian Simplified" may be used in place of Segal's book but it is less up-to-date. Parallel with his grammatical studies the student should work through the Linguaphone Course of gramophone records which will introduce him to the pronunciation of Russian and place him in possession of a considerable vocabulary. Another complete Russian Course is "Spoken Russian" by Boyanus and Jopson, with 12 companion records (Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd., price £2-2-0). I have not yet seen this course but it appears to be comprehensive and has been well reviewed. Once a general grasp of the grammar is obtained, the student should secure Nevill Forbes' First, Second and Third Russian Books. No books exist which show a better appreciation of the difficulties of Russian for English students. Until recently they were, unfortunately, only available in the old orthography, but it is understood that new editions are in the course of preparation. Forbes' "Russian Grammar" is also an excellent book but until it is reprinted in the new orthography, the student is advised to use Anna Semeonoff's Russian

Grammar (Dent). A more advanced book by Semeonoff is "Brush Up Your Russian" (Dent) with companion gramophone records. Good elementary reading-books are Segal's "First Russian Reader" and "The Album and Other Tales," both in the new orthography. Once he is perfectly familiar with the new orthography, the student will find no difficulty whatever in reading the old, and this is important as most of the Russian classics are still more easily available in the old spelling. By far the best Russian dictionary is that by Muller and Boyanus (Soviet Encyclopædic Press).

One word about reading. I have been astonished to find how little of Russian literature is read by students of Russian. I have met many Army officers claiming to be interested in things Russian whose reading has been almost entirely confined to reading-books and newspapers. Some of them cherish the totally erroneous idea that the language and the Russian character have changed so much that it is waste of time to bother with classical Russian literature. Many of these, of course, have in their hearts a profound contempt for good literature in general and their ignorance of Russian literature is probably no greater than of the literature of their own country. I have already said that much can be done without either a good teacher or residence among Russians, but I must qualify this by saying that the student deprived of these advantages *must read and read constantly*. If he cannot bring himself to read, if the exceptional qualities of Russian literature cannot charm him then he had better give up Russian altogether for, without reading or intercourse with the people, it is impossible to learn Russian properly.

Readers of this article will have detected signs of a liking for, almost a prejudice in favour of the Russians on the part of the writer. Though I do not disclaim this I realise that it is largely a matter of taste and experience. The idea, once widespread, that the Russians were "a hopeless people" is steadily losing ground and whatever opinion they may hold of the present policy and methods of the U.S.S.R., most people agree that the Russians, as a people, count and count tremendously. It may not be unfitting to close with the words of Count Keyserling:

"I am certain of a great future for Russia, nay, one of the very greatest in every respect. Within this marvellously gifted people, rich in soul and vital power, one of the most important cultures of mankind will blossom forth. But that great radiant future which I foresee can only dawn after centuries. Until then chaos is inevitable."

Note.—It should be realised that the events described in this article took place during the infancy of the Soviet regime whose policy and methods in the Middle East have undergone considerable changes during the past fourteen years.

COLONEL SCOTT'S BUNGALOW

There stands by the Isle of Seringapatam
By the Cauvery eddying fast,
A bungalow lonely
And tenanted only
By memories of the past.
It has stood as though under curse or spell
Untouched since the year that Tippoo fell.

—Lays of Ind.

In the plains of Southern India, just where the high-road between Mysore and Bangalore crosses the Cauvery river, lies the remarkable island of Seringapatam, that has witnessed more deaths by violence than the Tower of London. Indeed, so many strange things have happened there that the place is said to be haunted.

I once spent several days on the island, writing an account of it. I think I must have visited every hole and corner, every nook and cranny, in the place. Perhaps I peered too deeply into things. Unwittingly, I may have disturbed one of the jinns in the giant *pipal* trees, or an *ifrit* hiding at the bottom of some well. If so, I paid dearly for my boldness; for an attack of smallpox, contracted during my wanderings, nearly cost me my life, and all my notes were mysteriously lost in the post.

Seringapatam is a name bringing to the memory a breach in lofty walls, and a spirited dash across a rocky river-bed; an eastern palace of fabulous riches where once upon a time gold and precious stones lay about in great heaps; and a dictator's stronghold in which many a prisoner has been done to death.

For centuries the island was a holy place of the Hindus, but when George III was king, it was seized by Hyder Ali and converted from a Hindu sanctuary into a Muhammadan fortress. Shortly afterwards, that great soldier-adventurer died and was succeeded by his son Tippoo.

Then came the famous siege of 1799, when Seringapatam was stormed by the British and handed back to the lawful Hindu dynasty. Tippoo was killed, and the long, stricken years of fighting came to an end. Once again the monotonous tom-tom throbbed in the bazaars, and the summoning conch blared from

the ravished temples. Fields were cultivated that had lain untilled through the seasons, and everywhere the handmills hummed as the women ground the corn.

But the time was not yet when the traveller might pass without let or hindrance, and the shriek of terror no longer startled the night. For gangs of those wandering marauders, who were known as thugs and made strangling their profession, infested the countryside. From time to time, cholera and smallpox took fearful toll of the people; and where the river forked, the ground was thickly studded with little white pillars, each marking the spot where some hapless Hindu widow had been burnt alive on the funeral pyre of her departed husband. The shadow of death still brooded over the island.

At the time of my visit, nearly a hundred years had elapsed since the famous siege; yet much remained to thrill the student of history. There, for example, was the very breach in the walls through which the British soldiers had rushed to victory; the sally-port where Tippoo had been killed, sword in hand; the tomb, side by side, where he and his father lay amid the ruins of their former capital; and the fetid dungeons where Englishmen had been put to death by having iron nails hammered into their skulls. The visitor ponders over each scene in turn, experiencing a sense of pride at one and a condition of horror at another.

Yet, strange to relate, it is none of these things that leaves the deepest impression on his mind; but a lonely bungalow, that long ago was *suddenly deserted and never occupied again.* This is the original "Deserted Bungalow" of the *Lays of Ind.* It was never the home of a famous man, and it is not even haunted; yet no one, European or Indian, ever sets foot in Seringapatam without paying a visit to this house of mystery.

The bungalow stands alone by the river brink, with a broad flight of stone steps leading down to the water's edge. At one time it possessed a beautiful garden, bounded on one side by a grove of trees where all day long the green parrots flocked and screamed, the hoopoes chattered and the doves cooed, and the long-tailed monkeys "swung in and out of the leaves."

The first time I saw the bungalow was in the hot weather of 1897. In appearance it is quite ordinary and unimposing, and though well built does not boast any architectural pretensions. The house itself was still in excellent repair, but its contents had long ago fallen into ruin. Except for a few articles of furniture

—some of doubtful authenticity and others manifestly spurious—the rooms were empty. I happened to be the only visitor that morning and the caretaker, as he showed me round the place, regaled me with the following version of its history.

The bungalow, he declared, originally belonged to a Colonel Scott, who lived there happily with his family. One day, however, the Colonel rode back to find his wife and two daughters dead of cholera. Dazed by this sudden blow, and mad with grief, the wretched man fled from the house and was never seen again. No one knew what had become of him. Some said he rode his charger into the raging torrent of the Cauvery as it swirled past his house, and that both horse and rider were drowned. His servants, greatly distressed and completely mystified, waited for their master in vain. Day after day, they prepared his bath as usual and even cooked his meals; but he never came back again. When the news reached the ears of the Maharaja of Mysore, he sent one of his own retinue to take charge of the bungalow in the hope that some day his friend would return. He gave strict orders that nothing was to be removed on pain of death, and that all the rooms were to be left exactly as they were. But the Colonel was never heard of again, and the bungalow has remained empty ever since.

Such a story could hardly fail to arouse the curiosity of the least imaginative of men. It certainly aroused mine; and no sooner had I left the place than I wanted to visit it again. There is always something sad, something uncanny, about a house that has been empty for a long time; and with this one it was doubly so. I had seen it by day, but now I wanted to catch it in a different mood; so that night I went out and studied it by moonlight. I was amply rewarded.

As I set out on my expedition, a deathly silence hung moodily over everything. Suddenly, however, it was broken by some jackals in the fields of sugarcane across the river, giving vent to a series of howls that sounded like the fiendish laughter of madmen. At one spot, the pathway leading to the bungalow ran past some old *pipal* trees, whose black shadows seemed to be asleep. Such indeed was the force of this suggestion that I actually found myself walking through them on tip-toe! Then an owl hooted at me ominously from his leafy solitude. Presently, at the far end of the island, half-veiled in milk-white mist, I could just discern the tall cypresses that stood like sentinels round the tombs of the two bloody assassins. On gaining the river-bank,

I continued along it until I came in sight of the deserted bungalow. Then I stopped, and for a long time stood gazing at it across the lapse of years. There it was, telling its own sad story to the stars, and with the spirit of tragedy hanging over it still.

The legend of the deserted bungalow did not reach England until it was told many years afterwards in the *Lays of Ind.** No testimony of mine, however, is needed to show the widespread interest it soon aroused in India. News travelled slowly in those days; but within a few months of the Colonel's disappearance, sight-seers from all parts of the country began to wend their way towards the scene of the tragedy.

From the very day it was forsaken, the bungalow was carefully tended; but as the seasons revolved and the years slipped by like the waters at its feet, the furniture suffered from the ravages of time until at last there was very little of it left. In the process of inexorable decay, the carpets slowly rotted on the floors, the mirrors cracked, the spinet fell to pieces, the punkahs dropped from their hangings, and the pictures from the walls. The books lay mouldering on their shelves till all were consumed, and the wooden bedstead where the corpses had lain crumbled away into dust.

The native caretaker, who prospered exceedingly on the *bakhshish* he amassed from visitors, viewed the disintegration around him with considerable alarm. If the rooms were allowed to go bare—he mused—the bungalow would soon lose its attraction, which in turn would lead to a serious decline in business. Unfortunately, no steps were taken to save from exploitation the deserted bungalow that had now become so famous. Articles of furniture, some of them from Tippoo's palace, were smuggled in to replace those that had fallen into decay; and on the last occasion I was there, I remember seeing amongst the pictures on the wall, a coloured print from a modern illustrated paper!

The caretaker's legend of Colonel Scott's bungalow has been told with little variation to every visitor for the past hundred years, and must have been listened to by many thousands of people. It has been published in guide books and sung in verse; but it is stark nonsense. The theory of the Colonel drowning himself in the Cauvery is particularly unfortunate, because the

* By Captain W. Yeldham, 18th Hussars; 1861—75. His pen-name was "Aliph Cheem."

tragedy occurred at a time of year when the river is so low that it is little more than a succession of shallow pools.

The bungalow was suddenly deserted because of a tragedy; but for some unknown reason, the tragedy has been made to put on fancy dress, and decked out in the tinsel of myth and legend, instead of being allowed to appear in the ordinary garb of mourning. The true story, however, is so full of human feeling and so simple, that trashy embellishments of this kind merely spoil it. Here it is, for the first time.

According to the official records in the India Office, Colonel James George Scott was an artillery officer in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Some years after the siege of 1799, he was sent to Seringapatam, and whilst commandant of the troops there, he was overtaken by a great tragedy, the circumstances of which are recorded in a simple inscription on a tombstone, which is still standing in the garrison cemetery on the island. It runs as follows:

"CAROLINE ISABELLA SCOTT (AND INFANT CHILD), WIFE OF COLONEL J. G. SCOTT, COMMANDANT OF SERINGAPATAM; WHO DIED IN CHILD-BED, 19TH APRIL, 1817."

Very shortly after the death of his wife, Colonel Scott "fled from the house of woe," and without telling any one where he was going, set out for Madras. Three months later, he was granted furlough to England for reasons of health, and sailed for home in the Indiaman named the *Lord Melville.* None of his friends or servants knew that he had even left the country.

When he made his hurried departure from the island, he left his house and belongings in the charge of his servants. This was, of course, the usual practice when proceeding on short leave; but the extraordinary part of the story is that, although he never intended to return, he should have gone away and left all his furniture, books, wines, clothes and other household effects, behind him, without making any arrangements for their disposal or giving them a single thought again. It is beyond doubt or question that for many years after it had been deserted, the bungalow remained in almost exactly the same state as on the morning of the tragedy, and that it has never been occupied since then. Fortunately, the hand of time has fallen less heavily on the house itself than on its contents; and there it stands to this very day, for all who wish to see.

