EDITORIAL

Early in January, 1942, it was announced that as a result of proposals brought forward by the chiefs of staff of the United States and Great Britain it has been decided to create a system of unified command in the South West Pacific area which would control all the forces in that area, in the air, and on land and sea.

General Sir Archibald Wavell, G.C.B., C.M.G., M.C., A.D.C., the Commander-in-Chief in India, was selected for this appointment and left India for his new headquarters early in the month.

General Sir Alan Hartley, K.C.S.I., C.B., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Northern Command, was selected to succeed him in the post of Commander-in-Chief.

The rapid Japanese advance, and particularly the capture of Singapore and Sumatra, radically altered the situation in the South West Pacific. Java, which had been looked on as the base for the counter-attack which it had been hoped it would be possible to deliver, had now become practically the last stronghold of the United Nations in that area, was fighting on its own and was no longer a part of the general strategic scheme. It was decided, therefore, that the command of the land, sea and air forces of the United Nations in the Netherland East Indies should pass to the Dutch, and General Sir Archibald Wavell has returned to India to resume the appointment of Commander-in-Chief in India.

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In our last issue we summed up the Allied position as it appeared at the end of the year. Events since then have moved at a very rapid pace, and in the East we have had to suffer some very serious setbacks. The Japanese have succeeded in gaining possession of Malaya and Singapore, capturing our large forces there, and have extended their seizures of territory widely among the islands of the South West Pacific. They have brought the air war to the northern parts of Australia and are now in a far more favourable position to send a sea-borne expedition against that country if such is their intention. They have entered Burma and are now trying to advance towards Mandalay. Here their immediate object is, undoubtedly, to cut off the Burma road, an

object which if attained will help them very considerably in their attempts against China. It will also place them in a still stronger position for any attempt against India itself and against Allied shipping in the Indian ocean and the waters of Africa.

In Libya the situation, after the first successful advance to the east of El Agheila and the subsequent withdrawal of our forces in face of the reinforced German and Italian columns, has been more or less stationary. It has been announced that more reinforcements have been reaching the enemy, although our naval and air forces have been very active in interfering with the passage of enemy ships to the North African coast, and we may expect that there has been a steady flow of troops and material to our own forces there. With the approach of more suitable weather in other theatres it is probable that developments will occur in this theatre in the near future.

Our Russian allies have been continuing their very successful drive against the German armies all along their front, and in spite of numberless counter-attacks have forced back the German line in some places to a considerable distance. We watch with particular interest their efforts to wrest back the Crimea. If they can succeed in getting this important area again in their hands they would be in a very strong position to interfere with any German attempt towards the Caucasus oilfields or against Turkey.

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In August, 1940, the British Government issued a statement about the aims and policy being pursued in India. This amounted to a promise that as soon as possible after the war India should attain Dominion Status under a constitution to be framed by Indians by agreement amongst themselves and acceptable to the main elements in the Indian national life.

For some months there has been a growing feeling in the United Kingdom that the time had come to take definite and very considerably advanced steps in the attainment by India of Dominion Status and this has resulted in the arrival of Sir Stafford Cripps on a special mission to discuss the future of India with the political leaders in this country.

The War Cabinet have agreed unitedly upon conclusions for present and future actions, but before making a declaration of these conclusions, decided to send a member of the War Cabinet to India to satisfy himself on the spot by personal consultation that the conclusions will achieve their aim.

The object of the proposals is the creation of a new Indian Union which shall constitute a dominion associated with the United Kingdom and other Dominions by a common allegiance to the Crown but equal to them in every respect, in no way subordinate in any aspect of its domestic or external affairs.

Sir Stafford Cripps, the Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House, volunteered to undertake this task, and arrived in India on the 22nd of March, reaching New Delhi the next day.

Discussions with officials and with leaders of Indian opinion started in New Delhi immediately. As Sir Stafford Cripps was staying in India for two weeks only, discussions had of necessity to be short.

