EDITORIAL

The Trafalgar Memorandum

Dated from the "Victory" off Cadiz, on a certain 9th October, there came a memorandum which has great value for us nearly a hundred and thirty-six years later. The memorandum was written by Lord Nelson whose strategical and tactical ideas and methods left a legacy of the spirit to all fighting men—something that has been called "The Nelson Touch."

Just what was the "Nelson touch?" The answer seems to be found in these three sentences of the Memorandum:

"Thinking it almost impossible to bring a fleet of forty sail of the line into battle in variable winds, thick weather and other circumstances which must occur . . . . I have therefore made up my mind. . . ."

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"Something must be left to chance."

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"But in case signals can neither be seen nor perfectly understood no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy."

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The thought in these sentences is as clear as the voice is unmistakable. First hard thought, imagination and foresight work out an answer to difficulties which seem to be insuperable. Nelson having done this, takes one of the hardest and least common of decisions—the acceptance of calculated risk—and dismisses it in six words: "Something must be left to chance." And, finally, to clinch the matter and as a superb solvent for the fog of war in a situation which admits of no delay, enounces the last golden rule—engage the enemy.

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The War

It was evident early in this year that the spring and summer would bring about a tremendous increase in the war's intensity. Only the few however who, in war, can be singularly well informed, or those with extraordinary gifts of imagination and foresight, could have imagined the enormous increase in the geographical area involved, or the speed at which this increase has taken place. Speed and extension are the two characteristics of modern war which are hardest

to grasp; the mind accepts them as an impression but is slow to work out the hard train of new thoughts which follow.

The history of the last four months is simple enough to follow in outline, for it centres on the German thrust to the South-East. History will decide whether the attack upon the Balkans and upon Greece was strategically an offensive or a counter-offensive. Our concern is that it happened, and that it was a success. Then followed the hard-fought battle of Crete—notable as the first major action of parachute and airborne troops in the history of war. During the same months occurred the German offensives in Cirenaica.

That, in a paragraph, is an objective account of Germany's Spring offensive. The details are known to all and we do not propose to recount them here. It is interesting now to reflect upon the achievements of the British Empire's forces and to attempt to compare them with those of the German machine.

First, Britain is still uninvaded. In this fact perhaps lies the core of the whole problem. It means that Hitler has not yet felt able to embark upon such a direct means of achieving his end. *Secondly,* the Battle of the Atlantic—perhaps the most vital that in this war has been waged—has turned in the Empire's favour. Sea power has kept open the Empire's vital communications, and sea power's invisible and iron hands are closing round German throats. Never has Mahan's famous sentence concerning those distant and storm-beaten ships—upon which the Grand Army never looked, but which stood between Napoleon and the dominion of the world—had such a powerful application to contemporay events. *Thirdly,* there is the growing weight of the Royal Air Force's assault upon whatever military targets Germany and a German-ridden Europe may offer to superb audacity, determination and skill. It is notable that each day's broadcast news brings increasing mention of daylight attacks upon the enemy wherever he is to be found within our aircraft's range. This is perhaps one of the most heartening signs of the times—a determined offensive ruthlessly pressed home.

If we look further Eastward we see much that may fill us with pride and confidence. Mussolini's five-year-old Empire has ceased to exist (Cheren may yet be classed among the world's decisive battles), and the Italian navy seldom seeks the waters of what once was called (by Italians) an Italian sea. The German-inspired coup in Iraq has failed and the Germano-Vichy forces in Syria, after hard fighting, have asked for and been granted an armistice.

Germany, meanwhile, has embarked upon a Russian adventure of which the results remain to be seen. It is as yet premature and dangerous to draw any parallel between 1941 and 1812.

The mention of the year 1812 draws our thoughts, by association, towards America. In that year Britain and the United States were at enmity; one hundred and nineteen years later it seems that these two Democracies have found an understanding closer than ever before. America has realised her dangers and has, in effect, entered this war upon our side. The Lease and Lend Act has become a reality of daily life: and the inhabitants of Iceland in years to come may find a profitable mine of reminiscence in the arrival of American troops. More significant perhaps than any other pronouncement is a sentence in a recent speech by the Prime Minister. It runs: "Every month as great bombers are finished in our factories or sweep thither across the Atlantic Ocean, we shall continue a remorseless discharge of high explosives on Germany." The meaning is plain. In 1941 as surely as in the 18th Century the New World is assisting to preserve the balance of the saner elements of the Old.

Historical parallels are dangerous things unless rightly drawn. Nevertheless it is interesting to compare the state of the war to-day with that phase of the Napoleonic Wars which preceded the landing of the British Army in Portugal. The European situation was then very much like that which exists to-day. The predominant land power and the predominant sea power of the world were at grips. The great part of England's army was held in Britain as a defence against invasion, while the French armies dominated all Europe. The British Fleet was master of the seas, but it is scarcely ever realised how strained our naval resources were in maintaining that mastery, and with that difficulty, matched with what strategical insight, Barham at the Admiralty and St. Vincent, Nelson and others at sea applied comparatively meagre forces to their enormous problem.

Behind the fighting fronts economic warfare in terms of British blockade and French Continental System was fiercely waged. Tension was acute and the balance between defeat and victory was most delicately held for both the combatant powers. This state of affairs continued for years and not perhaps until 1812 could certainty, as distinct from confidence, of ultimate victory enter the mind of any contemporary Englishman.

Thus inevitably there appear the similarities between the Napoleonic and Hitlerian bids for world domination. The first

is in the object itself. The dominion of the world is a madman's dream which has only two ends—awakening in exile or dissolution in death.

The second similarity is in the means. Both Napoleonic France and modern Germany enjoyed at their chosen moment an enormous material superiority and the land space in which to employ it. In each case the results of these advantages were quickly apparent. It has been said, however, that Napoleon's power, like that of the Devil in Medieval legends, stopped short at the water's edge. The same is true of Hitler's power. It lacks the long-term element and the endurance which sea power alone can give. It is true that air power to some extent now overrides protecting seas but as yet it cannot bridge them. Modern warfare demands for success the constant and closest co-operation of three powers—land, sea and air. The vital link is sea power and this Germany does not possess.

Finally, there is the matter of morale. Napoleonic France was united by the Revolutionary tradition and its armies found a close bond and an individual stimulus in fanatical devotion to one man. But it was the union of slavery and the devotion of slaves. Neither survived the blood-tax demanded year by year nor the cold and hunger which increased as food and fuel diminished. The same weaknesses are apparent in the German façade and the same slow weapons attack them. The result of the attack cannot be different.

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Russia

The perplexing puzzle of the relations between Germany and Russia has at last been solved by the outbreak of war between these two countries. Up till April of this year a Russo-German war seemed, at least, to be unlikely; and both countries appeared to stand to each other in the relations of a pair of sharp and unscrupulous business associates. Germany apparently acquiesced in Russia's possession of half Poland and of the Baltic States and in her dominant position in the Balkans and the Dobruja, in return for the provision of oil and certain other supplies.

The setback to the German time-plan occasioned by the resistance of Yugoslavia and Greece and by the bitter struggle for Crete must have made it necessary for Germany to seek with Russia some more definite and intimate understanding than that sketched above. What proposals were made, what refusals were encountered, we shall not know for some time. It has, however,

been said of the German that he is apt to begin a conversation by stamping on the listener's foot in order to attract attention and thereafter grows angry if the conversation continues on lines other than those which he had foreseen. There are signs of the technique having been applied by Germany in her wooing of the U.S.S.R.

Words presumably having failed, the process of intimidation (or the "war of nerves") began. Rumours were put abroad in Sweden of impending invasion. Separatist intrigues were pursued in the Ukraine and German spectacles flashed covetously as they glanced towards Baku. Russia's position was difficult in the extreme since it may be supposed that she had learned the lesson that with Germany one cannot be an ally but only a lackey, tattered or gilded as circumstances dictate. On the other hand, a natural self-interest may have made Russia unready to accept the alternative course of war. The Russo-Japanese Pact of April may have been designed to leave Russia a free hand in the West—despite the curious assertions of the Russian Press that the Pact meant nothing at all—and in May there were strong rumours that many of Russia's Far-Eastern troops had been massed against the German frontiers. From that time onward one may guess at the increasing military pressure applied by Germany until, suddenly, invasion came.

There have been several explanations of the German motives and none of them have been entirely satisfactory. It seems almost certain, however, that their attack was not born of motives which were short-term or purely economic. Germany has perhaps realised that she faces a war which will end only with her destruction. Her failures in Cirenaica, in Iraq and in Syria and her terribly expensive successes in Greece and Crete may have convinced her that it is not, after all, in her power to win quickly. The only solution of her problem lies in the destruction of Britain and nothing less than the possession of all Europe affords her any hope of so doing.

It is not profitable at the moment to attempt any comment upon the new campaign. The quality of the German forces is known and that of the Russians can, at this distance, be but surmised. It seems, however, that the Russian forces are fighting stoutly and under able direction. One thought is interesting—mechanised armies have always clamoured for space in which to develop their powers but with extension of space there has always been assumed a corresponding extension of supply. This

assumption may not be true when dealing with Russia's bewildering extent and there the space which fighting vehicles devour may also be their grave.

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France

It is unfortunate that certain of the leaders of Vichy France have adopted an attitude of bitter hostility to the Allies. But it is by no means certain that this attitude is fully representative of French opinion either as regards the people themselves or those who now control their interests. M. Laval in a broadcast at the end of May said: "We owe our failure to Democracy. We do not want to fight for it. France cannot go back. She must fulfil two tasks with the great powers of Europe, get peace first and then overcome unemployment, poverty and its disorders to constant socialism." Some days later it was reported in the Press that France had considered a reversal of her policy of alliances.

It is possible for a nation to be defeated in the field and yet to retain its spirit and its ideals. Germany is a case in point for, after defeat in 1918, she preserved these things though the German spirit is bestial and German ideals are obscene. The rulers of Vichy France in adversity have shown no quality which commands the admiration or respect of sane and free men. They have boasted and grovelled, whined and ranted, and now seem to be passing to open betrayal of their late Allies.

The time seems to have come when we must harden our hearts and cease to regard the present rulers of France with only such emotions as pity and contempt. We must look at them with the eyes of enemies and expect from them nothing but hostility. But it is unreasonable to suppose that the democratic spirit of Republican France can be obliterated in a few months or years and we should prepare for a reversal of her present policy and a return to friendship with the democracies.

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Infantry

It is probable that the future historian who takes up his work at the point at which Colonel Lloyd, in his *Review of the History of Infantry*, left off, will describe the present period as one during which infantry entered upon a Renaissance. The Great War of 1914—18 was fought in the main by foot soldiers but it produced nothing that could be called an infantry method or tradition. Thought and imagination alike failed to surmount the mental barriers whose counterparts in the field were interminable trench-systems, innumerable machine-guns and miles of barbed wire. It is true

that the Germans in 1918 produced the idea of infiltration, probably the most germinative idea in infantry tactics that had appeared since the days of Fredrick the Great. Yet this idea did not much colour our training and tactics which were based on a conception of the infantryman burdened like the White Knight and capable only of determined plodding in the wake of an artillery barrage or of a tank.

During the post-war period interest and thought centred largely upon the other arms; and the problem of how the infantry could get forward to their objectives was discussed in terms of anything save the infantryman himself. A bewildering amount of armament was bestowed (largely in theory) upon battalions and later removed from them. There was at one time much talk of Sir John Moore and of the Light Division, and at another of the Tartars and Mongols who for a time were fashionable military models. The infantry as a body tended to busy itself with the drill books and with target practice, and would on the whole have welcomed back again its red coats. Probably only on the various frontiers of the Empire were the realities of infantry training and fighting kept at all alive.

It is the peculiarity of the present war that thought as regards infantry seems to be ahead of the times. British infantry have fought in France, Norway, Libya, Abyssinia, Greece and Crete. The warfare and its lessons have varied in each case, yet there has been no attempt rigidly to cut the infantryman to whatever particular patterns have been evolved by facts. The central conception is one which looks forward and sees infantry, as an arm, both mobile and protected, flexible and capable of application together with other arms. That this is a true conception has been proved by ourselves in Libya and by Germans in France. That it is a new conception is proved by a moment's reflection on the past.

With this new approach to infantry as an arm has come a new approach to the infantryman as an individual. The emphasis on training is now laid upon individual instead of mass characteristics. It appears to be our first aim to produce the hunter and killer of men and machines, and after that groups of hunters working under the direction of a single will. A new technique and discipline are appearing and yet both seem to be rooted in a principle enunciated three centuries ago. We must now demand that our infantry are, and try to train them to be, men who "make some conscience of what they do."

Reminiscence from the Ring

Few who have boxed have not at some time entered the ring with a professional. The experience is often distressing but invariably illuminating. It is a study in the technique of battle, immediately applied. The characteristics of the professional which strike the amateur are these: cunning, adaptability, aggression, foresight and speed. To link the first characteristic with the fourth is the initial stage in the game. The professional studies his opponent and plans his battle in those curiously cold seconds which follow the order to box. The second stage is the mixture of aggression and adaptability—from the secure base of foresight and cunning the professional develops a terrifying ability to punch from any angle and with a strange fore-knowledge of the measures likely to be adopted by the defence. And, finally, there is speed—a quality quite unlike haste—which gives to the assailed the impression of being attacked by seven separate men in three minutes. Military training can learn much from the methods of the ring.

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The History of the Royal Artillery

By the courtesy of the Royal Artillery Institution there have been presented to the Library the three admirable volumes of *The History of the Royal Artillery from the Indian Mutiny to the Great War.* The completion of the pre-Great War history of the Royal Artillery was entrusted originally to Major-General Sir Charles Callwell and to Major-General Sir John Headlam. The death of Sir Charles Callwell prevented him from completing more than two parts of Volume I and the remainder of the history has been written by Sir John Headlam.

Volume I deals with the organisation, armament and training of the Royal Artillery between 1860—1899 while Volume II carries on the story to 1914. Volume III describes Campaigns between 1860 and 1914. This treatment of the subject is as effective as it is ingenious and results in a narrative which is a model of lucidity and straightforward historical writing. Gunners who read this book will naturally base their judgment of it upon grounds somewhat differing from those of a layman reader. Whatever the grounds, however, there can be no doubt that Sir John Headlam has written a book worthy in every way of the splendid history of the great Regiment which it records.

A BRIGADE AT DUNKIRK—AND AFTER

By Brigadier J. G. Smyth, v.c., m.c.

Several books have recently been published on the operations leading to the re-embarkation of the B.E.F. at Dunkirk. These have mostly been written by journalists who were either with the B.E.F. at the time or who were following the situation from Press and B.B.C. reports. Much has also been written in the Press on the subsequent "Battle of Britain"—the great air battles over England, the bombings and the counter-bombings and the probabilities and possibilities of the invasion of the British Isles.

Lord Gort's despatches on the operations in France and Belgium have not, however, yet been published, and there have been very few accounts of the Dunkirk operations by Commanders or Staff Officers.

As I happened to be the only officer of the Indian Army in command of a Brigade at Dunkirk, I thought a short account of the operations from a Brigade point of view might be of interest to U.S.I. of India readers and to old comrades of the Indian Army who fought with me in the last war over much of the same ground.

After four months as G.S.O.I. of a Division, I assumed command of an Infantry Brigade in England on 5th February, 1940. The Brigade formed part of a first-line Territorial Division with a very distinguished Great War record. The Division was commanded by one of the youngest major-generals in the British Army and was under orders to go out to France to join the B.E.F. within a fortnight from the day I arrived. The Brigade proper consisted of three North country battalions with the usual additions in the Bde. Gp. area of a Regiment of Field Artillery, R. E. Coy., Anti-Tank Bty. and Field Ambulance.

All three battalions were billeted in and around one town with Bde. H.Q. in a large country house about four miles away. The Mess billets were very poor, most of them being in vacated stables, barns and very old houses which gave little comfort against the really bitter weather. England had just been undergoing a very severe spell of snow and frost which, in this particular area, had caused widespread devastation. The countryside looked as if it had been swept by a tornado. The telegraph lines had been unable to bear the extra weight of snow and ice, which

had caked upon them and were broken and strewn all over the roads and the roadside, with the telegraph poles snapped off. There was not a telegraph post intact for miles.

The forest near-by had also suffered severely, and was a mass of broken branches and broken trees. The main road between Bde. H.Q. and the battalions was cracked and broken up by the severe frost and was full of dangerous clefts and cavities which made motoring in daylight difficult, and in the black-out dangerous, and anything but pleasant.

My predecessor had departed prior to my arrival and the Bde. Major was due to go within a few days.

The hot-water supply had broken down, there was a coal shortage due to the extreme weather conditions, and what with one thing and another the general depression was somewhat acute.

The Bde. Intelligence Officer with the Bde. advance parties was already in France. As is the case with most Indian Army Officers, I had had little experience of the Territorial soldier before the present war. I very soon found that the men were splendid material, tough, hardy, North country men, many of them miners and agricultural labourers. A Bde. boxing tournament held after my arrival was an eye-opener to me. I have always been particularly keen on Army and professional boxing, both at Home and in India, but never, in any boxing competition had I ever seen more whole-hearted fighting, with no quarter given or asked combined with more than an average amount of skill. They were also very keen on rugger and cricket, and had some very good performers at both games.

The officers were young and keen, but of course very untrained and inexperienced.

Since embodiment just before the war started, training had been carried on under the greatest difficulties. It was one thing to double the Territorial Army on paper, but quite another to produce the equivalent number of trained units within a reasonable time.

The B.E.F. had been despatched to France with all speed at the beginning of the war, taking with them most of the trained personnel in the country. The Territorial Divisions had to fit themselves for war with a very small proportion of regular officers and N.C.O.s to guide them. Add to this the shortage of arms and equipment, and particularly of ammunition for practice purposes, heavy anti-sabotage guard duties, frequent moves, shortage of adequate training areas and the particularly severe winter,

and you may get some idea of the difficulties which faced those first Territorial Divisions which had to fit themselves for active service in the early Spring of 1940.

The question of vehicle driving and maintenance alone was an enormous problem. Battalions, with a minimum of trained drivers, had not only to take over a large number of mechanical vehicles, but to maintain them and keep them on the road in winter weather with very small facilities as regards garages, workshops and tools. All this was of course the price we had to pay for unpreparedness in the years before the war. I return to India with a profound admiration for the Territorials and the way they got down to their problems, but with an equally profound hope that the system will never be reintroduced into Great Britain and that some form of conscription will remain in force after the war.

It is in many ways much more difficult to teach a half-trained man than one who has nothing to unlearn. Drill, for instance, on which much importance was stressed, was a constant bugbear to the Territorial soldier who had a rough and ready method of sloping and presenting arms, which did not commend itself to inspecting officers. It took far longer to get their drill correct than it would have done if we had had time and opportunity to give a few weeks to it and start afresh from the beginning—or, of course, if we had had a simplified form of drill.

Time, however, was just what we hadn't got. I reckoned we wanted a minimum of six weeks' intensive training, chiefly section, platoon and weapon training before the Brigade could be brought to a satisfactory standard—and we were due to leave England in 10 days. True, if given the opportunity, we could continue our training over the other side—and that eventually was the intention. The keenness and fighting spirit of all ranks, their cheerfulness under all conditions and anxiety to improve, more than made up, however, for the gaps in their training which had to be filled as opportunity offered. Before I left the Bde., both Territorial battalions beat a regular Bn. in a drill competition in which the drill was of a particularly high standard.

Although the country in the immediate vicinity of the Bde. area was eminently suitable for the training of all arms, there were many obstacles to the movement of troops. There were areas containing livestock of all sorts, which suffered from being disturbed and, worst of all, from a training point of view, there were large stretches of racing gallops which were not allowed to be crossed. These were of course the early days of the war, when

the training of race horses was still given priority over the training of troops. Suitable ground for digging was particularly hard to get. There was one bleak area known as "Snap" where all Bdes. of the Division dug in turn. Movement to this area was up a narrow track which soon became a foot deep in very clinging mud. "Snap" was a place of ill omen to the Bde. as it always snowed when we had to go there and we did our practice of trench reliefs and trench duties in one of the worst blizzards I have ever experienced. Nevertheless, "Snap" gave us some very realistic practice in digging and wiring under conditions which might have faced us if this war had been fought on the same lines as the last.

There was so much to be done that it was difficult to know where to start and what to concentrate on.

We first had to get our house in order at Bde. H.Q. The Divisional Commander produced an excellent Bde. Major for me and the commander of my old Division gave me a head clerk. Efficiency followed automatically. The training of clerks both at Divisional and Bde. H.Q. was a big problem. There was no Army reserve of trained clerks, and now that the bulk of the typing in civil life is done by women, it was difficult to find male clerks of any experience from the new entry.

In the Division of which I had been G.S.O.I. we had had some excellent A.T.S. women typists and shorthand clerks. They were, however, suddenly removed and we were left in a worse position than if we had never had them.

Fortunately, I knew one of the partners in a well-known London firm of business organizers. He volunteered to give six weeks of his time and that of one of his assistants to the organization and training of the Divisional Clerks. His labours soon bore wonderful fruit and I got him in again to do the same thing for my Bde. and passed him on to my new Divisional H.Q.

The improvement in the Bde. Office was remarkable, and our chief difficulty afterwards was in preventing our clerks from being pinched by higher formations. Three of them got commissions during the year I was with the Bde.

To cope with the present-day flood of paper, a good office staff, with at least one first-class stenographer, is essential if the Bde. Staff are not to be tied to their office stools for too many hours each day.

Another solution would be to cut down the paper, the floods of forms in triplicate, the certificates, the signatures and countersignatures, etc. Perhaps this will come in time—but that time was certainly not yet.

The Bde. A. Tk. Coy. had been formed by each Bn. supplying one Pln. We were not to get our 25 mm. A. Tk. guns until we got to France. Bns. had evidently regarded the A. Tk. Coy. as a Heaven-sent opportunity for off-loading all their bad hats! This was obviously poor policy in a war in which tanks were almost certain to be our chief enemy. The personnel of the Coy. had to be weeded drastically and replaced with picked men.

As regards training in the Bns., we concentrated on weapon training whenever we could get the ammunition and took particular trouble over the training of fighting patrols and pln. leadership generally. The Bosche had already proved himself a master in the art of his conduct of fighting patrols by night. Lack of efficiency in this particular is apt to result in loss of confidence and lowering morale. In theory, of course, every pln. should be able to find a first-class night-fighting patrol. This, however, demands a high standard of training and a great deal of practice. We concentrated, for a start on training two really good fighting patrols in each battalion. These consisted of picked men. They specialised in night patrolling and also gave demonstrations to Coys. This paid us well later on as, the first night we were in contact with the Bosche, units sent out their picked patrols into No Man's Land as soon as it was dark, with the greatest confidence, and they gave a very good account of themselves.

The Divisional Commander held several Bde. exercises to practise us in the very important problem of M.T. movement, and we marched hard and far to get the men's feet thoroughly hard. Meanwhile, however, our move to France had been cancelled.

On February 13th we were told confidentially that we were to form part of a force earmarked to go to Finland, to the assistance of the Finns.

Our advance parties were recalled from France and we started to think in terms of fighting in conditions of snow and ice, for which the existing weather conditions in England were a not unsuitable preparation. We had another severe snowstorm that week-end. The newspapers were now full of the fighting in Finland and the possibilities of a British Expeditionary Force being sent out there. By March 2nd the Finns, after putting up splendid resistance to very superior Russian Forces, were being gradually beaten back. The political negotiations for the despatch of

our force to Finland fell through and the capitulation of the Finnish armed forces was then inevitable. Once more we were ordered to proceed to France and advance parties were again despatched. On arrival at the port of embarkation, the Staff Captain, who was in charge of all the Bde. advance parties, went down with measles and had to be replaced by another officer of the Bde. Staff at an hour's notice. Our "Q" learner on the Bde. Staff took his place. We were thenceforward never without him, and he proved his value time and again.

The Bde. I.O. is always available to act as B.M. but, on the "Q" side, one is much handicapped if there is no officer to take the place of the Staff Captain.

On March 29th, H.M. The King inspected the Bde. On Tuesday, 9th April, came the sudden German invasion of Norway and Denmark.

On April 11th, Comd. Warburton-Lee (who had been one of my pupils at the Camberley Staff College) carried out his gallant and successful attack with his destroyers at Narvik, in which he was killed, but was later awarded the first V.C. of the war.

By Saturady, 13th April, the Divisional Comd. and about half the Division had gone across to France. I was left commanding what remained. That night we received a telephone message from the War Office to tell us to stand fast and be prepared to proceed on a special mission—obviously Norway.

We remained at immediate notice until the 16th, when I was ordered to despatch one Field Regt. and go up to the War Office for orders.

At this time the situation in Norway was somewhat confused and at the War Office conference it was eventually decided that we were to continue our move to France as originally ordered. At this time there were very strong rumours that Italy was on the point of declaring war against us.

On April 23rd, in exceptional heat (such are the vagaries of the English climate) the Brigade Group, less the Field Regt., which never joined us again, left its billeting area for France. With my car at the door loaded up with my kit, my wife and I leant out of our hotel window in the main street and watched the battalions march by on their way to the station. The men, although heavily laden and wearing their greatcoats and full packs, were in great heart. They swung along singing "Roll out the barrel" which somewhat unaccountably changed to "Tipperary" just as they passed our window and reminded me forcibly of similar scenes in the last War.

The move went like clockwork, and in the early hours of the morning we drew in at Cherbourg and started to disembark. The troops spent the day in rest camps and myself with the Base Commandant, who had been a Major-General at the beginning of the war but, like so many others, had been judged too old for an active command in modern war. Now, wearing a Colonel's badges, he was running a most excellent show at this busy port. He complained bitterly at being so far from any possible scene of action—little knowing that, within only a matter of weeks, the Germans would be at his very doorstep and he himself would only escape death or capture by the skin of his teeth.

We entrained that evening for Fresnay, whence we were to proceed to a concentration area to complete our training. All the wheeled and track vehicles had preceded us on separate ships and were due to meet us there. On arrival, however, we found that our orders had been changed and that we were to proceed by rail and M.T. to Roncq and take over a sector of the defences on the Franco-Belgian frontier. I went on ahead by car, stopping *en route* at G.H.Q. and to have tea with the Corps Commander at Bethune.

My route took me through the middle of the area so well known to the Indian Corps in 1914-15 and names such as Richebourgh, Neuve Chapelle, Picantin and La Bassee on the signposts brought back vivid memories of the last War. I took over an interesting sector of the frontier defences on which the B.E.F. had been working assiduously all through the winter.

The Chief Liaison Officer, the Duke of Gloucester, visited the Brigade on May 1st and went all round the defences, which he knew inside out as he did most of the other portions on the front. The men had quite good billets and were kept busy improving the defences and doing as much training as we could fit in. The weather was extremely hot and airless. On may 3rd, Lord Gort, the C.-in-C., saw all Bde. Commanders at Div. H.Q. Meanwhile, the campaign in Norway was not going well for us. The Germans had gained too great an initial advantage and, by May 4th, we had had to evacuate Southern Norway.

On May 6th one of my three Territorial Battalions was ordered off to another sphere of action and I was given instead a regular battalion of a famous Highland Regt. which had been brigaded with the 15th Sikhs in the Sirhind Bde. in 1915. There was still one officer left in the battalion who had been with them then and whom I remembered.

On May 7th we had an E.N.S.A. concert for the troops and there appeared to be no indication that the German attack on Holland and Belgium was so soon to materialise. We had a full programme of training and inspections and the C.-in-C. was due to inspect the Brigade within a few days. I had a large and comfortable Bde. H.Q., which was reputed to be the best in France. With French interpreters, attached officers and liaison officers. the Bde. Mess seldom consisted of less than 15 officers which meant a big job for the billeting and messing officers. The French people in the vicinity could not have been more friendly and helpful to us in every way.

In the early hours of Friday, May 10th, large formations of German bombers were heard overhead and some heavy crumps were heard in the vicinity. This could only mean one thing. I switched on my wireless and heard that the Germans had invaded Holland and Belgium at 0300 hrs. The frontier barriers were pulled down and, by mid-day, the Bde. was on the march across the frontier. Our first job was to give A.A. protection and to piquet the roads for another formation of the B.E.F. moving through our area. The atmosphere was electric and everyone very much "on their toes." During the next few days, the forward divisions of the B.E.F. moved up in support of the Belgian Army on the river Dyle and on May 14th the Bde. Gp. moved up by M.T. on to the R. Escaut in support, to be followed shortly afterwards by the remainder of the Division.