Colonel Scott was promoted major-general in 1821, and on New Year's Day of 1833 he died in London, little dreaming that all through those five-and-twenty years of retirement his old home by the far-off Cauvery had been kept in constant readiness for his return.

THE BALTIC STATES AND FINLAND

By Captain G. H. Nash

I.—HISTORICAL

Taken collectively, Finland and the three Baltic States of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania cover an area roughly one-and-a-half times that of the British Isles and possess a total population of nine-and-a-quarter millions. Two-thirds of this area belongs to Finland which has a population of 3,800,000.

The wisdom of forming four independent states from a population of nine-and-a-quarter million people seems at first sight to be questionable; because of their close connection with Russia in the past one is inclined to lump them together under the heading of "Slavs." Except, however, in the case of the Lithuanians, who are remotely akin to them, neither racially nor etymologically are these peoples Slavs. By way of comparison, "Kuidas Kasi Kaib?" is the Estonian and "Kak ve pahjevahyehteh?" the Russian for "How are you?"

The Finns and Estonians are related and claim as their distant cousins, the Turks. An Estonian told the writer that there are still several words common to all three languages. The Latvians and Lithuanians are kindered races coming from a stock entirely different from that of the people to the North of them.

The history of these states is a history of hundreds of years of foreign domination. Taking them from the North their history may be summarised as follows:

Finland.—Under Swedish rule until 1808, when it was taken by Russia. It became independent after the last Great War.

Estonia.—Originally under the Danes. In 1346 conquered and reduced to serfdom by the Teutonic Knights. Taken over by Sweden in 1561 and remained so for a century and a half when the Russians conquered it. Oppression led to a revolt in 1905. The revolt was put down severely and a legacy of hatred against the Russians remains.

Latvia.—Was originally linked with Lithuania; and later became part of Russia. Thereafter its history runs with that of Estonia.

Lithuania.—Was originally a powerful independent state but became part of Poland and then, with Poland, part of Russia. In

the years preceding the last Great War Russia attempted vigorous Russification and religious persecution was prevalent against the Catholics.

II.—THE INFLUENCE OF THE PAST ON THE PRESENT

In 1918, when faced with the confiscation of their lands, the Baltic States appealed to the Kaiser for a Union with East Prussia. The Kaiser agreed and this last year of the Great War was marked by considerable German military activity in the Baltic. Twelve thousand German troops helped to rid Finland of Bolsheviks, whilst a German force entered and remained in occupation of Estonia until the Armistice. They executed the Estonian Prime Minister and put various other Estonians, including the present President, into a concentration camp. In the summer of 1919 a volunteer German force under General Von de Goltz began its advance Northwards through Latvia. This force, joined by Baltic German volunteers, liberated Riga from a Red terror; but the Estonians had had a few previous months, after the German evacuation of November, 1918, to organise their forces and, having no desire to be "liberated" by the Germans a second time, they fought Von de Goltz's force at Roopa and Venden-Ronneburg, after which actions the Germans retired. The anniversary of this battle is always celebrated by the Estonian army and a picture of the battlefield, depicting grizzly Estonians in nondescript uniform engrossed in collecting German rifles and field guns and burying German corpses, adorns both mess and barrack-room walls. It is obviously a matter of considerable pride to this brave little army. The writer was led straight to this picture when he first entered an Estonian Mess.

Hate breeds hate, and years of neglect and petty persecutions had fanned to white heat that spirit of nationalism which successive Russian governments, eagerly assisted by the Baltic Barons, had set out to destroy. In the hour of triumph there was no restraining hand, no one to cry halt at the moment of victory. It was only a matter of time before the now powerless over-lords of yesterday would be sacrificed upon the altar of ultra-nationalism. The new states had only to gather strength, win the confidence of the League Powers and deal with the urgent questions of the moment, then there would be time to put Barons and Russians in their places. The new era was heralded with a guarantee of the most generous treatment for minorities—guarantees which were not kept by Latvia and Lithuania. By about 1929 the

treatment of minorities in these two countries was rapidly becoming worse, and in no way was this more marked than in the Lithuanian treatment of Memel-landers, who were tried for treason, sentenced to death, or imprisonment, made to close their schools and deprived of all share in the administration. The treatment meted out to Polish and Jewish minorities was equally harsh and, as early as in 1926, nearly fifty Polish schools were shut in Lithuania.

There could be no better ground in which to sow the Nazi seed. In every Baltic State there grew a Fascist organisation and people who had never been to Germany and whose ancestors had for generations regarded St. Petersburg as the centre of their world, began, soon after Hitler's rise to power, to count themselves amongst the lost Germans.

In Lithuania, where the persecution of minorities had been more marked, the 150,000 Memel-landers were rapidly welded together into a National-Socialist community owing allegiance to Hitler; from thence it was but a step to incorporation in the German Reich.

The German minority in Latvia also had its Nazi organisation, called the "Fascist Iron Cross." However, as the President of the state is himself a dictator, there was little room for a Nazi movement, and the only effect it had was to curtail still more the liberties which the German and other minorities had hitherto enjoyed, but which, from 1929 onwards, were gradually whittled away by a government whose intensely national spirit far outweighed its sense of justice.

The Estonian Government has always allowed a reasonable measure of freedom to its minorities—but not enough apparently for its 17,000 Baltic Germans. Soon after Hitler came into power in Germany the Estonians discovered that a movement had been organised within their country, every member of which was pledged to fight for the German Fatherland. It was called "The League of Liberty Fighters" and its leaders attempted a putsch in March, 1934. The President and the Commander-in-Chief struck hard and with great rapidity and the organisation was dissolved. "But we still have our cultural society," said a Baltic German in 1937, "and every member is entitled to a German passport immediately the country is occupied." The military part of the organisation had gone but the spirit was still there.

When the German Cruiser "Leipzig" visited the capital in 1937, a bevy of senior school girls from a Baltic German school,

dressed in uniforms very similar to those worn by the German Maidens, were rushed down to the docks to take the sailors out—that is, to show them round the ancient monuments!

In Finland ten per cent. of the population is still Swedish. The Swedes are an influential minority who, besides controlling big business, have competed successfully against the Finns for the civil service. A few years ago the Finns placed various restrictions both on commercial concerns and on entry into the civil service. A firm was not permitted to have a board of directors consisting entirely of Finnish Swedes, nor could the capital be owned entirely by them. No one was permitted to compete for the civil service unless he had a Finnish name. These and various other restrictions ensured that a Swede had, to all intents and purposes, lost or hidden every trace of origin before he was accepted for a Government appointment. One Swedish father summarised the situation very well by telling the writer that his son was now entirely "Finnished!"

Estonia has a white Russian minority which forms eight per cent. of the total population. The Russians have their own schools and cultural institutions and are, on the whole, treated very well. A Russian family, with whom the writer once stayed, were very indignant that they had to hang an Estonian flag from their balcony on public holidays,—but it appears that the Estonians had learned this custom from the Russians.

So much for the treatment of minorities. It may well be said that they reaped what their forefathers had sown for them: where the past was characterised by an absence of bitterness, the present has been characterised by tolerance and understanding; particularly is this so in Finland. In Estonia, the minorities benefited by living under what had been for the most part the benevolent rule of people who, by the time they became independent, had achieved an intellectual standard considerably higher than that of the Latvians and Lithuanians. Under the two southern states the lot of the minorities had not been a happy one. A Russian living in Latvia once told the writer that if he spoke his mother-tongue at the post office he would not be served unless he could produce a certificate to the effect that he knew no Latvian. Hard to believe, perhaps, but this was later corroborated by another Russian who said that this applied equally to asking the policeman the way. A stony silence was invariably observed until the certificate was produced. Only a few decades before the Latvian language was not recognised.

III.—THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BALTS

The Balts have struggled for hundreds of years to regain their independence and, however hopeless the situation has seemed, they have never given up. This centuries-long struggle has cultivated in successive generations a pronounced spirit of determination. They possess a will to win which has enabled them to snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat. Whilst hardly more than armed bands, indifferently armed and for the most part without uniform or equipment, the Latvians and Estonians fought both Bolsheviks and German volunteers. A regiment to which the writer was attached got its first machine-guns from a captured enemy position. These soldiers of the Baltic states, although no longer a factor in Baltics affairs now that their countries are dominated by the U.S.S.R., impress one with their practical efficiency. To a casual observer, they are not impressive. Their rifles are slung on the march and are at the "order" when they are halted; their equipment is a combination of leather and canvas, their buttons are never polished and the men are often unshaven. On the other hand the Estonians, for example, can march 50 kilometers in a day. In winter they hold manœuvres on skis, and the troops bivouac out in the snow. It is all taken as a matter of course. During the winter training the acid in the batteries of the portable wireless sets often freezes.

They are remarkably good shots both with the rifle and light machine-gun, and both officers and men classify annually with these weapons. The Estonian army won the international rifle competition held in Switzerland before the war.

Nor is their practicality confined to training. The social centre of a regiment (three battalions) is its Mess. The Mess at Narva, on the Soviet frontier of Estonia, contains a ballroom, a restaurant, a bar, a card-room, a billiard-room and two or three rooms for private parties. There is also a mess dining room of the kind we know, but this is kept more or less as a museum piece. There are no government quarters for officers and there is no compulsion about feeding in the Mess. The Mess was immensely popular—even the officers' children used the restaurant at lunch time—and it was cheaper than anything outside. The staff, however, cost nothing, as waiters and cooks serving their year as conscripts worked in the Mess.

National feeling is carried almost to the point of fanaticism. "That church," once said an Estonian pointing out a Russian cathedral built upon a hill, "should be destroyed; it is not in

harmony with the Estonian landscape." And the Estonians are tolerant. National feeling manifests itself in a number of ways. Not the least of these is a passion for changing people's names: Mullerstein, for example, althongh he may be a devout nationalist, is invited to take the name of Veskikiwi—a translation of his original name—in order that no one should think him to be a German. It matters not that neither in manner, speech nor looks is he a Teuton.

Intense national pride, combined with a marked egoistic strain, produces in its turn a large bump of self-satisfaction and conceit. The President's portrait adorns his own study. The officer has his decoration for bravery embossed on his visiting cards, and many are the young people who carry about snapshots of themselves to show to or present to likely admirers. "This is me at the university." "This is me when I visited France last year." "This is me riding in my uncle's car—my uncle is a minister and owns a house on the Riviera."

To sum up. They may be conceited, but they have won a centuries-long battle against heavy odds. They may have an over-developed sense of nationalism—but it is a nationalism which, after hundreds of years of persecution, is at last free to express itself, and a flood of literature and art in all its forms has already shown a great deal worthy of expression. Much of the literature has already been translated into English.

If they do not forget oppression they also do not forget the countries which helped them in their fight for independence. The Estonians still recall with warm gratitude the part played by the British Navy when Admiral Sinclair's ships prevented the Bolsheviks from attacking the port of Tallinn. The British not only attacked the naval base at Kronstadt but also captured two Bolshevik destroyers which became the nucleus of the little Estonian Navy. That was twenty years ago, but the British are still the most honoured guests and the most welcome visitors.

Until Germany's aggressiveness grew, the same strain of gratitude for foreign help was evident in Finland. German troops had rid the country of Bolsheviks and then, through force of circumstances and not by intent, they returned to the Fatherland, to be regarded, at least for a time, as the unselfish saviours of Finland.

IV.—SOVIET DOMINATION IN THE BALTIC

The Soviet Union has two major interests in the Baltic. First she is anxious that the small states around the Gulf of Finland should not be held or dominated by another major power. A

strong Naval and Military force astride the Gulf of Finland could control the port of Leningrad, bottle up the Soviet Baltic Fleet at Kronstadt, converge on the Leningrad industrial district by advancing eastwards through Finland and Estonia, and turn the right flank of the Soviet frontier defences.

This fear is not altogether an unfounded one, for in 1918-19 German troops had operated on both sides of the Gulf of Finland and had inflicted more than one defeat on such forces as the Bolsheviks could muster at that time. In their memoirs both von Hindenburg and von der Goltz leave no doubt as to the object of these operations; von Hindenburg quite frankly explains: "We hoped that by assisting Finland we should get her on our side.... Further, we were thus gaining a foothold at a point which immediately menaced Petersburg (now Leningrad), and this would have great importance if Bolshevik Russia attempted to attack our Eastern Front again." Referring to German gains South of the Gulf of Finland he writes: ". . . I welcomed the liberation of the Baltic Provinces because it was to be assumed that from henceforth the German elements there would be able to develop in greater freedom, and the process of German colonisation in that region would be extended." Von der Goltz stresses the naval advantage of the operations in Finland and says that they were to form "the corner-stone of German command of the sea in the Baltic."