The proposals have now been made public and in a few days Sir Stafford Cripps will return to London to make his report on the response to them.

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The Royal Indian Navy, like its very much older sister service, qualifies for the title "The Silent Service", and as a result not much is known by the general public of its development or of the way it is carrying out its many duties in this war.

The veil was lifted to some extent by the Flag Officer Commanding Royal Indian Navy recently, in an address at a Press Conference. There has been very considerable expansion in the personnel, the number of officers alone being now more than five times the number commissioned before the war. The rank and file are drawn from all parts of India and have shown themselves to be magnificent material. Boys are now taken at an early age for training, and after four years at a training school are drafted into the service.

The ship-building yards of India, too, are now engaged in constructing ships for the Royal Indian Navy, and are already turning out corvettes, anti-submarine trawlers, patrol launches and smaller boats for hunting submarines.

The activities of the Royal Indian Navy have covered a wide area, and it has won laurels in the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the waters near Burma and Singapore, and has even taken part in the Battle of the Atlantic. Its latest exploit was when the Jumna, the last ship to leave Batavia, fought her way back to India successfully, her anti-aircraft guns accounting for four enemy aeroplanes on the way.

The increase in the Royal Indian Navy is of very recent growth and "Rome was not built in a day", but we look forward

with every confidence to a future in which a navy of ships built in India and manned by Indians will be carrying out the complete task of defending India's very extended coast line.

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It has frequently been said that in modern war, oil is an all-important factor for victory and that the ultimate aim of many strategic movements will be to gain possession of the sources of this commodity.

For both the Axis and the Allied powers the oil situation has now changed considerably from what it was when battle was first joined two and a half years ago.

At the commencement of hostilities the Axis powers were far from well off in this respect. They now have control of the Rumanian oilfields, but these by themselves cannot be sufficient for their huge needs. The Russian oilfields and the large supply in Iraq and Iran are still far from being in their grasp.

The fruitful fields which existed in the Netherlands East Indies have, as a result of the Japanese aggressions, been wrested from the possession of the Allies, but owing to the policy adopted, these cannot be made available for Axis use for many months to come, and even if they were made productive once again, the difficulties of getting the essence to German bases would be enormous.

The Japanese advances in Burma now threaten the oil source in that country, and it is obvious that the loss of this supply in addition to that in the islands of the Dutch East Indies would be a very serious inconvenience to the Allied powers.

There are, however, still large supplies available for the Allies. Huge quantities are to be found in the United States. Mexico and Venezuela both have their oilfields which produce considerable quantities.

The question of supply from these countries hinges on the available shipping and this is realized by the Axis powers as strongly as by anyone else, as is evidenced by their intensive submarine attack on tankers in the waters of those countries. However, the building of ships cannot be hindered by hostile action to any appreciable extent and with the enormous facilities at the disposal of the United States the provision of a sufficient number of ships can be only a question of time. It will then remain to ensure their safe arrival at their destinations, and with increasing experience in this matter on the part of the American naval authorities, it should be possible to keep the

losses down as low in proportion to the number of vessels sailing the seas as has been done in the past.

On balance, therefore, it appears that the oil situation is now, and is likely to remain, considerably more favourable for the Allies than for their enemies.

It has been clear for a long time that the attainment of fresh sources of supply is essential for the Axis success, and in consequence we may expect to see, as soon as it becomes possible for them to undertake, the commencement of an even more widely extended pincer movement than heretofore, with its claws reaching from Russia, Africa and further east, aimed at the oil supplies of the Caucasus, Iraq and Iran.

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May the editor make an appeal for articles for the Journal! It is fully realized that members have little time outside their daily work for anything of this sort, but war experiences of any kind, particularly while they are fresh in the mind of the individual concerned in them, would be of such interest and value to others that the editor is emboldened to make this plea, and any contributions of this nature would be most welcome.