Thenceforward, throughout the operations, we fought almost always in Bde. Gps., the Brigadier having under his command a Regt. of Field Artillery, a Battery of A. Tk. guns (2-pounders), a Coy. R. E. and a Field Ambulance. The Brigade thus became a fighting formation of all arms. All that was needed to complete it was a battery of A.A. guns, which has now become part of the Bde. establishment. This arrangement is to my mind the only sound one in very mobile operations. The Bde. Gp. occupied anything from 26 to 30 miles of road space and, with such distances and with the congestion on the roads decentralisation *from the start* was essential. Then, if the situation stabilised (which it didn't) the Div. Comd. could withdraw such units as he wanted under his own control to gain the greatest effect possible from the fire power of the supporting arms.

The Bde. A. Tk. Coy. only took over their 25-mm. guns on May 13th and half the Coy. only had an opportunity of firing with them once on an improvised range before we went into action.

They were tremendously pleased with the accuracy and handiness of the guns, but it was, of course, a very severe handicap that only half the men should ever have had an opportunity of firing them —and then only once. The portion of the river line allotted to us was from excl. Tournai to incl. Pecq, a very long line which it would obviously take all of three battalions to hold. The position was complicated by the high feature of Mont St. Aubert, the other side of the river, which completely dominated our whole position and our back areas. We decided to hold it with one complete battalion. On the 15th and 16th we were busy digging in and organizing the position. The R. Escaut was a good tank obstacle and we started making an artificial one with mechanical excavators for the forward battalion. We had our first experience of the refugee problem, about which so much has been written, during these two days, the roads becoming almost impassable with the solid stream of humanity.

On May 16th Tournai was very heavily bombed with the intention of destroying the important road and railway bridge. I watched a succession of bombers swoop low on to their target until the whole area was one cloud of smoke and flame. We then motored into the town to see to what extent the communications had been interrupted. Not a bomb had hit the bridge, although the bombing had been carried out at low level and under the most favourable conditions. Many heavy bombs had, however, fallen in the town and in the absence of any A.R.P. or civil control, the inhabitants, with one accord, took to the roads to swell the ever increasing stream of refugees which was to prove such a handicap to our subsequent operations.

The next morning I received a message that the Corps Comd. wanted to see me at Div. H.Q. immediately. He was considerably delayed by the congestion on the roads and did not arrive until mid-day. He informed us that formidable German mechanized forces had broken through the French on the R. Meuse and were advancing rapidly in a westerly direction. My Bde. Gp. was to proceed forthwith to take up a sort of right flank guard protection to the B.E.F. and was to form the nucleus of an improvised force to be known as Mac Force under the command of Major-General Mason-MacFarlane. General Mason-MacFarlane and I had been G.2s. together at Simla and Delhi and were old friends. The Corps and Div. Comdrs. returned with me to my Bde. H.Q. where General Mason-MacFarlane arrived shortly afterwards. The situation was, of course, very nebulous and the

progress made by the German Panzer divisions not exactly known. It was decided that General Mason-MacFarlane should proceed to Orchies where the H.Q. of a French Corps had been situated before the break-through and try and ascertain the situation whilst I brought on the troops as soon as they could be collected and troop-carrying lorries provided for them.

The battalions were working hard on their defences, the gunners busy with their emplacements, all on a very wide front, and it took some time to collect them. They were, however, all ready, and orders for the march issued long before the M.T. arrived. We got off just before dark and had to chance our area and drive with our lights on as speed was so essential. The move was rather a nightmare from my point of view as I had no idea where the Bosche columns were and whether General Mason-MacFarlane had got through to Orchies or not. Any form of reconnaissance was impossible if we were to get there, as ordered, before daylight. We just had to push on at our best speed and hope for the best. The move showed how good units were becoming at any form of M.T. move by day or night and how good the Bde. Staff were becoming in getting them on the move and controlling their movement by means of the simplest of orders. Not a lorry broke down or lost the way, although the route was not easy and quite unknown. We started to arrive in Orchies by 0300 hrs. The town had already been bombed and not a light was showing. I had no idea where to find General Mason-MacFarlane but knew that he would leave me some indication. As I marched along the main street, I saw a blackboard propped against some railings with MAC scrawled on it in white chalk. I was extremely glad to see him and to find that the situation was better than might have been expected. Parts of two French Corps were still south of the R. Scarpe and the German Panzer divisions seemed for the moment more concerned with pushing straight on to the west, which they were doing with alarming rapidity, than with working up north behind the right rear of the B.E.F.

By 1130 hrs. the Bde. was in position behind the R. Scarpe, in touch with a French Moroccan Division on our left and with our right in the air. As usual, we had an enormous front to hold, over 21,000 yds., which precluded any depth or any reserves.

Mac Force was to consist of my own Brigade Gp. and two other Brigades of another Territorial Division. These two brigades had come out to France in April to work on the roads.

They had no signals, no carriers, no anti-tank guns or rifles and, of course, no artillery. Force H.Q. was an improvised affair with no office, no communications and no mess.

General Mason-MacFarlane and I, therefore, shared a H.Q. Bde. Signals provided the communications for the Force, my R.A. Regimental Comdr. became C.R.A., we lent the other two brigades some of our A. Tk. weapons and generally made do. I acted as Deputy Force Comdr. which set the G.O.C. free for the vital work of liaison with the various French formations in the vicinity and with British G.H.Q. under whose command we came directly. This distinctly improvised arrangement worked splendidly from the start in spite of the somewhat severe strain put on my Bde. H.Q. and signals. General Mason-MacFarlane was an inspiration to work under—tremendously energetic, cool, resourceful and immensely cheerful—often in the most uncheering circumstances.

On the evening of May 18th and on the 19th, the Bosche started extending the break-through further north and some of their armoured cars got as far as one of the main river crossings held by my Highlanders. They were, however, only bent on reconnaissance and withdrew at once when they found the bridges held.

On the 19th the situation deteriorated somewhat. The French troops to our front and flanks started to withdraw and the situation became distinctly obscure. We could get no touch with French Corps H.Q., so the General and I, each in a separate armoured car, went to seek them out. In modern war, it is essential that all Comdrs., from Brigade inclusive upwards, should have some form of mobile protection. I always had a section of carriers at Bde. H.Q. and could then always exchange my car for a protected vehicle if there appeared to be any likelihood of being waylaid by the odd patrol. We were glad we were not in an open car as, in a somewhat mixed situation, everyone was very light on the trigger. I took care to keep our Union Jack unfurled to the breeze. We found the French Corps Comdr. but he could tell us very little except that his troops were falling back everywhere in face of the mobile German advanced columns.

On our way back we saw a large force of German bombers dive-bombing the road just in front of us. We pulled in to the side and concealed our cars behind some houses. After an intense attack lasting only about five minutes, the bombers cleared off and we proceeded on our way. We found their target had been a French horsed transport column and they had made a terrible

mess of it. The French, always careless about march discipline of men and M.T., were particularly so as regards their cavalry and horse transport. On this occasion the carts were in a solid block head to tail with no spacing or intervals whatever. There was a deep ditch by the side of the road which prevented them getting off. The sudden air attack had taken them completely by surprise and the road and its vicinity was strewn with dead men and horses and shattered wagons.

The day was a memorable one for the Bde. as, in the space of 24 hours, we shot down 11 German aircraft, mostly by small-arms fire. They were very nervous about their northern flank and were flying very low for reconnaissance and also doing some dive and low-level bombing. All Bns. had souvenirs of iron crosses, German weapons, etc.

One of the pilots, a wounded officer, was brought in to Force H.Q. Whilst General Mason-MacFarlane was interrogating him. I looked through his pack. Every single item of his equipment was of the highest quality, even down to his pencil and india-rubber. The Germans certainly made certain that their fighting men had the best equipment possible down to every detail. That evening the General and I motored to St. Amand, the H.Q. of the French Corps and Division on our left. We went in my Humber brake, a grand type of utility car which is roomy, will stand any amount of knocking about and yet will do 90 if required. As soon as we debouched on to the main road we became engulfed in the refugee traffic, which had now become simply appalling. They were going in all directions. Many going north to get away from the westward push of the Panzer divisions—others going south from the path of the retreating Belgian Army—others going west in the path of the B.E.F. and French armies of the North and some even going East, having run into the Panzer divisions when they turned North-East towards the channel ports. This flight of refugees was the most pathetic thing I have ever seen—far worse than anything of the same nature in the last War. Young and old from whole villages and towns at a time suddenly took panic from the bombing or from rumours of the approach of German columns, piled a little luggage and some food into a car, a farm cart or even pram and took to the roads where hunger and exhaustion and the German bombers daily took toll of them. As the roads became more congested, their movement became slower and the pace became a slow shuffle. The French civil authorities appeared neither to try and stop them from refugeeing in the first case nor to try and control them

or divert them once they were on the roads. They were the greatest handicap to our movement, were fertile soil for rumours of alarm and despondency, affected the morale of the French troops very adversely and were a material factor in the final capitulation of France.

My English north country driver, good as he was, gazed appalled at the mass of humanity, carts, cars, etc., in front of us. General Mason-MacFarlane, with a glint of battle in his eye, got out from the back and took the wheel, and I got in the front seat beside him. We put the driver in the back. I had often driven with the General before and had vivid recollections of one very hairy drive from Delhi to Simla when our lights went wrong and we went up the Simla Hill in the dark. He drove very fast but always seemed to have a spare inch where you didn't think one existed. We had got to get to St. Amand and the refugees had got to get out of the way. We got there after a most hair-raising drive, sometimes trying the right of the road, then the left and sometimes running up the bank or on to the grass.

The Commander of the Moroccan Division had the reputation of being one of the coming French Generals. He was the youngest of the French Divisional Commanders, fit, hard and full of energy. Of all the French Comdrs. I met during those hectic few weeks, he impressed me the most. I wanted him to take over a bit of my very extended front. As soon as he heard the number of men I had and the length of Front I was holding, no time was wasted in arguing or wrangling. The whole thing was settled in a matter of minutes, and we were on our way home. It was now getting dark and our drive home, with the General again at the wheel, was even more difficult than the drive out. By this time in the evening the refugees were so weary that they were practically asleep on their feet and they were past caring whether they were machine-gunned from the air or run down by a car. No amount of hooting would make them budge.

We arrived back at Force H. Q. very weary in time for a late dinner. We were all beginning to feel the need of some sleep of which we had had little for several days; the situation was comparatively quiet on our front and it looked as though we were going to get some. After dinner, however, a code message was received from G.H.Q. saying that my brigade was to go back to our division on the R. Escant immediately. This was a bad blow for the Force Comdr. as we were the only one of his three brigades that had weapons, equipment and, above all, signals and D.R.s.

He got through to G.H.Q. by telephone, but they replied that the situation on the Escant was not good and that we must try and be back there by early next morning. In spite of the darkness, the very scattered line being held by the Brigade and the total unexpectedness of the order, we were on the move by midnight. I went ahead with one staff officer to Div. H.Q. at Toufflers, where I arrived at 0200 hrs. and found the Divisional Comdr. waiting up for me. He informed me that, since my departure to Macforce the forward Divs. of the B.E.F. had withdrawn through the Escant position and that we were now part of the rearguard. Yesterday morning the Bosche had attacked and got a footing over the river —which was the reason for our recall from Macforce. However, a counter-attack had just been put in by one of the forward brigades which had been completely successful and the situation was restored. I was to be in Div. Reserve.

We just had time to put in an hour's sleep before the Brigade arrived.

Bde. H.Q. was established in a lovely little house in Bouvines which, curiously enough, had been used by my brother as his Bn. H.Q. As soon as the Bde. had arrived, got into their billets and breakfasted, battalions started to reconnoitre approaches to forward brigades. I was called to a Div. Conference and received orders to take over from one of the leading Brigades that evening. Orders were issued and all arrangements made accordingly. Later in the afternoon, however, I was called again to Div. H.Q. where the Corps Comdr. was due at 1500 hrs. In view of the progress made by the German push to the Channel ports round our right rear and bad news from the Belgian Army, all previous orders were cancelled and a general withdrawal was ordered to the line of the Lille defences. The Lille defences were similar to those we had been holding on the Belgian frontier and consisted of an A. Tk. ditch, barbed wire and concrete pill-boxes. The Brigade had to occupy them soon after dark to cover the withdrawal of the two forward Brigades. As may be imagined, it took us all our time to cancel one operation and put into effect another and we had very little time to spare.

Lack of sleep was now becoming a really pressing problem. At Bde. H.Q. we had been on the go for several nights on end, and the days were full of recces., conferences and other vital matters. In the units C.O.s and seconds-in-command were made interchangeable, the second-in-command automatically attending a C.O.s conference at Bde. H.Q. if the C.O. was sleeping. In Bde.

H.Q. we had two-day sleeping hours—1000 to 1200 and 1400 to 1600—and members of the Bde. Staff, clerks, signals, etc., were detailed to sleep during one of those periods whenever we were not on the move. Sleep for the Brigadier was, however, not so easy, with frequent and necessary Divl. conferences as well as the working of the Bde.

The forward Brigadiers expected to have difficulty in breaking away but the counter-attack had shaken the Bosche and they came away at their leisure without being followed up. The morning of May 23rd found us working on the defences and watching for the Bosche advance. I spent the morning walking all round the forward posts which would be impossible to visit again once contact was gained.

During the late afternoon German patrols, making very clever use of the ground, gained contact all along the front. As soon as it was dark, out went the picked fighting patrols on the fronts of both Territorial battalions. They had varied adventures, gained much experience and confidence, and sustained no casualties either from the Bosche or our own side, which was satisfactory. Early in the morning the Bosche put in a heavy raid supported by mortars and infantry guns. They were extremely good at getting their heavy mortars and forward guns into action quickly. There was a great deal of noise, which is definitely part of the stock-in-trade of the modern German soldier—Tommy guns blazing, rockets, flares and shouting with the idea of causing demoralization and confusion. They failed, however, to cross the ditch anywhere. Our casualties were slight.

Every day, of course, German reconnaissance aircraft were over early, followed by the bombers, if targets had been located. The strictest discipline was required to conceal Bde. H.Q. No sentries paraded at the gate, nor were there any conspicuous flags hung out. All transport was parked at least half a mile away and no cars, except those of Brigadiers and over, were allowed to draw up at the gate. At the approach of aircraft all ranks got under cover and stood still; all this was very irksome and needed continual attention. It paid, however, hands down and Bde. H.Q. was never deliberately bombed. Battalion H.Q. took similar precautions; they were easier to conceal from the air and only one of them was deliberately bombed.

During May 24th there was a good deal of hostile air recce., and a certain amount of bombing. Enemy artillery were ranging and started harassing fire on roads and bridges. On the 25th we

were put on half rations and started to live on the country. The position of the B.E.F. now appeared distinctly grim. All mails from Home had long ago ceased. The refugees were a great nuisance and made movement very difficult. They did, however, give one some indication of the approach of German aircraft which were very active. The R.A.F. with all their advanced landing grounds and installations in the hands of the Bosche were operating under a great handicap. One would be struggling along a crowded road in the Bde. car when suddenly one would see the refugees scatter in front all over the countryside. The driver would pull up sharply at the side of the road and into the ditch we would all go as the aircraft swept down the road bombing and machine-gunning. Then into the car and on our way hoping that we should not find broken lorries or other obstructions blocking the road.

May 26th still found us holding the positions we had taken up on the 22nd and we were nowhere seriously pressed. Owing to further French withdrawals, however, we readjusted our position in places and I formed a joint Bde. H.Q. with my neighbouring Brigadier in an old and very strong French fort. This was a dark chasm of a place and very conspicuous, but it was very strong and proof against anything but the very heaviest bombs and shells. The only snag in it was that it was approached by a narrow and vulnerable bridge. However, the other Bde. had been shelled out of its H.Q. and it was only a matter of time before ours was also discovered in view of the complete German local air superiority.

We found this principle of a combined Bde. H.Q. an excellent one in this type of operation. It ensured close liaison and when a withdrawal had to be carried out at short notice, in the absence of any but the shortest orders, it proved of the greatest value. Such an occasion arose the next day, May 27th, when a staff officer from Div. H.Q. arrived at our fort with a verbal order that the division was to withdraw that night to the R. Lys around Armentieres. He heaved a sigh of relief when he found both rear Bde. H. Q. together and in half an hour we sketched out together the plan of withdrawal. The other Brigade had had its main road bridge destroyed the night before, which left it only one improvised bridge and a difficult getaway. We arranged to continue our joint H.Q. and that the other Brigade should start withdrawing as soon as it got dark, covered by my Bde. which should hold on for another three hours and then act as rearguard to the Div.

Both Bdes. had to pass through Lille which had been very heavily bombed and was ablaze. We pressed for very strict traffic control through the town and for our road to be kept clear and the Div. Staff Officer went off to arrange this. As always, in these operations with all bns. on a wide front and with very congested roads the difficulty was to get orders out to the troops in sufficient time for them to make their arrangements before dark. There could be no question of written orders. Whenever possible C.O.s were called in to Bde. H. Q. and the plan explained to them verbally—this was far the most effective method as they were then in a position to act intelligently in the spirit of the order if things went wrong, as of course they often did. Failing this, orders in note form with marked maps were sent out by liaison officers. We had three liaison officers permanently attached to Bde H.Q. and they were invaluable. They had to be good on a motor cycle, intelligent and of strong physique as their duties were extremely arduous. It is useless for units to detail officers for this work in whom they have no confidence and who merely act as D.R.s. Before dark the Staff Capt. and I.O. went back to Le Bizet to open our new H.Q. and get in touch with Div. H.Q. We got away soon after dark, better than we expected with the usual contretemps which always occur in such an operation. Here again the joint Bde. H.Q. proved its value. The other Bde. Staff checked their own units through, whilst my staff controlled the preliminary moves of the rearguard. Half a bn. of the other Bde. failed to appear. How long should we delay the rearguard for them? We settled half an hour, which was the limit we could do with safety. Actually they had missed their way and fetched up on our route later.

Our rear party consisted of the carriers of all three bns. brigaded under one of the seconds-in-command with a certain number of A. Tk. guns. The latter were essential—the only trouble being that they were very immobile and clumsy in the dark as they were towed by lorries and they could not, therefore, go where the carriers could. The night was pitchy dark and the position an extremely difficult one to get away from undiscovered as our bank of the river was low and bare and the Bosche side high and wooded. However, all battalions got away splendidly. The carriers did their job well and imposed another two hours' delay, giving us a good, clear start. In the distance the fires of Lille lit up the night sky. We hoped that the traffic control through the bottleneck would prove effective and that the bridge over the river was still intact. I pushed ahead in the car to see. The road into

Lille was clear and the Divl. Provost, though there were not nearly enough of them, were piquetting it. I told them to block the side roads with some carts and went on to have a look at the bridge. The Bosche aircraft had, we knew, been making a dead set at it. It was still intact but a French Cavalry Bde. which had somehow come in from a side road, was halted right on it, completely blocking the road. Men and horses were dead beat and some of the men were asleep on the horses, others lying or sitting by the roadside. We left the car and found our way through to the front where we found the French Cavalry Bde. Comdr., explained the situation and got him to get his bde. on the move. Then we went back into Lille and met the first bn. of the Bde., marching along in good order. Behind them, however, instead of the rest of the Bde., came a solid mass of French troops. The worst had happened and a whole French Division had cut across on to our road. It was quite impossible to get past them and we could only turn the car and try to get on to our new H.Q. French troops and refugees were, by this time, pouring in from the side streets and we progressed at a funeral pace in a solid block of men, horses, M.T. vehicles and French horsed transport. We had lost touch with the other Bde. H.Q.; with all bns. and with the rest of our Bde. H. Q. After a bit we caught up with a British M.T. Column halted and unable to get on. Everything came to a full-stop and we were still 10 miles from our destination. We left my driver and batman with the car, telling them to come along later if the road cleared and, if not, to leave the car and come on themselves. Myself with my B.M., French interpreter and Asstt. Staff Capt. took to the road and started to thread our way through the mass of halted lorries, horses and cars. Occasionally they moved forward a few hundred yards and then stopped. At 0400 hrs. we arrived at our new H.Q. at Le Bizet, discovered the line we were to hold and went off to reconnoitre it.

By 0900 hrs. all units of the Bde. Gp. had arrived more or less intact, the infantry having marched the best part of 30 miles under extremely difficult conditions. The rear party was completely lost, having found a bridge down and been compelled to take another road. After many wanderings and one or two encounters with Bosche Armd. Cars they turned up later in the day.

There was no question of rest, and, after a hasty breakfast, bns. took up their positions and started digging in. Fortunately the Bosche were even more tired than we were and followed up slowly. The German bombers got some good targets on the congested roads.

I visited bns. and found all ranks in splendid heart. The Staff Capt. and Bde. Supply Officer, as usual, achieved the seemingly impossible and produced rations and petrol from nowhere.

In the afternoon my car, complete with driver, batman and kit, rolled up intact and I went off to Div. H.Q. to see if there were any orders for the next day. The roads were a solid block of troops, mostly French, and refugees, and movement was extraordinarily slow and difficult. Div. H.Q. had been out of touch with Corps since mid-day the day before and could not get touch with the Div. on our left, which should have been in touch with the left of my Bde. The G.I. went off to try and find Corps whilst I went to try and find the Div. on our left. Eventually we ran them to earth. The G.I., killed a few days later, had been a fellow student of mine at Camberley. He had just received orders that the withdrawal was to be continued at 2200 hrs., his Div. and ours withdrawing together. It was then 1700 hrs. and there was no time to be wasted as I knew our Div. H.Q. knew nothing about it. I marked my map from the G.I.'s, took a brief note of the orders and started back to Div. H.Q. as fast as possible.

Just as we were entering a town some two miles from Div. H.Q. the Bosche started shelling us. There was no way round and we had to make a dash for it. Compared with the last War, the shelling we had experienced had been negligible but I still retain a good idea of the sound a shell made that was going to fall fairly close. As we approached the centre of the town, I heard one such and told the driver to stop and everyone to take cover.

The Bde. I.O. thought I was being rather fussy and was somewhat leisurely in his movements; the rest of us darted into the nearest house which had quite a good cellar. The I.O. then realised his danger, but was just too late—he fell down the steps of the cellar with a nasty wound in the leg. The shell burst right over the car, killing two British soldiers. One nasty jagged fragment went clear through the near front door of the car and out at the driver's door. We got to work on the I.O. with a first field dressing and some morphia which I always carried on me.

The Bosche had now got the main square taped and was pumping in shells at regular intervals. The situation was unpleasant as we had to get the I.O. away and ourselves get to Div. H.Q. We spotted a couple of ambulance men—grand fellows who, in spite of the shelling, produced an ambulance, brought it right up to the door and evacuated our casualty. We then made a dash for our car, which we found to be undamaged except for

the one splinter which would have removed myself and the driver. The G.I. had not returned and the Div. Comdr. and Staff were getting a bit of well-earned sleep. I woke them up and we started to make a hurried plan of withdrawal, which had to be of the simplest as time was very short. My Bde. was again to do rear-guard. We were several times held up by bombers on our way back to the Bde. H.Q.

In the middle of getting out orders there was some fairly close bombing and a whole French cavalry squadron galloped into the farm where we had been at considerable pains to try and conceal the vehicles of Bde. H.Q. The place bristled with horses and men and was a target a bomber might dream of. This was too much. I addressed the squadron commander in a few honeyed words of bad French mixed with Urdu and he removed his command to a place less vulnerable to all concerned.

These withdrawals from river lines always involved many bridge demolitions which were magnificently carried out by the Div. R.E. for which the C.R.E. and his senior Asstt. got well-deserved D.S.O.s. They also entailed some difficult decisions on the part of Brigadiers as to when to give the order to blow—particularly when Bosche advanced parties were seen approaching a bridge whilst some of our troops were still on the other side.

It was now, of course, generally known throughout the Bde. that the Belgians had ceased fighting, that the Bosche had got most of the Channel Ports and that the B.E.F. was to attempt to re-embark at Dunkirk.

Once again, in spite of necessarily sketchy orders, battalions got away splendidly soon after dark. There was a tremendous burst of firing and at zero hour one bn. was delayed over an hour but again the Bosche failed to maintain contact and did not press us unduly. The march, which was again nearly 30 miles for the rearmost units, was even worse than the night before. The roads were completely blocked by troops, transport and refugees. Again we had to abandon the Bde. car and take to our feet. At 0800 hrs. we were still walking and still five miles from the place I had to meet the Div. Comdr. for orders. A most intelligent D.R. then nosed me out with a note from him telling me to get on the back of the bike and come along as soon as possible. Amid waves and cheers from the Bde. Staff, we set off on a journey which was almost as precarious as that we had had at St. Amant with General Mason-MacFarlane. The D.R. had been a dirt-track rider in

civil life and was in his element. We darted under horses' necks, skidded round lorries, butted people in the back and eventually fetched up at a small pub where I found the Divl. Comdr.

The Bde. was to be collected on arrival into a rest area in the vicinity of Rexpoed village, behind another division. All kits and surplus equipment were to be destroyed, and orders were to issue later from Div. H.Q. for a further withdrawal during the night into the Dunkirk Salient. The difficulty was going to be to get these orders out to units and for units to collect their men who were now spread over many miles of road. Our invaluable liaison officers had stuck to me like glue and they went off to contact C.O.s and give them their Battalion R.V.s which we chose off the map. The B.M. and I set off on foot to find a suitable Bde. H.Q. and to try and collect information of the whereabouts and progress of battalions.

In the midst of our wanderings, to our joy, we came across the old brigade car, complete with driver and my batman, both tired and dirty and full of oaths, but smiling and cheerful, as is the way of the British soldier in adversity.

By 1300 hrs. the bulk of the Bde. had been collected in their areas, having been marching continually since 2100 hrs. the previous night. The men got a meal, lookouts and A.A. sentries were posted, and by 1500 hrs. the remainder got down to some well-earned sleep. Each bn. had a pln. of the A. Tk. Coy. with them.

The Highland Bn., which had been doing rearguard to the Bde., was practically complete, the other two bns. which had been mixed up in the worst of the traffic jam had still a good many missing. One Bde. of the Division was entirely lost and we never saw them again until we got back to England. They missed their way somehow, failed to connect up with the remainder of the Div. and got back to Dunkirk on their own.

There was a conference at Div. H.Q. at noon, and I lunched there afterwards and met the Div. Comdr. whose Div. was holding the line in front of my Bde. He had been one of my Instructors at Camberley, and is now commanding a Corps in England. He said he would call on me if he was pressed and wanted assistance, but that nothing of the sort appeared likely as everything seemed quiet on his front. Except for the presence of Bosche aircraft at frequent intervals and for a certain amount of bombing, very few noises of battle could be heard.

I returned to Bde. H.Q., found everything settled in there and dropped my batman and my kit with instructions that he was

to sort out one or two of my cherished possessions and burn everything else. The Staff Capt. and Bde. Supply Officer went off to arrange for rations and petrol and the Bde. Major and the head clerk, not without a certain amount of relish, set about the destruction of every book and manual, every Army Form and bit of paper we possessed at Bde. H.Q. The typewriters were broken up and we were left with such maps as we needed, and with notebooks and message pads. We carried on like this quite happily for many weeks.

As may be imagined, the reply to every awkward query for months afterwards as to why we had not complied with such and such a document was invariably: "It is much regretted that all reference to the matter in question was destroyed at Dunkirk." As we had not got orders for the next move, I sent the Asstt. Staff Capt. to Divl. H.Q. to wait there until he got them. My car driver was in need of a rest, and I left him behind. About 1530 hrs. taking the Bde. Transport Officer with me, I set off to visit bns. which I had not been able to do since they had got in. They had by now all had instructions that our next move would take us inside the Dunkirk Salient and that only essential transport, such as carriers and wireless sets, could be taken and that all other transport was to be systematically and thoroughly destroyed forthwith.

With the Bde. Transport Officer driving we made for Rexpoed. We saw two of the C.O.s and were on our way to the third when we heard sounds of firing and two very excited soldiers ran up and said that German Tanks had broken through the Div. in front and had just entered Rexpoed. I thought this unlikely as we had only just left the place, but we turned to get back to Bde. H.Q. to see if any information had come in. We had not gone 100 yds. before we saw German tanks coming out of Rexpoed and going in the direction of Bde. H.Q. Our road in that direction was blocked. We turned again and made for the H.Q. of the Highland Bn. which we had been on our way to before, but saw two German tanks coming down the road. Only one road was now possible—the one that lead to the other Bde. of my Div. Never had the Bde. Transport Officer turned a car on a narrow road in such a quick time. We sped along at racing speed and got clear just in time as German tanks debouched on the road behind us.

On the way to the other Bde. H.Q. we warned a Fd. Bty. of what was afoot and they soon spotted some tanks and started shooting at them.