In 1934 the Soviet Government was still anxious about its Baltic frontiers and suggested to the German Government that the two countries should sign a joint protocol in which they would undertake to preserve the independence and integrity of the Baltic States. In reply the German Government said that it saw no reason whatever for any special treaty for the protection of these states. In the same year (1934) a Nazi organisation attempted a putsch in Estonia. From now onwards subversive movements owing allegiance to Germany fomented trouble in all three Baltic states. Finland alone—already possessing strong Nazi tendencies which were especially noticeable in 1936-37—was left untouched by these disturbances.

From 1934 onwards the Nazi Government repeatedly spoke of the necessity of expanding Eastwards and "Der Ritt nach Osten" became a national slogan. With such a political and military background to German-Soviet relations in the Baltic some very positive Soviet demands were to be expected in any agreement made between these two states.

The German-Soviet agreement gave to Germany a new Frontier about 350 miles East of the original one; it also destroyed the buffer state of Poland. Indeed, the moment the thieves fell out the whole stage was set for a combined frontal and flank attack by Germany on the Soviet Union. The fifth column—the traitors living in the Baltic States—and a friendly Finland would have made the flanking operations comparatively easy.

And so, to balance the advantages given to Germany by the Agreement of September, 1939, it was vitally important that the U.S.S.R. should occupy an advanced position on the shores of the Baltic.

Hiiumaa and Saarema, the two islands on the west coast of Estonia, were both occupied by the Germans as an initial stage in their operations in Estonia at the end of the Great War. These islands are now occupied by the Russians. They have also occupied all naval ports on both sides of the Gulf of Finland and, by seizing the Karelian Isthmus, the shores of Lake Ladoga and a considerable area north of the lake, they have secured the land approaches to the Leningrad area from the north-west. At the same time, garrisons at strategic points in Estonia secure the approaches to Leningrad from the south-west. The projected railway from Kandalaksha on the White Sea to Kemijarvi near the northern end of the Gulf of Bosnia would help deal with any threat through Norway and Sweden. Conversely this railway will in itself be a threat to these two countries.

There is no moral justification for the Soviet occupation of so many points in these Baltic lands, but German activities in the past, coupled with the Nazis' opportunist attitude towards all agreements to which they are partner, made it vitally important that the Russians should secure themselves against their friends, for it may take some time for Stalin to discover whether he has bluffed the Nazis or been bluffed himself. And then it might be too late to do anything about it.

The second Soviet interest in the Baltic lands is as transit countries. The ports of Tallinn and Riga, if not entirely free from ice, are open all the year round, and the rôle of the Baltic states as transit countries has invariably formed a vital part of any agreement made between them and the U.S.S.R.

To sum up, the Soviet Government now completely dominates the Baltic states and Finland, and this was strategically inevitable as a counter measure to any ambitions Germany may have in the future to expand eastwards at the expense of the U.S.S.R.

V.—NOTES ON PRODUCE AND EXPORTS

All the Baltic countries are engaged in agriculture and dairy farming. South of the Gulf of Finland this is the principle occupation, whilst in Finland it is second in importance only to the timber trade and its by-products. Finland, Estonia and Latvia are all rich in timber. Estonia possesses oil shale deposits which are estimated at over 5,000 million tons. There were, in 1939, six companies working this industry and the output has increased by leaps and bounds. Between 1930 and 1936 the annual output increased from ten thousand tons to sixty thousand tons of oil. This is exported both as crude oil and as petrol and Germany is the principal buyer.

The exports of Finland and the three Baltic states amount to some sixty-three million pounds a year, two-thirds of this coming from Finland (in normal times). This is roughly equal to New Zealand's exports. New Zealand's external trade is also approximately equal to the external trade of these four states. Before the war between a half and a third of their exports went to Great Britain.

THE PATH OF DELIVERANCE

By Prem Chand

Translated from the Hindi by G. E. W.

I

That same pride which a policeman takes in his red *pagri*, a beautiful woman in her ornaments and a doctor in his patients is also experienced by the peasant as he surveys his rippling fields. As Jhingur looked at his sugarcane fields, a kind of intoxication swept over him. Three *bighas* of cane there were. With ease they would yield six hundred rupees and, if God raised prices, why, there was no knowing what they might not be worth! His two bullocks were old; he would have to get another pair from the fair at Batesar and if two more *bighas* of land were forthcoming he would lease them too. No need of anxiety about money. The banias were already beginning to flatter him. There was no one in the village with whom he had not quarrelled and no one whom he admitted as his superior.

One evening he was sitting, shelling peas, with his son in his lap, when he espied a flock of sheep coming towards him. "There used not to be any right of way here to drive sheep through," he thought to himself, "why can't the flock go along the edge of the field? Why must sheep be brought this way? They'll trample the crops down and eat them too, and who's going to pay for the damage? Ah, it is Buddhu, the sheep-farmer, I see. He's grown bold all of a sudden. Here he comes with his sheep right through the middle of the fields. What impertinence! He sees me standing here but he makes no attempt to turn the sheep back. What indulgence has he ever shown me that I should deal leniently with him? If I should ask him for a ram he'll say five rupees and no less. Blankets are sold for four rupees the whole world over but he won't come below five."

Meanwhile the sheep had reached the field. Jhingur called out: "Hi, where are you taking those sheep to? Are you blind or what?"

Buddhu answered politely, "They'll go along the cattle-path, master. If I turn round and go back, I'll have to make a round of a whole *kos*."

"And why should I have my field trampled down just to save you making a round?" said Jhingur, "if you must take them

across, why not take them across some other field? Do you take me for a sweeper or something? Or has prosperity turned your head? Take them back."

"Let them go through to-day, master. If I ever come again, punish me as you like."

"I told you to take them back," said Jhingur, "if so much as one sheep comes over the edge, it will be the worse for you."

"Master," said Buddhu, "if one single stalk gets under my sheep's feet, you can abuse me to your heart's content."

Buddhu was speaking very politely. Still, he thought it beneath his dignity to turn back. "If I start turning the sheep back on petty threats like this," he thought, "I might as well have done with grazing sheep altogether. If I go back to-day, then to-morrow there will be no way through anywhere. They'll all start trying to frighten me."

Buddhu also was a man of means. He had twelve score of sheep and he got eight annas a score a night for putting them down in fields for manuring purposes. In addition to this, he sold milk and made woollen blankets. He thought: "He's got himself worked up, but what can he do to me? I'm not his underling." The sheep had seen the nice green leaves and became restless. They burst into the field. Buddhu drove them away from the edge of the field with blows from his stick but here and there they made their way through. Boiling with anger, Jhingur said: "Try and bluff me, would you? Well, I'll just call your bluff!"

"They got frightened when they saw you," said Buddhu, "you get out and I'll get them all away."

Jhingur put the child down from his lap and, grasping his stick, attacked the sheep. A *dhobi* could not have beaten his donkey more mercilessly. Some of the sheep's legs were broken and some of their backs. They all set up a loud bleating. Buddhu stood by, silently watching the destruction of his army. He neither cried out to his sheep nor said a word to Jhingur. He just watched and, in two minutes, Jhingur had put to flight the whole flock with inhuman violence.

This cattle-slaughter achieved, he spoke in the flush of victory:

"Now get off and just try coming this way again."

"Jhingur," said Buddhu, looking towards his mangled sheep, "this is a bad thing you have done. You will repent it."

II

To avenge oneself on a peasant is easier than slicing bananas. All his wealth lies in his fields or in his threshing-floor. Suppose after a series of heaven-sent or man-made disasters some grain should reach his house. Let but a quarrel be added to disaster and the wretched peasant is finished. When Jhingur got home and recounted the tale of the battle, people took him to task.

"Jhingur," they said, "you have made a mess of this. You know it and act as if you didn't. Don't you know what a quarrelsome individual Buddhu is? Well, it's not too late yet. Go and make it up with him. Otherwise, the whole village will suffer as well as you." Jhingur began to see the point and to regret that he had stopped Buddhu from going where he wanted. Even if the sheep had grazed a little on his field, he would hardly have been ruined. "Actually the happiness of us peasants lies in our keeping our tempers," he thought, "and, besides, God won't be pleased at my arrogance."

He felt disinclined to go to Buddhu's house but the others insisted, so he had to go. He had hardly got outside the village when suddenly he was startled to see the glow of fire coming from the direction of his sugur-cane field. His heart quaked. His field was on fire. He ran headlong, still trying to persuade himself that it was not his field, but as he approached nearer, this forlorn hope was dissipated. That very calamity had come upon him which he had left his house to avert. The rascal had set fire to his fields and the whole village would be involved in his ruin. It seemed to him that the field had come nearer, as if the intervening waste land no longer existed. When at last he arrived on the field, the fire was already in raging possession. Jhingur set up a great shouting and the villagers came running. They tore up pulse sticks and began to beat the fire.

Then ensued that frightful scene when men and fire battle for supremacy, and the tumult lasted until the first watch. First one side prevailed and then the other. Even as they were beaten the Firegod's warriors rallied and, growing fiercer, began to struggle with redoubled violence. The most brilliant fighter on the human side was Buddhu. Clad only in a loin-cloth, he took his life in his hands. Leaping into the blazing mass, he despatched his enemies one after the other and got away only by the skin of his teeth. At last the human army won. But it was a victory at which defeat might scoff. The village's whole stock of cane was reduced to ashes and with the cane went all their hopes.

III

It was an open secret who had started the fire but no one had the courage to say so. There was no proof and what sense is there in talking without that? It began to be difficult for Jhingur to leave his house, for wherever he went he had to listen to reproaches. People said openly:

"You caused the fire. You, and you only have ruined us. You were too proud to come down to earth. You put your own foot in it and have ruined us in the bargain. If you hadn't irritated Buddhu, we should never have seen this day."

It was not so much his loss as these taunts that Jhingur resented. He sat at home all day. December came when the sugar presses should have been working all night, when the fine odour of *gur* should have been continually in the air, the ovens burning and people sitting in front of them smoking their *huqqas*. But this year silence reigned. On account of the cold, folk shut their doors at eventide and cursed Jhingur.

January was worse still. The sugarcane does not only mean wealth to the peasants, it means life. It helps them to pass the winter. They drink the warm syrup, the leaves serve as fuel and they feed their animals on the husks.

The village dogs that used to lie in the oven ashes of nights all died of cold. Many animals, too, died from the lack of fodder. There was a cold snap and the whole village was prostrated with fever and cough. All this misery was the fault of Jhingur —of that wretched waster Jhingur!

After much thought Jhingur decided to reduce Buddhu to the same plight as himself. Buddhu had been the cause of his ruin and was enjoying peace and quiet. Well, he would ruin Buddhu.

Since the seed of this bitter quarrel had been sown, Buddhu had given up coming to those parts. Jhingur now began to become more intimate with him. He wanted to show that he did not harbour the slightest suspicion against him, so one day buying a blanket and another getting milk gave him an excuse for going to see him. Buddhu received him very respectfully. A man will give a pipe even to his enemy, and he would not let Jhingur go without milk and sherbet. At this time Jhingur used to work in a flax-winding factory and often received several days' wages in arrears. It was owing to Buddhu's good offices that he was able to manage about his daily expenses, and consequently he became much more intimate with Buddhu. One day the latter

said: "What would you do if you found out who had burnt your sugarcane, what would you do? Do tell me."

"I should say to him," said Jhingur impressively, "brother, what you did was good. You broke my pride and have made a man of me."

"In your place," said Buddhu, "I should not be content until I had burnt his house down."

"In this short life," said Jhingur, "what is the use of letting grievances rankle? If I'm ruined, what point is there in ruining him?"

"Of course, that's what a man should do," said Buddhu, "but, my friend, as a rule, anger gets the better of common-sense."