A GURKHA WITH LAWRENCE

By "Pheon"

The various books that have been written about the exploits of T. E. Lawrence in Arabia hardly mention the fact that a small force of Gurkhas took part in the final phases of his attack on the Hejaz railway. In fact, the writer was unaware that the Indian Army had been connected with this almost fabulous campaign until he found that there was an individual in his company who had participated in it. The discovery occurred some years ago. It was the time of the start of the annual collective training and the Company had been practising the "Platoon in the attack". At the evening conference on the day's work, in order to emphasise a point, I said: "We'll never win the war like that."

My senior Subedar nodded wisely and proclaimed: "Ah! yes. I know how we won the war."

This rather surprised me so, after the conference, I asked him how we had won the war. He replied: "We sent a party of men to blow up the Railway bridge and line behind the enemy position and then the General Sahib ordered the attack. The whole line charged and the enemy was defeated."

"Where did this happen?".

"In Palestine, Sahib, I was there."

This surprising information rather shook me, but thinking rapidly I decided that he must mean Lawrence's raid on the Hejaz railway. "Who blew up the railway line? How do you know about it?" I inquired.

"Havildar Manbahadur Gurung was one of the party who destroyed the railway; he was detached for special duty from the 3rd battalion. When he returns from furlough he can tell you all about it."

Manbahadur Gurung was a pleasant, rather stupid, N. C. O. who had failed to make the grade as Company Quarter-Master Havildar, and who was now merely waiting for his Havildar Pension to ripen.

On his return from furlough I sent for Manbahadur and questioned him. At first I had difficulty in explaining to him what I wanted, but finally found that he remembered the show

as "Camel work" (Unt ka kam). Even after he knew what I wanted he insisted on relating the whole of his adventures in the Great War of 1914—18.

This is a fair, though abbreviated, translation of his story: "In the German war I went to France with the Regiment in 1914. We were there for many months. Then the regiment moved to Egypt and I came home on sick leave, for I had been sick with fever in France. Many others were sick also; this was due to the fact that we had to wait for a ship at Karachi for many weeks in the middle of the hot weather. I rejoined the regiment in Egypt in the fourth month of 1917. There we dug many trenches." Manbahadur paused for some moments and then continued.

"After a while we went to Palestine. I was transferred to the 3rd battalion which was formed from parties from our battalion and some other regiments. We were at the battle of Gaza in October or November, I forget which, and also at the capture of Jerusalem. After this we had a lot of fighting. I was there when the company commander sahib got his M.C. But in one attack in mid-December I got wounded in the right arm. See, here is the scar—just above the elbow." Manbahadur drew his arm from the coat sleeve to show me. I made sympathetic noises.

"I was sent to hospital in Suez. A very big hospital beside the sea, down to the right of the town. They did not keep me there very long, only about a month. I was sent back to the base though my arm was still weak. I rejoined the regiment and was put on a drill cadre, but my arm hurt and gave me a lot of trouble. I was afraid to complain lest I should be sent back to hospital. In April, I was in another attack, when we had heavy casualties. About this time I got fever again and went back to hospital, only this time the hospital was near to the regiment. After I returned to the regiment, I was put on another drill cadre, but my arm still hurt when I did rifle exercises; so I was sent back to my platoon. In July or August volunteers were called for to go on a camel training course in Jerusalem. I did not like camels, but my arm still hurt when I did drill, so I volunteered."

"From our battalion one Havildar and twelve sepoys volunteered; I was only a sepoy then. There were also volunteers from other Gurkha regiments. In all there were about twenty-four of us.

We were put in a train, but instead of getting to Jerusalem we arrived at Suez. I thought that there had been a mistake, but the Captain Sahib, who was in charge of us, said that it was all right. He told us that there was no course, that the story about the course was only a lie to deceive the enemy, and that we were going on a secret and important mission. At Suez we went on board a steamship. We were several days and nights on board the ship and then we arrived at a place called . . . . . I forget the name."

"Was it Akaba?".