On my arrival at the other Bde. H.Q. the Brigadier had just had information from his battalions that they were engaged with German mobile forces. I borrowed his wireless set and explained the situation to the Div. Comdr. We then set off for Div. H.Q. which I knew my Bde. H.Q. would try and contact if they could.

Meanwhile the German troops, consisting of tanks and mobile infantry, after leaving parties to mop up my bns., had gone straight on to my Bde. H.Q. where they arrived about 1700 hrs. The B.M. was in the office and my batman had the whole of my kit laid out on the grass trying to make out what items he should try and salve and what he should destroy. The problem was solved for him by the tanks which destroyed the whole lot and Bde. H.Q. into the bargain. The B.M., with my batman driving, leapt into a car and got into action two 2-pdr. A. Tk. guns which were only a few hundred yards away. They stayed with them directing their fire and encouraging them, with my batman doing runner and odd job man as casualties became heavy. The guns fought splendidly and knocked out two or three tanks before they were knocked out themselves with almost every man of the gun crews killed or wounded.

The B.M. got a M.C. and my batman a M.M. for this very gallant little action.

The B.M. then got away what he could of Bde. H.Q. and tried to get through to Div. H.Q. where he hoped he might get news of me if I had managed to avoid the German tanks.

I arrived at Div. H.Q. just as he called up on the wireless. He had established another H.Q. in a village further back, but had lost all the other officers of the Bde. Staff with the exception of the Signal Officer. Div. H.Q. was becoming distinctly unhealthy, and the Div. Comdr. decided that he would move to my new Bde. H.Q. and form a joint H.Q. with me. The next decision was how to get there? My Asstt. Signal Officer had just blown in. He was certain that the left-hand road was clear as he had just come that way, but suggested he should do a bit of preliminary scouting on a push-bike. He set off and never returned so we took the other road. We learnt later that he had walked straight into the Bosche and been taken prisoner.

All went well with us on the other road until we came upon a troop of A. Tk. guns to which my Staff Capt. had attached himself. They had been having, and were apparently still having, a little private battle, with some German tanks up the road. They appeared quite pleased with the way the battle was going, but

the trouble was it was right on the road we had to take to the new H.Q. and very close to it. We got on to the B.M. on the wireless and moved him to a more suitable spot where we eventually joined him about 2100 hrs. The night was as obscure as the situation, the only bright spot being that all bns. knew the general intention and would, I knew, conform to it to the best of their ability if they were able. Liaison Officers and D.R.s had been sent out to try and gain contact with battalions.

At 2300 hrs. I held a conference at Bde. H.Q. which was attended by the C.O. of one battalion, the 2nd-in-Command of another and the Intelligence Officer of the Highland Bn. The latter had got through with the greatest difficulty as the battalion was closely surrounded by the Germans. The story of the afternoon's happenings was briefly as follows:

All Bns. had been attacked by tanks and mobile infantry in their rest areas about 1645 hrs. The attack broke through the troops in front of us so suddenly that they were unable to give us any warning. The battalion H.Q. of one of the Territorial Bns. had been heavily attacked and set on fire. Both Territorial Bns. had withdrawn a few miles and had had a number of casualties but both had managed to knock out a few tanks. They were not being pressed, although German forces were about between them and Bde. H.Q. They anticipated no trouble in continuing the withdrawal and I ordered them to get on with it immediately and aim at being within the Dunkirk defences at given R.V.s as soon after daylight as possible.

The Highland Bn. were in much worse case. They had been attacked and surrounded about 1645 hrs. by German tanks and Infantry.

Before bns. went into their rest areas, I had detailed to each of them a platoon of the Bde.—25-mm. A. Tk. guns using the 2-pdr. Anti-Tk. Bty. to give depth to the A. Tk. defence and to protect Bde. H.Q.

The Highlanders had put up a grand fight, resisting strongly every time the Bosche tried to close in. All their 25-mm. guns had been knocked out, but they employed their A. Tk. rifles with good effect and spoke very highly of the hitting power of this weapon. The Adjt., an extremely good shot with any weapon, had fired 40 rds. himself—and the German tanks didn't like it. Eventually, they had ceased their attacks but the bn. was now closely surrounded with all the roads blocked. Casualties had been heavy both in Officers and men.

I sent the I.O. back and also another officer by a different route with orders that they were to split up into small parties and break through under cover of darkness and join me at a given R.V. early next morning. The successful extrication of the bn. was in a large part due to the Bn. Intelligence Officer who wormed his way through again with the orders. He got a well-deserved M.C. and later became Bde. I.O. and then O.C. A. Tk. Coy. His sudden death later, after a short illness, was a great loss. Both Divl. Comdrs. were in the room whilst the conference had been going on, the other division having started its withdrawal through us as soon as it got dark.

In the Bde. our casualties in A. Tk. weapons had been heavy. We lost all our 25-mm. guns in the action and most of the 2-pdrs. Although heavily outnumbered they gave a very good account of themselves but would naturally have done better if they (the 25-mms. especially) had had more previous practice in firing their guns. We could have done with many more of them.

After "dinner"—a sandwich and a whiskey-and-soda—at 0030 hrs. the Divl. Comdr. held a conference. He had still no news of the missing Bde. but the other Bde. which had been behind me had not been pressed after dark and was withdrawing according to plan.

The conference was attended by the Div. Comdr. and the G.I. and myself and my B.M. Its object was to decide on the next move of Div. and Bde. H.Q. German mobile forces were now well inside the Div. area and might well be already astride our road back to Dunkirk. We had only a handful of soldiers with us, the remains of my Bde. protective pln. and a couple of 2-pdr. guns. If we waited where we were until daylight we could be of no further assistance to the troops and might well get both H.Q.s captured. We decided to move back inside the Dunkirk defences at 0300 hrs. (May 30th).

The conference had not been going five minutes before loud snores came from my B.M. who had fallen asleep in his chair. We decided to call it a day and get an hour's sleep. My Bde. H.Q. was sadly reduced. The Bde. Supply Officer, Asstt. Staff Capt. and both Signal Officers were missing, but all but one of them, who had been captured, joined up next day. The Intelligence Officer had been wounded the day before and was one of the last of the casualties to be evacuated to England. Both French interpreters had been taken prisoner, but escaped by

crawling down a sewer and both joined up with me again next day.

I felt confident that the bulk of the bns. would get back all right during the night. They had a lot of practice in night movement and the Bosche force which had attacked us appeared to be split up and disorganised and had suffered considerable casualties.

At 0300 hrs. we got on the move and established another H.Q. with Div. H.Q. just inside the Dunkirk defences. All bns. withdrew successfully, the Highlanders having a sharp engagement in the early morning. Although very weary, they were in great spirits and longed to have another go at the Bosche. The C.O. got an immediate D.S.O., the Adjt. an M.C. and a number of men in all battalions got D.C.M.s and M.M.s. It was very hard to ascertain the number of casualties we had suffered, particularly as a large number of men had got separated from their units in the dark and marched through to Bray where they automatically came under the control of the embn. authorities and were not allowed to rejoin the Bde. Actually our total casualties in the Bde. were under 500, and in the Bde. Gp. about 700.

As soon as bns. had reported in, Bde. H.Q. moved back and the B.M. and I motored and walked down to Bray with the idea of trying to collect any of our men who might be there. We found large parties from all three bns. but the Embn. Comdt. (quite rightly) refused to relinquish them as he wanted to embark as many troops as possible as soon as shipping of any sort became available.

The scene on the beaches and in the Salient has been described by better pens than mine. The beaches were a mass of men and it is amazing, in view of the determined efforts made by the Bosche air force to prevent our embarkation, that there were comparatively so few casualties there. Behind the beaches there was a scene of widespread devastation caused by the German bombers and by our own wholesale destruction of our transport and equipment.

Dunkirk, incessantly bombed and badly battered, was ablaze a few miles to the West. In the afternoon I was called to Div. H.Q. and ordered to reconnoitre a final position at Dunkirk for the rear parties of the B.E.F. to hold immediately before embarkation. The Bde. car was almost on its last legs and made a loud roaring noise like a badly broken-winded horse. It was dark when I got back with my report and, whilst going through it with

the Divl. Comdr., orders came through from Corps that the Div. was to be prepared to embark at Bray at 2300 hrs. We ran the old Bde. car right on to the beach before we smashed her up. The embarkation was run entirely by the Embarkation Comdt. and his Staff and was most efficiently done considering the numerous difficulties he had to face. At the last minute, owing to shortage of shipping at Bray, the greater portion of the Bde. was moved along to Dunkirk. The remainder, with my Bde. H.Q. and Divl. H.Q., embarked at Bray. We filed down on to the beach and then along a narrow plankway jutting upwards of 100 yds. out to sea. We stood there for two solid hours—almost the most wearisome two hours we had had, and then marched back again as the tide was too low for the ships to get in.

About 0230 hrs. a Bosche bty. started shelling the beaches with the greatest accuracy. We burrowed into the sand and the shooting stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The casualties were carried up to the dressing station and we again sat down to wait. At first light the German bombers started to appear and we could then see the mass of craft of all descriptions from destroyers downwards standing by to take us off. A young naval officer pointed out to me a large 16-oar ship's boat lying well up the beach and asked me to get 20 men into it and pull out to any ship we liked. My B.M. and myself, driver, batman, D.R. and 15 private soldiers started to shove it into the water. Except for my B.M. and myself none of the others had ever been in a small boat before. As soon as it started to bob about on the water, everyone jumped in with the result that it settled hard on to the sand again. We tried again with the same result. Eventually, after wading chest-high in water, we got her afloat. Our troubles, however, had then only started. The tide was low with a choppy sea and the ships had to stand some way out. I settled my crew down to their oars with the B.M. as stroke. No one except the B.M. had ever handled an oar before. It was not exactly a propitious moment to learn rowing but they soon learnt that the description I read once in a novel regarding the mighty doings of the hero in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, "All rowed fast but none so fast as he," was undoubtedly an unwise method of procedure and resulted in a tangle of oars and little progress. I stood in the stem shouting "one, two—in, out" after the style of the commentator of the boat race and eventually, with many painful lapses, we started to move. I steered for the longest and narrowest destroyer which was lying furthest out, regardless of the suggestions that we should board some of the fatter, more

comfortable-looking craft lying nearer in. My crew stuck nobly to their oars and, after a bit, we got on terms with the Divl. Comdr.'s boat, which was being regally towed out, and finally passed her.

Climbing on board that destroyer was almost like setting foot on England. The sailors from the Comdr. downwards were simply marvellous. Our R.A.F. fighters made the most gallant efforts to keep the bombing down but, operating as they were from aerodromes in England, they could only spend a very short time in the battle area before they had to go back and refuel. The ship did not weigh anchor until 0600 hrs. by which time they had taken on board as many men as it would possibly hold. The Comdr. gave the Div. Comdr. and myself his own cabin and, in a few minutes, the Div. Comdr. and G. I. were fast asleep. I was somehow too tired for sleep and lay listening to the din of the bursting bombs and the battle of the ship's A. A. armament as we zigzagged our way across the channel.

We arrived at Dover at 0900 hrs. on the 31st of May. Train after train drew in at the station; we were bundled in without any attempt at sorting out the different units and departed to an unknown destination. The whole of the train arrangements were excellent. Kind voluntary helpers at various stations supplied us with all the food and drink we could possibly want and, at 1800 hrs., we arrived at one of the B.E.F. sorting depots which I found to be commanded by an old friend of mine, who made me extremely comfortable. The remainder of the Bde. were scattered in similar depots all over the country. Two days later I was informed by the War Office of my Brigade's concentration area in the North of England and went up there immediately.

So ended this amazing campaign which lasted in all 22 days from the time the Germans invaded Belgium until we arrived in Dover. During this short time the French, Dutch and Belgian armies had been decisively defeated. The Dutch and Belgian armies had laid down their arms and it appeared unlikely that the French Army would put up very much further resistance. The B.E.F., never defeated in the field, and always able to hold their own when attacked, had been forced into retreat by the sudden German break-through of the French on our right, thus exposing our right flank, the whole of the L. of C., aerodromes, supply depots, etc., and giving the Germans access to the channel ports. Our Air Force were compelled to vacate their forward aerodromes, leaving the German Air Force in a very strong position of which they took full advantage. The B.E.F., in addition

to suffering a large number of casualties in men, lost the whole of their guns and equipment and were driven into the sea. There is no doubt that we had suffered a major military disaster. Nevertheless, the whole weight of the immensely numerically superior German Army and Air Force had failed to break the small British force and was unable to prevent it from re-embarking. This in itself was a stupendous military operation reflecting the greatest credit on the British Navy and Mercantile Marine and on the R.A.F. as well as on the British soldier, who had shown that 20 years of peace and prosperity had not dimmed his fighting qualities.

The British soldier felt that he was at least the equal of the German whenever they had met on anything like level terms.

For the above reasons Dunkirk will always remain an epic in the history of British Arms.

As regards my own Brigade, I felt extremely pleased with the way they had stood the test. Scarcely more than half trained when the operations started, they had marched and countermarched, moved long distances on foot and M.T. by day and night and finally carried out a series of difficult rearguard operations in contact with the enemy with considerable credit. They had gained confidence in themselves and had learnt more about war in three weeks than in many months of training under peace conditions. There were, however, still large gaps in their training which would have to be filled before they reached the standard required.

It would be as well to pause here to consider some of the lessons we had gained from this short but very decisive campaign.

We must give full credit to the German Army for their devastating offensive. They had been allowed years of preparation and training for it and they had made full use of them. Personally I have no patience with those who belittle the Germans or who try and make out that the thoroughness of their methods, the rigorousness of their training, their insistence on efficiency and the determination with which they press home their attacks are not in accordance with British characteristics and that we should search for other methods. Success in modern war is not obtained without efficiency and completeness of preparation and ruthless drive and determination on the battlefield. We should examine all the German methods and those we consider admirable from a military point of view we should adopt or improve upon.

The chief factor in the German success was their realisation of the power of the tank and how to use it in large numbers and for deep penetration or wide flanking moves. This was merely the teaching of our own soldiers who had originally developed the tank. General Fuller never ceased to advocate a higher and higher degree of mechanisation. The Germans merely worked on these ideas and put them into practice. In suitable tank country the only real answer to the tank is the tank or a very large number of mobile A. Tk. guns, which then become really very akin to an inferior type of tank themselves. Once they had achieved a break-through, the German Panzer divisions met with little real opposition as the French tanks, quite good in themselves, were not organised or trained to operate in large numbers and were distributed about the place in penny packets.

The second big factor in the German success, to my mind, was the way in which their bombers co-operated closely with the ground troops on the battlefield. This demanded a high standard of training and a policy of decentralisation and trust in comparatively junior commanders. A Bde. Comdr. was empowered to call bombers on to a target without his demand having to go through several other channels. It is of little use bombing to influence next week's battle when the result of this week's battle is still in doubt. Our Army and Air co-operation on the battlefield did not appear to me to have reached anything like such a high standard. The R.A.F. were, of course, soon operating under such disadvantageous conditions that this comparison may hardly be a fair one.

This decentralisation to and trust in junior commanders is a feature of modern German leadership and was a big factor in the speed of their advance. Young commanders, well forward in the advance, encouraged to use their initiative; short verbal orders and the free and commonsense use of wireless, were all factors in the German success which we can copy with advantage.

The use of wireless is a point worth mentioning. The Germans used their wireless with the greatest freedom in mobile operations, seldom bothering to use code in a fluid situation. We suffered constantly from enforced wireless silence and from having to encode practically everything. We can, and have, learnt much from the German use of their wireless.

To turn for a minute to the French Army, of which my Bde. saw more than most. Several extremely interesting books have been written on the subject of the sudden and dramatic collapse

of what had been considered by many people the finest army in the world. It struck me on first arrival in France that the French soldier had carried his sloppiness of bearing and turnout to extremes. I am sure that our insistence on good saluting, good turnout and carriage and on drill pay dividends in times of stress. The first French soldier I saw at Cherburgh was on sentry duty; he was smoking a cigarette, hands in his pockets and his rifle leaning against the sentry-box. He saluted very perfunctorily officers of his own army but took not the slightest notice of those of other nationalities, whatever their rank. True he was not in the front line, but it gave an impression of apathy and indiscipline. When active operations actually started, one noticed at once their lack of any sort of march discipline and A.A. precautions which laid them open to heavy casualties from the low bomber. They realised early on that their weapons and equipment were far inferior to the German and they appeared to lose confidence both in themselves and their commanders. The latter, particularly the Divl. Comdrs., appeared in most cases to be much too old to stand up to the racket of modern war. There were, of course, notable exceptions in the commanders, as there were in the troops. Some of the latter we came across fought most gallantly after enduring incredible privations in the way of long marches and lack of sleep. They were undoubtedly very much affected by the state of the mass of refugees on the roads and troops and refugees appeared to affect one another with a virus of apathy and defeatism.

In the British Army the C.-in-C. was determined that commanders of active formations should be young and fit men. Having been attached to a Bde. Staff in France for a short time in the last war I could compare what an immensely greater strain there was on a Brigadier in this war. I worked out roughly that in the first 18 days of the operations, I got an average of three hours' sleep in the 24 and, in the last four days, an average of only half an hour. This was in itself a big strain and I personally—and I know many other Brigadiers say the same—have had to do far more walking both on the road and across country in these days of mechanisation than I ever did in the days of the horse.

Our arms and equipment were first-class in almost every particular. I should have liked a heavier mortar in the Bde. as the Bosche had, and some machine-guns and Bofors guns as part of the Bde. also. The Bde. Comdr. also badly needs a section

of carriers which he can use to get about in with a certain amount of security against odd patrols in this war of no fronts.

Absolute physical fitness of officers and men is an essential in modern war—fitness of a far higher degree than we have hitherto regarded as adequate.

My wife joined me on the 1st June and we had two quiet days before I went to reform the Bde. in our new area. In those critical times there was no question of leave beyond 48 hours as, if ever Hitler had a chance to invade England, now was the time before the B.E.F. could be re-equipped.

I found Bde. H.Q. starting to assemble in a delightful little English village with the battalions in excellent camps in the vicinity. The weather was hot and rainless. The Bde. Office was in the village hall; the officers and their wives lived in the village pub next door and my wife and I were given a lovely cottage. fully furnished and completely modernised and equipped.

Officers and men gradually started to rejoin from the various sorting depots to which they had been despatched. At that time we could not tell exactly the extent of our casualties. People we had thought to be killed or prisoners suddenly rolled up from nowhere. Three subalterns, who had been taken prisoner on May 29th, escaped shortly after we had re-embarked, made their way to the coast, got away in a rowing boat and were picked up in the Channel. I lost only two Officers of my Bde. Staff—the Intelligence Officer wounded and signal officer a prisoner.

We had not a form or a typewriter in the office and functioned with note-books and carbon paper—which resulted in everything getting done so quickly that the clerks were able to get some exercise instead of staying in the office until all hours. The men rolled up with nothing but their gas masks—their rifles, mostly affected by sea water, had been taken from them at the sorting depots. There was an imminent threat of invasion and there was not a weapon or a round of ammunition in the Bde. On June 17th, the French Army laid down their arms. It was a depressing time from every point of view.

The Bde. now went through its lowest period. After the strain and strenuous days of Dunkirk the men were suffering a reaction. They had been treated as heroes on arrival Home and it had been somewhat overdone. We had lost a good many N.C.O.s and the Territorial Battalions particularly were very short of trained instructors.

I had hoped that we should be made up to strength with trained officers and men but all bns. got large drafts of less than half trained men with no N.C.O.s. In addition, all B.E.F. bns. had to send off four officers and a large number of N.C.O.s to newly forming battalions and there was a constant drain on officers and N.C.O.s for every form of job. If the bns. had been fully trained, with trained N.C.O.s and instructors before we went to France, they might have competed with this situation—as it was, it needed a hard and sustained effort on the part of all ranks to pull the show together. It was long and uphill work but the Army, Corps and Divl. Schools for officers and N.C.O.s effected a very marked improvement. I never allowed a bn. to refuse a vacancy and always asked for more. They protested and groaned and we got many a raspberry for sending insufficiently prepared people on courses. There were just not the instructors available in the Bde. to train them.

After a time, however, the policy started to pay dividends and, by the time I left the Bde., nearly every Coy. Comdr. and a proportion of the subalterns had been through a platoon or Coy. Commander's course at a school and large numbers of N.C.O.s had been trained.

I had all my original C.O.s which was, of course, a tremendous help in getting things going again. My Bde. Staff had once again to be almost entirely reconstituted. The B.M., having had his M.C. duly presented by H.M. The King at Buckingham Palace, went off as G. II to the Division and later as an Instructor to the Staff College. The Staff Captain, who had survived Dunkirk in spite of being far from fit, had to have a rest and was replaced by the "Q" learner who had been understudying him for four months and was all ready to step into the job. The Bde. Transport Officer went as second-in-command to one of the new battalions.

During the summer we were detached from the Division and came into command reserve. We got some excellent training in splendid training country.

Mid-September, when the air battle over Britain hung in the balance, found us all ready for the expected invasion. The winter found us on the coast—and I think we left it considerably more unpleasant to land upon than we found it. In March we got some useful training with tanks and had got ahead of us a strenuous summer's training programme. The Brigade was fit, hard, cheerful and ready for anything, but still with some gaps

in their training that would be filled as time and opportunity offered.

Suddenly the cable arrived ordering me back to India. A year is a long time to be with one formation in war-time. We had been places and seen things together, shared our triumphs and disasters and I left them with the greatest regret.

And now, for the battle of the Atlantic—and having survived that, the war in the East. The news that reaches us on board is scanty but we hear sufficient to realise that big things are afoot which will call from India every bit as high a war effort as is being undertaken so wholeheartedly at Home.

COMBINED OPERATIONS—SEA, LAND AND AIR

By Auspex

The object of all combined operations must be to further the interests of all, of two, or of one of the three services. In the last case, it may be any one of the three, and the methods of furthering the interests of all or any are legion. It does not seem that we have really examined the whole problem. At present we think in terms of a navy operating on the oceans and even in the narrow seas covered by its aircraft carriers and covered by shore-based aircraft whenever it is possible to maintain shore-based aircraft in position in sufficient force. If we now at last accept, as we must, the fact that ships cannot move safely outside the range of their own shore-based aircraft and inside the range of the enemy's shore-based aircraft, then we have to satisfy ourselves that we are fully aware of the occasions when ships, whether naval or mercantile, can take the risk. We must also fully understand how we are to instal our own shore-based air forces so as to cover the movements of our ships. This, anywhere away from our home land, is in itself a combined operation of the two services and may well be one involving all three.

There are many other aspects and here is one. If ships must move within range of the enemy's aircraft, then they may well be attacked. The best operation for us in this case is that they should be attacked at the time and at the place where we wish them to be attacked, and that time and that place will be when and where we can meet that attack with a far superior air force. The chances are that the attack will not be delivered if the enemy knows that the superior air force is within range. That will deter him and we will have won before the action starts, because it will never start. On the other hand, he will attack if he does not know that the superior air force is ready for him. We have, therefore, the big problem of putting the superior air force into position without his knowing it. Owing to our sea power we may well be able to do this. It will be a part of the whole operation.

We will admit now that land forces are unable to maintain themselves against a greatly superior enemy air force for their depots of supply and their convoys will be gradually whittled down by enemy air action. In addition, although well entrenched, continual air bombardment must have a demoralising effect

after a time. In fact, we know it has. We cannot expect always to be superior in the air, but we can expect that if we have not too great an inferiority, our ground and air tactics will be so designed as to make the enemy waste his superior air forces until we can take a sufficient toll of them to enable us bit by bit to reach parity and to obtain the upper hand in time. This may well be done by the interplay of our own land and air forces which will lead him to apply his bombers, for instance, at a time and place when our fighters can get at them successfully. We have our definite major and minor air tactics but we have no real knowledge of major and minor air-and-land tactics which, successfully applied, may make up for air inferiority or even for land inferiority. I will give two examples.

The first is that by the continual hammering by armoured forces at the enemy's L. of C. we may reduce his ability to supply his forward landing grounds and so we may keep his aircraft grounded. We may also force him in the same way to supply a considerable forward land force from the air, thus reducing his available bombers, and his air transports for shifting troops. At the same time, by moving forward our fighter aerodromes, we may get them into range of these same supply aircraft and take a heavy toll of them.

The second example is of aircraft bombing an enemy's forward land concentrations and forcing him to disperse them in such a way that our land forces get the opportunity of beating each dispersed part in detail.

The above are only two examples of a very wide and interesting range of combined sea, air and land operations.

For instance, a land operation by mobile armoured forces may well be staged solely with the purpose of driving an enemy's air force off its most effective aerodromes and for rendering it ineffective to help the land operations or to oppose our air force; or forcing it to concentrate on cramped or less well defended aerodromes where it can be destroyed by our own air forces; or, at any rate, driving it to distant aerodromes to render it innocuous. As the importance of the air arm grows, so will the importance of such operations increase.

There is a general attitude about that the land forces ask for air assistance solely for their own ends. If one examines the examples above, one sees how wrong this attitude is. A land operation may well be staged solely in the interests of the air forces and so may a land-and-sea operation.

Combined land and sea operations are pretty well known to us and we at this late date understand that they cannot well be conducted without effective air defence, both ground and air, and this probably means effective offensive as well.

During the past 20 months of war we have seen chances missed of taking a heavy toll of enemy forces by the effective use of combined operations and we have seen our land forces denuded of air assistance and, in retreat, almost forced into complete disaster. An amphibious nation, we possess no fast seaplane or flying-boat fighters, so badly needed for operating from the seadromes of the calm lagoons and little harbours that dot the coasts of the world, and whence we could deny the enemy's airborne land power.

In these same amphibious operations we have seen heavy losses inflicted by enemy aircraft on our naval and mercantile shipping. We do not seem to be very clear as to when and how we should undertake these operations. Whether we should put all we have into them or just put in enough to inflict severe damage on the enemy but not so much that air attack will prevent our re-embarking virtually the whole force and its equipment.

This war will be won by the German people tiring of the losses inflicted on their power and the date of victory is postponed whenever they know that they have inflicted heavy losses in either men or material on us.

We must never allow ourselves to be driven against the ropes by a heavy-weight opponent at any time. The B. E. F. was saved by the fortuitous circumstance that the enemy thrust it back to a place where the R. A. F. could give him a straight left with its fighters. We have to balance what is worth holding against the chances of our holding it with great eventual loss to ourselves.

Many in the Army have long urged that we must have our own air arm for our own direct purposes so that we can use it to full effect as the Navy have used theirs to break Italian sea power in harbour and at sea, and to spot and hamper the raider. Until we have this air arm, neither we, nor anyone else, will ever fully grasp what we can effect with its help or what we, and others, now miss without it.

We will win this war: let us win it with as little loss to ourselves in men, material and prestige, as we can manage.

No commander to-day can be allowed to think only in terms of his own service. Air operations spread across land and sea:

land operations shift in a matter of days from coast to coast. The three services in their higher branches are really one service and might well be made one now with three closely related arms—sea, land and air.

Actually, to give this type of operations a special name, "Combined Operations," is clear proof that we still classify them as something abnormal. We need a doctrine of "combined operations" in the widest sense and that doctrine can only be produced by a "Combined Staff" with one man at its head: but it must be a clear and definite doctrine and not merely a set of plans for a particular operation or for this or that eventuality. Combined tactics spread over hundreds of miles and strategy over thousands.

WHEELS OVER ERITREA

By Lt.-Col. G. S. R. Webb, m.c.

One of the most interesting aspects of the present war is the speed with which large forces cover what would hitherto have been considered impossible distances. In this is implied the flexibility of modern infantry. A force, firmly established in a carefully prepared position, must be ready to move with all its impedimenta at very short notice, perhaps for some hundreds of miles. Here is an example which occurred recently. It may be found lacking in interest owing to the necessity for avoiding reference to units and places but the spectre behind my shoulder menacingly brandishing his blue pencil forbids such embellishments.

Picture to yourself a Brigade Group facing long-prepared enemy positions and keyed up to the last pitch in readiness to attack on a large scale. For months dumps have secretly been built up; ammunition, petrol, engineer and other stores, all are ready to hand. The last telephone cable has been laid, the last reconnaissance made. It is ten o'clock in the morning and tomorrow at first light we shall make our attack.

There have been indications that the enemy may be thinning out preparatory to a withdrawal, though we can hardly believe it. He is very much stronger numerically than we are. Patrol reports begin to come in, a trench empty here, a hill evacuated there. It seems that the enemy really is going; that all our plans are wasted. Telephone wires hum, conferences are held; this and that plan is considered. Then comes news that the Divisional Commander is arriving at 1200 hours. A C.O.'s conference is ordered for 1300 hours. At 1200 hours the Divisional Commander appears. He wastes no time but explains that news from the whole front confirms that the enemy withdrawal has commenced. A general advance has been ordered. His pencil traces a roundabout route on the map.