IV

It was March and the peasants were preparing their fields for sowing sugarcane. Buddhu's business was flourishing. Sheep were in great demand and two or three people were always round currying favour with him. Buddhu gave no one a straight answer. He had doubled his charges for letting out his sheep for manure. If any one demurred at his prices, he said frankly: "My friend, I don't want to force my sheep on you. If you don't want them, don't have them, but I can't quote you a *kauri* less than what I have said." The result was that, in spite of this indifference, he was beseiged by customers who laid wait for him just as guides do for pilgrims.

The goddess Lakshmi is no giantess and such size as she does possess varies according to circumstances. So much so, that sometimes she contracts and lies hidden in a few letters or a piece of paper. Her body may be hidden but still she needs considerable space for her accommodation. When she comes, a house must begin to expand for she won't live in a small house. So it was that Buddhu's house began to grow larger. A porch was fixed above the door and the two rooms became six rooms. It looked as if the house was being built all over again. From one peasant he got wood, from another dung-cakes to bake tiles, from a third bamboos and from a fourth reeds. The walls had to be made higher. For all this he did not pay in cash but in lambs. The whole of the work was done for nothing for this is the prerogative of Lakshmi. A comfortable house was built for nothing and now the preparations for the house-warming began.

Meanwhile, if Jhingur laboured the whole day, he only got half enough to eat while in Buddhu's house money flowed. If

Jhingur was jealous, who could blame him? No one could have endured such injustice.

One day, while out for a stroll, he went in the direction of the tanners' quarter and summoned Harihar. Harihar came up, saluted him and filled up his pipe. Harihar was the biggest scoundrel among the tanners and all the peasants went in fear and trembling of him.

"Isn't *Holi* on now?" said Jhingur as he smoked, "there's no sound of it, though."

"How can you keep *Holi* when it takes you all your time to get enough to eat?" said Harihar, " tell me how are things going with you."

"How are things going?" said Jhingur, "life's not worth living. If I work all day long at the mill, I can just keep a fire alight. Buddhu has all the luck these days. He does not know what to do with his money. He's built a new house and bought more sheep. All the talk is of his house-warming. He's invited guests from seven villages."

"As a rule, when Mother Lakshmi comes," said Harihar, "a man takes on a look of benevolence. But look at that fellow! He's got his head in the clouds. He can't speak without swaggering."

"And well he may," said Jhingur, "who is his equal in the village? But still, my friend, this sort of thing is unheard of. If God is kind to a man he should be modest and not imagine that he is above everyone else. It makes my blood boil to listen to his boasting. Yesterday's tramp is to-day's toff. He looks down on us now. Only yesterday he was frightening off crows in the fields dressed in a loin-cloth and now he's known to everyone."

"Well, would you like me to do something about it?" asked Harihar.

"What could you do? It is for fear of you that he won't keep cows."

"He's got sheep, hasn't he?"

'Pooh! Not worth the trouble."

"Very well, you think of something."

"You must think out a plan," said Jhingur, "which will stop him from ever prospering again."

After this the conversation was carried on in whispers. It is a remarkable fact that though the good usually quarrel, the bad usually love each other. Scholars, saints and poets have only to look at each other to become jealous. They do not want to see

each other. But when gamblers, drunkards and thieves meet there is at once a fellow-feeling and they are ready to help each other. If a pundit falls and hurts himself, any other pundit, instead of helping him up, will give him another couple of kicks to make sure he cannot get up again. But if one thief sees another in distress, he protects him. Everyone hates evil and so the wicked love each other. All the world praises goodness, so the good hate each other. If one thief strikes another, what does he get? Censure. If one scholar puts another to shame, what does he get? Fame.

Jhingur and Harihar took counsel together and between them they hatched a plot. The time and place were then decided upon. Jhingur went off swaggering. He'd got his enemy now. How could he escape?

V

The next day Jhingur called at Buddhu's house on his way to work.

"Hullo!" said Buddhu, "Haven't you gone to work to-day?"

"I'm going now," said Jhingur, "I came to ask you if there is any reason why my calf shouldn't graze with your sheep. The poor thing is nearly dead from being tied so long to a post. There is no grass or fodder for it to feed on.

"I don't keep cows, you know, my friend," said Buddhu, "you know what scoundrels these tanners are. That fellow Harihar killed two cows of mine. I don't know what he gives them to eat. Once bitten twice shy. I don't keep cows any longer. But your one calf, no one will do anything to her. Bring her along when you like."

This said, Buddhu began to show him what he had got ready for the house-warming. Ghee, sugar, flour and vegetables—everything had been ordered. Only the recital of "Satyanarayan" remained to be done. Jhingur's eyes opened wide. He himself had never made such preparations, nor had he seen anyone else make them. When his work was finished, he returned home and the first thing he did was to take his calf round to Buddhu's.

That night the Satyanarayan recital took place at Buddhu's house. There was a feast for the Brahmans and the whole night the holy men arrived and were welcome. There was no time to go and look at the flocks. He had just finished eating in the morning (for he did not get his evening meal till then) when a man came in.

"You're sitting here, Buddhu," he informed him, "and meanwhile a calf has died among your sheep. Its tether hadn't been loosened."

Buddhu listened and it was as if he had received a blow. Jhingur was sitting there too after the feast. "Oh, it's my calf," he said, "come on, let's see what's happening. I never tethered her. I brought her along to your sheep and then went off home. When did you put on the tether?"

"God knows that I never e'en saw its tether," said Buddhu; "since then I havn't been out to the sheep."

"If you didn't go," said Jhingur, "who could have tethered her? You must have gone and have forgotten about it."

"Died among the sheep, did it?" said one of the Brahmans. "Then everyone will say its death was caused by Buddhu's carelessness. Someone must have tethered it."

Harihar spoke:

"Yesterday evening I saw Buddhu tying a calf up with the sheep.

"You saw me?" exclaimed Buddhu.

"Well, wasn't that you with a staff on your shoulder who was tying up a calf?"

"A truthful fellow you are! You saw me tying up a calf?"

"Why are you getting so angry with me, friend. If you didn't tie the calf up, well you didn't, and that's that."

"This matter will have to be decided," said the Brahman, "killing a cow means expiation. It's no laughing matter."

"Oh, well, sir," said Jhingur, "he didn't tether it on purpose, you know."

"What has that to do with it?" said the Brahman. "That's how cows get killed. No one kills them intentionally."

'That's true," said Jhingur, "it's a risky business tethering and loosing cows."

"The law counts this a great sin," said the Brahman, "It's as bad as killing a Brahman."

"Yes, and it's a cow's calf in this case," said Jhingur, "and should be respected accordingly. The Cow is our Mother. But, sir, it was done by mistake. Try and see that he gets off lightly."

Buddhu stood listening to the case with which the charge of killing a cow descended upon him. He quite understood Jhingur's evil intentions, but he knew that however many times he said he had not tied up the calf, no one would believe him. People would simply say he was trying to avoid doing penance.

The pious Brahman, too, was to gain some profit from this penance. Brahmans never miss such chances. The result was that Buddhu was found guilty of murder. The Brahmans were jealous of him like everyone else and they now found an opportunity of getting their own back. The sentence was three months' mendicancy, then visits to seven places of pilgrimage and, in addition, he had to feed five hundred Brahmans and make an offering of five cows. Buddhu listened and realised that he was lost. He wept and the period of mendicancy was cut down to two months; no other concession could be made. There was no appeal and no use in complaining. The unfortunate man had to accept his punishment.

VI

Buddhu left his sheep in God's care. His sons were small and his wife could do nothing by herself. He went begging from door to door and, hiding his face, would say, "Behold me, an outcaste for the sake of a calf." Alms were given to him but, besides alms, he had to take many harsh and shameful words.

What he was given during the day he took and cooked under a tree and at night there he would remain. He did not mind the discomfort. He had been used to moving about all day with his sheep and to sleeping under trees, and the food he got was even rather better than usual. It was the shame of begging that hit him so hard. Especially, when some shrew would say scornfully that he had found a fine way of making a living, shame pierced him to the heart. But what could he do? After two months, he returned home. His hair had grown long and he was as weak as an old man of sixty. He now had to arrange for money to carry out his pilgrimages. It was not likely that any money-lender would advance money to a sheep-farmer for sheep could not be relied on as a security. There might be an outbreak of some disease and whole quantities of them might die in a night. On top of this, it was June when no profit could be expected on the sheep themselves. An oilman agreed to lend him money at an interest of two annas in the rupee. In eight months the interest would equal the principal. Buddhu had not the courage to borrow money on such terms.

In the meantime, during his two months' absence, a number of sheep had been stolen. The boys took them out to graze and the other villagers used cunningly to hide one or two sheep in a field or a house and afterwards kill and eat them. The poor boys

did not get hold of a single one of these thieves for if they saw them they were quite unable to stand up to them. The whole village combined against them. Another month and more than half the sheep would be gone. Buddhu was forced to send for a butcher and sell the whole lot for five hundred rupees. Of this he took two hundred rupees and left on his pilgrimage; the remainder he left for the feeding of the Brahmans and his other penances.

After his departure, two attempts were made to burgle Buddhu's house but, fortunately, the occupants woke up and his money was saved.

VII

It was July and the countryside was covered in green. Jhingur had no bullocks and his fields were out on batai. Buddhu had completed his penance and, as a result, was now untrammelled by any luxuries! Neither Jhingur nor Buddhu had anything left and there was no longer any reason for them to be jealous of each other.

The flax factory had closed down and Jhingur was now working as a labourer. A large rest-house was being built in the city and thousands of labourers were employed and Jhingur among them. Every seven days he took his wages and went home, spent the night there and then went back to work.

In his search for work Buddhu arrived at the same place. The foreman saw he was a weak sort of man and unable to do any hard work so he put him on to supplying the labourers with mortar. Going along with his mortar-trough on his head Buddhu saw Jhingur. Salutations were exchanged. Jhingur filled up the trough, Buddhu took it off and the whole day they both carried out their work in silence.

In the evening Jhingur asked Buddhu if he was going to cook a meal.

"How shall I get anything to eat otherwise?" said Buddhu.

"I just make up a snack of gram," said Jhingur, "I manage all right with that. It's too much trouble to cook."

"There are a lot of sticks lying about," said Buddhu, "you collect them. "I've brought some flour from home and I had it ground there. Here it's very expensive. "I'll knead it on this rock. You won't eat what I cook so you can bake the bread and I'll prepare it."

"But we haven't got an iron-plate."

"There are plenty of iron-plates. I'll just clean this mortar."

The fire was lit and the flour kneaded. Jhingur made some half-baked bread. Buddhu brought some water and both ate the bread with salt and red pepper. Then pipes were filled and both men sat on the rocks, smoking.

Then Buddhu said:

"I set fire to your sugarcane field."

"I know," said Jhingur jokingly. Then, after a pause, he said, "I tied up the calf and Harihar gave it something to eat."

"I know," said Buddhu in the same tone.

Then they both went to sleep.

CAUCASIAN EXCURSION

By Captain L. H. G. Girling

In October, 1918, the 27th Division was about two days' march from Sophia when the order came to turn about and go back to Salonica for, what was to most of us an unknown destination, Batum. Quite a number of us had never heard of this place before, and on being told that it was on the Black Sea and was a part of the Caucasus, we were little wiser; we had no maps of that part of the world and no idea of what it was like. The prospect of moving to a new country after three years of Macedonia made some amends for the tediousness of returning by exactly the same road as we had followed from the Vardar front, and, as we moved by slow stages towards Salonica, small items of information, usually completely inaccurate, filtered through from higher command and began to whet our appetite for new scenes and adventures.

The voyage *via* Constantinople, where we were not allowed to land was smooth and uneventful, even the dreaded Black Sea euphemistically named by the Greeks "the Hospital," belied its evil reputation, and on December 24th the troopship containing Divisional Headquarters and two very weak infantry battalions cast anchor outside Batum.

A destroyer had arrived a few days before, presumably to protect us in case of attack from the Turkish Army, which had been in occupation of the Caucasus for the last year or so. Our object, we were told, was to see that these Turks evacuated the country, and we had also to prevent the Bolshevists from taking their place. We attained our first object, but not the second.

There were supposed to be five to seven thousand Turkish soldiers in the town of Batum, while Tiflis, which lies midway between the Black Sea and the Caspian, had been "taken under the protection" of the Germans.