"Yes, yes, Akaba, that was the name. In Akaba we did one week's training in camel-riding. After the week none of us were very good camel-riders and all of us were stiff. But we were then ordered to march and were sent off into the desert. We rode for more than twenty days into the desert in a north-easterly direction. I began to think that we would go on riding for ever. We never had a rest, never stopped for more than one night in one place. It was hard work for we were still untrained camelmen, but the worst difficulty was food. The only ration that had been issued to us was *atta*. As you know in our regiments we eat rice. We had to cook *chapatties* somehow. On most nights we had to lie quiet on account of the enemy and fires were not allowed. During the day we only had one halt of an hour's duration, which was not long enough to cook the bread. One cannot eat uncooked flour. On many days we went hungry. The Sirkar, however, gave us one packet of cigarettes per man per day and sometimes we each got a tot of rum—but only sometimes, not always."

"Did you stop at a place called Ab el lissan. in the hills to the west of the railway?"

"No sahib, I don't remember that name. We stopped at no place for more than one night for about twenty-four days. Then we came to a place where there was a big building, like a fort. This fort was very old and was falling down. To the south of the fort there was a big pool of water surrounded by reeds and grass—like a jheel on the plains of India—there were lots of geese and duck there too."

"Was its name Azrak?"

"It might have been Azrak . . . . but I forget. We rested there for one day. In this place there were many troops.

"They were mostly 'badus' that the Sirkar had made into soldiers for the war. They were rather like the frontier militia

we have in Waziristan—not proper troops. There were also some Egyptian Sappers and Miners and some French Artillery—not proper 'Top khana' but very small guns. The next day we went out with the Egyptians to break the railway line. We rode for a long way and then broke the rail for the first time near Maan."

"Did you help to break it, or was that Sapper work?"

"We Gurkhas did some of the breaking. We tore down the telegraph lines and broke them by hammering the wires between two stones. When we finished the work we retired into the desert and rode north towards Amman. We travelled one or two days on the way. Near Amman we broke the line again. This time our party was employed on covering work only. After this we rode north again to a place about six miles north of Deraa. We arrived at our objective about daybreak after riding all night and we started work on the railway line about six o'clock in the morning. This time the Turks attacked us, but we had Lewis guns as well as rifles, and we drove them back; they never got nearer than six hundred yards from us."

"Were there no other covering troops?"

"Oh yes, some 'badus', the small French cannon and an armoured car. They helped us. We worked right on at breaking the line and bridges until about twelve o'clock when a great number of Turkish aeroplanes came and attacked us."

"How many aeroplanes—ten—twenty?"

"I can't say, but there were lots and lots of them; they seemed to be everywhere at once. We only had one aeroplane on our side. It used to stay with us all day but had to go away at night. It was with us when the Turkish aeroplanes attacked us and it counter-attacked them at once. Our aeroplane Sahib was very brave, but what could one do against so many and he was forced down lower and lower. Fortunately, there was a small *maidan* near us, so our aeroplane got down all right. Then the Turkish aeroplanes came right down on top of us, till they were only about five yards above our heads, and again attacked us. The French guns fired at them and I held a Lewis gun up to my shoulder, like a rifle, and fired at them too. So the aeroplanes got afraid and went up high again. They continued to drop bombs and to fire machine-guns at us but they were very bad shots and we had very little damage; only a few camels and 'badus' hit. Not like when our aeroplanes attacked the enemy, as I saw them do in Palestine. After a while the Turkish aero-

planes went away and we went on destroying the line. We worked all day and destroyed about four or five miles of line as well as the bridges; we helped the sappers. When it became dark the General Sahib came and said that the Egyptians could not see at all in the dark, so we Gurkhas would have to hold night piquets to cover the area."

"What was the general sahib's name?"

"I forget."

"Was it Lawrence?, No?, Joyce?, Peake?."

"No sahib I forget but he was the burra sahib who was in command of the Arab militia people. We held the piquets until one o'clock in the morning when our Captain sahib whose name I forget also, came and ordered us to retire. He told us that our troops in Palestine had orders to attack the Turks on the next day and that we had broken the railway line behind the enemy's position in order to prevent reinforcements reaching them. Now, if all went well, it was too late for the Turks to repair the line; for we would win the war first."