"Your Group, Brigadier, will go round this flank. I hope to cut off the enemy at this point. You must be off at once."

He goes on to speak of difficult country, the unreliability of the map, of steep *khors* and dense jungles, and the almost complete absence of water. He promises a good supply of Army

Track. Then he turns to other administrative problems. Meanwhile the brigade-major beckons to a liaison officer. "Warn all units to be ready to move in an hour's time," he whispers.

At 1257 hours the Divisional Commander leaves. The battalion commanders are waiting. The Brigadier has exactly three minutes in which to make his plan. After a hurried conference with his staff he sends for his commanders. Calmly, as if dictating from a long-considered plan, he gives out his verbal orders.

In the meantime every unit in the group is hurriedly packing vehicles with the equipment which had been prepared for to-morrow's attack. Water containers come in for particular attention. At 1330 hours Brigade Headquarters are on the move led by those practised pathfinders, the motor machine-gun companies of the Sudan Defence Force. Behind come the leading lorries of a column that will be forty miles long. A great wall of dust rises up from the cotton soil of the Sudan as the long line of vehicles winds its way, regardless of enemy bombers, towards the distant hills of Eritrea. One thought animates our minds, "Will we be in time?"

At 1700 hours the head of the column halts; the tail, of course, has not started yet. But the light has almost gone and we are in a country that has seldom known a wheeled track; progress will be terribly slow if we attempt to go on in the dark. But there will be a moon later on so we will get some food and what rest we can. The sun drops behind the horizon and the tropic night settles over the sea of dried elephant grass. Despite the rich cotton soil there is never a sign of habitation for there is no water here except in the short, fitful rainy season. Over on our left we could discern clusters of low hills where but this morning the enemy had his outposts. Hills familiar in outline to us who had watched them for so long yet strangely unreal in the fading light. Hills which when tenanted by armed men had seemed to frown mysteriously but which now, abandoned in a headlong flight, had become once more just age-old heaps of soil and rocks. Away to our front, out of sight, were the armoured cars and machine-gun vans of the S.D.F.; our only reminder of their presence had been an occasional returning car from which stepped a dusky warrior with a message reporting "all clear" on such and such a bound.

At long last the moon rose and soon it was light enough to go on. Hour after hour we ploughed our way through that sea

of grass, peering over steering wheels for the ill-defined camel track through clouds of dust. Moonlight gave place to sunshine and presently we crossed the border into Eritrea, a feeling of exultation in our hearts. The country changed too, for soon we were twisting through scrubby jungle with only the wheel marks of our leading troops to guide us. We could see that they had sometimes been at fault. We crossed a road that led to the town whose garrison we were attempting to out-flank and with which we were now abreast. So far so good.

It was soon after this that news came back that leading vehicles were held up by an impassable nulla. Officers were despatched to find harbours for the long column that came endlessly into the area for the whole of that day, while the Brigadier went forward to investigate. Sappers were driving up and down the tree-lined nulla that impeded our progress. They were not hopeful. "It means Army Track," they said, "and even then there will be a lot of digging." Regretfully we decided that no further advance was possible that day. Troops set to work digging at the great cliffs of hard mud while lorry loads of Army Track were brought up. Scouting parties went off on foot to investigate the far bank and, later, these returned to report that it was almost impassable owing to dense masses of thorn bushes 10 to 15 feet high. So carriers were brought forward to blaze a trail and even two of the "Spiders," powerful four-wheel drive tractors which pull the guns. "They're turning us into tanks now," chuckled the gunner officer in charge. Meanwhile drivers were hard at work on maintenance of their vehicles. The gruelling country over which we had passed made a keen scrutiny necessary. Light Aid Detachments were working all-out to put damaged vehicles back on the road before the advance was resumed for we had no L. of C. behind us—there was no liklihood of the "rearward services" coming round this way.

At length the crossing was finished. With a battalion leading the way—for the enemy might be met with in force any time now—we pushed on through the scrub with only the sun or a compass to guide us. Long branches armed with fierce-hooked thorns clawed at our clothing as we forced our trucks through them or drew themselves caressingly across our throats, leaving bright red lanes to mark their passage. But it was all in the day's work and the real obstacle we knew still lay ahead. This was a sandy river bed lined with Dom palms, probably dense and possibly up to a mile in depth. Scouts came in. "No track this

way." "The palms are very thick over there," they reported. Others frankly confessed that they had lost their way. But presently a way was found, reaching the river bank at a point where the palms were thinnest. Five hundred yards of soft sand faced us, sand that would bring a wheeled vehicle to a halt in the first ten feet. Once more the head of the long column was directed into harbours while sappers went off to reconnoitre and a company of infantry plodded across the sand to secure the far bank which was within a mile or so (we reckoned) of the main road by which the enemy was withdrawing. Carriers were then ordered up and, to our relief, the caterpillar tracks made light of the powdery sand. Off we went to the far bank to investigate. Here we found that we had nearly a mile of dense palm jungle to hack our way through. It was seldom possible to see more than a few yards owing to the undergrowth and more than once we had to shout to each other in the cool silent glades to avoid being lost. For hours we paced to and fro, the Brigadier leading one party, the sappers another and the S.D.F. a third. In some places we used the carriers to hack a way through for it was of paramount importance to find a route where the palms need not be cut down as this would take many hours of work. By 1100 hours the reconnaissance was completed. Not a palm had to be cut down though we used carriers on several occasions to tow fallen trunks out of the way. When we got back to the river-bed the broad coils of wire mesh were already being unrolled and the steel ribbon was nearly half way across. The company which had pushed across the river reported that they had reached the road; no enemy in sight but there were some snipers about. By 1400 hours the column was rumbling and jolting on its way again, over the secure foothold of the Army Track and then through the unaccustomed green of the palm forest.

As the advanced guard got on to the road and turned south towards the highlands, came word that the enemy had gone 24 hours ago. We were too late! Our own troops had followed him up by a direct route and had even traversed this very road we had struggled so hard to cut.

Despite our dismay at the news it was decided to push on as far as possible that night. The greater part of the column had not yet emerged from the Dom palms and soon after it got under weigh again an unexpected halt occurred. Unable to find any reason for the delay the Brigadier went forward on foot for there was no room for vehicles to pass. Arrived at the road he com-

mandeered a truck and drove to the head of the column. To his astonishment he discovered that the advanced guard had been cut in half. The leading battalion commander had gone sailing up the road at the head of a bare company of embussed infantry, blissfully unconscious that most of his battalion and all the guns under his command were halted miles behind! No need to point the moral there.

It was now quite dark and we were forced to halt again, strung out as we were. Once more we waited for the moon and at 0030 hours continued our advance. The road on which we found ourselves was built up on an embankment with a ditch on either side; it would go ill with us if the enemy air caught us in daylight for there was no means of scattering. The last vehicle got into its allotted harbour just as the sun rose.

That morning we were ordered to remain in our harbour while certain adjustments were made in the dispositions of troops to meet the divisional plan. We spent the time in studying possibilities for our further advance. Late in the afternoon the Brigadier and artillery commander went forward to have a look at the country. To our dismay news came back an hour later that they and their escort had been shot up by two enemy fighters and both the Brigadier and his senior gunner had been wounded, together with seven others. We got them back; fortunately their wounds were not severe. But it meant evacuation and the Brigade Group was left without its leader.

That evening orders came in for a renewal of the advance at first light the next morning. The next senior officer was away forward with his battalion and a liaison officer had to be sent out to find him in the dark, in unknown country. Meanwhile orders were prepared for the mechanised column to resume its thrust. Our information was that an enemy brigade was stoutly resisting others of our troops in a strong mountainous position away to the west and we were to outflank him and cut off his retreat by a route of which nothing was known than that it was "marked on the map." Late that night our new Brigade Commander arrived and took charge.

The journey started well enough but we soon found the country narrowing into a gorge which was only too reminiscent of the N. W. F. and lightly defended by the enemy. After a brisk encounter he gave us best and made off but we found he had cunningly rolled an enormous boulder on to the track at its narrowest part. It was many feet thick and required explosives

to break it up which all took time. It was some compensation to find a well in the gorge, a welcome sight in this waterless country. We pushed on through the gorge and into the open country beyond. We were now, we hoped, behind the enemy and a cordon of troops was pushed out to intercept him. To our joy we found he had not eluded us this time for a whole brigade was actually in process of withdrawal. The rest of the day we played a sort of game of hide-and-seek, the enemy breaking up into small parties which had to be chased and roped in. One officer drove over the crest of a hill in his truck and found himself confronted by the enemy brigade commander and his staff. Much to his relief—for he was alone—they decided to surrender. A battalion captured a battery of guns in action ready to fire against the direction of withdrawal, complete with mules. From all parts of the battlefield came reports of hundreds of prisoners, most of them demanding water. The whole of the next day had to be spent in mopping up (for many of the enemy had taken to the hills) and in collecting and despatching the many hundreds of prisoners. We needed some collecting ourselves after that! The enemy brigadier *was* glum when we offered him the hospitality of our mess the evening of his capture. He admitted that he had never thought we should be able to get up that way; had we not appeared so suddenly he would have held on to his strong position a good deal longer. The importance of this statement will be seen later. During our enforced halt we connected up a telephone to the excellent permanent telephone system which ran close to our headquarters. An Italian-speaking officer kept watch on the instrument and some interesting and valuable information was gained. Most of the conversations heard were between the commanders of the garrisons of two Italian towns that lay ahead of us.

But more work was to hand. This time we were to cut the road that connected the two towns I have mentioned. There was no direct road from where we were, not even a camel track. So we had to strike across country not knowing what might be in store for us in the way of obstacles. But by this time there wasn't much we were afraid to tackle in that way.

That journey was a trying one for the vehicles; the country was certainly not that for which they had been designed. Army Track again had to be used. But we reached the road that night with our leading troops and made sure that it no longer served the enemy. The remainder of our force was scattered behind us

for we had been denuded of some of our M.T. which was needed for urgent maintenance purposes and we had to resort to a combination of marching and ferrying.

Once on the road we turned towards the town on which we had been directed and the advanced guard had not gone far when it met opposition from machine-guns and pack artillery. The ensuing engagement which terminated in a four-day battle among tremendous features deserves a description to itself. It was on a full mountain warfare scale and was complicated by the fact that the enemy had blown two hundred yards of solid rock road on a steep hillside. Some ten battalions with several batteries of guns held the town we were facing but another of our brigades was approaching it by another road. The enemy were cut off from their line of retreat and were expected to put up a stiff opposition, which indeed they did. The tide of battle flowed back and forth for those four exhausting days and then, just as our pincers were about to close, the enemy decided to take a chance and bolted for the hilly, trackless country behind him. Here our mobile troops hotly pursued him and denied him any opportunity for his engineers to make a road fit for M.T.

In this engagement two brigades and a Blackshirt battalion suffered so heavily that they can no longer be considered as fighting units and in addition they lost almost every vehicle and certainly every gun and tank they had with them. Apart from this another brigade further south whose communications lay through this town and also three battalions further south still were compelled to leave their positions and make the same desperate bid to get back to their L. of C. but with the same fate. Their transport and guns were discovered later abandoned in the most impossible country. Though the enemy made attempts to provision them by air large numbers of them must have died of thirst or hunger while a great many Abyssinian levies deserted to their own country there to take up arms against their late oppressors.

I make no apology for this somewhat breathless description of what, to us at least, was a thrilling adventure. My object in writing it is to emphasise the versatility of modern infantry. At one moment they may be practising the most up-to-date methods of frontal attack, at another they may be rushing headlong across unknown country to a far distant objective. Then they may have to turn themselves into road engineers, hewing a way through stiff masses of baked earth or cracking and pushing aside great

rocks, or cutting their way through dense undergrowth. Without warning they may be required to give up their vehicles and march with their old-time endurance. And, finally, to have to fight under full-scale mountain warfare conditions, often unexpectedly thrust upon them, for this country is full of surprises. Conditions which are gravely complicated by the fact that the enemy has masses of machine-guns and excellent pack artillery which he uses with great skill. He is an adept at selecting and preparing a defensive position among his native crags and at his best at defending it. Let there be no misconception about the fighting ability of the Eritrean Askari or the Abyssinian warrior. In the attack or defence he will often fight to the end; he has in this campaign been known to continue firing his machine-guns while a tank crushes him and his post.

In these encircling movements we travelled over 200 miles. That does not sound much on a good road but it is vastly different over the varying types of country I have described. The measurement was taken from the map and we must have done a great deal more by the speedometer. With water at a premium and rations and ammunition matters to be considered deeply, the scope of operations possible in any given circumstances was considerably limited. Few of us looked like soldiers at the end of the journey. Shirts and shorts were torn almost to the point of indecency while bearded faces were encrusted by layers of many days' dust. But the experience was one never to be forgotten and we were thankful for the hours we had spent in India on road discipline and vehicle management. And well did those vehicles repay us. Out of that long, long column only six had to be sent back as third-line repairs due to other than enemy action. We have come to regard our vehicles with something approaching the affection with which the cavalryman regarded his horse, something upon which his life might depend.

Of the lessons which we can learn the chief is, I think, the one of impetus. The Brigadier *led* his brigade group the whole way. He was seldom further back than the advanced guard and was often with the advanced guard mobile troops. The reason for this is that with a long column moving under such conditions, the delays due to waiting for information will be endless; he must be up where he can give instant decisions. He has a long, vulnerable tail and the less time he keeps it on the road the less likelihood is there of its being attacked from the air. However reliable the leading commander he is not the man to decide the

problems which will continually arise. He cannot, in justice, be expected to take grave risks on behalf of his brigade commander. It may be only a question of whether to try this route and possibly be faced with an impassable obstacle, or whether to delay while Army Track is laid on that route; it is the brigade commander who must take the decision.

Orders were practically never written in the accepted form: the brigade office seldom opened as such. Moves, harbouring, operations were carried out with a map (save the name), a message pad and liaison officers, the need for whom was never more apparent. A battalion liaison officer should be specially selected: nothing less than the best is good enough. The training is excellent and he will return to his battalion in due course twice the soldier he was.

The happy feeling of being on the move after months of stability and chasing a retreating enemy out of British territory into his own was, of course, a powerful aid in providing the impetus for such an extended move but the result was not accomplished without continual attention to vehicle maintenance often to the point of weariness during the previous months.

There has been no space in this short article to devote to such items as Mechols which proved invaluable on many occasions for small cutting-out expeditions where the more cumbersome battalion column would have been too unwieldy. Mechols, we have proved time and again, will always repay any amount of time and trouble spent on them. Nor has it been possible to dwell upon the extensive administrative arrangements necessary to prepare and maintain a column such as this. Petrol supply alone was a continual anxiety. But always it arrived; the full story of how our forces were maintained during this advance will, some day, make interesting reading.

Finally, the Brigade "Group," condemned after the last war, has proved itself again. Gunners, sappers, doctors, R.I.A.S.C., we all knew each other; we had fought together at Gallabat We knew each other's capabilities and limitations. We were a fighting force, not a list of units. Therein lies great strength.

DRAWING THE MORAL

By 2nd/Lieut. M. E. Cooke

Most of us don't "read and re-read the campaigns of the Great Captains," because most of us think the Great Captains are out of date. Most of us are wrong, but no matter about that, for we shall all agree to "read and re-read the campaigns of the Recent Captains," because in them is to be found war's judgment on our weapons and theories.

The fog of war is not seen only on the battlefield, but must needs spread its unwelcomed blanket over every form of preparatory activity. While, then, with a new car true tests are available, brakes can be screamed, wheels skidded and a cartoon of every imaginable ill-usage inflicted upon it; with a new gun or a new tank we can do the counterpart of none of these things. The only true test is war, and D.P. wars are not a practical proposition; thus when a war does come it behoves our tactical research chemist to bring out his microscope.

But tactical research is skilled business. A campaign's lessons are never so clear as is believed; since unlike an exercise wars cannot be "set" to bring out definite teaching. Only a corner of the fog is lifted and the beyond emerges only a little more clearly than before. Thus a new gun succeeds in the Spanish mountains, but would it have succeeded on the steppes of Russia? Used in tens our tank fails, but what if two thousand had struck the enemy? Our new fighter shoots down the Italians, but perhaps it will prove fruitless against the Hun. As in law it is not enough to cite the judgment; we must analyse the facts.

War, moreover, is the province of emotion, of loyalties to country, regiment, comrades and arm; loyalties which cement the military building and without which it would be so much rubble, but loyalties that are out of place in chemist or judge. Thus tactical research has been too often whimsical and hasty. Judgments have been born of heat and not of science. Let us examine some instances.

In 1870 chaos paralysed the force of France. Her armies, hard put to it to move, were in less condition to attack. So they defended, and their defence was a failure. Then out of red shame was born a theory which mocked at facts and spat at history; a theory which they christened the attack *à outrance,* and which

demanded aggression everywhere and always. The price was paid. 1914 saw history and facts take their revenge, saw defeat, but saw also defeat conceive the devil. Blind theory begat blind reaction; attack *à outrance* became defence *à outrance*; *élan* became concrete; bayonets faded into holes, and the whole spirit of France was fortified away.

If the event disclaims a new telling, the future must produce no third cycle. We, I believe, are too sane a nation to resume the follies of 1914 and to fling our recreated strength into fresh Balaclavas. But of the French one is less sure. When that erstwhile great nation takes the field once more, one can almost hear the spirit of Grandmaison climbing from its tomb.

So much for hot thinking; now for lazy thinking; and, as an illustration, we will choose the machine-gun. For the machine-gun is a case over which the critics have frothed. "Why," they have asked, "were the war offices so blind? Why could they not see the power of this fierce weapon? Why did they say with Haig, 'An overrated weapon'?" The answer is close at hand; they were slipshod in drawing the moral.

In 1870 the machine-gun was not the precise weapon of 1914. It stood upon a high-wheeled carriage. It was clumsy and multi-barrelled. It was worked by hand. Its effective range was a mere five hundred yards. Yet so far from being dull and cloddish, the French General Staff swallowed this defective weapon with gusto. It was manufactured in great numbers. Crews were trained in elaborate confidence. The artillery gave it place. The Parisian press loaded its columns with "Our Wonder Weapon." It was the secret of France, the secret that was to sweep von Moltke out of fame. And it failed; utterly, miserably, it failed. So, when 34 years later, Germany again invaded France, when the machine-gun was destined within twelve months to pile more skulls than Ghenghiz Khan, it stood discredited.

Yet the mistake was not excusable. The *mitrailleuse* failed because it was deemed artillery. It sprayed bullets and was used with guns. It ranged in hundreds and was placed against those which ranged in thousands. A surprise weapon, it was linked with a mass weapon. A front-line ambush, it was placed with the supports. The *mitrailleuse* failed because it was abused; its lessons failed because research was abused. As soldiers we have paid too much attention to results; what matters is that which causes the results.

In proof of this last fact the tank stands our good friend; for had the military mind kept its pre-war content, had Crimean tactics still appeared as perfection's acme, then the history of the tank—had it been allowed to have a history—would have been written somewhat as follows: "At the Somme it broke down; at Passchendaele it sank; in a score of battles its success was not spectacular; at Cambrai what it had gained, unaided infantry re-won; never, even on August 8th, did it attain a penetration equal to that of Ludendorf's weapon."

Now the fact that the tank was not so written was due to Ypres, and Loos, and Arras, and the Somme, and Passchendaele. Those ghastly butcheries forbade complacency. They vetoed content. They compelled thought. So what was seen was not the tank's failure but the causes of that failure, with the result that measures for removing those causes were continually tried until success came so near that the 1919 campaign was to have been a tank campaign.

The tank made history in more senses than one. Unlike the machine-gun it was not a civilian invention which soldiers had adopted; nor like the aeroplane a civilian machine they had transformed; but a soldier's answer to a soldier's problem. The manchine-gun grew from a weapon which required a use, the tank from a need which required a weapon. Thus while so often invention has been the seed of tactics, here tactics had become the seed of invention. Invention, too, obeys the rule of thought. We are not to wait for the new, but to seek in our limitations the parentage of the new.

But if the tank was born of the Somme it has long since left home. That which was adduced as an aid to the other arms, now threatens to turn cuckoo and hurl them from the nest or, more literally, to force them to conform to its own needs. It was the great pre-war problem of land warfare—was the tank or were infantry the master weapon? Abyssinia shed little light, for though tanks were used the conditions were too peculiar, the scale too small, the enemy too ill-equipped. Events in Spain also shed little light. The tank was no marked success; but was this due to the weapon itself, or to its handling, numbers or design? The Germans made one judgment, the French another. It was catastrophic for the French.

There followed the Polish and Finnish campaigns with opposite apparent lessons. In the first mechanised force swept forward, in the second it gained tardy and expensive success. What

was the moral? France backed the Finns. "Like us," they said, "they had a Maginot Line." It was catastrophic for France.

But if war experience has been as often misleading as helpful the fault has been largely our own. Preconceptions and hot verdicts bespeak their own fate. The Germans bent on avoiding a second error ("there must be no mistakes this time") left no cobwebs in their search; the Allies, full-fed with victory, brushed whimsically. Not for them the full report: they were satisfied with headlines. Yet in research as in the field none can throw away the will to victory and live.

Failure is not inevitable. Tanks in the last war. German achievements in this prove the fact. And we, too, are not without our successes. The anti-tank gun has required few amendments either in design or tactics; and the carrier, that untried weapon, has emerged triumphant. The task of the tactical research chemist is not insuperable, but the old ways of carefree judgments will not do. Trained minds must tackle this problem, specialist minds with both the background and the leisure, and minds helped by full, and, where needed, expensive equipment. Economy in thought rarely proves economy in battle, for mistakes are the dearest teachers the world can know.

Now with our method clear let us glance at modern problems; not that we might solve them—for that we have neither space, judgment, nor knowledge—but that we may discern a few of the traps yawning for the unwary. Unfortunately in the flurry of preparation they are likely to receive a compromise answer, yet if they are not solved quickly, titanic efforts must be wasted, while if they are not solved rightly they may bring us close to the dread retribution of a Nazi triumph. Tactical thought has so great a responsibility to-day.

The first problem is the form of a modern army, and here at once an old fallacy tempts us. We must not think that, because the Germans are in Paris, all that they have done is truth, nor because the French are at Vichy, they have wrought nothing but the tactical lie. We know now that Sedan and Gravelotte were appalling in their misconception of modern weapons, yet victory sublimated them. Only half a century later were reaped in the Flanders' trenches the bloody fruits of error. Viewed from the absolute German tactics were far from faultless.

It is a fact which requires little study to ascertain that the decisive element in German success was the combination of mechanised troops with air support. Yet if we study the composition of the German army we find but 13 armoured, seven

motorised and three airborne divisions—a total of 23 modern—compared with 160 conventional divisions. Thus seven-eighths of the German army had no other function than that of providing the screen, the guard and the police for the mechanised troops.

Was this economy of force? Is there any parallel in history for it? It is like tacking to the hoplites of Xenophon the hordes of Cyrus. Granted they fulfilled a function. So do men pushing a broken lorry. But they are not efficient. Moreover, it was these "followers" who sustained the enormous casualties. "When they did advance it was like slaughtering cattle," was one report; and, while in the bright flush of conquest, such sacrifices are lightly made, to-morrow, when victory is still far off and the war still exacts its increasing toll, the old wounds will reopen. Napoleon learned long ago that the blood tax will not be paid for ever.

Compared with the German triumph the Western Desert victory seems far more perfect. Here infantry had a proper function, their numbers were not just factual but bore a logical proportion to their task. There was no futile mass of footsloggers to tax the supply system and swell the casualties. It was not weakness of opposition alone which made the cost of victory so light. Here, then, is what research should examine—What proportion of infantry do we require, armed for what duties? Is not the day of the P.B.I. over?

But clearly examination of France and Libya is not merely inadequate but may be actively misleading, for the war going on will bring new theatres, and it is to these that the new army must be suited. Napoleon made the like mistake when he attempted in Spain and Russia what had brought success in Italy and Central Europe. In defence of an island tanks may play a lesser part; perhaps in the Balkans, or Spain, or Norway, we shall need a mountain infantry. These, too, are problems of research, and here its decisiveness rears stark naked. Our reverse in Norway had one single cause. We had not thought; the Germans had.

But it is the air which is the vital question, for in the air lies the possibility of decision. But concerning the air our danger is to deem our experience greater than it is. Just as on the Continent the Luftwaffe served as auxiliary to the advancing tanks, so against Britain it has been crippled. London's experience has not shown that morale can defy the air, for the quality of the R.A.F. has saved it the test. If to-day London stands with British firmness against the raiders, our admiration must not blind us to facts. A German mastery of the skies was not achieved and, therefore, perhaps the real test of air power is yet to come.

But it should not be on the German side, for a turning of the tables is all but inevitable. Technical superiority is ours. Moral superiority is ours. Only numbers remain, and in the swelling of factories in our homeland, and in the stream that must rise to a mighty current athwart the Atlantic, the numbers will come. So the Luftwaffe's failure shall be our success, and the R.A.F. will not hurry in ones and twos by darkness to their targets, but in broad, full daylight will strike in thousands. Will Germany stand that strain? Will she bear pain to which she can see no end? For it is the hope of victory which gives courage and, for Germany, superiority once lost is lost for ever. When hope is gone, surrender already hammers upon the door.

But dogmatism is not our purpose. The above are questions, not facts. It is research that is needed, deep research, which shall form the base of the decisions which in turn shall direct Imperial effort. When Clausewitz wrote, "Plainly the activity engaged in these appliances (arming and equipping) is a different thing from the fight itself; it is only preparation for the combat, not the conduct of the same," he was thinking of a warfare whose technique was relatively static. To-day arming and equipping may be half the battle, for in the whirl of tactical revolution and in the infinitude of weapons, a country may lose its balance, grasp at the wrong rails, and tumble helpless into the abyss.

Generalship on the field is not enough. To-day the general, like the modern artist, must devise his technique, and if his technique be bad it will try his art to the utmost. Give him the wrong army, the wrong training, the wrong weapon and not Napoleon himself shall escape the wreck. Thus a need becomes clear, for just as in the field the general can decide nothing but upon information, and just as that information comes from his intelligence staff, so the authorities to whom these questions are to be submitted need information, and that information also can only come from an organised staff.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE YOUNG SQUADRON AND COMPANY COMMANDER

By John Helland

Since you have only recently taken command of your squadron or company and are naturally probably feeling a little diffident about your tactical knowledge and your ability to beat an enemy in battle, especially one who has already seen some fighting and who may be an older soldier than you are, you will be glad of some guidance and advice to make fighting look a bit more familiar to you and from that to give you encouragement and confidence. These notes are written for you from the actual experience in war of older officers, but do not think that because they are older they are necessarily deadbeats.

First of all, it is just as well to face squarely the fact that the German officer opposite you may be better drilled to battle but certainly lacks two big advantages that you possess. The first is that he lacks the cause for which you and your men fight, so he will not display the determination in battle that you and your men will display. Your second advantage is that you have played games for a great part of your life: he has never played games—nor have his men. Because of this you and your side are used to studying an opponent, seeing where his weak spots and strong spots are, and making up your method of play, your tactics, and your plan accordingly so that you may beat him. He has not had all this experience and will find it a slower process to devise his plans to surprise you. Next, since these Germans are not game players, they cannot really play all out for their side once their first fanatical zeal has worn off. It is one thing to parade about Berlin in fine uniforms and to pose and posture as a thing of admiration for children and girls and to shout vain and defiant pagan cries: it is another to fight on when it seems impossible to beat a staunch enemy or when one is driven against the ropes and the sponge and surrender seem the only alternative to being knocked out. German morale will not stand up to a hammering when there is only a glimmer of a hope of success unless their men are *en masse*. That is the usual characteristic of the fanatic. It is mass fervour that takes them into battle and this soon burns itself out in the individual. This is not so with us: we are more steadfast as we now see from the staunch courage of our people

in England, men, women and children, and from the determind conduct and bearing of our Indian soldiers in Eritrea. So you see that you start with a great deal in your favour before you meet the German on the battlefield. As a keen games player, you will press these advantages.

Most of us, some time in our lives, have been bitten by one team game or other and we have sat down and studied it and have talked it over carefully with our team and have built up a technique of our own, a method of play a little different from the methods of other teams. And we have kept our methods strictly secret: the more unorthodox they were, the more secret we kept them. We changed our methods a bit from time to time so that other teams would not come to know them and so be ready to counter them.