Baku on the Caspian was nobody's child, and an attempt to occupy it by the British from North Persia had been a failure, owing to lack of supplies and reinforcements. We had not anchored for more than an hour or two before our divisional commander summoned the Turkish General and his Chief of Staff onto the ship and a long conference was held, the outcome of which was that the Turks, who had great difficulty in realising

that the war was over, and that their country had been defeated, agreed to march some of their men to their homes in Anatolia while arrangements were made for others to be transported to Constantinople by sea. All of course were to hand over their arms to the British. "But surely," said the Turkish General, "the British, who are generous victors, will not submit our soldiers to the dangers of bandits, who infest the regions by which we must travel. If we have no means of protection, we shall all be slaughtered on the way." Of course an appeal of this nature could have only one answer, and permission was given for a proportion of men in every company that was to go by land, to retain their arms and ammunition. I am not sure how many were actually authorised to keep their rifles, but certainly nearly 99 per cent. went off, armed to the teeth, into the mountainous regions of Anatolia where they formed a very useful nucleus for an army which Mustapha Kemal was raising, and which was soon to be actually employed in driving the Greeks out of Asia Minor. The Turkish command at Batum also arranged to hand over certain barracks for the use of the British troops. For various reasons it was found impossible to occupy these buildings and in consequence we were billeted in public halls, schools and various empty houses.

Batum is a very picturesque town, situated at the foot of low tree-covered hills. It contains some imposing buildings, and several Russian orthodox churches. The streets are cobbled and the town has been laid out on a systematic plan. Batum was a Russian colony in the midst of a non-Russian land, for Georgia only became part of the Russian Empire in 1805.

Our first difficulty was caused by the rate of exchange. Tsarist paper money was in use, and at first all we got was 72 roubles to the pound, which made life very expensive. However, after a little while the rouble dropped to 150, and by the time we had left the Caucasus it was somewhere in the region of 500.

Batum in winter enjoys a very mild but wet climate; it rained for ten days on end while we were there. Oranges were growing on the trees in the public gardens and roses blooming under the care and enthusiasm of the old Russian gardener, who had served his apprenticeship in Kew gardens and had brought back and introduced many different types of English roses. He was always delighted to show anyone round the gardens and to discuss London in the good old Edwardian days.

The British army, finding that confusion reigned supreme in Batum, took over complete control of the town. One officer was

appointed postmaster, another food controller, the A.P.M. became chief of police, while others were put in charge of the tea gardens at Chakva and the tobacco plantations. The system worked very well and the Russian police, who during the rule of the Turks had almost ceased to function, took up their work again with renewed vigour and patrolled the streets—one Russian and one British soldier side by side. Although there were only two or three officers on Divisional headquarters who could speak Russian, we never lacked interpreters, and could pick and choose among the many local inhabitants who came forward gladly to give their services. Most of these spoke English extraordinarily well, and their pronunciation was excellent. They were also equally at home in French and German and could converse in Georgian and Armenian. When asked how it was that they excelled so in the knowledge of other languages, their invariable answer was "Our own language is so difficult that when we have learnt to speak it we find others easy"—to me not a very convincing argument. A great many of the better class families had had English governesses and tutors and had insisted on their children learning the language systematically.

As the Turks gradually eliminated themselves, a new group of uniformed men were to be seen wandering about the streets and surreptitiously begging; they were Russian former prisoners of war, who, after enduring incredible hardships in Germany and on the way back came "home" to find their own country in upheaval and no work for themselves to do. A certain number found employment in the British army as grooms, telegraphists and orderlies, others hung about the streets in their shabby prisoners clothes, gaunt and despairing.

The first incident which caused any stir, apart from the cheerful custom of all policemen loosing off their rifles but of sheer *joie de vivre* on Russian New Year's Day, was the shooting by an Indian sentry of an aged and deaf Russian general, who, wandering near the wireless station, failed to answer the challenge and paid the penalty with his life. The British authorities gave him a sumptuous funeral, a battery of artillery and two infantry battalions escorted him from the Russian church to the cemetery, and, what probably struck his relations as a far more practical expression of regret, was the substantial pecuniary compensation which they received. Malicious rumours said that other aged generals were being sent on errands by their families in the direction of the wireless station.

After about three weeks in Batum, Divisional headquarters was moved to Tiflis, the chief town in the Caucasus. The name Tiflis is a Russianised form of Tvilisi which in Georgian means "hot springs" and the climate of this most interesting place is not unlike that of Bath, stuffy in Summer but not unendurably hot, and moderate in Winter. There was only one fall of snow while we were there and this only lasted a day and gave the hooligan element an opportunity of snowballing any women or girls who had the misfortune to come their way.

The R. T. O. at Batum had secured for the officers of the Divisional Signal Coy. a first class compartment, which from the outside seemed very luxurious, but when we got inside we found that all the leather from the seats had been ripped off, exposing the stuffing and springs to view. At least half the compartment had been subjected to this treatment, the Turks and the war of course were to blame, but the station master being aroused from his slumbers by an unknown and greasy individual who apparently was his second in command, bestirred himself to get another coach added to the train, where we settled in fairly comfortably. We chose a compartment with leather-covered seats, avoiding those upholstered in cloth, as they harbour importunate strangers.

After a night in the train and a good many halts at wayside stations to allow the regular services to pass us, we arrived at Tiflis next morning and detrained in the Goods station. I should explain here that by some mysterious reason we were not "occupying" Tiflis as we had "occupied" Batum, but were merely going to live in Georgia as paying guests, and so instead of commandeering buildings, we had to ask politely for their use. We also had to learn to endure the interminable delays which accompany any business in Russia.

Tiflis is a large well-built town with broad wide streets, it lies in a hollow and is surrounded by hills and is built on both sides of the river Kura. Scholars are divided in their opinions as to whether Georgia or the country round Batum was the ancient land of Colchis, whose princess Medea helped Jason steal the golden fleece. Be that as it may, Georgia does not lack modern Medeas, many of whom left their native land with foreign husbands. The 27th Division took up its headquarters in the Hotel Majestic, a large building which, being completed just before the war, had never been used for its original purpose, and from its windows we used to see the parades of the Georgian Army, who were dressed in a kind of dull grey uniform with small pill-box caps. There

were frequent parades which resulted in the stoppage of all traffic for the time being. Occasionally there would be processions of symbolical groups representing the union of the Caucasus people, trade and prosperity under the new Georgian Republic, liberty and fraternity, etc.; these processions often did not run very smoothly, in fact I remember on one occasion the car bearing the Tableau of beautiful Maidens representing Georgia, was delayed owing to engine trouble for at least twenty minutes in front of the Majestic Hotel, to the great delight of the sentries and others whose windows faced the *Erwanski Prospect.*

Another great occasion was the weekly payment of the Georgian garrison. A car would proceed to the bank and would return, surrounded by at least fifty soldiers, all with fixed bayonets carrying their rifles at the "low port." Again all traffic was stopped, while this cortége passed along the streets. In spite of this precaution, an attempt at a smash and grab raid was once made, but the thieves were unable to get any cash and managed to escape in the confusion, and the only casualties were one Georgian soldier shot by one of his comrades in the excitement of the moment and three or four innocent passers-by.

The variety of costumes worn in the street made a very picturesque effect. A good many of the older women wore the Georgian dress, a flat round cap and long dark gown with a necklace consisting of gold coins, while most of the men of the upper classes wore the fur cap and "cherkess" or longish tight-waisted coat and high soft leather boots, which is the dress of the cossacks. Those who had been government employees, and under this heading came schoolmasters, local government officials, civil servants, railway officials, judges and so on, all wore their old uniform, a dark-green coat like a patrol jacket and a peaked cap from which they had removed the imperial eagle of Tsarist Russia. Tiflis possessed some fine shops, which were nearly all empty of stock, only the music shops had any goods for sale and these consisted of gramophone records and music. Most of the population had not tasted sugar for two years, and we were constantly being asked by our Georgian friends to buy them sugar or coffee at the army canteen. This was strictly against orders, but I fancy that in spite of regulations quite a considerable amount of sugar and chocolate reached the civil populace.

The upper classes seemed to live by selling their jewellery and engaging in shady forms of business, such as gambling on the exchange, while the middle class practically starved. The number of suicides was appalling, mostly among the Russian officer class,

who having come back after serving their country for over three years found themselves destitute with no money and no provision made for their support, for the Georgians having suffered under the tyranny of Russia, would not extend any charity to the thousands of Russians who had lived very peaceably side by side with them for many generations.

As demobilisation was going on and every week men were being sent back to England, clerks, orderlies, transport drivers and fatigue men were recruited from the local inhabitants and it was a pathetic sight to see the eagerness with which ex-officers of the Russian Army lined up daily in the queues, anxious to get any kind of work that would keep them from starvation. Two Generals were glad to get jobs in the Majestic Hotel, sweeping down the stairs every day and washing passages.

Besides the epidemic of suicides among the civil populace, typhus took a great toll, and nearly every day from the Majestic Hotel we would see long funeral processions headed by priests and mourners, the coffin always open, carried on the shoulders of friends, while the hearse followed after.

In Summer Tiflis gets rather hot and stuffy and most of the rich inhabitants move to country houses among the hills. These are mostly built of wood and are usually very attractive bungalows, set in the midst of orchards and flower gardens.

Sometimes we were invited out to visit friends at one of these "Dachas", and it was very pleasant to stop half way for lunch at a village inn and eat bread and caviare and drink the rough native wine. Caviare was extremely cheap and seemed to be eaten as commonly as butter; in addition to the preserved caviare we used to get the fresh kind, which has an infinitely more delicate flavour. The sturgeon, which provide this luxury, are caught in the Caspian Sea. It was at Baku that the British force, when first coming up from North Persia, were extremely short of army rations and a certain number of provisions had to be bought locally. It was impossible to obtain jam, so the Supply Officer hit upon the bright idea of issuing caviare to the troops to spread on their bread at tea. "Any complaints?" said the orderly officer making his round. "Yes Sir," replied a corporal, "the men don't like this 'ere dripping, it tastes of fish."

The Russian language is reputed to be one of the most difficult of European tongues and the troops soon got a sufficient knowledge to be able to make themselves understood and many charming young ladies were only too glad to exchange Russian for English lessons. Quite a number of officers started to learn in

this pleasant way but whether they progressed in their study of the language, is like the song that the sirens sang to Odysseus, a matter for conjecture. Most of us were never very long in the same place and our studies were thus enforcedly interrupted, for British Military Missions were established in Kars. Nahichevan Erivan (the capital of Armenia) and many other places.

When we arrived at Tiflis, the Georgians were at war with the Armenians, but an officer, Major Douglas of the Rifle Brigade, was sent down to "stop the war" which he accordingly did, by appearing on the battlefield with an orderly carrying a Union Jack, and ordering both sides to retire five miles from each other until terms of peace had been agreed upon. The policy of "appeasement" worked well on this occasion. A curious incident occurred on a train, which was making the journey to Kars with a platoon of infantry and the officer who was to be "British Military representative." For many months no train had run along the track beyond a few miles from the main line. Grass had grown up between the rails and as we went on, the train slowed up and came to a standstill. We got out to see what was the matter and saw the wheels of the stationary engine revolving furiously, they could get no grip on the rails as the grass all became churned up and formed a pulpy mass. We had to send a man on ahead with a scythe, before we could move forward—the train was rather behind scheduled time, on arrival at Kars.

On another occasion a train stopped at a lonely station to take in Mazout or crude petrol, which is used for fuel. After a long wait we went to the engine to see what was wrong and were told that the engine driver had run away. Being an Armenian he was not going to risk his life in Kurdish territory. A short search however brought him to light and at the point of the bayonet, he was marched to his place on the footplate, while a soldier with loaded revolver stood behind him to see that he did not abscond a second time. One could sympathise with the poor fellow's fears, for only a short while before, two Armenian business men, who had obtained special permission to go down to Kars on the military train, were murdered on the night of their arrival, but no British soldier or officer was harmed, during the whole of our stay there. In Tiflis, however, an unfortunate tragedy took place at Easter time, when a captain in the R.A.M.C. was murdered in the street just outside the Cadet barracks. He was walking with a Russian lady, when he was suddenly set upon by some of the Cadets, who had been celebrating too freely,

and was shot dead. The girl managed to get away somehow or other and ran to the British Military police barracks. The Georgian authorities were immediately informed and despatched their head detective, a most formidable individual who "packed" two revolvers and wore bound round him several belts of ammunition. He walked straight up to the guard at the Cadet School and ordered them all to parade. Then, scowling fearfully, he pointed out first one, then another, till six men had been handcuffed by his two assistants. Not one attempted to protest. They were tried and confessed their guilt and were all condemned to death.