Whenever we were about to play off a match against another team, we set to work and found out all we possibly could about that other team, even down to the type of boots they wore if it was a foot game. We went further than that, for if we got a chance we went and watched our future opponents playing a game and spotted their technique and their tactics and then devised means of upsetting both. We also looked for and watched their strong and weak players and we arranged to mark (or hold) the strong ones with those of our players who were good "spoilers" and to attack and rattle the weak ones with other players suitable for this role.

In fact, we were very intelligent and very thorough in the way we got our team trained as a whole for, say, football: and equally thorough in training them and planning their tactics to meet and beat any given opponent.

Now we have never been anywhere near as thorough in training and preparing ourselves for fighting. However, let us put that behind us and look to the present and to the future. We are going to meet the German in the game of fighting and we are going to beat him. Sometimes we will have more and better weapons: sometimes he will have more and better weapons. But whatever the situation may be, we must use the two advantages we have already spoken of—his low morale and his lack of games sense and team spirit.

That is, we must firstly try to depress his morale by continuously damaging him till he gets the "jitters" or gets fed up, or realises at last that he is not as clever a soldier as you or me. When he realises that, it will be a great shock to him for he be-

lieves that, of all things, he is at any rate good at soldiering. He's been brought up on that idea so show him it's wrong and he's got little left to fall back upon. It means that you and your men must always be more self-reliant and have more initiative than he has. Keep him on the hop.

And, secondly, we must use our better knowledge and experience of how to get a team ready to beat an opponent. What did we do in order to prepare our team for the game? What will we do to prepare our team, our squadron or company, for fighting?

1. *Football.*—We started off with the general and usual training for the game much in the same way as anyone else; for basically, the training is roughly the same for all teams taking part in the game.

   Fighting.—We leaders learn our business at various schools and we study the training pamphlets and memoranda. We first train ourselves till we know we can impart the usual instruction to those under us and we thus give them the general, the basic, training which the German officer is giving his men. Perhaps ours is a little better: we hope it is and we must try and make it so.

2. *Football.*—After this, we study carefully the attributes of our men: which man has a good, strong, left leg: which can kick hard with both legs: which are fast and which slow. We then get them into their proper positions on the field. In other words, we are studying the nature of the weapons at our disposal and their characteristics.

   Fighting.—The first part of this is done for us because we are given the weapons: they are put into our hands. We examine the weapons carefully, we get to know them, we study their characteristics so that we know how to get the best use out of them and in what place in the team to put them.

3. *Football.*—Now we practise all our men individually, giving all the same basic training, learning to kick, to run, to mark, to take their place on the field, etc.

   Fighting.—We give our squadron or company their basic individual training, teaching all to shoot a rifle, to march, to take up their place in the section formation, etc.

4. *Football.*—And now we put them together on the field of play and teach them to combine, to play collectively, to work together, each in his usual place, all playing to a code known to all and playing under us—their captains. And we go on and on at it till they and we go like clockwork.

   Fighting.—Next, we get the sections together and then the platoons and, lastly, our squadron or company, and we put them through constant practice on the ground under ourselves, the captain, until we see them all playing in together, combining perfectly; until our battle procedure is perfect and they and we go like clockwork.

5. *Football.*—And now we are ready to take off our coat, roll up our sleeves, and try ourselves out against an opponent. We will start with a "friendly" so that our chaps don't lose confidence at the outset. We "cut our teeth" on these opponents, and we go on with these "friendlies" till we are ready to enter for the district, company or squadron shield.

   Fighting.—Now we look round the battalion or the regiment for another company or squadron to fight. We go to the C. O. and ask him to set an exercise so that our opponent and ourselves can have at each other. We want to "cut our teeth" on that opponent. We do so and we go on and on fighting our friends with blank in harmless battles. We "cut our teeth" on them.

6. *Football.*—And now we come to business. We are ready for the district shield and we are to play "A" Company of the Bunwarries. They are playing a practice game on Saturday against their "B" Company. Let's go and have a look at them. We go with one or two selected sleuths of ours—no more or we'll excite suspicion, and we mix with the crowd and we watch and we come back and report. Then we make up our plans to wallop that "A" Company.

   We go on to the field the following Saturday and before he knows where he is he finds his best men being "spoilt" and marked and bit by bit he is mastered and we are on the offensive, surprising him and banging the ball into the net.

Fighting.—And now we're ready for war so we study carefully, from every source that the adjutant can find for us, all about our German enemy and his tactics and where it hurts him most to be hit.

We sail overseas and soon we have a real German in front of us. We have studied him from our War Information Circulars and from everything the adjutant could find for us.

We want now to know a good deal more about him, so we do it by sending out our sleuths—our patrols—to study him stealthily, to find out how he lives, what he does, whether he is windy when patrols shoot him up—in fact, we want to know all his ways, habits, morale and weapons so that we can get our methods of play settled when we finally decide to play a match against him or if he tries to play one against us. But we keep our methods and our dispositions secret for he must not know what we are going to do to him, and how we are going to do it, till we actually do it.

Football and fighting are not so very different; only there are practically no rules to the latter—it is just a ruthless game. As such, it is worth far more application of our time and our energy than is the game of football or any other game. The idle and the escapists of our profession have branded as "shop" all intelligent talk out of hours of the theory and practice of training and of war. They should be quietly smothered for the harm they do.

It was Jorrocks who said of hunting, "'Unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt and only five and twenty per cent. of its danger."

So is football and so is hockey, though kings may not play them.

OLD ARMY RECRUITING POSTERS

By J. Paine

Recruiting for the Regular Army has always proved something of a problem for the military authorities, and in the none-too-easy task of obtaining the right material recruiting posters have played a very important part. In the posters displayed outside taverns over a century ago the wording often left a good deal to be desired and the message conveyed usually struck the bombastic note. In those so-called good old times recruits invariably took the oath at a public house named in the poster. Here is an example: "Fourth Regiment of Foot, or King's Own. His Majesty having beene graciously pleased to order a Second Battalion to his own Regiment, there is no doubt our young heroes will lose no time to show their affection for our beloved Sovereign, by immediately applying at the Coach and Horses, King Street, Westminster, where they will be received and paid the Royal Bounty agreeable to the order of our brave Commander-in-Chief." This particular poster was circulated in 1804 by the regiment now known as the King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster). The second battalion mentioned therein was disbanded in the year of Waterloo.

The fear of invasion by Napoleon and the renewal of hostilities in 1803 was the signal to several other regiments to raise second battalions. Among the regiments reviewed by the Duke of York at a camp near Eastbourne on the 27th of August, 1804, was the 8th Foot, now the 1st Battalion, The King's Regiment (Liverpool). Four months later, after extensive recruiting in the West Riding of Yorkshire, that regiment found itself the proud possessor of a second battalion. The usual poster was duly exhibited and this is how it was worded, "160 guineas Bounty will be paid to 10 young men of good character who will come forward to complete Captain Smith's Company in that respectable Corps the VIII, or King's Regiment of Infantry, laying at Eastbourne in Sussex. Now my lads is your opportunity. The King's Regiment are to have an augmentation of a second battalion, which will want upwards of 100 non-commissioned officers. Lose no time in applying any day this week, to Captain Smith at 24, Greenfield Street, near Whitechapel, or Sergeant Johnson of the above Regiment at 54, Whitechapel Road, near the church, where every encouragement will be given." The poster terminated

with the information that bringers of good recruits would be liberally rewarded and that Germans would be accepted, provided they could speak English. The substantial bounty promised, even if not always given, is strangely at contrast with the Queen's shilling handed on enlistment to recruits of a later era.

The poster just alluded to is an interesting document in the history of a battalion whose career was of short duration. After five years' soldiering on both sides of the Tweed, its flank companies embarked for Holland on an abortive expedition. The year 1810 found the battalion at Jersey, from where six companies left in the same year for Nova Scotia, where they were stationed for four years. Then followed their long and arduous march of several hundred miles in snow-shoes to the great lakes; the crossing of the frontier; and their part in the unsuccessful attack on the American town of Plattsburg. The battalion was disbanded in 1815 and forty-three years elapsed before The King's had another second battalion.

Of interest in the recruiting annals of The Royal Marines is an advertisement which appeared during the American War of Independence, 1776—83. It was published on the 26th of February, 1780, in the now defunct *Ipswich Journal,* a newspaper which had a wide circulation in Suffolk and Essex. Twenty recruits under the age of forty were asked for to complete a company of the First Division of Marines, the sergeant's headquarters being the "Marlborough's Head" at Colchester. After the information that applicants would "make their fortune by capture from the enemy," this advertisement sets out the advantages of service in the following manner: "Marine soldiers have every advantage of His Majesty's royal bounty; excellent clothing, arms and accoutrements, with the addition of provisions found them *gratis* when on board ship, besides their full pay; and when in service, they share in prize-money equal with able seamen; these are advantages well known, and can be testified by many in this country, who have made their fortunes in the last, but more particularly in the present war." The Marines at this time were without the title "Royal," that much-prized designation not being granted till 1802.

A poster circulated in 1756 by the "52nd Regiment, commanded by Major-General Abercrombie," concluded with these words, "All such persons who have their country's interest at heart, and are ready to exert themselves in defence of their religion and liberties, are desired to apply to the Earl of Sandwich at Huntingdon, where they will meet with proper encouragement, and, in his

absence, to Major D'Ebrisay, of the said regiment, at his quarters at the Crown Inn at Huntingdon." In 1895 a transcription of this poster was erroneously included in "The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry Chronicle," the regimental annual of the old 43rd and 52nd Regiments. But the latter regiment at the time of the circulation of this poster was numbered as the 54th and was not renumbered as the 52nd till the year following that in which the poster appeared. This juggling with regimental numbers was brought about by the disbandment of two regiments. The regiment named in the poster was raised in December, 1755, as the 52nd Foot, the recruiting rendezvous being at Norwich. A Royal Warrant was issued in the following month authorizing Colonel James Abercrombie "By beat of drum or otherwise, to raise men in any county, or part of our kingdom of Great Britain, for this Regiment of Foot." In 1757 the regiment was renumbered and became the 50th Foot, the lineal ancestor of the present First Battalion, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment.

In a somewhat lengthy recruiting poster issued on behalf of the present 2nd Battalion, The Welch Regiment in 1811, when it was the 69th Foot, the then recent achievements of the regiment at Mauritius and Java are praised in glowing language. The certainty of accumulating untold prize money in future military operations was, of course, impressed upon the would-be recruit who perused this particular poster and who, reading on, would have read these words, "Such, my fine fellows, are the advantages of a soldier's life, independent of the honour of serving the King, whose indescribable virtues render him an inestimable blessing to the country. Besides all these advantages, young men and lads shall receive a bounty of sixteen guineas for volunteering into this fine regiment, and may make application to me, Lieutenant G. James, at my quarters, next door to the George Inn, High Street, or to either of my sergeants, at my rendezvous, the Flying Horse, Watergate. An early application by young men of any education will ensure immediate promotion."

From the foregoing posters one sees how the Government obtained its infantrymen in the grand old hand-to-hand fighting days. Other branches of the Service were kept up to strength in the same manner and, by way of conclusion, an extract will be given from a recruiting poster launched by the 16th Light Dragoons at the time of the regiment's formation in 1759. This is how it ran: "You will be mounted on the finest horses in the

world, with superb clothing and the richest accoutrements. Your pay and privileges are equal to two guineas a week, you are everywhere respected, your society is courted, you are admired by the fair which, together with the chance of getting switched by a buxom widow or of brushing with a rich heiress, renders the situation truly enviable and desirable. Young men out of employment or uncomfortable—'There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune,' nick it instantly and enlist."

Who wouldn't join the cavalry after reading that? The regiment for whose benefit this alluring poster was printed in due course became the 16th The Queen's Lancers, a title it retained till 1922, when, on its amalgamation with the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, it became the 16/5th Lancers. The 16th had more battle honours on its drum banners than any other cavalry regiment in the Service and it was the only Lancer regiment to sport the scarlet tunic. One of its recruits in 1877 was Trooper William Robertson, who forty-three years later found himself a Field-Marshal and a Baronet.

Another recruiting poster circulated as an inducement to men to enlist in a regiment of the mounted branch is that of the Midlothian Light Dragoons, dated 1798, which, like the previously mentioned poster of the 16th Light Dragoons, was not included in the present writer's discussion on "Old Cavalry Recruiting Posters" published in the January 1937 issue of *The Cavalry Journal*. The poster of these Midlothian cavalrymen was displayed in the streets of Edinburgh and contained the following extraordinary paragraph: "The Regiment has been one year and a half in Ireland, constantly employed in exterminating the Croppies, who are now—damn their bloods—about finished. So much so that these gallant light dragoons are at present eating their beef, bread and potatoes (which by the way are not got for nothing) in peace and comfort, in one of the most delightful, plentiful and cheapest counties in Ireland." The "Croppies" were the Irish rebels of the period. As a sign of sympathy with the French revolution, they were in the habit of having their hair cropped short. The poster continued in the following fashion: "This is not the place (for want of room) to talk of honours acquired by the regiment; suffice it to say they have received the thanks of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, of the Parliament of Ireland, for their spirited conduct, and are now entitled to wear the Royal Colour, on which account their clothing has been changed from red to blue."

From the concluding paragraph of this recruiting bill one learns that the regiment was "so famous in performing the sword-and-carbine exercises on horse-back, that the very name of Midlothian has been known to strike terror into the hearts of the Rebels." The poster then winds up with the following rather gruesome details: "At the battle of Hacketstown one of the Dragoons at full speed, with a single blow of the sabre, cut the head of a rebel clean off, and at the battles of Ross and Vinegar Hill, two of the rebel leaders were shot by the Midlothian Marksman." The magic words, "God Save the King," terminated this remarkable recruiting notice. The Midlothian Light Dragoons had been raised as a Fencible unit in 1794 and with the rest of the Fencible Cavalry was disbanded in 1800. Fencibles comprised cavalry and infantry and were regular regiments liable for home defence only. They were maintained for the duration of a war and were not liable to drafting.

So much for the recruiting posters launched on behalf of infantry and cavalry regiments in the days when war was a chivalrous undertaking and the business was done by professional soldiers in all the glory of full dress. The remaining arm, the artillery, are deserving of mention too, since a poster printed for their special benefit ninety-three years ago is one of the longest and most informative ever issued. The rendezvous of the recruiting sergeant of the Royal Artillery on this occasion was at a tavern in Taunton. The poster stipulated that apprentices would not be accepted and that applicants must not be married. The poster continued in these words: "They must measure 5 feet 8 inches in height and be between eighteen and twenty-two years of age. Growing lads not more than seventeen may be admitted. They will receive the same liberal bounty of £5-15-6. On their arrival at Head Quarters they will be taught the art of riding, driving, fencing, gunnery and the mechanics. The making and use of gunpowder, sky rockets, and other fireworks, and by the power of a lever to move a 42-pounder battering gun with the same facility as a penny whistle. The cannon used in the field are called FLYING ARTILLERY from the astonishing rapidity of their movements. The Gunners (for so Artillerymen are styled) wear a SPLENDID UNIFORM and are well mounted on taking the Field." All of which goes to show what artillerymen were expected to master in the "roaring forties."

From the real soldiering side of the profession one passes straight on to the distinctly lighter side as expressed in the same poster: "They are lodged in the finest barracks in the world.

They have light work and good pay, the best Beef that Kent can afford, and a comfortable place in the barracks called 'The Canteen' set apart for them to see their friends in and take a cheerful glass; also a splendid library and reading room; a park and pleasure grounds, with a select number of horses for their instruction and amusement. After their 'Education' is completed they will have an opportunity afforded them to travel to foreign countries, where they may drink their wine at two-pence per bottle by the new tariff!! If well conducted they will be promoted to NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, from whom the Quartermasters are selected who are the best paid in the army, and return to see their friends with money, manners, and experience!!"

This recruiting poster is indeed an interesting and historic document in the annals of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, even if the picture is somewhat overpainted. The poster concludes with a list of the daily rates of pay of quartermasters and the various non-commissioned grades down to those of lower status such as gunners, drivers, collar-makers, wheelers, etc. The pay in all branches of the service is, of course, higher to-day, food and accommodation are better and the life generally has improved in every way. But the soldier no longer gets his wine at "two-pence per bottle by the new tariff."

THOUGHTS ON PROPAGANDA

By Major The Hon'ble C. B. Birdwood, M.V.O.

In a previous article in April, 1938,* a writer in this magazine subjected the technique of propaganda to scientific and lucid analysis; and it is not here intended to go over the ground which was then covered. It is, alas, late in the day to start tabulating the subject according to a text-book layout and I have, therefore, sought only to record a few thoughts on the application of propaganda in the war.

In the first week of September, 1939, some 40,000,000 pamphlets were dropped on North-West Germany, a line of attack which perplexed many members of the fighting forces and came in for no little comment throughout the country. Was such criticism justified and is the power of the pen to be dismissed merely as a matter of the weight of words in contrast to bombs?

The effect of a bomb can be seen and accurately recorded while the effect of a leaflet is intangible. Yet because that effect cannot be seen, it is hardly logical to deny its existence. In many other spheres we believe what we cannot see and faith in the power of the leaflet is but an extension of a sense of warfare to appreciate the unseen, in a manner which has been understood by the scientists and psychologists for many years.

But the leaflet needs to be used with discrimination. Just as a commander likes to hit his enemy in his weakest link and exploit success, so should a leaflet be dropped on soil with promise of fertility.

In its practical application, this would connote that bombs must for a long time be far more effective over Berlin than paper, while paper will always be effective over Vienna, Prague and Warsaw.

The study of the psychology of the enemy has of late years been frequently stressed in all our teaching. The correct use of the leaflet, or indeed any form of propaganda, is but the extension of that study in its general application to the whole population of the enemy countries.

A knowledge of psychology is then the essence of good propaganda. Thus, it would surely be useless at the present juncture to drop caricatures of Hitler, as Charlie Chaplin sees him in "The Great Dictator," over Germany. Similar pictures of Mussolini

* "Propaganda," by Lieut.-Colonel H. L. F. Dimmock, O.B.E.

in Italy might have some effect. But from the point of view of propaganda, pamphlets ridiculing Mussolini dropped in Germany, or exposing Hitler in Italy as responsible for her sorry plight, would be far more profitable.

It is natural that propaganda based on truth must ultimately have a greater chance of success than that based on opportunism. If, as we believe, our cause is right, the whole of our propaganda assumes a background which the enemy cannot enjoy. His is the task to be continually thinking out verbal expedients and justification for fresh plans of aggression. He must adjust his propaganda to his own changing strategic conception. With us, the background of our propaganda is secure and later we can afford to develop our strategy in the safe knowledge that whatever we may tell the enemy is founded on the rock of the simple justice of our cause. Were it otherwise, we should not be fighting.

Subject to the above principle, our propaganda technique would seem to leave room for much development and imagination. It is not enough to say "We are right. Therefore we shall win." The impression the layman receives is that there is a redundant amount of propaganda wasted in developing our own morale and not enough spent in attacking the enemy. Great Britain is united and needs little medicine from the microphone. The major portion of our broadcasting machinery should be concentrated on getting our propaganda across to the continent of Europe.

Propaganda for enemy consumption may take two forms. It may (*a*) place our own case before the enemy, or (*b*) attack the weak points in enemy propaganda. While Mr. Churchill has stressed that it is early days to start defining war aims, we cannot go wrong if we continually confirm that our cause is the freedom of all countries under domination. There is no need to go into detail of either minority or boundary. The principle is sufficient.

It is perhaps here appropriate to touch on the question as to whether we are to regard our war effort as concentrated against two nations or two parties. In the case of Italy, the issue is clear. We know that a great proportion of the nation is ready to welcome a collapse of the Fascist rule. In the case of Germany, one frequently hears heated discussion on such lines. But ignoring all ethical considerations, from the propagandist point of view there can only be one answer. By stressing either in the press or in public speech that we are fighting to conquer a nation of eighty

million villains, we are playing into the hands of the enemy. These are the very words which the German minister of propaganda wishes to hear. With such material at their disposal, the Nazi party can shelter behind their nation indefinitely. They have but to tell the people that the enemy has declared that Germany is fighting for its existence and they, the leaders, will retain their power behind the armed forces for years to come. Our object must surely be to drive a wedge in between the people and their leaders, so that the latter may be the first rather than the last to fall. It is good propaganda which fosters this object and conversely poor propaganda which tends to push Germany further into the power of its leaders.

In considering the second aspect, that of our attack on the weak points of enemy propaganda, a factor of great importance is that retort must be immediate and complete. Too often it seems that the Führer is allowed to get away with a naked lie; and the verbal gymnastics of Goebbels are so surprising as to warrant our contempt rather than our denial. Yet the wildest statements are drunk in by the German public and, as such, should be vigorously and immediately challenged.

In illustration, Hitler has repeatedly made capital of the theme of "Lebensraum." It has been the German people's fate, he tells them, to suffer for years a stifling confinement within the boundaries dictated by the Capitalist powers. So far as the writer is aware, there has never yet been a serious effort from our side, to tell the German people that a glance at any book of pre-war European statistics would show that both England and Belgium suffer a far greater concentration of population per square mile than Germany. At the beginning of the year Mr. Churchill made a brilliant appeal to the Italian Nation. The speech was seized upon by the Fascist press and reissued to Italians in a completely unrecognizable form. Here was surely a case for swift and determined action. Leaflets, many thousands of them, with the true text of the speech, could effectively have been dropped. Apart from the incontrovertible argument of Mr. Churchill's attack, the fact that the Fascist party were, on the evidence before their people, completely altering the text of an appeal, could only have reacted to the great discomfiture of the party.

Another aspect of the propaganda technique is the treatment of prisoners. Loose comment on the lines of "Charity begins at home" is frequent. Those who would see prisoners in comfort are regarded as sentimentalists. Such an attitude fails to trace the

result of action to its logical conclusion: again it believes only that which it can see.

If Italian prisoners receive macaroni (I am unaware if they do or not), sooner or later the people in Italy know, a factor of definite propaganda value and calculated to undermine enemy resistance in a manner which, though subtler and less direct than the tactical success, is nevertheless real in its more indirect method.

It may not at first be apparent as to how the application of propaganda interests the military command. At the most it would seem but a matter for co-operation between the Ministry of Information and the Royal Air Force with occasional reference to the War Cabinet.

In all the training manuals and in the many war training pamphlets issued, I have been unable to find a reference to the direct use of propaganda.

And yet a moment's reflection will bring to mind many an occasion calling for its resourceful application by a Commander.

We may consider an imaginary situation. An Empire, Saxonia, is at war with two great powers, Nordania and Romania. At heart these two have little in common, their liaison being only one of expediency. Nordania we may suppose to be Saxonia's real enemy whom she keeps at arm's length while she concentrates her main effort on land to defeat the weaker Romania. We see at first the gradual investment of Romania's colonial Empire. Attached to the Saxonian General Staff and as an integral part of their intelligence is the propaganda branch, with their powerful transmitters ready. They have managed to engage the services of Romanians hostile to the present regime; for, alas, they have too few of their own officers trained in the Romanian language! Their machinery is complete. They can jam the broadcasts from the Romanian Capital across the water and replace them with their own story of the war. The pamphlet section is ready to supplement the microphone. Finally Saxonia effects a landing on Romanian soil. Saxonian mobile armoured forces are sweeping across the Romanian countryside. The Propaganda Branch have made straight for the broadcasting stations and the newspaper offices. They have shown, too, that they are not devoid of imagination; for fluttering from every Saxonian vehicle as it rattles through the Romanian villages are little cloth Saxonian and Romanian flags flying side by side on the same staff. Many of these are thrown to the silent peasants who gather in frightened indecision at the street corners. Further ahead, Saxonia's planes

are circling over the Romanian cities and behind them message pennons flutter bravely out in the manner in which we are bidden to read *The Daily Chronicle* on Derby Day or at the Cup Final. To-day, however, it is to tell the people of Romania that further resistance is useless, that the Saxonian forces are here, there and everywhere; and that, above all, they will free the Romanians from the foul insidious exploitation they have suffered at the hands of that other enemy, Nordania! The Romanians are rather shy at first. They recall orders threatening imprisonment for reading pamphlets. Still they can hardly fail to read a message towed across the sky in front of them and a man cannot be sent to prison for looking at an aeroplane.

Such is the picture. But it needs enthusiasm and not a little imagination from the commander and his staff.

There is yet one more aspect of this complex business which needs to be considered. It has been stressed that the background of our propaganda to-day rests on truth. To what extent is departure from the truth justified in its daily application through the various media of propaganda? In the story above, would the Saxonian Commander broadcast to the people that his forces had reached the Romanian Capital and captured the power station and the water works when in fact they had done nothing of the sort? The answer seems to be that if a deliberate lie is told and later discovered before the capitulation of the enemy, the whole effect of subsequent propaganda becomes innocuous. In contrast the magnification of a small truth out of proportion to its real value will frequently have far-reaching repurcussions.

There is a subtle difference between a clumsy lie and the creation of a false situation to deceive the enemy. Thus to publish that General *Y* had flown from *A* to *B* to consult with General *X* when in fact he had flown from *A* to *C* to take over a secret force in the process of formation is but the kind of ruse which comes within the normal sphere of the Intelligence Brânch and is hardly a matter of propaganda.

A vast subject has here been treated lightly. The intention has been only to overcome indifference. As a nation we are shy of methods with a flavour of the melodramatic. Yet we can hardly afford to neglect any agency which will assist us to victory in the days to come.

"NORPERFORCE"

By John Helland

There is many a tale, true and false, that is told of "Norperforce," that body of British and Indian troops who spent three years in North West Persia and only pulled out of it for home and rest in the summer of 1921. Comedy comes most easily to mind.

Surra, that dreaded disease, broke out among the local camels. It was hard to control, for the Persian preferred to work his animal till it dropped rather than to kill it. He was something like the Indian in that way.

The transport people were finally compelled to offer a reward for each camel tail brought in. This led to the desired result and evidence of the willingness of the people to destroy infected animals came in wholesale with the growing tale of tails. But this great slaughter had no effect on the epidemic. It still raged.

Efforts were redoubled, rewards increased and the tally grew.

Finally, there came a shortage of camels to carry commissariat loads, so hiring prices were raised. This, in turn, led to a surprising diminution in the intake of tails. The shortage of load carriers grew worse: demand sent prices still higher.

The atmosphere became tense with speculation as the tussle between demand and supply raged furiously on.

Bursting point came when a herd of camels was driven in by some innocent from a far place to pick up a big load of rice for a battalion many miles away. As they filed off into the desert, it was seen that not one owned a complete tail.

* * * *

Some things made one a little bashful.

One remembers a Russian lady of fairly ample figure, with her baby, coming into a *sarai** where a Gurkha subaltern and his orderly were staying for a few days when on a reconnaissance into the hills. The officer asked her if she would like some lunch and she readily accepted.

His orderly went out to tell the cook to pour some more hot water in the soup and to mince the chicken leg instead of serving it whole.

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* Inn.

The *sarai* table was rough and rather high. The visitor sat chatting away for a bit in broken English, then opened her bodice and laid her copious breasts upon the table to give her infant a more stable firing platform from which to operate.

Her child's meal over, she put him aside and remained thus chatting and gesticulating. her bust still rested upon the table.

Soon the Gurkha orderly returned, head bent down, intent over the two plates of hot soup that he carried. All unconscious, he approached the board and placed the plate in front of the lady or, rather, on the lady's front.

I have only once seen a Gurkha blush and only once heard a Russian lady utter in pained surprise.

* * * *

Winter came and snow lay six feet deep on the mountains. Softly the myriad fat flakes floated to earth. Night settled down and still the flakes fell white about us.

By the light of a candle the Adjutant on his camp bed sat writing before a wood fire in his billet. The little warmth of his fire melted the snow on the roof and the water dripped, then dribbled through, to turn the mud floor into a slippery bog.

Memsahib chha. (Here's a lady.)

Turning, he saw a sentry at the open door with a girl of twenty holding a small boy by the hand.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" he groaned, "*You* here again!"

[*Enter the interpreter.*]

"Where's she come from *this* time. Alexander?"

"Over the mountains from the Caspian. Sair."

"Gosh! In this snow? What's that with her?"

"Her younger brother, Sair."

"She's produced three sisters already—and an aunt, too, I think. . . Is the boy a Russian?"

[*Gabble gabble.*]

"Yes, Sair."

"Then I suppose out of the eighty million males in Russia I've got to believe he's her brother. Right ho!"

He picked up the receiver of his field telephone and buzzed for half a minute.

"Doctor," he said, "the towhaired Kuddlybobski girl's here again. Clear out of your hut like a good chap and doss down in mine. . . . Shut up. . . . You're very fortunate to have the chance of being unselfish again. . . . She's got a little brother with her this time. . . . Stoke your fire up before you leave; they're soaked through. I'll collect some dry clothes for them . . . . I didn't bring any feminine clothes with me on service, did *you*? No? Odd! Thanks! Take some of those pictures off your wall before you leave."

"Alexander, take her to the Doctor's hut as usual, will you? And tell her never to come back again if she can possibly help it. We've run out of female clothing."

[*Exit the party.*]

He scribbled a note to all his officers, asking for contributions of clothing.

As time went on, the various officers' orderlies brought in a fair heap of woollen garments.

"Here orderly, chuck those ordnance vests and pants of mine on the heap."

He continued his writing.

"Let's see what you've got. . . . Lord! Eight ordnance vests and pants. Nothing else?"

"No, Sahib. None of the other officers have any more clothes than you have."

"Gorea, do these damned bullwool vests and pants make you itch too?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"Yet you can wear them, you noble creature? . . . . Well, well . . . ." reflectively, "they'll keep her warm and . . . . I don't think she'll come here again. Take 'em along to the Doctor's hut, Gorea, and knock before you go in."

At eight the next morning, with the sun glittering across the snow, the Adjutant walked to the Doctor's hut to tell her that the Column Headquarter "flivver" had arrived to take her and the boy to civilisation, a hundred miles away.

They emerged and he looked at them curiously. Both seemed very fat. So they'd got on all eight pairs between them; they weren't missing anything. As they walked past him they wriggled their backs.

Awkwardly, with one hand they said goodbye to him scratching ardently with the other.

"They'll get into practice before they reach Teheran," he thought.

He banged the door on them and they were off. As the open car receded down the road, he saw the boy rubbing his sister's back with both hands, wriggling as he did so.

"She won't come here again, Alexander. You and I know what it is, don't we?

"Yes, Sair?"

"Four vests and four pants each; all worthy of Nessus! A mixture of thermogene wool and hayseeds. I wonder how Ordnance discovers these things. Wonderful people, wonderful."

SALIENT AND SOMME

[THE BATTLEFIELDS OF 1916-17 REVISITED]

By "Jebb"

In the twenty-one years between 1918 and 1939, the idea of a visit to the battlefields of France and Flanders was probably considered at one time or another by every officer who took part in the war in the West. It certainly passed through the minds of four officers—let us call them *A, B, G* and *D*—late of a pioneer battalion of a famous city regiment, who had managed to keep in touch; but owing to circumstances such as failure to synchronise leave, it was not until April, 1939, that they were able to put the idea into practice. And though France may not be a very popular subject at the present time, an account of their tour and impressions may not be without interest to those readers of this journal who themselves knew the Salient and Somme in the years 1914—1918.

When a suitable date had been fixed, it was left to *B*—the only member who had turned "pro" and who, by reason of his present appointment and station, was the best qualified to undertake it—to carry out the preliminary staff arrangements. These consisted mainly of correspondence with the A. A. on the subject of facilities for *B*'s car which was chosen to conduct the party, of working out the itinerary and programme, and of obtaining maps; fortunately, *B* had free access to a large and varied stock.

And so it was that at about 10-30 A.M. on the morning of the 11th April, 1939, the party rendezvoused at the gangway of the "Isle of Thanet" at Folkstone. *A* and *G* had travelled overnight from Chester (where both were in business—the former as school master and the latter as deputy bank manager), breakfasted at Euston and proceeded by tube to Victoria for the "leave train" (9 A.M.). This, according to *G*, was all quite like old times, but the absence of khaki on the familiar platform and of a slight sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach suggested it was not quite the same as the *status quo in bello*. *B* and *D* had meanwhile arrived by road, *B* having shortened his journey by staying overnight at *D*'s.

Punctually at 10-50 the "Isle of Thanet" cast off; the sea was calm (to the intense relief of at least one member—and there was

no escorting destroyer! The weather, too, was glorious and clouds there were none, except metaphorically, for only four days before Mussolini had celebrated Good Friday by invading Albania and *B* had an uneasy feeling that military reactions to this move might result in his recall. However, all was well and the party settled down to enjoy themselves as only old friends can who meet again after many years and have much to discuss. The time crossing the Channel was spent, first, in allocation of duties, settled after some ineffective modesty as: *B,* car and photos; *A,* cash; *G,* maps and *D* billeting and coping with natives; the latter duty, however, was gradually taken over by *A,* who showed that he was one of those Englishmen who can cope with *any* foreigner or native. *D* also had to exercise general supervision over maps when *G* showed signs of losing the way, and over the car when *B* showed signs of confusing the left and the right of the road and doing other things *interdits* to *autos.*

This done, we had to try and get up-to-date with each other's history. (We may as well use the first person plural as it is quite obvious that the author was one of the party.) In things essential we stepped back quickly but externally at least were hardly the gay young things we once were, witness *A* greying on top, *B*'s baldness and uncertain leg, *G*'s uncertain interior. *D* alone belied the general impression of increasing senility, his youthfulness and ringing laugh taking us immediately back to the days, 23 years before, when we had been boys together. Incidentally, the advantages of doing a tour of this nature with those who had served in the same unit were soon evident; where one memory defaulted, there were others to supply the deficiency.

Boulogne Harbour—entered gently backwards—seemed much as ever as also the town or what we saw of it on a short stroll before lunch. It was easy to determine the exact position of the one-time R.T.O.'s Office and Officers' Club; so familiar indeed were the old landmarks near the quay that I think none of us had much difficulty in painting a mental picture of the last stand at and evacuation of Boulogne when it took place a little over a year later.

After lunch, when *A* insisted on our drinking each other's health in champagne cocktails, we collected the car which had followed us on the cargo boat. The A.A.'s excellent arrangements greatly simplified the whole car business and particularly that of getting it across frontiers, a process in which we were involved no less than four times in the space of three days.

We left Boulogne at 2-30 P.M. by the St. Omer road for Ypres. *B* is still not quite clear why, in planning the tour, he did not elect to visit the Somme first and return *via* the Salient, for each member of the party had in fact seen the fighting in that order; but it didn't seem to matter in the end, and one advantage of the method chosen was that we were able to celebrate our last night together in an entirely suitable place—the Restaurant Godbert in Amiens: of which more anon.

An attempt to find the convent at Wisques which had housed the Second Army School (*B* had done a course there in 1917) was only partially successful. The place was there all right, but now appeared to be a monastic institution; and at the sight of a brown-frocked brother at the lodge we decided that our French was insufficient to cope with the situation and passed on. A cup of tea at St. Omer was pleasant, for the weather was astonishingly warm and *B* felt that thick plus-fours and cardigan, suitable for springtime in England, were overdoing it. Incidentally, the arrangement had been that we should each bring one suitcase with one change of suit for the evening. *G*, however, scorned this liberal allowance, contenting himself with an ancient rucksack and a change of shirt only.

From St. Omer, after a glance at the ruined abbey, we proceeded to Cassel—very pretty on its hill; trees and hedges seemed more forward than in England. It was as we wound our way up the twisty pave road into the little town that we supposed that we should shortly come across some signs of a continuation of the Maginot Line to the North, for we were then rapidly approaching the Belgian frontier. But when we emerged from the town on to the Eastern slopes of the hill, from which stretched a wide panorama extending from North of Ypres to Armentieres and Bethune, no warlike evidence of any kind was to be seen. Not a gun, not a pill-box, not a strand of barbed wire; nor did we see anything of the sort throughout our tour. It was all a bit puzzling, and a little disturbing too. After all, it was six months after Munich and various countries, even including our own, had been pretty busy in the interval. But France . . . ?

And so, still puzzled, we came past the frontier post at Adele, to Poperinghe. Here we visited the "old house" once headquarters, now museum and sanctuary of Toc H: absorbingly interesting as museum and beautiful as sanctuary, especially the original chapel under the roof rafters. What of it now, and of the devoted concierge in charge, who must be known to thousands of Toc H enthusiasts who have sheltered there during their visits to

"Pop" and "Wipers"? My own impression is that Toc H "old house," likewise the many memorials and cemeteries, stand above enmity and strife, and that the caretakers and gardeners are being given every facility to continue their good work.

The Pop—Ypres road still had a slightly grim feel for us, and the proportion of young trees to old increased significantly as we approached Ypres. We stayed at Skindles Hotel by the station: comfortable enough but rather anglicized and catering too much for the likes of us.

Next day, the 12th, again broke fine and warm, and we spent the morning exploring the Salient. To get to Passchendaele one has to pass through the square and under the Menin Gate; the former now contains a new Cathedral and Cloth Hall, and one can at least be thankful that in the rapidity of the retreat in 1940 they are unlikely to have suffered destruction a second time. The Menin Gate is wonderfully impressive. While *G* looked for his brother's name, *B* stood in pride and pleasure in front of the panel on which are inscribed the names of those of his Indian battalion who fell in the defence of the Channel Ports. The P.M.s of the A.T. Companies of 1940, though involved in very little fighting, were worthy successors of those units who came from India to France in 1914.

From the Menin Gate we went first through Zonnebeke to Tyne Cot cemetery. There is an old German pill-box in this cemetery and the memorial cross is mounted on a second. Surrounding half the cemetery are panels of names, an appendix to those at the Menin Gate; together they name 90,000 British, who have no known grave in Belgium alone. Then back to Zonnebeke and the 7th Division Memorial (our Division); thence to the Buttes Cemetery, magnificently placed in Polygon Wood, and a spot of bother along the soft earth track on the North side of the wood before we hit the Menin Road and carried along it as far as Gheluvelt. Returning we had the Boche view of Hooge and Ypres—distinctly the better view of course; in fact it was not really until this moment that we appreciated to the full what our troops in the Salient had to suffer in those grim four years: from any O.P. on that ridge one could have spotted a rat moving, let alone every man and gun and wagon. West of Sanctuary Wood is a small patch of ground preserved as a genuine antique. At 2 fr. 50 a head one could walk along duckboards in fairly respectable "tranchees," well decorated with bits of wire, "obuses" and other (non-human) remains, including, true to life, a trench pump

that wouldn't work. The adjoining café had a good little museum and a kaleidoscope which could well have been used in the further education of those who think war funny.

Returning *via* Zillebeke Lake—marvellously peaceful—to Ypres for lunch, we afterwards made enquiries of the Imperial War Graves Commission Office of the whereabouts of the grave of *D*'s brother, killed in 1914. This office was admirably organized, as are all and, in a couple of minutes or so, not only gave *D* the information he wanted but also enlightened *B* regarding a missing cousin, whose name he was told was commemorated on the Somme Memorial at Thiepval. All through our tour we were immensely struck by the trimness and beauty of the cemeteries themselves, and of the care lavished upon them by their British gardeners; an impressive point being the reverent care and appropriateness shown for remote peoples such as Indians and Chinese, as well as for the few German graves to be found in many of our cemetries. But, as *G* feelingly remarked, it was curious that governments should be so careful of their own and others' dead and often so careless of their own and others' living!

The afternoon we spent pottering round Dickebusch looking for various haunts of the battalion in the autumn of 1917, before it was whisked off to Italy with the 7th Division to bolster up the fleeing Italians (whose habits don't seem to have changed much in spite of Mussolini); we then went on to Bailleul for tea. This meant crossing the frontier again into France and *A* remarked that he didn't think he had ever crossed the frontier into another country and re-crossed it just to have tea. We returned to Ypres *via* Locre, Reninghelst and Ouderdom, in time to accompany the English chaplain of Ypres to the Menin Gate to hear Retreat, sounded nightly by two Belgian buglers. There was something particularly moving about this; and indeed, without being in the least psychic, one could not help being deeply conscious of the "atmosphere" of Ypres and of a feeling that the town was still being watched over and guarded by an unseen host. Returning to dinner, the chaplain told us that bodies were still being discovered on the battlefields, and he himself had read the burial service over three that very afternoon. Every effort was made by the War Graves authorities to identify them, even after that immense interval and, curiously, the best clues were apparently not identity discs or personal effects but boots, which still often retained their W.D. numbers.

Our plan for the third day, the 13th, gloriously hot again, was to make for the Somme battlefields and Albert roughly by

way of the old British front line, stopping at places of interest *en route*. Leaving Ypres by the Lille Gate, where the battalion had lived in the ramparts on its first visit to the Salient in 1917, we drove *via* St. Eloi and Messines to the East end of Hill 63. Here were some nice bits of old trench and a glorious view—North to Wytschaete and the Messines ridge, South across "Plugstreet Wood" to Armentieres. *B* and *D* were reminded of the days in August, 1916, when they lay on the top of this hill, after delivering their platoons to assist the 1st Australian Tunnelling Coy. in the construction of a vast dugout in its interior. We could find no traces of the dugout, however, nor had we time to visit our old home in Oosthove Farm.

It was an odd coincidence that, while we were thus revisiting scenes of the old war, rumours and threats of the next were at a maximum. The customs at Armentieres had it that most of Western Europe was actually mobilising at that moment, but, fortunately, they were anticipating the event by some five months.

The Indian Memorial at Neuve Chapelle, just North of the industrial area, was a notable stopping place, and, of course, of particular interest to *B* whose present battalion's mess album contains photographs of its unveiling. Near-by was a Portuguese cemetery, equally well cared for.

Our road then took us past Loos and, though the place had no more than an academic interest for us, we stopped to take a photograph of its ugly chimneys and scattered "fosses," reflecting on how uncomfortable it must have been to battle in such a congested area. Our next objective meanwhile was Vimy Ridge; a post-war "drive" of about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles runs along the top of the ridge from the main road to the Canadian Memorial, which is magnificent; we were impressed also by its wonderful position and by the dominance of the ridge over the surrounding country. Much of the woods on top of the ridge are *defense d'entrer*, but there is a good section of old front line, with craters, wire and trenches; the concrete imitation sandbags were perhaps a necessary artificiality. We came away feeling anew the futility and insanity of man having lived such a life, and preparing to live something like it again. But evidently the German General Staff felt the same about it and took steps to ensure that we should not live that particular life again, at any rate in France.

Arras was reached punctually at 1 o'clock for lunch at the Hotel Brasserie Moderne, just outside the station; and so we came at last to the Somme, our own country indeed. It had

been interesting to watch the countryside gradually changing from the unexciting yet strangely attractive "wet Flanders plain" to the open rolling downs of Picardy—grimly attractive too, at least to us who had known them so well; though *B*, who had spent the previous six weeks in an intensive study of modern defence, with its insistance on anti-tank obstacles and localities, was much worried at the complete lack of same in this part of France. No rivers, no canals, no woods, no railway embankments; villages widely scattered; the whole countryside resembling a vast gently undulating patchwork quilt. And as no effort had been made to supplement the lack of natural obstacles by artificial means, the outlook wasn't too rosy. (Nor, in the event, was reality. There literally was nothing to stop the Huns between the Meuse and the Somme, not even—as one might have supposed—a few Frenchmen.)

But to return. A fortunate trench map helped us to fix precisely the environments of Bullecourt—a Bullecourt so new and trim and smug, looking on us as though to say: "War? Did you say there had been a war?" *D*'s Pelican Avenue and the whole of the battalion's Bullecourt Avenue (one of the more notable of the many communication trenches we constructed); the spot on Ecoust Road where the C.O. and his runner had been killed by an unlucky shell on the 4th May, 1917: all were located. This was a great hour—made more so by the discovery of Mills bombs and other souvenirs right on top of where had been our Bullecourt Avenue. Souvenirs, we noticed, were much more frequent on the Somme than in the Salient, indicating perhaps that the Flemish are tidier by nature than the French. We finished at the old camps fore and aft of Mory Village; part of the Abbaye barn here seemed miraculously to have survived the war.

And now we must not pause too long but take the reader rapidly to Ervillers (no signpost in the brick heaps now: "This is Ervillers") and Courcelles Halt; through Logeast Wood (an old camp site) and Bucquoy to Puisieux, which yielded tea. It was at Puisieux, during the withdrawal of the Boche to the Hindenburg Line that *B* had had his first glimpse of Indian cavalry. Refreshed, we carried on by the main road through Serre (not much bigger than in 1917) to Mailly Maillet, and thence down through Auchonvillers to Beaumont Hamel. *A, B* and *D* here recalled the feeling of nakedness when taking parties to the line, apparently in full view of the Boche. The surroundings of Wagon Road were peaceful enough that evening, but its surface

was a trial for the Vauxhall. Sites of various jobs were fixed approximately; just hereabouts Nobby Clark collected his 25 German prisoners with a sergeant and two men. We missed the Newfoundland memorial but noted "Y" Ravine appreciably on our own way down to Beaucourt, and remembered that somewhere near here General Freyberg had won his V.C. Our weather was failing us at last and we ran through Aveluy Wood in rain down to Albert. Here we noted with pleasure the restoration to the perpendicular of the Virgin on the summit of the cathedral—that golden figure, so well known to thousands of Empire soldiers, which for years had defied in its perilous poise all the laws of gravity—and so came to the Hotel de la Paix, a small place but kindly. The climax of their efforts to give us really English fare was a dish of bacon and eggs in the middle of dinner.

The morning of the 14th, grey and threatening, saw us retracing our way up the Ancre Valley to Authuille, crossing the river at Aveluy. Authuille Bridge seemed not to exist and we went on to the Mill Bridge. "The river's clean where the raw blood flowed," but the mill had not been reinstated. The village is confusing and *G* took us up Campbell Avenue which degenerated into a soft earth track, so that to reach the Thiepval Memorial we had to go back to Authuille. This memorial, though impressive and wonderfully sited on the Thiepval ridge which dominates the bloodiest portions of the Somme battlefields, we thought not so fine as the others; its primary object, however, is to record the names of 73,367 who fell on the Somme and have no known grave, and *B* found with comparative ease the names of his cousin and also a school friend, both of whom died on the 1st July, 1916.

By this time the weather had completely collapsed and a pitiless rain had set in which, while being annoying for photography, at least helped old associations and gave that Somme countryside a much more familiar appearance. Driving past "Mucky Farm" (no longer "site of") we joined the Alber-Bapaume road at Pozieres (no longer "in ruins"), and here fixed the site of our October 1916 camp, so attractively placed between 60-pounders and 8-inch hows. On the main road none could remember the exact position of Canadian Avenue and other choice jobs of that commendably brief period; but, proceeding further, we recognized Courcelette and Martinpuish (hereabouts had been many derelict Mark 1 tanks) and the familiar hulk of the Butte de

Wariencourt. The five miles on to Bapaume had, of course, been in Boche territory in those days, and it seemed odd now to be coasting down the road at 45 M.P.H.

Stopping only for petrol in Bapaume, we turned South through Thilloy and Flers to Longueval, thus approaching from the Boche point of view that grim area where we had worked in Aug.-Sept., 1916, from our camp in Fricourt Wood. The map makes it just four miles straight from Fricourt Wood to Waterlot Farm: it was a long four miles those nights.

Skirting the West and Southern sides of Delville Wood and stopping for a moment to admire the South-African memorial, we came to Ginchy—taken at what cost to the 7th and other divisions and worth what when taken?—and Guillemont; then round and by Waterlot Farm to Longueval. Here was a marked example of the shrinking which appeared to have taken place everywhere. The triangle Longueval—Ginchy—Guillemont is about half a square mile in area; yet, except for the corner of Delville Wood, it contains all the ground of the twelve days' operations, given 16 pages in *Atkinson's History of the 7th Division*, where the 22nd Brigade, in the line only six days, alone lost 1,100 men. Our own jobs—laying tapes and what not—in and near Ginchy Avenue, Stout Trench and Porter Trench, were all in the same triangle—and now it looked like a couple of fields.

And so to Bernafay Wood and Montauban. *B* here took a photo in pouring rain from the crest where, going up in the dusk, one got the first view of the said little triangle and tried to decide whether "the barrage was as bad to-night" across the entrance to those jobs. It usually was; and, incidentally, *B* and *D* had their first experience of gas in this selfsame triangle. A jolly spot all round.

Following the ridge which formed the pre-July 1st, 1916 German support system (how they did appreciate the value of observation, those chaps), we came *via* Dantzig Alley cemetery outside Mametz to Fricourt. Here *G*'s map-reading (map corrected to 2-6-16) and *B*'s determination "to go somewhere even if it is wrong" sent us to Contalmaison, whence a road which fulfilled its promise brought us back to Bottom Wood in the valley North of Mametz. Here the old track up the East side of the valley seemed as if it might function and it just did, though requiring clearing of barbed wire and other obstacles from time to time. And very pleased we were, for we were able to reconstruct July 14th, 1916 (second phase of the Somme Battle)—a thrilling hour. Stopping the car at the head of the valley we

walked back along the very track which *B* and *D*'s platoon helped to repair on that day, and found almost the exact spot on the bank under which *B* and *D* had consumed a lunch of biscuits and sardines, to the accompaniment of the rat-tat of indirect M.G. fire from somewhere Bazentin way and with the bullets kicking up the dust on the far side of the track.

It was remarkable really how, after all these years, one could still locate spots like this with almost complete accuracy. The orientation of landmarks that the Huns had failed to obliterate, a twist in the road, a familiar bank—all helped; and an interesting example of how, having found the spot, one instinctively looked for further landmarks, was shown here below Bazentin when *B*, turning to *D*, said: "From what I remember, we ought to be able to see High Wood from here." *D* agreed, but the wood remained invisible until, leaving the track and strolling a few yards up the hill, it suddenly appeared over the horizon. In July, 1916, High Wood *had* been visible from the track; in April, 1939, it had ceased to be so because the new trees had not yet grown high enough!

Fricourt! *B* and *D*'s first view of this village (so-called), in April, 1916, had been obtained through a periscope from the old British front-line trench. Now, busy and prosperous in its new coat, it produced not only a most friendly estaminet where we obtained a superb lunch of omelette, café, rolls and butter for 2 fr. 50, but—better still—a little shop where could be purchased the most succulent Camambert cheeses, eventually to be much appreciated by the old folks at home. We then walked up the hill to the Bois Francais craters, part of the battalion sector in April, 1916, before we were converted into Pioneers. Here, by some freak of nature, both British and German front lines were still easily discernible in the chalk, though filled in many years before, and *G* said they would remain so, after the fashion of "barrows" in England. Of souvenirs again there were plenty, and *D* testified to his eternal youth and irresponsibility by picking up a Boche "pineapple" in remarkably good state of preservation and casually casting it from him onto the road "just to see if it was all right." It was, luckily for us, and now adorns his mantlepiece in Claygate (or did). All *B* was able to bring back was an entrenching tool head, which later did good work in the garden, but in the rush of departure under India Office orders in late August it was, I fear, forgotten.

Back in the car, we were arrested. *G* seemed rather pleased, as it maintained his tradition of never going abroad without

getting arrested, but the delay was a nuisance to us though pleasurable for the crowd. After lengthy explanations, the youthful poilus let us go, smiles and compliments all round: "C'est pour la rire." All the same we should have liked to know what all the excitement was about. We suspected it must have been the presence, higher on the hill, above the Bois Francais craters, of new defensive works or perhaps an A.A. battery. Had we misjudged the Daladier Government after all?

Many other Somme spots had to remain unvisited, but on the Maricourt Road we found the grandstand seat from which *B* and *D* had watched the great attack start on July 1st, 1916, later to follow up the attackers and assist in consolidating the ground won; we looked across too at the country near Carnoy where *A* started his war in 1915. Then to Suzanne and Bray-sur-Somme, where *A* used to fish for spies during one peaceful period, and on past the Bois des Tailles to Morlancourt, the battalion's base of those early 1916 days. Here a new war seemed to be starting as billets were being fixed while *B* and *D* talked with Madame of their old farm. So instantly recognizable was it that both declared it must be the original "B" Company Mess. But no: Madame stated emphatically that "les sales Boches" had razed the village, farm and all, to the ground in the Spring of 1918.

We paused at the top of the hill above Corbie to gaze down upon the wide marshy valley of the Somme (yes, here, at last, was a fair enough anti-tank obstacle if it could be made use of), had tea in the town, and then continued *viâ* the Australian Memorial at Villers Bretonneux to Amiens. It was fun to be back in this nice old town, to savour again something of the joys that made it the local Paris of 1914—1918, haven of all who could snatch 24 hours' leave from the Somme front. Among these joys a good bath, a good dinner and the ability to shop were at least as important as any; and though we had not been without baths we had had only one really good dinner (at the Excelsior in Ypres). We therefore decided by unanimous agreement that our farewell dinner must be at The Godbert, our one regret being that it could not be preceded by cocktails at Charley's Bar in the little street near the cathedral. The kindly staff of the Godbert, at which business did not seem to be too flourishing, metaphorically fell on our necks when they heard our halting French and recognized us as one-time "officiers Anglais," and if business was slack there was no falling off in the standard of cuisine for which they were famed. What a meal they gave us! It was one of those

notable dinners which are long remembered, not only by reason of the occasion and its associations, but for a particular item on the menu. The item on this occasion was *Souffle à Grand Marnier*—a luscious foaming masterpiece, each portion being cooked and served in a silver dish about the size of an average finger bowl.

As to shopping, no visit to Amiens, however brief, would have been complete without a stroll up the Rue des Trois Cailloux, wherein subalterns in a burst of duty had been wont to purchase lace handkerchiefs, bon-bons and what-nots for their girl friends at home. On this occasion *B* and *D*, being now long married and domesticated, confined themselves to one coffee percolator apiece.

The Cathderal must be revisited too, of course, a place of dim cool beauty as of yore, and then, with a guilty sense of having spent too long in Amiens, we set off for Abbeville and Calais. Fortunately the routes-nationales are fast (German motorised troops must have appreciated this too, in May a year later), and we were able to stop for a moment in Montreuil (G.H.Q.—what a war!) and turn aside from Etaples to sniff the sea breezes at le Touquet; more fashionable, but not thereby more pleasing, than the Paris Plage of the last war which it seems to have replaced, and we missed the silly but delightful horse-trams.

It seemed stupid to have to go beyond Boulogne, but Calais gave the advantage of being able to cross the Channel in the same vessel—s.s. *Autocarrier*—as the car; though from the point of view of completing the mental picture we were able to form of the events of a year later, it was a pity that it could not have been Dunkirk. The crossing caused us all to be more thoughtful and was followed by a long wait at Dover for the Vauxhall to be disembarked. *A* and *G* were to have gone on by train, but *B* suggested taking all to London; he nearly didn't owing to the obstinacy with which a lorry, coming on to the quay as we drove off, not only came round the corner on the left-hand side of the road, but refused to change from the left-hand side—*B*, meanwhile with equal obstinacy refusing to move from the right-hand side. But we got past (that lorry driver was a marvel of self-control) and so, through pleasant Kent to unpleasant Waterloo (for *D*) and Euston (for *A* and *G*). Thus ended a memorable holiday—well, no, hardly a holiday.

To attempt to produce lessons from a rambling reminiscent article of this nature seems out of place, but one might perhaps bring it to a close with the following observations:

As to the Tour.—If the reader feels like doing one himself, Hitler eventually permitting, he is advised to do it with a pal, to do it by car and to leave all arrangements in connection with the car to the A.A. or R.A.C. He will then find it quite easy, surprisingly inexpensive (assuming a reasonable rate of exchange) and extremely enjoyable and instructive.

As to the Government of France.—What can one say—except, perhaps, "Alas, my poor brother"—of a mentality that spends millards on the defence of the common frontier with the age-old enemy, but completely ignores the frontier across which that same enemy invaded his country and as near as anything defeated him 25 years before?

As to the People of France.—From the kindly, even affectionate manner in which we four musketeers were welcomed by all sorts and conditions of people on that short tour—porters, customs officials, hotel and restaurant servants, estaminet and shopkeepers, villagers and farm workers—one can be quite convinced that in spite of their own apathy and the defeatism of their present leaders, the common people of France still cry "Vive l'Angleterre" in their hearts, and pray fervently for a victory of British arms.

IS FEDERAL UNION POSSIBLE?

By "Alex"

"We are not fighting to preserve an old world but to build a new. We are not straining resources to foster the greatness of a state, but to win for men and women everywhere the first benefits of civilisation."

—Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, M.P.

We are fighting for security so that all nations will be free to live their own lives without fear. How can this security be obtained in the world after this conflict? Many of us must have asked ourselves this question and discussed it with others. In England now people from the highest to the most humble positions are discussing it every day. The Government are already dealing with this tremendous problem—a lasting peace. Some international system for the prevention of wars will have to be created. Whether it will take a rejuvenated but different form of the present League of Nations or of a federation, remains to be seen.

In this short article I am going to attempt to give an account of Federal Union (an organization which has been started at Home) and what its aims are. I should like to say at the very beginning that I am only writing this article as I think the subject is of topical interest and not because I am necessarily a believer in Federal Union.