As far as I can remember, that was the only case of violence committed against the British, during the six months we were in the Caucasus, but we were frequently hearing of robberies with murder, in private houses in the town.

In 1918 and 1919 the old Russian system of titles was still in vogue in these parts and we were amazed to learn how many people bore the title of "prince." Now there is a Russian saying "wherever you spit in Georgia, you hit a prince," and anyone conversant with Russian habits will realise that this means that princes are cheaper than three a penny. Nearly everyone is a prince and his wife and daughters princesses; the Russian title "Kniaz" which is wrongly translated in English, is really the equivalent of "Esquire." As a sop to the Georgians, when they lost their independence, the Tzar allowed all, owners of so much land, to adopt this title, which they hand down to their children and so on *ad infinitum*. Now of course all are "Comrades" under the U.S.S.R.

In Tiflis the Indo-European Telegraph Company had a large station, under the direction of an Englishman and two Armenian assistants. One of the chief lines of communication between England and India passed through Georgia and Armenia and it was our constant pious hope that one day we should be able to send messages direct to England; but what with civil war in Russia, and the activities of the "Green Guards" we were never to achieve this end. The Green Guards, it should be said, were an army of free-booters, who used to join first one side and then desert to the other, when it suited them better, and they operated round about Sukhaum in the N. W. Caucasus.

The Khurds also to the South, were constantly cutting the wire and stealing it, and using it for mending their carts and fencing in their cattle. An experiment was tried which promised success—the headmen of various villages were put in charge of a

certain sector and told to ensure its protection, but the wire was constantly being cut and the headmen would duly report that the thief had been executed. Investigations would prove that a man had certainly paid the penalty, but it was more often than not some wretched beggar or wanderer who had been made the scape-goat.

On one great occasion, however, the Armenian assistant at the "Indo," Mr. Ter-Boizegian, rang us up at divisional headquarters to say that he was through to Karachi. This happy state of affairs lasted for twelve hours, during which time we were able to send several messages to England via India and received answers, but after that period the line failed again and communication was never re-established that way.

Meanwhile rumours were spread that the Italians were coming to take our place in the Caucasus and I believe that some arrangement of this kind had been anticipated, but Italy at that time was occupied with her own internal dissensions and it was decided that the whole of Georgia and Azerbaijan (the country round Baku) was to be evacuated by the British and only a small garrison left in Batum.

Just before the troops left Baku, I had the good fortune to be sent there to take the place of an officer who had gone to hospital. Travelling from Tiflis to Baku, you gradually come out of a countryside that is not unlike England and pass into a sandy desert-like region with small tartar villages dotted here and there. In the distance to the North you can see the long range of the Caucasus mountains keeping almost parallel to the railway line and 30—40 miles away.

During the war most of the railway stations had been burnt down and remained silent witnesses to the struggle. I was told that the famous General Andranik, who lead his band of desperadoes with great success against the Turkish rearguards, was responsible for most of this damage. He had also cut the oil pipe line, which follows the railway across the Caucasus from Baku to Batum. This, together with the numerous pumping stations, was in process of repair.

The oil fields of Baku present a most curious spectacle; on a flat horizon one sees hundreds of pyramid-shaped erections which give the impression of enormous stacks of matches, piled horizontally one on top of the other. Apparently, when a well is exhausted, the superstructure is not removed, as after a time

the oil may reappear, and so while new erections are constantly being built, the old ones still remain.

Baku contains some fine buildings, the club being one of the most imposing. Here I heard a splendid concert of classical music given by a full-sized string orchestra, who, when they had finished, left the stage and were followed by two Tartars. These accompanied themselves on a kind of Zither and began to sing some interminably eastern songs; a singular contrast to their predecessors' Beethoven symphony.

I only spent a week in Baku, during which time I was kept very busy making arrangements for the dismantling of our telephones and wires, and selling all surplus apparatus to the Swedish Telephone Company, which ran all the telephones in the town. At the same time the A.T. carts and mules of an Indian transport company were sold to the Azerbaijan Government. We felt very sorry for the sleek well-fed mules, which, judging by the appearance of the local beasts of burden, would probably never see a good feed again.

A number of horses were also sold, but officers who wished to buy their own chargers were allowed to do so on condition that they also paid for their transport cost to England. At last the day came to leave Baku and, as the train steamed out of the station there were many tearful farewells waved by the Russian girls to the departing soldiers. A great many Russians felt that, with the exodus of the British troops, all their chance of security had disappeared, for it was evident that the U.S.S.R. were only waiting for us to leave the country, before they took it over themselves.

Our train took three days to cross the Caucasus from Baku to Batum, and we had a very comfortable journey. Three of us shared a goods truck, in which we set up our camp beds and during the day we put deck chairs on an unused "flat" and had an uninterrupted view of the surrounding country.

Once when the train had gone on after a short stop, it was reported that one of our men was missing. As he must have got off in a most lonely and desolate spot, where the natives were reported to be in the habit of killing a man for the sake of his boots, we wondered very much whether we should ever see him again, but on arriving at a large station we found him waiting on the platform. He had hailed an express which had stopped to pick him up, and had passed us during the night.

At Batum our train took us down to the docks, and we found that we had to do all the stevedore work ourselves. no labourers being available. A certain amount of confusion was inevitable and I found it best to get into the hold and direct operations there. I believe a piano was loaded on top of a Brigade Headquarters china and that a very senior officer's gramophone was required from the very bottom of the hold, just as we had completed loading; needless to say, it could not be found. Apart from such minor incidents, all went well and we all turned into our bunks after fourteen hours hard work and slept so soundly that we never heard the sirens and whistles that accompany the departure of a ship, and awoke to find ourselves in the Black Sea with the Caucasus already far behind us, and whatever regrets we may have felt at leaving a very hospitable country, they were soon supplanted by the pleasant anticipation of demobilisation for some of us and home leave, after some two or three years' absence, for the rest.

THE STEYR-SOLOTHURN MACHINE PISTOL

By Major D. H. J. Williams, o.b.e.,
Commandant, South Waziristan Scouts

While on short leave the year before last, I enquired into types of light-weight automatic weapons known generally as "Automatic Carbines" or "Machine Pistols." Most of us know a number of slang expressions for weapons of this sort, which have come to us from the U.S.A. On the continent of Europe the type seems to have been developed for more strictly military purposes.

The Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield very kindly showed me a variety of such weapons, about a dozen different types in all, which they had tested.

Three types Automatic were placed equal first in order of merit in the Factory's list. One of these, the Steyr-Solothurn, a few of which we have acquired for our own private purposes, forms the subject of this article.

First let us be clear as to the main characteristics of any weapon of this type, so far as the user is concerned. Compared with the Light Automatics in use in our Army to-day, they lack range and penetrative power. The Solothurn is sighted to 550 yards and, at that range, will penetrate four inches of pinewood. On the other hand, they have certain desirable characteristics:

(*a*) Extremely light weight, not only of the weapon itself but also its ammunition.

(*b*) Absence of overheating in firing.

(*c*) Firing stresses of all kinds are much reduced.

The first enables a single man to carry a large quantity of ammunition. The second does away with the necessity for changing barrels. The third, which, like the second point, arises from lower muzzle velocity, enables a comparatively stout job to be made of the weapon, and reduces spares to the minimum.

The Solothurn is manufactured in Austria and Switzerland certainly, possibly elsewhere. Our few models cost £16 apiece f. o. r. Hamburg.

The detail of weights, ammunition, etc., is as follows:

Weight less magazine	Weight of magazine	Capacity of magazine	Ammunition and weight
9 lbs. 6½ ozs.	7½ ozs.	30	9 mm. mauser, about 2¾ lbs. per 100 rounds.

The weapon is, of course, fitted for the bayonet, as all weapons of this sort are considered, for one thing, as close fighting infantry weapons in the country of their manufacture in Europe. The rate of fire is 700 rounds per minute. The Solothurn is made for several different kinds of ammunition, but 9 mm. gives the best results as regards flatness of trajectory and penetration.

A table of heights of trajectories may be of interest. Taken from the Makers' handbook, it is as follows:

TABLE OF HEIGHTS OF TRAJECTORIES

Range (metres)	Distance from the firer (metres).									
	50	100	150	200	250	300	350	400	450	500
50	0									
100	·07	0								
150	·18	·20	0							
200	·27	·40	·30	0						
250	·39	·64	·66	·48	0					
300	·52	·90	1·05	1·00	·64	0				
350	·66	1·18	1·47	1·56	1·34	·83	0			
400	·80	1·45	1·88	2·10	2·02	1·65	·95	0		
450	·96	1·77	2·37	2·74	2·82	2·61	2·07	1·27	0	
500	1·13	2·11	2·87	3·42	3·66	3·62	3·24	2·62	1·51	0

The main parts of the carbine are shown in the photographs. The weapon is actuated by gas-pressure *plus* a return spring (39) which is located in the butt. There is nothing very unusual about this type, so I do not propose to describe it in great detail. The cocking handle (32) has to be drawn back before firing. A catch on the side of the stock [photo 3 (a)] provides for single-shot or continuous fire. No round reaches

the chamber until the trigger is pressed, when the breech-piece (25) in travelling forward under pressure of the return spring (39), carries the first round from the magazine with it. When the trigger is released after a burst of fire, the breech-piece and cocking handle are held in the rear position. The chamber is again empty, extraction having taken place as the breech-piece came back. Exceptions to this are a missfire, which leaves the breech-piece and handle right forward, or some other stoppage which leaves these in an intermediate position.

In single-shot firing, the "single-shot lever" (52) prevents the breech-piece from going forward after the shot, until the trigger is released and again pressed.

The weapon is quite pleasant to fire and has no recoil. It can be fired from the hip at close range. The foresight is very broad, which is disconcerting at first, and does not give accuracy of aim in single-shot firing at the longer ranges. The back-sight is a normal V. The effective accurate range of the Solothurn appears to be about 400—450 yards. Personally, I prefer 300—350 yards. At this range I feel one could "sprinkle" an opponent very comfortably.

The stoppages we have experienced are few and simple. A firer sometimes gets a finger-tip in front of the ejection opening, preventing proper ejection. Until one gets used to it, the trigger pressure required is heavy, and if relaxed or uneven during a burst, may be sufficient to check the mechanism and cause a stoppage. Improper ejection, occasionally extraction, whether due to bad handling, bad ammunition or lack of oil on the moving parts, is the only cause of stoppage we have really met so far. The result does not vary much. Another round is carried forward by the breech-piece and jambs on the partly ejected case. The remedy is simple; pull back the cocking handle and shake, or pull out the jambed round and case. The functioning of the Solothurn is described as "good" by the Royal Small Arms Factory.

The makers have evident faith in the strength of the various components of the carbine. They recommend and supply one striker, one ejector, one extractor and one return spring to be carried as spares. They provide one combination tool (a spanner-screwdriver), an oilcan and a punch which, with the spares

mentioned above, are carried in a small pocket on the leather magazine case. The Solothurn can be stripped down completely with the combination tool and punch, including the barrel which is screwed into the breech casing (2).

The magazine case holds six magazines. Its shape and size can be seen from Photo 4. The rounds in these six magazines do not represent anything like the total ammunition a single man can carry. The magazines are, however, reloaded very rapidly from ten round clips of Mauser ammunition. To reload, the magazine is inserted into its slide on the weapon from below, instead of horizontally as in firing. Three clips of ammunition are then pressed quickly into it. (Photo 3.)

The special advantages claimed for the Solothurn in the maker's handbook and its language read:

"1. A few but robust parts, simple design.
2. Easy operation.
3. Arrangement both single shot firing and continuous fire.
4. Little sensibility to dirtying.
5. Easy and quick stripping without the aid of tools.
6. Light weight of weapon.
7. As there is a loading attachment fitted to the weapon, magazine filling apparatuses to be carried apart are not required.
8. Very light recoil, hence no tiring of the firer when delivering many consecutive bursts.
9. Great moral and physical effect.
10. Low price for weapon and ammunition.
11. Facility for fixing the bayonet.
12. Very short period of instruction for the troop, owing to simplicity of the weapon."