At a time when we are engaged in a great European struggle, which has the appearance of becoming an international maelstrom, it may appear to some that the moment is hardly with us for fashioning the world of the future. I feel that view is mistaken. The present government is not leaving anything to the future and has already set up a committee of experts to prepare plans for the relief of unemployment after the war. The government is looking ahead and appears to believe in the proverb "Forewarned is Forearmed."

A clear vision of the better world that we wish to see emerging from our struggle will give us heart to endure to the end the bitter sacrifices that may be necessary for success. If lasting peace is to be established throughout the world, the nations of the world must be ready to form one society. They must be prepared

in one way or another to surrender that absolute sovereignty which now makes each nation state the sole arbiter of its rights and actions. The time has come when national sovereignties should be replaced by the application of federation across old-established national boundaries.

The aims of federal union are:

1. To obtain support for a federation of free peoples under a common government directly or indirectly elected by and responsible to the peoples for their common affairs, with national self-government for national affairs.
2. To ensure that any federation so formed shall be regarded as the first step towards ultimate world federation.
3. Through such a federation to secure peace, based on economic security and civil rights for all.

For the Allies victory is certain, but this time they must not lose the peace. Some form of New Order in the world must be constructed which will give the peoples of the world security, freedom and confidence. If it is not, then no peace will be made but only an uneasy truce.

Such an international order cannot be designed overnight. Just as we had to be prepared for total war, so we shall have to be prepared for total peace.

Federal Union believes that so long as each individual nation retains the unfettered right to be judge in its own cause, there can be no security and freedom in this world. In this way international agreements are made to be broken. Hitler has given us enough examples of treaty-breaking. He is not the only one either. Will any one feel secure at the end of this conflict if Germany promises to renounce aggression but keeps control of her armed forces, however much they are temporarily reduced? In the same way, will Germans feel confident of just treatment if the Allies do no more than promise it but keep a preponderance of force? Will the small nations ever again feel confident if their security depends on guarantees by the great powers?

Federal Union believes there is only one solution. Nations which wish to obtain that freedom and security behind which they can develop their own culture and institutions must have a common foreign policy and a united defence. It means that they must have a common government elected by the peoples of the different nations to regulate those affairs which they have in common. The decisions that are made may be good or they may be

bad but provided the electorate are free to criticise and oppose they can always be altered.

In this way the citizens of different nations unite in one great commonwealth under a federal government, which they freely elect. These nations form a united front to those remaining outside the federation by their single foreign policy and a single defence policy, with a single government regulating their tariffs, currency and migration in the interests of them all. At the same time each nation preserves its national government to control its own internal affairs. Such a federal government would also have power to ensure that colonies, dependencies, etc., are administered in the interests of the inhabitants and not for the benefit of any particular country.

In broad outline this is the system that Federal Union is trying to create. It provides security by pooling power to cure power politics. It means an end to wasteful economic rivalry. It provides laws which can be enforced in Courts of Justice and which can be amended constitutionally as changing circumstances demand. It insists on the freedom and equality of man and is based on the principle that the state is made for the man and not the man for the state.

If such a Union is to be formed the first nucleus would be the British Empire and the United States. This would be a formidable front even at the start and would without doubt command the respect of all nations no matter how great and would soon find peace-loving nations only too ready to join.

If the League of Nations is revived, it will have to be on an entirely new basis—a federal basis. National Sovereignty in international affairs must be done away with. Let us think what National Sovereignty means and why it must go. It means that:

(*i*) Each national government is responsible for making laws for the welfare of its own people without consideration of the effect these laws may have on the people of another nation.

(*ii*) Each national government has the right of deciding what are the vital interests of its own people without consideration of the vital interests of other nations.

(*iii*) Each national government has the duty of securing and protecting these vital interests.

Because each nation is sovereign, the people of State *A* have no direct redress if their interests and welfare are damaged by the

laws and decisions of the government of State *B*. They can only protest to their own government *A*, which in turn can only protest to the government of State *B*. If State *B* ignores the protest, government *A* can only submit or resort to threats of economic or military retaliation.

Therefore, national sovereignty leads to:

(*i*) Imperialism—to secure vital interests.

(*ii*) Trade Restrictions—to protect vested interests.

(*iii*) Armaments and War—to protect vital and vested interests or to obtain economic or strategic advantages which have become vital owing to changed circumstances.

(*iv*) The Organization of the state for military purposes and, therefore, the restriction of individual liberty.

The League of Nations of yesterday was based on National Sovereignty, i.e., the only guarantee of the observance of the covenant was the signature of the member states. Therefore, it depended for its effectiveness and authority on the good faith of governments which knew that, in the last resort, they could not rely on their fellow member states because every question would be judged from the angle of the immediate self-interest of each member state. The League could not make laws, it could only pass resolutions and rely on each government to pass laws ratifying the resolutions. It could not do more than recommend positive action to bring about peaceful change. Its decisions in major questions had to be unanimous. It was composed of delegates of governments who had always to seek their national and party self-interest. Finally it had no economic side.

The Federal Government, on the other hand:

(*i*) would have power to make laws which would bind individual men and women in the same way as the laws of national governments;

(*ii*) would raise its own taxes and loans;

(*iii*) would act as authority to which all international boards and institutions would be responsible. It could use them to administer its laws; and

(*iv*) would have its own police force to enforce the observance of Federal Laws and to arrest individuals, who are responsible for a breach of these laws.

The Federal Government would control:

(*i*) the foreign policy of the Union;

(*ii*) the pooled fighting forces of every nation within the Union. Thus there would no longer be separate national armies and no national government would have the power to challenge the Federal Government's authority; and

(*iii*) such other matters as were defined in the constitution to be of common concern to every nation within the Union, e.g., trade and currency restrictions and colonial administration.

I have enumerated above the ideals for which Federal Union is working. These ideals may never take effect in exactly the same way as the Union would wish. But it is quite possible that these ideals may be partly or wholly incorporated in some other form of international government after this conflict. Federal Union is doing research work and compiling data which would undoubtedly be of value to any form of international settlement. An international government, if it is to be successful, must have the power to enforce its laws. This power is the dominating factor.

ARMOURED LORRIES

By Major D. H. J. Williams, o.b.e.

I

In the issue of the Journal for April, 1940, an article appeared on the armoured lorries of the South Waziristan Scouts. A year has passed since then and naturally alterations in construction owing to the war and alterations in design owing to experience have taken place.

The alteration owing to the war has been the abandonment of construction with proper bullet-proof plate which has not been obtainable. The last half dozen vehicles have been built entirely of mild steel of sorts. The change has proved quite satisfactory for our purposes and the resulting body is strong, simple in construction, cheap in cost and sufficiently light in weight.

The principle of such bullet-proof construction is that of two or more thin plates with air spaces in between them or in certain cases "sandwiches" of wood or both. The thickness and the number of plates which must be used depends on the projectile to be kept out. In general, two 1/8th-inch mild-steel plates with an air space of two inches between them will stop a .303 bullet at point-blank range though the inner plate would be bulged at the point of impact. This remark is only intended as a very rough guide to the stopping power of such plates. The design of the South Waziristan Scouts lorries lends itself readily to strong and rapid body construction by this method, using material obtainable everywhere in India.

The alterations in the design of the lorry body have been firstly, a considerable increase in the protected areas and, secondly, the introduction of a gun-ring for an automatic weapon in the roof by the driver's seat. With the exception of the major portion of the roof, the top of the bonnet and the tyres, the whole lorry is now protected. The major portion of the roof is the part which normally carries a load and thereby gets some fair protection. The accompanying photographs show the general appearance of the vehicle and the position of the gun-ring. All earlier lorries have been altered to give the same protection as the new ones but have not been given a gun-ring.

With regard to weights and loadings the detail for the Chevrolet Chassis in use is as follows:

Maximum permissible weight	...	15,900 lbs.
Unladen weight, chassis and body	...	7,200 lbs.
Maximum permissible load (therefore)		8,700 lbs.

The last figure, therefore, permits a load of about 109 maunds, though in actual fact we do not load to that limit. When men are being carried the total load is probably more like half that amount.

It was not mentioned in the previous article that these armoured bodies are easily lifted "in one piece" from a chassis for transfer to another one. Removal of some 24 bolts enables the body to be lifted clear. Another chassis can then be run underneath and the body lowered and bolted down. This does not apply to the armour round the engine and bonnet, radiator, shutter, etc., which are all separate articles.

The first batch of lorries turned out have by now covered 15—20,000 miles apiece on the roads and have given no trouble. The material cost of building a body in our own workshops comes to about Rs. 700 without painting at the present time. Not a very high figure which, of course, excludes labour.

The Mahsud has spent an amusing year testing out these lorries as a sideline to other activities. He has scored some sixty hits on vehicles and four men have been very slightly wounded. It is interesting to note that, despite the nature of the country, no bullet has so far hit a roof from above. No tyres have been hit.

II

Another vehicle which has been in use here for eighteen months but has not so far been described is an armour-protected gun-truck.

In 1939 this Corps was issued with some Post guns for the first time. The number issued was not, of course, sufficient for all Posts and, consequently, movement of guns between Posts was, and is, frequently necessary.

The spectacle of a gun being dragged on its iron tyres behind a lorry (maximum towing speed 5 m.p.h.!) for distances of 20 to 60 miles was not one which could be endured for very long.

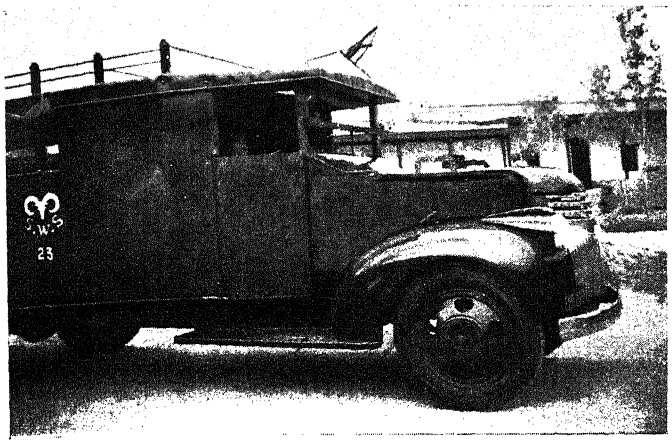
Some sort of gun-carrying vehicle, capable of moving with M.T. convoys at their ordinary speed, had to be produced. The accompanying photographs illustrate the result. The truck

is protected to a point behind the driver's seat in a manner exactly similar to the other armoured lorries. The back of the driver's seat is armoured above his head-level, giving full protection from the rear. The remainder of the truck is open. Fitted ramps are provided for loading or unloading the gun and one of these also forms the tailboard of the lorry when on the move. There is room for the carriage of a limber as well as the gun in the lorry though in practice we never do that. The protected portion of the vehicle is fitted for ammunition in any case.

These lorries have proved very satisfactory in use. The guns are loaded, unloaded and secured in the lorry with their drag-ropes. The system employed makes any further tying down when on the move unnecessary. A trained crew can unload the gun illustrated (a 13-pounder), bring it into action and get off the first round in less than 90 seconds. Getting out of action and loading up takes much the same time.

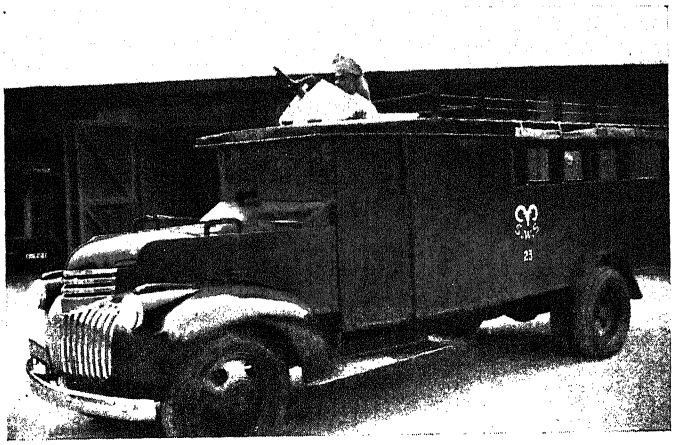
The lorry is suitable as regards size, weight, etc., for carriage of 4.5 Hows., 13-pounders or any smaller gun.

1



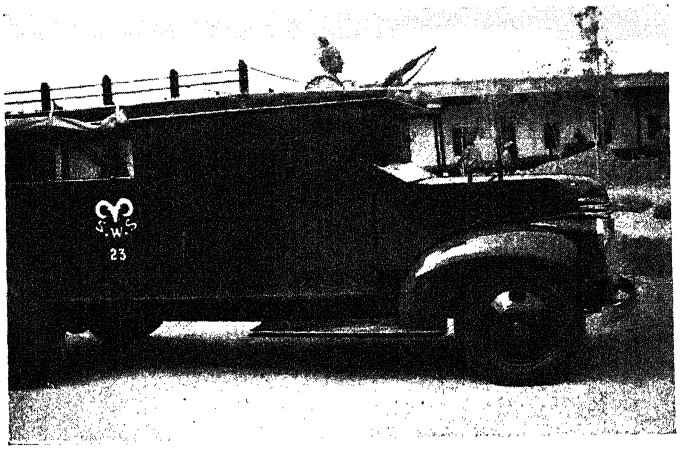
Armoured lorry open with automatic mounted on gun-ring.

2

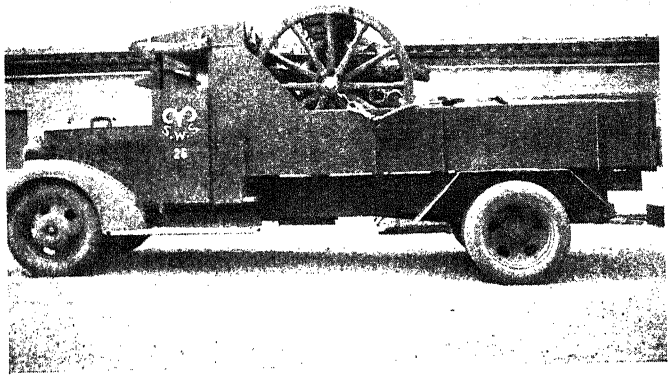


Armoured lorry closed, with automatic on gun-ring. Front half of gun-ring top in use as protective shutters.

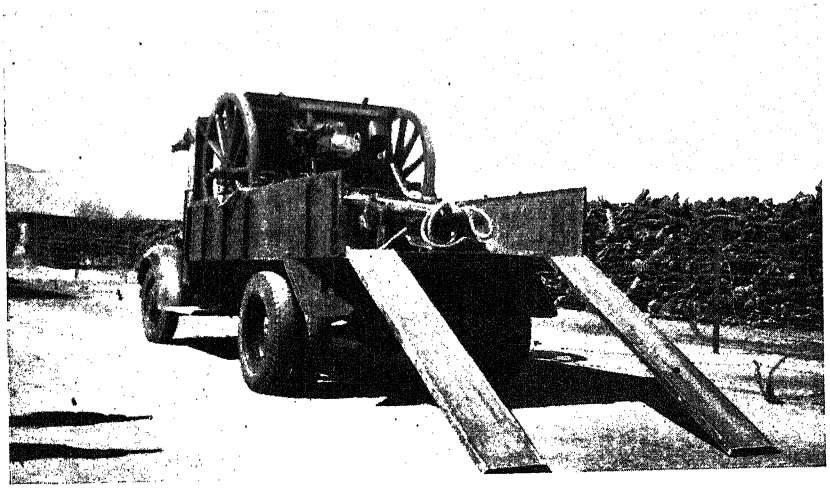
3



Armoured lorry closed, with automatic on gun-ring. Bullet-proof top of gun-ring, used as protection in Photo 2, has been lowered for all-round fire.



Armour-protected gun-truck.



Armour-protected gun-truck, showing loading ramps which also form tailboard of lorry.

A SIDELIGHT ON RECRUITING

By Major E. A. Hamlyn

In view of the large numbers of officers who have entered the Indian Army from civil life, and the equally large numbers of young officers pouring in from all sources, it seems an opportune moment to explain how the recruit is transplanted from the tranquillity of his fields to the hive of activity which the modern Training Battalion has become. In this connection, it is as well to be frank and admit that, when the author went for a tour on the Recruiting Staff he had but a hazy idea as to what the actual system was.

Although the greater part of this article refers to the piping times of peace (1918—39 vintage) the remarks on the system hold good to-day except for the expansion of the organization and, as will be seen, it was only the change of system introduced in 1932 which enabled the organization to expand so rapidly and so smoothly on the outbreak of war.

A discourse, written or verbal, on the subject of recruiting threatens to bristle with comparative statistics—man-days forecasts, wastage and a host of figures reminiscent of the six-inch to one mile return submitted annually. Every effort has been made to eliminate such detail from this article.

The Indian Army List will show, even nowadays (!), where the Recruiting Officers of various districts have their central offices. These R.O.s work by districts and not for one particular regiment or group. Consequently you have one R.O. and his assistants dealing with several Training Battalions and one Training Battalion dealing with several R.O.s according to the class composition of the group it serves.

For obvious reasons, it is considered an advantage for a regiment to be represented on the Recruiting Staff of some district from which it enlists and postings of R.O.s and A.R.O.s aim at giving turn and turn alike in this respect as far as the officer situation permits.

Now it is desired to show something of the method by which recruits, other than those who present themselves on the office doorstep, are gathered in and produced before the recruiting officers for final selection. To understand the present system, it will, however, be necessary to take a fleeting glance at the pre-1932 system.

This consisted of Recruiting Parties of serving soldiers sent out by active or training battalions to work under the R.O.s' orders *in their own areas.* Sometimes newly attested recruits were included in these parties provided they were keen and happy as propaganda of the "look-what-the-Army-has-done-for-me!" type.

Indian Officers and men were also invited to bring in their relations to their training battalion for enlistment up to the requirements of the moment.

In the days of small demands, it may well be imagined how popular this system was with the Indian ranks and with what genuine sorrow and a certain amount of disgust they saw it pass.

The drawbacks will be more apparent if looked at from a 1940-41 aspect than they were in 1932 but, fortunately, some hard-hearted, far-seeing Staff Officer in the appropriate Branch saw them then.

These drawbacks fell under two major headings and a third, not quite so important or so obvious.

Firstly, the field of recruitment, even among the authorized main classes, was becoming extremely restricted and, in places, almost kept "in the family." The evils of this in war can readily be appreciated, as no scope existed for broadening the net by tapping new areas.

The second drawback was that the potentialities of ex-soldiers for recruiting had not been exploited and no reserve whatever of recruiting personnel existed. It will help in realizing the system's shortcomings if one tries to visualize sending off parties of *serving soldiers* on recruiting duty to-day!

The third evil which is not so obvious to the layman was that the men of these recruiting parties had no special "eye for a recruit"—of which more anon. They were admittedly told the bare physical standards to look for; but how dare the wretched Naik Mohamed Ali refuse to bring in the son of ex-Subadar-Major Mohamed Khan, O.B.I., etc. etc., whatever his private opinion might be? Consequently, either the recruiter had to be penalised or Government, represented by the Recruiting Officer, had to pay up to avoid hardship.

Consequently, amid dull rumblings in which Commanding Officers have even been heard to join, the system of Paid Recruiters was introduced in 1932.

The P.R.s, as they will henceforth be called, are ex-soldiers, usually pensioners. They could be taken on trial first at Rs. 10 and if subsequently worthy, made permanent at Rs. 20.

They were to be "turned over" after four years to create a reserve but it is doubtful if that order was strictly observed in the case of a really good recruiter—which is but human nature! The intention, at least, was laudable and obvious.

In addition to a knowledge of physical standards, these P.R.s soon learnt to know what is an "obviously unfit;" that is to say, to spot defects such as knock-knees, varicose veins and one or two other things for which the Recruiting Officer, without needing to consult his Medical Officer, will reject men.

They develop, in fact, the "eye for a recruit" referred to above and, after some time under the Recruiting Officer, they are paid no allowances for the "obviously unfits" they bring in for inspection.

A word as to these allowances. Government allow up to rupees two per recruit for subsistence at annas four per diem and to include train or bus fares over short distances. As it is quite impossible for the Recruiting Officer to say how many days the recruit has been maintained by the P.R., it gives the former some further hold over the latter to penalize bad results. So far from P.R.s having to feed recruits, except possibly in famine areas, the boot is probably often on the other foot!

Although these P.R.s naturally work best in their own districts and among their own classes they should be, and were, trained to work in completely different areas and to enlist classes other than their own; otherwise your parochial system might creep in again.

Naturally, P.R.s require a certain amount of keeping up to the mark, but the hold over them described above, plus the power of the sack being vested personally in the Recruiting Officer, should prove quite adequate. They are a much-maligned race as regards partiality and alleged bribery, though there may occasionally be some grain of truth in these accusations. The remedy is for the Recruiting Officer, whoever he may be, to make himself as accessible as possible on all occasions. Not so easy now, perhaps but, in many instances, there was far more smoke than fire in these accusations in peace-time as will be shown.

Recruiting Officers' tours are published some time ahead in the *Fauji Akhbar* and, on the appointed day, he arrives at some central place accompanied by his whole-time Medical Officer—possibly by train, possibly after a cross-country car trip.

Here he is met by P.R.s he put on the job of collection say 10 days previously, and by anything up to five times the number

of recruits he is prepared to enlist (peace-time, of course). If he is wise and can possibly spare the time, he will give them all the once over and look round for more. He can then sleep peacefully at night and smile at subsequent accusations that Hari Singh, son of Havildar Moti Singh, was not permitted to see the Recruiting Officer.

He will, naturally, see first the recruits he had ordered his P.R.s to bring in; but, even before this war, a system of registration for future vacancies permitted him to give all the eligible ones a chance.

After the Recruiting Officer has made his selection—and this should include some 10 per cent. more than his actual requirements—he hands them on to his Medical Officer for thorough medical inspection which usually knocks out about a maximum of 10 per cent.

It is worthy of note that, once passed by a Recruiting Medical Officer, nothing short of a Medical Board can subsequently reject a recruit as unfit. Various misunderstandings and heartburnings have occurred through ignorance of this rule.

The Medical Officer will also inspect recruits registered for future enlistment and, if passed, they are given a ticket to report to the central office on a certain date (if known) or to report when called up. This has no legally binding force and they are free to change their minds or for mother to change their minds for them.

Actual requirements, once passed by the Medical Officer, are enrolled on the spot, given an advance of pay of rupees two and sent off to their respective training battalions on warrant, usually with a P.R. as conductor. A recruit becomes subject to the Indian Army Act and to his conditions of service once his signature or thumb-impression, together with that of his enrolling officer, have been affixed to his enrolment form. Incidentally, it is not at all a bad thing to let this fact sink home before the recruit departs for his training battalion.

The above are somewhat dry-as-dust details of routine, but a visit to the ancient battlefield of *regimental connection* may prove more entertaining.

On the introduction of the P. R. System, loud outcries arose on all sides that the Regimental Connection was bound to disappear and that it would be impossible for serving soldiers' *bhai-bands* to penetrate to the august presence of enrolling officers.

Arrangements were, accordingly, made whereby Commanding Officers could forward, monthly, to Recruiting Officers a list of such relations and friends. The Recruiting Officer wrote and ordered them to appear on fixed dates and times at places near their homes and this letter constituted, or should have constituted, a pass to see the Recruiting Officer.

Still, however, the outcry went on that poor little so-and-so, who was an exceedingly *tagra* specimen, had not been able to bribe his way past the rapacious P.R.s into the Recruiting Officer's presence. In nine cases out of ten poor little so-and-so had, in fact, been seen by the Recruiting Officer and turned down on the spot as a hopeless little weed: but, of course, he was not going to admit it!

At length, in deference to the clamour, it was decided that headquarter enlistment should be re-introduced up to 25 per cent. of outstanding demands, and everybody was happy again. Even the body-snatching recruiting staff were happy for the following reason:

Physical standards were, before the war, hard and fast—in theory, at any rate—and the Recruiting Officer had no authority to take "border-line" cases by which, curiously enough, are meant cases *under* the prescribed standard.

In practice, if the Recruiting Officer knew the Commanding Officer he was recruiting for as a broadminded and tolerant chap and if the Medical Officer agreed, he did take a certain number of border-line cases. Otherwise, to take them merely gave a handle for the subsequent rejection of a recruit who was not popular in other ways.

Now that Commanding Officers were once more empowered to enlist, they could, naturally, use their discretion as to what minor variations of standard they could permit so—to repeat—everyone was happy and the sons of ex-Jemadar this and Havildar that could have another shot at slipping past a less practised eye. Sentiment usually got them in and they probably made excellent soldiers for all the lacking half-inch.

With present recruiting figures, "doorstep" enlistment has vastly increased and this calls for still greater co-operation between Recruiting Officers and Commanding Officers of training battalions. Neither like to turn away a recruit (at his own expense) who will obviously be required in a very few months more. Despite the repeated publication of orders, *umedwars* continue to roll up at Training Battalion Headquarters for enlistment.

If taken, outstanding demands with the Recruiting Officer must, to some extent, be cancelled, causing trouble at that end.

Somebody will now leap up and say: "Why must demands be cancelled when "man-days" are washed out? ("Man-days" is the system of limitation of recruiting, which it was promised not to go into at the commencement of this article!) The answer is, at present, lack of accommodation and strict insistence by the medicos on "floor space." This is unanswerable, so we revert once more to the necessity for unlimited give and take between the recruiting authorities and those for whom they work.

Most people who have waded as far as this will now want to know what difference the war has made to the system and organization outlined above.

In principle, the system and method of recruitment remains exactly the same but the keynote, introduced by the war, is de-centralization. On the outbreak of war there were on the books of the A.I.R.O. many officers of the category "recruiting" and most of these were called up as soon as the need for them could be foreseen. They are now known as Extra Assistant Recruiting Officers (E.A.R.O.s) and have branch offices stationed out in the bigger centres of the district for which the Recruiting Officer is responsible. One case in point is that of a certain Recruiting Officer who has 18 such branch offices under him! These E.A.R.O.s have, usually, authority to enrol recruits.

In addition to these there are many retired Indian Officers who were registered as Honorary Assistant Recruiting Officers. This was considered an honour and, as the first word of their title implies, they were not to come on the paid recruiting staff. They were influential in their own areas and were to act more on the propaganda side, subsequently collecting their "catch" and bringing it into port. They have no powers of enrolment.

One may well believe from the foregoing that a Recruiting Officer's life at present is not all milk and honey. Very different in fact from pre-war days, but oh! how still more different from the pre-1914 era when the Recruiting Officer disappeared into the blue for weeks on end riding on a caparisoned elephant with saddle bags full of rupees and . . . but perhaps irrelevancy is creeping in!

It is hoped that this article may have done something to show the difficulties on both sides in this occasionally vexed matter of recruitment and, thereby, to help Training Battalions and Recruiting Staffs to understand each other's problems and make allowances for them. Which is, after all, the keystone of co-operation.

YOUR HOME WHEN YOU RETIRE

By "Joycey"

War or no war, this is a problem which, sooner or later, we all have to face and the sooner we begin to prepare for it the better. A little put by now each month, and invested in, say, National Savings Certificates, is not only going to help to win this war, but will make a big difference later on.

To build or to buy is the question we must first settle, "The World and his Wife," his "Wife" in particular, will certainly advise you not to build. The old threadbare adage, "Fools build, wise men buy," will be flung at your head on all sides. It seems to me by the number of houses in England that we must be a nation of fools if this is true. If you can find just what you want, just where you want it and within your means, this advice more often than not is sound, but how many of us do know just what we want?

That house, when you retire, which you have been dreaming about; you know, a large drawing-room, a cubby hole of a study, at least two decent bedrooms, Company's water, Gas, Electricity, H. & C., etc. etc., a small garden, and perhaps a tennis court if you can run to it. It all sounds so wonderful when you are thinking about it, or dreaming about it, or planning it, but it is not quite so wonderful when the time comes to look for it. House agents appear to be blessed with expansive imaginations; they will send you to see many "Desirable Gentlemen's Residences" which they think (or say they do) will suit you eminently. You will proceed with "Orders to View" and invariably find not one but a hundred snags, and the house which you would really like generally belongs to someone else who does not want to sell it, or if he does, the price is completely beyond you.

The first thing to decide is the locality in which you want to live and it is suprising the number of factors which rule the selection. Surroundings, associations, friends, cost of living, climate, all have to be considered and not the least, the servant problem. Few good servants care for the country, while in or near a town they are not so difficult to obtain. The countryside with its beauty and charm and sometimes inconvenience must be weighed against the town with its confinement and noise, yet its conveniences and resulting comforts. The "fringe" of both appears to

offer an ideal solution if it can be found, that is, the country with a large town three or four miles distant with a good motor bus service.