Most of these points are self-evident and do not require comment. Strangely enough they do not claim light weight of ammunition as a special advantage, though it is actually an important one in this type of arm. No. 4 one might want to know more about, but we have not indulged in any particular tests in this line.

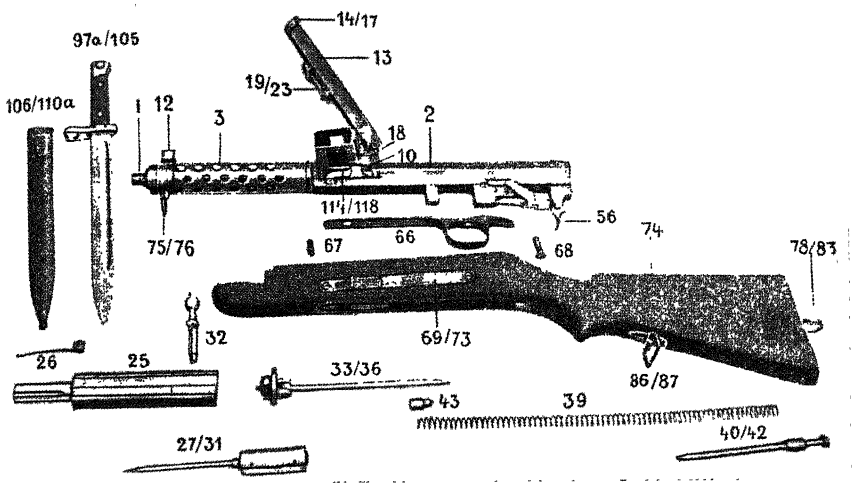
The maker's pamphlet also gives a note on the ideas underlying machine pistols in general. It is too long to quote, but

here is one extract: "The opinion that the rifle-equipped infantryman has to come into action early and at long ranges has been given up, the fact being realised that, generally speaking, it is not possible to achieve a real success at long ranges by the utilisation of the infantry rifle, in other words, that spending the ammunition for this purpose more or less means wasting it, and that it is much better for the infantryman—apart from the machine-gun servants—to spare his forces for the end-fighting, avoiding thus also to reveal to the enemy his position and strength earlier than necessary." And so on.

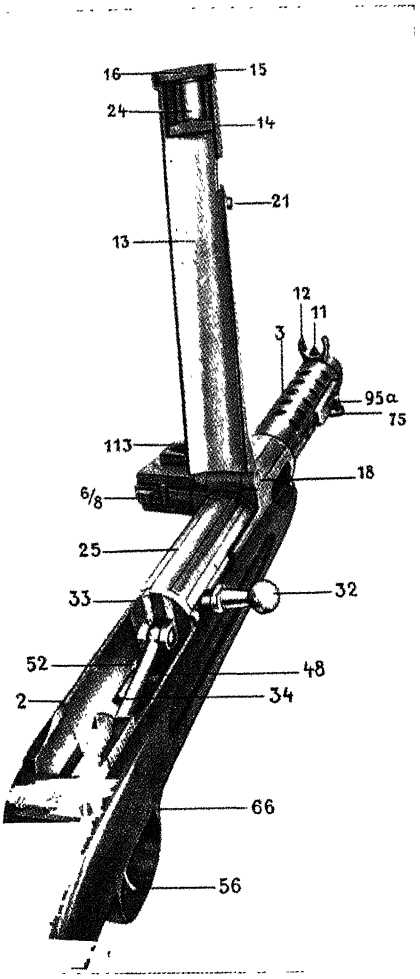
In Europe the weapon apparently has its attractions. If, as I am told, some type of machine pistol does form part of the new equipment of German Divisions, it will be of interest to learn its uses. The Hun is no fool, and must have good reasons if he has introduced such a weapon into his organisation.

To the South Waziristan Scout such a weapon must also possess attractions. Long range automatics are prohibitive, by reason of their weight and the weight of their ammunition, in his normal work. Nor indeed should he require automatic fire at long range. Yet on occasions, at short range, it may be very valuable.

STEYR-SOLOTHURN MARK S1-100
(Machine Pistol)



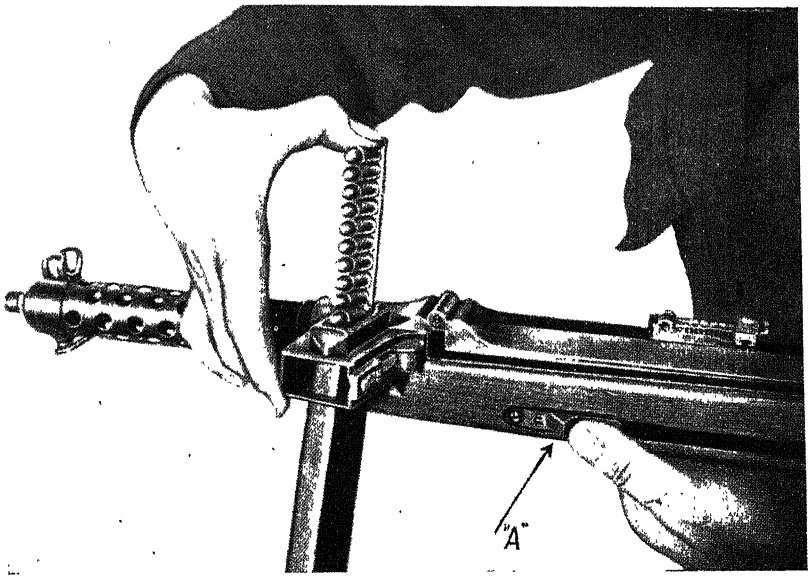
(1)



(2)

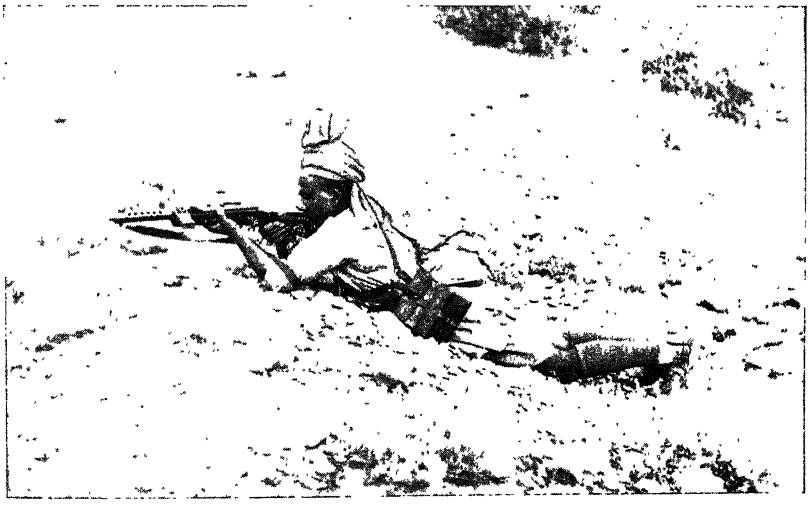
1—Barrel.
2—Breech casing.
3—Barrel cooler.
6/8—Magazine retaining catch.
10—Ejector.
11—Foresight.
12—Protector foresight.
13—Body cover.
14—17 and 24—Body cover locking device.
18—Body cover retaining screw.
19/23—Backsight.
21—Safety catch old model, now on top of body cover.
25—Breech-piece.
26—Extractor.
27/31—Striker.
32—Cocking handle.
33/36 and 43—Return spring lever with breech and spring fittings.
39—Return spring.
40/42—Return spring retaining pin in butt.
48—Seer.
52—Single-shot lever.
56—Trigger.
66—68—Trigger-guard and screws.
69/73—Fire regulator.
74—Butt.
75|76 and 86|87—Sling swivels.
95a—Bayonet catch.
113—Magazine-loading attachment.
114|118—Magazine catch when loading.

STEYR-SOLOTHURN MARK S1-100
(Machine Pistol)



(3)

RELOADING MAGAZINES.
"A"—Catch for single-shot or continuous fire.



(4)

A South Waziristan Scout with the Solothurn, showing leather magazine case.

O'REGAN PREPARES FOR WAR

By F. M. M.

[*Being letters from 2nd Lieutenant Michael O'Regan, the newest-joined subaltern of 1st Bolton Irish (Territorials), to his brother Pat.*]

My Dear Pat,

The attack exercise is over and whether I did well or badly depends which side you were on, because the Regulars just don't seem to understand art.

Before the exercise, "Tiger" White sent for me and said, "Mr. O'Regan, I have selected your platoon to carry out a special mission in the attack to-day, because I know you possess initiative and original ideas." He went on to tell me that he knew the position he had to attack and therefore the enemy would be found somewhere near there.

"I want you," says he, "to take your platoon round by a flank and annihilate the enemy's headquarters." "Old Smasher Hallet, their commanding officer, is a fine soldier, and if we could get rid of him, I believe their whole defence might crumble."

"Do your best, my boy," says he, "and, if you put up a good show, your other mistakes will be forgotten."

Well, we made a wide detour and sure enough I found a position from which I could see the whole enemy's dispositions. After a careful look, I spotted the Snipeshires "Headquarters" flag and that was all I wanted to know.

We wormed our way round to the enemy's rear and, when we got to the village of Footle, I saw the Brigade Commander and his Staff riding off from the Hounds and Horses Inn, where they were living.

That gave me the big idea, Pat, and it certainly was original. They told me afterwards that it was ridiculous and could not have been accomplished in war. But, as far as I know, nobody has ever tried telephoning to the enemy, so how do they know it would be impossible?

I had noticed that the Snipeshires "Headquarters" was near the corner of a sunken lane and my plan was to kidnap Smasher and his Adjutant myself and then to draw the rest of the "Head-

quarters" down the lane, where the platoon, under Sergeant O'Rafferty, would kill the lot of them.

One difficulty presented itself. I remembered that blanks could not be fired at close range, as I had learnt to my cost in the first exercise, and I could not think of how to carry out the annihilation, until Private Murphy said, "Mr. Mike, Sir, don't you remember the way they turned the fire-engine on the Dublin strikers and I was wet through?"

That put the finishing touch to my plan and I promoted Murphy to Lance-Corporal for the day and put him in charge of the fire-engine.

First of all, I tested the men to find one with an English accent and finally selected Muldoon, who is a teacher in the local school and indeed he might be a product of Oxford he speaks so beautifully.

Then I sent O'Rafferty off, with the platoon, to take up his position, whilst Murphy, with his usual flow of "Blarney", weedled the fire-engine out of the local authorities and got it to the corner of the lane.

I took Muldoon with me to the "Hounds and Horses" and sure enough "fortune favours the brave," for there was the Brigade Staff car sitting outside, unattended.

I wrote down what Muldoon had to say and it read like this:

From 2 Bde

To 1 Snipeshires

Colonel Hallett and his Adjutant will report to Hounds and Horses Inn forthwith. The Staff car will collect them. Snipeshires, less two coys, will withdraw to position three miles west of Footle. Lines of withdrawal . . . . (and I took good care to order Battalion Headquarters down the lane!)

I made Muldoon telephone the message to the Half Moon Inn, which was only a couple of hundred yards from the Snipeshires "Headquarters" and ask the proprietor to be kind enough to deliver the message to Smasher.

The proprietor fully thought it was the Brigadier speaking and conveyed the message "with pleasure."

Muldoon then drove the car round and in walked me two beauties.

They were met by Micky, the proprietor of the "Hounds and Horses" and conducted to the Brigadier's room, just like good children.

The minute I had them inside, I turned the key and that was the end of them, even though they nearly destroyed the door trying to break it down.

Then Muldoon and I ran like hares for the lane and arrived just in time to see the disaster.

Private Murphy is so impetuous and I've taken away his stripe again. He was lying well hidden beside the fire-engine, just at the back of the corner, when he heard the sound of galloping horses.

"Cavalry, be Heaven!" says he (and there was no cavalry in the scheme at all). "Now, boys, are you ready. . . . FIRE!"

The first squirt removed the Brigade Commander clean out of his saddle and the Brigade staff was routed.

Paddy dear, I could have cried. There was the Snipeshires "Headquarters" only thirty yards behind and they hardly got a drop.

But O'Rafferty came in and tried to save the situation.

We nearly had them done, when a stentorian voice yelled: "What the blazes is this? Stop this nonsense at once and you, young man, come here and explain what the . . . you think you are doing."