Having fixed the locality, the next problem is to find a site and the really serious business begins. Although one may love one's neighbour, one has not, perhaps, the same affection for his loud speaker or his noisy children or the bark of his dog. You do require shelter from the prevailing wind, particularly if you have chosen a spot near the sea. The usual services are a *sine qua non* and if you have a view, the reasonable hope that it will not be spoilt by someone building in front of you. You will find that you can't get it every way and even the best of sites will have some snag or other. The best way to go about it is to draw up a comparative statement of all possible sites shewing the advantages and disadvantages of each; this should enable you to come to a decision.

The business of purchase you will find rather complicated; you cannot buy land in the same way that you can buy a pound of tea; it is not so easy; if it were, solicitors and agents would very soon go out of business. Nor can you haggle over the price of a pound of tea, but you can and do haggle over the price of a horse, a cow, a car or a piece of land. One inquires from the agent the price asked and then makes a "firm offer," why it is called "firm" I don't know, because it is always less than one intends to give, and eventually one comes to an agreement or not. If not the whole business starts over again. Never be hurried into the purchase of land or a house; you will invariably be told that there is someone else who is also after it, and the chances are that this is not the case. The idea is to hurry you into the deal before you discover the snags.

Having reached an agreement, do not pay the agents anything; they will probably ask you to deposit 10 per cent. of the purchase money; this is not due until the "Contract" is signed. The Vendor's solicitors will forward to your solicitors a draft of conditions and stipulations in the Conveyance. The sale of most building land is subject to some conditions, generally to keep the type of house in conformity with other houses in the neighbourhood. This document would also contain particulars as to any tithe, ground rent or similar charge. Your solicitor will raise any objection which he may consider necessary in your interests and the Vendor's solicitor will make the necessary explanation.

The next step will be the signing of the Contract and with it you will be called upon to pay 10 per cent. of the agreed purchase

price as a deposit. The Contract is a binding legal document and cannot be repudiated by either party except by mutual consent. If you repudiate it you will lose the deposit and have to pay the solicitors' fees on both sides. Finally the Conveyance is prepared, signed by both parties and the land becomes yours.

All this legal business takes from about six weeks to two months and the delay is maddening. I think that if you are in a hurry it would be advisable to make the Contract subject to the Conveyance being signed within a certain time. You will be anxious to start on the erection of your house but it is only advisable to enter into arrangements with your architect subject to the Conveyance going through. You should give the employment of an architect very careful thought; some people consider him to be a luxury; certainly his employment increases the cost of your house by 6 per cent. but there is no doubt that it is worth it. He is essentially an expert; he has studied houses all his life; he knows just how much space is required for any particular purpose and just how to scheme what you want within your means; you may think that you do, but you will find that, unless you are the exception, you do not.

If you decide to cut your expense and not employ an architect, you will find yourself entirely in the hands of a builder, who may be honest. Even if he is and you have planned your house yourself and are convinced that it is just what you really want, when you come to live in it, you will find that snag after snag will make themselves only too evident. The hot-water pipe which passes through the larder; the lavatory cistern which flushes when the front door bangs and/or can be heard in the drawing-room when you are entertaining someone really important, to say nothing of doors which jam and windows which warp. I think that there is one particularly important point which applies to the planning of a small house making the necessity for the employment of an architect. It is this: in a large house the cutting down or the increasing of the size of a room by a foot or so does not make much material difference to the house as a whole; in a small house where economy of space is essential, any slight alteration very often throws out the whole plan of the house. It is only the architect who can see, judge and allow for any such alteration.

For his 6 per cent. of the total cost of the building the architect schemes the house according to your ideas, makes out an estimate of the cost, prepares detailed drawings and specifications, makes all arrangements with the builder, calls for tenders and advises which to accept, prepares the building contract, issues

certificates and generally supervises the erection of the house. Supervision includes responsibility that the work is carried out to the correct design and that the builder is using materials as described in the specification. You will find that the architect will make a small charge for "extras" and it is as well to fix this sum beforehand; this amount is for out-of-pocket expenses, visiting the site, typing and copying plans, etc.

When employing an architect there is one important point if you want to save your pocket; it is well worth while looking out for. You want the exterior of your house to look well; at the same time it is the interior in which you live, and so it is in the interior you want to spend your money. From the architect's point of view the exterior is what the general public sees, and is his advertisement; after all architects are human!

If you decide not to employ an architect, you will find yourself almost entirely in the hands of a builder and you will be well advised to make very careful enquiries about him from more than one independent source before you approach him. Builders of good standing usually are of the highest integrity but, unfortunately, there are others who are not quite of the same standard. These latter will often cut the cost to get your business and make up for it by skimping or using inferior materials.

The building contract would now be drawn up by the builder and this document contains many technical terms and descriptions which are only understood by architects and those connected with the trade. Unless you happen to be an expert you cannot know whether the articles used are up to specification, whether the concrete of your foundations, the mortar which holds your walls together and the plaster on your walls and ceilings are as specified and have been mixed in the right proportions. Nor will you find it easy to distinguish between seasoned and unseasoned wood or judge the correctness or otherwise of many other technical details.

After some six months you will become aware of them when you find that your roof leaks, rain seeps through your walls, doors and windows warp and rattle and the draught through your snow-shrunken floor boards lifts your carpets.

It is possible to protect yourself to a certain extent against the dishonest builder. In the building contract you should insist on at least 10 per cent. of the contract price being withheld until at least six months after the completion of the building. It is also advisable to have an arbitrator to settle disputes which may

arise. If you have borrowed from a Building Society, their surveyor will take an interest in the construction and might be pursuaded to act as arbitrator; he will not be able, however, to give the same attention to detail as one would expect from an architect.

As regards finance, many people are convinced that they can never afford to own their own houses. Year after year they go on paying rent into the pocket of a landlord. Year after year they go on digging his garden, improving his property, sinking money, labour and care into something which is not and never will be theirs. After 20 years they have in rent more than paid for the house in which they live and have nothing to show for it, nothing to leave their children if they are fortunate enough to have any. I wonder if it is realized that a very large and increasing proportion of the working classes in England either own, or are on a fair way to owning, their homes, and this is made feasible by the many Building Societies which exist.

Let us take a concrete example. A house which you can rent for, say, £75 per annum; at the end of 20 years you will have paid £1,500 in rent, which will approximate its value. Let us suppose that you are able to put down £800 and intend to borrow £700 from the Building Society. On a 21-year mortgage you will have to pay, principal and interest, £1-1-6 per month per £100 borrowed. This means that on your £1,500 house you will be paying roughly £90 per annum, i.e., £15 a year more than if you had rented the place. The point is that the house will be yours and every spadeful of earth you turn in the garden, the cupboard you put in and the lawn on which you lavish so much care will be yours and yours alone, a really safe investment in these troublesome times.

Turning to some of the problems which will confront you in the actual planning and construction of your house, the first, of course, will be economy. There are two kinds of economy, the foolish and the sensible. Where economy is going to mean recurring expenditure later on, it is obviously foolish; so, when you build your house, keep an eye on future expenditure. For example, a tiled roof with just tiles laid on laths, looks like any other roof and costs far less than boards, felt and then tiles, but your future coal bills in vain endeavour to keep your house warm, will very soon prove how foolish your economy has been. Oak floors look very nice but they cost about double that of deal and are no economy.

Economy of space is the next point to consider and is of paramount importance. The cost of a house is worked out on its cubic contents at approximately s.1/6 to s.1/8 per cubic foot. As an example in the writer's experience, the addition of one foot to the width of a room 20 feet long would have cost an extra £30. There are many ways of economising space, the height of your rooms may be eight feet six inches or eight feet according to individual taste. The principle you ought to follow is space where you want it, that is, where you spend most of your time when you are in your house.

You spend a third of your existence in your bedroom and about one-quarter of your time in your sitting room, so these two rooms should be the best in the house. They should most certainly get the sun and the view if you have one. The sitting room should have easy access to the garden and a convenient size approximates 20 by 16 feet.

Let us examine the other rooms and see how we can economise in space. The writing room, after all, is only a place to write the odd letter in, and perhaps practise the odd hobby. A writing table, a work bench and a few cupboards are all that are necessary. A room 12 by 9 feet should be large enough. I may add that a door leading from the sitting room into the writing room is a great convenience.

The dining room essentially should be next and have easy access to the kitchen. It is not a room of the same importance as the sitting room. About 12 by 14 feet will seat six comfortably and contain the necessary furniture. An excellent labour-saving device is a service hatch with a silver-and-cutlery drawer under it opening both into the dining-room and kitchen.

Next comes the kitchen and here it is as well to remember that maids are more particular now than they used to be. If you want to keep a good maid, make her comfortable. She will have to spend her rest hours in the kitchen and if you provide her with a tiny box of a place which will be impregnated with the smells of cooking and washing up, you will very soon be servantless. Allow plenty of built-in cupboards and, if possible, the sink to be in a curtained recess. Approximately 14 by 18 feet ought to meet with your requirements but see that it has plenty of light and air.

I have little advice to offer about bedrooms except that these should be light and airy and you cannot have too many built-in cupboards; carry these right up to the ceiling to save places where dust may collect.

I now come to the other accommodation, namely garage, coal cellar, lavatories and bathroom. The garage, besides being roomy enough to take your car, must have easy access to the road. Hanging doors on an overhead rail are a vast improvement to the swinging type and the advantage of having direct access from the garage to the house is only too obvious. You would be well advised to allow rather more room than is required for the car; it is extraordinary how many odd things find a home in the garage besides the car. Coal cellars in English houses are never large enough to hold all the coal you want to store; to some extent this difficulty may be overcome by the addition of a wooden partition, with the bottom board missing, which will keep the coal stacked up. One lavatory "up" and one, plus wash-basin, "down" stairs is almost a necessity. Many people seem to me to spend far too much money on their bathrooms. Tiled floors and dados and expensive fittings all look very nice but add considerably to the total cost. A bathroom can be made to look very nice quite cheaply with linoleum and enamel paint.

Most modern houses are constructed of 11-inch cavity walls; this really means two walls with an air space between them. The advantage is that where damp may penetrate the outer wall, it cannot cross the air space and so enter the house. If money is an object, avoid building a house with an outside of cream plaster; in a very short time you will have the recurring expenditure of re-colourwashing whereas brick—of the right kind—improves in appearance with age.

Turning to domestic arrangements several very knotty problems will present themselves; first, cooking. You may have the choice of gas, electricity or coal. Having very carefully weighed up the advantages and disadvantages of all three, I am convinced that there is nothing to equal the "Heat Storage Cookers" (either Esse or Aga), now on the market, burning anthracite. They cannot be beaten for convenience, economy or cleanliness. The fuel consumption at 80s. per ton approximates at 4d. per day. They never go out and require only the minimum of attention. The outlay, however, is heavy and they do not heat your domestic supply of water.

Hot water for domestic purposes and for central heating presents a very grave problem. Some people seem to think that these two can be provided from one boiler and that this arrangement is an economy. The economy is doubtful and the arrangement in practice is, more often than not, unsatisfactory. Either the bath water is not hot enough or the radiators become so hot that your

house is uncomfortable. If you have two separate systems, you can shut off the central heating during the summer months and only burn sufficient coal for the domestic supply. If, however, you have one boiler to serve both purposes, you may shut off the central heating during the summer months but I doubt very much if the fire-box would consume less fuel. These remarks apply more to a complete central heating system which is an expensive outlay. Economies, however, can be made, and if you are content with only one large radiator in the hall, which is where the cold air gets into any house, I should think that it could very easily be run from the domestic supply boiler. It is a practical proposition to have your central heating run from a boiler in the dining room, thus using the heat from the boiler fire which would otherwise be wasted.

As regards the domestic supply, if you have chosen a hard-water district to settle in, it is an economy to install "Indirect Heating" to avoid having your pipes and boiler furred up. "Indirect Heating" means that the water in the kitchen boiler circulates through a coil in the hot-water tank and then returns to the boiler; it is thus used over and over again. In "Direct Heating" there is no coil and the water flows from the "Main" into the boiler and so to the hot-water tank, and a deposit in your boiler and pipes will take place. "Indirect Heating" is somewhat more expensive in outlay but pays in a hard-water district.

There are many ways in which economy and labour-saving may be introduced: hot and cold water in every bedroom, including the maid's, is practically a necessity: flush oak doors which never have to be painted: scientifically constructed fireplaces which do economise fuel: oxidized fittings such as taps and door handles which do not require polishing. Avoid the white door-step which has to be scrubbed and looks as if it had not been touched 10 minutes later.

Finally, no house yet built was ever built according to plan; there are always some small alterations or modifications which only become apparent as the building progresses. These modifications cost money; they are often unavoidable, so always keep about £50 in reserve over and above your initial outlay.

CROCODILE SHOOTING

By "Pheon"

Crocodile (*magar*) shooting, certainly in Northern India, is good exercise that requires some skill in stalking and accuracy in rifle shooting. It is a cheap sport that is available near most large stations and has the added advantage of yielding a useful trophy. There is no close season and no special licence (or permit) is necessary.

There appears to be a widespread belief that *magar* shooting is too easy or not sporting. This opinion is, however, normally voiced by individuals who have never done any *magar* shooting themselves. If straightforward stalking on the banks of one of the large rivers of Northern India is tried, it will be found that it is arduous work that requires fitness and skill if the actual shot is to be effective.

The following notes are elementary but, as there is no text-book on the lowly sport of *magar* shooting, they may be of use to those who are new to the game.

The Crocodile.—Two types of crocodile are met within Indian limits—the Asiatic Crocodile and the *gharial.* The Asiatic Crocodile has a blunt nose and is addicted to man-eating; it differs slightly in structure from the African Crocodile and the American Alligator. Its skin is said to be inferior for tanning purposes to that of the *gharial.* The *gharial* has a long, beak-like nose; an adult male has a large knob on the top side of the tip of the nose. It lives on fish and is reputed to be harmless to man but it will eat bodies. Rarely, if ever, are the two varieties of *magar* found in the same stretch of river. Both kinds may be called *magar* or *sus* but the name *magar* is properly applicable to the blunt-nosed variety and *sus* to the porpoise. The *gharial* is generally called *magar-machh* but may be called *gharial* or *nak.* Local names vary but generally *magar* is understood everywhere. A *magar* of 3 feet 6 inches long is shootable and at that size appears to bask regularly; both varieties grow to over 20 feet long. A large *magar,* one of over 15 feet in length, is old and normally very wary; it is more difficult to shoot a large than a small *magar* in spite of the larger aiming mark.

Where to find Magar.—It is most unusual to come across an Indian town of any size that is not on a river. The average Indian river, if it has exposed sand banks or spits that are a little distance from traffic, will normally hold basking *magar*. *Magar* may exist in canals and in river gorges but it is not possible to shoot them in such places. If *magar* are frequently shot at, they become very shy of human beings and boats; so, near a large station, it will probably pay one to avoid the nearest basking places. In certain parts of the country *magar* are found in narrow rivers, creeks and sometimes ponds which have vegetation up to the water's edge. In such places it is easy to shoot *magar* and the chief skill required is that of discovering good *magar* localities and in keeping the knowledge secret.

Magar normally bask just clear of the water-line. On emerging the head is pointed inshore but some wary *magar* turn round and face the water before settling down. The basking spot, which will change with the height of the water, must be near deep water and possess a shelving approach. *Magar* avoid banks of over a few inches in height and banks which have to be approached through a stretch of shallow water. The basking place is normally at least two hundred yards away from any spot frequented by human beings.

When to find Magar.—All through the year, except on overcast or rainy days or during floods, *magar* emerge from the water and bask on the banks. In the cold weather the basking time is, roughly, between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. In the hot weather *magar* bask in the morning and evening; during the hottest part of the day they return into the water, though they may lie near the bank in the shallows. The exact times, of course, vary but during May and June in Northern India *magar* may bask from 6-30 a.m. to 10 a.m. and again from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. Towards the end of a basking period, if disturbed, a *magar* will, in all probability, submerge and refuse to come out again. In the middle of a basking period a *magar*, if disturbed, will generally emerge again, often at the same spot, after an interval of about half an hour. A large *magar* is more easily disturbed and spends longer in the water, after being disturbed, than a small *magar*.

The Shot.—It is most unusual to collect a wounded *magar*; they lie so close to the water that a small flick of the head or tail will enable them to roll back into the river. Even if shot in the heart the *magar* may well be able to return to the water. A wounded *magar* does not escape, for the blood from the wound attracts fish which harry it to death, but the sportsman does not

collect the trophy and has the distress of knowing that his inaccurate shooting has caused unnecessary suffering. The only sure way of shooting *magar* is to break the spine. If the spine is broken the *magar* is paralysed and dies where it lies. Sometimes the head or tail will jerk into an upright position and sometimes a *magar* paralysed forward may be able to move its tail, but normally it does not move. The best aiming mark to use is the neck, between the eye and the shoulder. The area, over which a bullet is sure to be effective, will not be more than 12 inches broad and about three inches up and down. As the *magar*, when basking, lies with its neck flat on the ground, this is a difficult shot. Only the most expert marksman can expect to hit this mark at distances over 100 yards and, as a general rule, the average shot should not fire at *magar* unless he can approach to less than 100 yards. If a *magar*, hit in the neck, can move its tail, it should be given a second shot just behind the rear legs at the base of the tail. A wounded *magar*, worried by fish, frequently comes out again but generally downstream of its original basking place.

The Method.—There are three principal methods of shooting *magar*; they are:

1. *The Stalk* (*The Pukka Sahib*).—Where there are uncovered sand or mud banks beside a river, on which *magar* bask, the most sporting and satisfactory method is to stalk. It is immaterial whether the basking spot is approached by boat, motor or foot. As basking places vary with the height of the water, a reconnaissance should be carried out a day or two before the actual shoot.

By means of the oblique approach march, as used in black buck shooting, it will often be found possible to get within 200 yards of *magar*, even when walking upright. It will, however, not be possible to get within 100 yards of *magar* unless stalking is resorted to. There are normally folds in the banks which can be used in the early stages of the stalk. Towards the end of the stalk it will, in almost every case, be found that the *magar* is lying below the stalker, separated from him by over 100 yards of sloping sand or mud. Only young and unwary *magar* lie near broken ground or cover. It will be found that it is necessary to crawl at least 50 yards before a safe shot can be taken. Before the broken ground is vacated and the sportsman is finally committed to the stalk, he should study the ground carefully. It is highly probable that the stalk can be made on a line on which the *magar* can only see with one eye and it may well be possible to advance some of

the way by keeping a small bush, plant or hummock in line with the *magar's* eye. The ground will be either wet mud or soft, powdery sand from which the rifle bolt should be kept clear. One way of achieving this is to crawl with the rifle butt rested across one ankle. Whatever method of stalking is adopted it is certain that it will be fatiguing and it will be found that, before the shot can be taken, it is necessary to rest and regain breath. The shot must be taken in the lying position but it will often be found possible to use one's topee as a rifle rest.

Binoculars are very useful during the early stages of the stalk but are a nuisance to carry; if carried in the shorts or slacks pocket they are get-at-able without being too great a hindrance. The shot should be the signal for a coolie or boat to approach: as, however, it will take some minutes for anyone to reach the *magar,* it may be desirable for the sportsman to get the *magar* farther away from the water. This is a rather terrifying task but if the *magar* is paralysed forward and is grasped firmly by the tail, is not very difficult with small *magar.* In the case of large *magar* it is wiser to wait for the coolies to arrive. Before putting the *magar* into a boat a piece of rope should be tied round its jaws. In lifting the *magar* into the boat care should be taken not to scratch the soft belly skin on a nail or splinter.

SITTING-UP (THE EDGAR WALLACE).—The most certain method of shooting *magar* is to sit up for them. That is, a hide is prepared and the sportsman gets into position before the *magar* are due to emerge to bask. To be certain that the hide will be in the correct position, it is essential that a reconnaissance be carried out one or two days before the shoot; if the water level changes, the hide may become useless. It is best to construct the hide on an island and not on the bank, where fishermen or other passers-by may frighten the *magar* at a critical moment. A few days before the shoot the sportsman should go out with a boat, a digging implement and a pair of binoculars. Having found an island where *magar* are basking he should land and supervise the construction of a hide at a reasonable distance, say 75 yards, from the positions where the *magar* were basking when the boat approached. Unless the surface is soft mud it is best to dig a pit. If the surface is soft mud, a hide of grass, reeds or sticks must be constructed and, on the day of the shoot, boards should be taken to lie on. In an island hide *magar* may emerge from any quarter so the cover must be all-round. With the pit hide a low parapet should be constructed and the balance of the excavated sand spread out. If the hide has altered the contour of the island,

it should not be used for at least one day, to allow the *magar* time to get used to it.

On the day of the shoot the sportsman should aim to be in position in the hide at least half an hour before the *magar* are due to bask. The boat should be sent away several hundred yards and up-stream, so it can come quickly if required, and a call signal must be explained to the boatmen. The sportsman should then make himself comfortable in the hide, rest his rifle on top of the parapet and read for at least 45 minutes before he looks over the top of the hide. An Edgar Wallace is best for this and, if it is a good one and the sportsman does not look over for an hour and a half, so much the better. This point is important for, before coming out of the water, *magar* normally cruise about for several minutes with only their eyes above water and, if at all suspicious, come up the bank by stages. Half an hour may elapse between the time a *magar's* eyes are seen and the time he finally settles down on the bank. If the sportsman keeps down during this period he will avoid scaring the *magar* and will have an easy shot at an unsuspicious *magar*. If the *magar* is killed outright the sportsman should give the boat-call signal. If the *magar* has been missed or wounded, the sportsman can wait for it to come out again. If the *magar* has not seen anything but has only been frightened by the noise of the shot it will, in all probability, come back to the same spot within half an hour.

THE BOAT (THE GAY LOTHARIO).—The most comfortable way of shooting *magar* is from a boat. The method has many advantages. Cushions, food, beer, books and girl friends can be taken in reason. The boat can collect the sportsman from his car at roadhead and return him to it. The boat should be as small as possible and should have a screen of grass at the bows. Binoculars should be used to sweep the river ahead—a boatman can do this if required—and the boat allowed to drift downstream. When *magar* are seen the boatmen should lie down in the stern and steer the boat towards the *magar* with an oar. The sportsman should lie down, with rifle at ready, in the bows and the girl friends should recline on a li-lo in the bottom of the boat. When the *magar* gets suspicious, raises its head, rises to its feet or turns round, the sportsman should fire. It should be possible to get to within 150 yards of the *magar* and if the boat does not rock too much, with luck, the *magar* may be collected. While this is the most pleasant method of *magar* shooting, it is unfortunately the one least likely to yield result.

THE SPEED-BOAT (THE MAHARAJAH).—The speed-boat method can hardly be classified as a way of shooting *magar* as the writer knows of no case where it has yielded a trophy. Still it is, no doubt, jolly good fun and unlikely to hurt anyone, including the *magar*. The main essential is to procure a fast motor-boat, preferably one with a large ice-chest. The speed-boat is then filled with sportsmen, beer, girl friends and rifles to taste. Large stretches of water are covered at a high speed and rapid, concentrated fire is opened on all *magar* seen, normally at a range of about 300 yards. As speed-boats are rare on Indian rivers, few are able to enjoy this exotic sport. A few years ago the sons of a well-known shopkeeper in Dera Ismail Khan were keen exponents of the method.

Equipment.—No special equipment is necessary for *magar* shooting. Almost any rifle, from a high velocity .22 upwards, is effective. There is certainly no need to use a large bore; something between .275 and .318 is probably the best bore to use. Binoculars are most useful and a telescopic sight an advantage. Dark glasses are an essential, for *magar* only bask on bright days and the glare off the water and the sand is considerable. If stalking is contemplated, slacks are better than shorts, as they give more protection against ooze and dust. White or brightly coloured clothes should be avoided.

Skinning.—Small *magar* may be manhandled back to the car, tied on the luggage carrier and taken home to be skinned at leasure but large *magar* must be skinned on the spot. Unless a *mochi,* complete with knives, is taken on the expedition, trouble may be experienced. It may be found that none of the boatmen know how to skin, or that they have no knives, or that they refuse to touch the *magar.* It is, therefore, advisable for the sportsman to include knives in his kit and for him to have some knowledge of skinning, so he can, at least, supervise the removal of the skin. Rowland Ward, Van Ingen and the North-West Tannery, Cawnpore, all publish booklets on skinning which mention *magar.* The first cut should be made just behind one of the eyes and continued all round the body along the lower edge of the top plate armour. Everything below this may be taken off, including the piece below the jaw, the tail aft of the vent and the leg skin. It will be found that the tanners will be unable to use all the odd corners but it is better to take off too much than too little. The skin must be scraped clean of all flesh and fat and covered thickly with salt. Liquid should be drained off daily for two or three

days, and fresh salt applied. The skin will then be found to be dry and it can be rolled up in sacking and sent to the tanners. Preservatives other than salt, such as "Atlas," may be used but salt is effective, cheap and easy to obtain.

The Trophy.—If it is desired to retain some memento of a special shoot it is possible to have the head of the *magar* mounted on a shield but the average person contents himself with having some useful article made up from the skin. *Magar* skin can be made up into almost any article from travelling trunks to card cases. Certain articles, like golf bags and large suit-cases, are extremely heavy but make very handsome presents.

Conclusion.—*Magar* shooting, though it cannot be compared to hill or dangerous game shooting, is pleasant sport. It can be indulged in at almost any time of the year all over India, requires little *bandobast* and, if the stalking method is used, gives scope for skill and cunning.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

"THOSE ILL-STARRED HORNS"

DEAR SIR,

R. G. has now confused the issue in our poor Duffer's mind.

Duffer had made himself as humanly secure as he could have by first destroying his enemy. In fact, he had really taken no risks at all for he had at last realized that "Surprise is the Salt that Savours Battle," and had applied the Salt.

Duffer did not like *R.G.*'s plan of taking mules out at night and thinks they all deserved to be eaten by the old salts of tigers who were lying up for them.

Yours etc.,
JOHN HELLAND.

REVIEWS

THE ROAD TO BORDEAUX

By C. Denis Freeman and Douglas Cooper

(Cresset Press, 8/6d.)

Of the many books written and yet to be written on the fall of France, this will be among those remembered even when, as its authors believe, she will have risen again. Here is the story of two English civilians, living in Paris, who enlisted as ambulance drivers on the eve of the battle behind the Marne. They soon found themselves near Soissons, and from there were swept back in the general retreat—evacuating wounded under hard conditions. The chapters that follow describe bombing raids, burning towns, a refugee population—scenes all witnessed at first hand during that June a year ago. The book is written in diary-form; its style graphic, direct—the essence of spontaneity. As is set forth in the dedication: "We did not enlist in the French army for the sake of writing our memories. . . But have been impelled to tell our story . . . . when we realized that grave injustice was being done to the French people and to the French army. So many were being made to pay for the faults of so few." As witnesses of the fortitude of the French soldier, they felt it their duty to recount what they had themselves seen and heard.

As the late Sir Hugh Walpole advised, when reviewing this book in the English press, the chapter called "Panic" should be brought within the reach of a wider public—deserves indeed to be republished as a separate pamphlet. In such a form it would be of great value and interest to this country particularly, for its hundred pages tell quite simply what can happen when a whole countryside moves without orders under the stresses of rumour and ignorance.

New York in May was showing a film of the penetration of Germany's tanks into France. As might be expected, there were no scenes of bloodshed, none of the dead or wounded. That is one face of the medal: "The Road to Bordeaux" provides the other.

A. G. B.

LIES AS ALLIES OR HITLER AT WAR

By Viscount Maugham

(Oxford University Press, 6d.)

This recent addition to the Oxford University Press Pamphlet Series is a specially useful and valuable one: here Lord Maugham sets out clearly and as he says, unpretentiously, the record of Hitler's lies. As the foreword says, while most people are aware that the declaration of war was preceded by a spate of lies, few realize the extent and quality of such mendacity. This little book is more than an elightenment: it is the indictment by a lawyer, who until recently was Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, of a means of attack which the German Chancellor has reduced to a science. The deliberate character of this policy and its justification in view of the (in Hitler's opinion) low mental level of the multitude to be deceived, is fully revealed in *Mein Kampf* itself. The author quotes chapter and verse in support of many instances. In the flow of more recent events, these are interesting reminders. The tabulated extracts from broadcast news, which are contrasted side by side, bring home once more the fantastic lengths to which the German propaganda machine has dared to go. Lord Maugham gives us both fact and fiction; his pamphlet is a useful weapon with which to convince neutrals and sceptics. It is to be hoped that the distinguished author may add further volumes under this title so that German perversion and distortion of the truth may continue to be refuted. For, as we read on the last page of the present work, Hitler "has imprisoned the bodies of countless men; the minds of all he seeks to put in chains."

A. G. B.