It was terrible to see the poor Brigadier wet to the skin and covered with mud and I couldn't help laughing, which made him madder than ever.

While I was explaining, old Tiger White launched his attack and forty umpires couldn't stop the Bolton Irish from mopping up two companies of the Snipeshires, even though they are Regulars.

So the Brigadier ordered the "Cease Fire" to be sounded and held a conference, after he'd changed and old Smasher had been let out.

I had to explain everything I'd done and it didn't seem to go down too well. The Brigadier ordered the exercise to be done again and I was told to remain in barracks, as I seemed to mess up all the schemes.

But, on the way home, Tiger said to me, "Don't worry, me lad, not even Napoleon could have given the Brigadier a bigger or wetter surprise."

But, for all that, Pat, I've just received a bill:

	£	s.	d.
Hire of fire engine ...	2	10	0
Damage to door of "Hounds and Horses" ...	1	10	0
Total ...	4	0	0

So, you'd better sell the big ass and send me the money.

Your loving brother,

MIKE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SIR,

Under the heading "Editorial" on page 115 of the April number of the Journal you make the following statement:

> "In this country we have a large supply of men who are eager for military service, and much of the machinery for maintaining them. *The country lacks the money to add substantially to her present commitments or to give much further help in the prosecution of a war which is as vital to her as to the rest of the Empire.* There is now a prospect that our surplus resources will not be wasted for this lack of money."

The implications of this statement are that although India has the manpower, through lack of money it has almost reached the limit of the assistance it can give, and that any help beyond this limit must be paid for by someone else—presumably H.M.G.

Besides being immoral, I question whether this statement is, in actual fact, strictly accurate. Without laying any claim to being a financier, I ask in my own mind whether the fault does not lie, not so much in the lack of money, but in the fact that a large amount of the money is not in circulation, and that little effort has yet been made to obtain for use in furthering India's war effort even a reasonable proportion of the money which is circulating. My first explanation can only be a matter of conjecture, but the impression conveyed to the ordinary observant visitor (and resident) in India, is that in certain quarters considerable sums of money are quite uselessly locked up. One knows that political considerations must bulk largely (perhaps too largely) in all questions of official finance, but would it not be possible to attract some of these frozen assets by floating a war loan? My second explanation, I suggest, is a self-evident fact; with the exception of the Excess Profits Tax and the voluntary contributions given by patriotic persons of all ranks and classes, what concrete effort has been made to provide additional money for the war effort? India is indeed lucky to be able to take part in a war on a next to "no-cost basis." Compare this with conditions in Great Britain—income-tax at 7/6 in the pound with a prospect of going higher, a campaign in the country to find more money, and the savings of all voluntarily going into the new war loan. Hitler has

openly declared his intention to destroy the British Empire, and is at this moment straining every nerve to do so. The present, then, is no time at which to put forward a plea of "financial stringency" as an excuse for not taking more part in the contest—particularly when the plea is hardly valid.

India *has* willing men and, I am sure, *can* produce more money. Will not the financial authorities and they who have the money find it, so as to enable those to fight who want to do so, and thus permit India to be worthy of itself? If your statement is true that India has reached the limit of its war effort, presumably arrangements will be made to release some of the many highly trained officers now in India to let them take their place besides those other nations of the Empire who are willing and able to participate in the present struggle.

All this sounds very bitter, but there is a very general feeling abroad among all ranks of the Indian Army that India as a whole is not doing all that it could. To judge from the letters now appearing in the Press, this view is also held in other quarters. If the reason is lack of money, then let attempts be made to produce at least a portion of the money required as other nations in the Empire are doing. I am assured by some of my Indian friends that a war loan would be oversubscribed in a very short time—is it not worth while making the experiment?

Yours faithfully,
R. P. L. RANKING.
18-5-40.

REVIEWS

"BRITAIN'S AIR POWER"

By E. C. Shepherd

(Oxford University Press. 3d. net.)

OXFORD PAMPHLET

To-day air power may well decide the fate of the nations taking part in the present war, yet even now a clear picture of what air power is and means is confined to comparatively few.

Even among people intimately connected with the Air Forces there have existed marked differences of opinion. These differences have been and are being speedily resolved in the struggle now taking place.

Most timely, therefore, is the appearance of this pamphlet which sets out, in clear language for universal information, facts which but a few weeks ago were conjecture and the cause of bitter controversy.

Here is a brief history of the development and use of air power in general and of our own in particular.

No one, having read "Britain's Air Power," can fail to appreciate the tasks confronting the Junior Service, the supreme standards of resolution which are set our airmen and what they and our technical personnel have accomplished.

N.A.N.B.

"THE HERO OF DELHI"

By Hesketh Pearson

(Collins. 12/6*d.)*

This Life of John Nicholson is a vigorously written biography of a man who was described by Lord Roberts, when a subaltern, as the "beau ideal of a soldier and a gentleman." Mr. Pearson says, "his imperial air, giant build, grave handsome face, curt speech and sonorous voice inspired annoyance or confidence at sight." The annoyance was felt only by his seniors in age, over whose heads he was promoted Brigadier-General at the age

of 34 during the siege of Delhi. They asserted his appointment was unauthorised by the terms of the Queen's Warrant and called him an up-start. But to his men he was always "The General" and his authority to lead them unquestioned. By the Sikhs, when deputy commissioner in Rawalpindi in 1849, he was deified, a *fakir* declaring that the great hero "Nikal Seyn" was the reincarnation of Brahma.

The book is also an extremely good, concise history of British Rule in India before and during the mutiny.

Mr. Pearson is outspoken and humorously cynical in all he has to say, particularly about the Viceroys and Commanders-in-Chief who so mishandled their powers, eventually bringing about such a fall in British prestige that their feebleness and incompetence encouraged rebellion and their greed and injustice provoked mutiny. He dismisses the blunders of Elphinstone during the Afgan war with the remark: "It was not the General's fault; he should have been in a bath-chair at some pleasant seaside resort." And he refers scornfully to the choice of Sir Charles Napier as Commander-in-Chief in India when aged nearly seventy "as the only alternative to the Duke of Wellington, aged eighty." Nicholson's force and fearlessness of character are made to seem all the more alive by contrast. "There was no need to tell Nicholson to act energetically. The difficulty was to make him stop once he had started."

"A STUDY OF UNIT ADMINISTRATION"

BY MAJOR-GENERAL B. C. FREYBERG, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., LL.D.

(*Gale and Polden*, 6/6*d*.)

This very readable and clear study of unit administration could well carry the sub-title "Happy Housekeeping for the Soldier."

It is primarily written for units of the British Army serving at Home, but it can equally well be applied to British units in India, if allowances are made for differences in the messing system.

For officers who find themselves in the position of P.R.I. or Messing Officer and for Commanding Officers who are now in war-time deprived of many of their experienced officers, this book should prove very helpful.

To state that the soldier's well-being and contentment is dependent on sound administration within the unit may seem a platitude, but without foresight and without systematic study on the lines on which the author has approached his problem, a sound administrative system will not be achieved.

The author has based his work on records both as an infantry battalion commander and as an administrative staff officer and clearly shows that crime and discontent amongst the men of a unit decrease as the standard of "housekeeping" is raised.

J.W.

"MODERN ARMAMENTS"

By Professor A. M. Low

(*John Gifford, Ltd.* 8*s.*/6*d.*)

In this volume Professor Low has set out to explain in language suited to the non-technical reader something of the scientific principles on which modern weapons and equipments are based, and to give a brief survey of the developments of these weapons and equipments and their probable use in future wars. It is well that the tax-payer, who, in the year before the war, was bearing his share of our £700-million defence bill, should learn something of what he is helping to buy. This book will assist him.

The book was written before the outbreak of war, but the reader with the evidence of nine months of the war before him will find that Professor Low has put in some effective shooting into the future with his "Modern Armaments." A chapter on parachutes, for example, is very apt. The range is wide. There are some chapter headings: Explosives—Artillery—Optics—Acoustics—Chemical Warfare—Camouflage—Wireless—Warships—the Air.

Professor Low defends modern science from the charge that it is responsible for war, but at the same time he holds out no hope that science, by the severity and destruction which it can bring to war, will tend to make wars impossible. Nor will any weapon be overlooked. It, therefore, behoves the scientific soldier to study the development of equipment with vision and boldness in order to formulate tactical methods derived not only from the lessons of the last war but, more important, from the possibilities

of the next. And in this respect the conservatism of the soldier does not escape the author's criticism. He considers that military leaders from the beginning of time have been prejudiced and that it takes a major war or heavy casualties to alter their ideas. It is well for us as a nation to consider the truth of this charge and to resolve for the future at this moment when the Germans have won the first round of tactical surprises and have made it abundantly clear that no method of destruction, however bestial, will be overlooked by them.

The volume, therefore, is well timed and will be read with interest by soldiers and civilians alike.

E.F.E.A.

SIMPLE MATHEMATICS FOR GUNNER OFFICERS

By J. C. S. Hymans, M.A.

(*Gale and Polden Ltd.* 1*s.* 6*d.*)

The first half of this little 30-page book deals with those elements of trigonometry and logarithms which must be understood before simple gunnery problems can be solved. The second half applies the knowledge thus gained to the three or four everyday situations confronting the Gunner Officer at O.P. or Battery.

Written by an officer who actually saw the need of it amongst his fellow cadets at an Officers' Cadet Training Unit, this book should prove of value to the large number of Reserve Officers and Civilians now coming in to the Regiment whose school-day mathematics may have fallen into disuse. It should also prove helpful to the many young soldiers and N. C. O.s who, in these days of rapid promotion, are finding themselves called upon to fill responsible positions in all branches of the Artillery.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT FOR 1939

1. Finance

The Auditor's Report is before the members of the Council: the Statement of Accounts has been issued to all Members of the Institution. The Auditor's Report is satisfactory. Income from subscriptions, interest on investments and the sale of tactical schemes has declined. Expenditure has been generally reduced principally on the Journal which has, however, maintained a satisfactory standard. As a result, the year's working shows an excess of income over expenditure of Rs. 4,989-13-7 as against Rs. 5,278-6-7 the year before.

The financial position of the Institution remains sound. The balance on capital account stands at Rs. 1,22,801-14-4. No investments were made last year. Rs. 7,350 in Post Office Cash Certificates matured. Investments, Post Office Cash Certificates and Fixed Deposit total Rs. 72,297-1-6. Investments had, however, depreciated in value at the end of the year by a net amount of Rs. 3,879-0-0 below cost. Cash and other balances amount to Rs. 13,609-7-2.

2. Membership

The result of the war has apparently been that a number of Members have resigned prematurely while others have failed to pay their subscriptions while neglecting to resign. Prospective Members refrained from joining at first.

Eighty-four Ordinary Members were enrolled during the year against 80 Ordinary Members died or resigned. Thirty-nine Members were struck off for non-payment of subscriptions, leaving a net reduction of 35. This is a lower net reduction than the previous year, but only because special measures were taken to extend membership.

A further 32 members have had to be struck off for non-payment of subscription since the close of the year although it is possible that some of these may pay up in due course.

On 31st December, 1939, the position was:

Life Members	...	390
Honorary Member	...	1
Ordinary Members	...	1,430
Total	...	1,821

The small reduction since last year is satisfactory in the circumstances and there are signs that membership will continue at a satisfactory total.

3. Library

The library has now been fully card-indexed on a proper system and it is hoped to issue the new catalogue this year. Purchase of suitable books continues and the popularity of the library is maintained.

One hundred and twenty-three books were added during the year and 624 borrowed.

It is hoped that members will make suggestions for the purchase of volumes likely to be of interest or value.

4. Journal

As mentioned, the standard of the Journal has been maintained; but more contributions would be welcomed. Entries for the Prize Essay were disappointing in numbers and did not merit award of the medal.

5. Lectures

During the year the following lectures were delivered at Simla and were well attended. His Excellency the Governor of the Punjab honoured the Institution with his presence at the lecture on the "N. W. F. P. Policies."

1. "How a Journalist Gets His News," by Josslyn Hennessy, Esq.
2. "N. W. F. P. Policies," by Major W. E. Maxwell, C.I.E.
3. "Economic and Financial Aspects of Defence and Re-Armament," by Dr. T. E. Gregory, D.SC.
4. "Modernisation of the Land Forces in India," by Brigadier E. E. Dorman-Smith, M.C.