"We marched the rest of that night and all the next day. The Turkish aeroplanes came and attacked us again. They did us little harm, though one camel was killed near to me—it was blown into little pieces. The day after this we reached the place where the ruined fort was, the place from where we started the raid, where the pond was. There we had several days rest; we needed it badly in order to cook bread. It was a nice place, though there were far too many mosquitoes. Then one of our aeroplanes came and told us that we had attacked and defeated the Turks near Jaffa. The Turks were completely beaten and the war was over. We had helped a lot by destroying the railway."

"So we returned to Deraa, where we rested for several days. Then we marched on and halted at many places, whose names I forget. I was sent into Nablus to collect rations for the camels; I was away for some days on this work. Finally we reached Hailfa and even went on for one or two days north of that. We were at this time ahead of nearly all our infantry, there were only cavalry and armoured cars in front of us. After a little however we managed to find a Gurkha regiment. It was the only one so far forward and we got decent food from them. We had not tasted rice or *dal* for weeks. All this time we received no pay so we had no money to buy food from the bazars. After some days we received orders to hand over our camels to the

transport people and we returned to our regiments by train. It was December when I rejoined the battalion at Kantara."

" How did you like camel riding?"

"It was not good but not bad. It made me ache at first but it was better than walking."

"How did you get on with the other troops?"

"We did not have anything to do with them. They were all Mussalmans, or something like that, not a Hindu among the lot. We had our own Captain sahib, who was from a Gurkha regiment, and we kept separate."

"How did you like it Manbahadur?"

"Oh it was all right; not worse than the rest of the war. Though the cooking was difficult of course, we did get rum sometimes, but not always."

WARTIME AND POST-WAR JOBS

By Rasp

No, Sir, it is *not* futile to consider at the present juncture the possibility of a job in the future.

This blunt opening denial seems necessary, because whereas in days of peace officers devoted considerable thought to the subject, to-day the reader will be inclined to pass it by as outside the realms of reality.

This is not so. Not only may it concern serving officers to-day more than they thought two years ago, but there are certain steps which can be taken now in India in wartime in anticipation of this eventuality.

It so happens that the writer's present duties are not only military and take him into contact with officers seeking jobs but take him into daily contact with the industrial world. These contacts have opened his eyes to several aspects, hitherto unrealized, of the job-getting situation, both military and civil.

Agenda

In this article it is, therefore, proposed to make certain deductions from the military-*cum*-civil knowledge and to stress certain major changes which have occurred in job-getting since 1939. The possibility of *getting* a job will next be discussed very shortly, but the principal attention will be devoted to the *making* of a job and the steps which can be taken in India in wartime towards this aim.

Officers affected and Military jobs.

The reason that many thought, at the beginning of the war, that this question of job-getting was as unreal as Peter Pan, was that the war appeared to be going to be a long one. This very length of the war already shows signs of causing the reverse effect—in short, officers will be requiring jobs before the war is over.

So far two categories of officers may be visualised. The first will be composed of middle-aged, or even young, officers who are retired through ill-health. This will admittedly be small, but it may include the reader of this article. Of course, every officer in India will feel that "it will not happen to him," just as all of us in England to-day feel about a bomb! But the longer

stretches in India without leave, which the conditions of war will impose, are bound to cause large increases above the peace-time wastage—particularly among the middle-aged.

However, be you an optimist and exclude yourself from that category, you may still fall within the second category.

This will consist of officers who retire in the normal course before the war is over. Here again the very length of the war tends to increase this category. Only the young and those one hundred per cent. fit can fight the good fight these days.

First let us see how the wind blows on military jobs in England. True, officers may be re-employed in a military capacity in England and this has been the lucky lot of many, but it should be noted that the tendency to cut the dead wood from the tree is increasing. Many fine soldiers are being retired from age, from the really active list of the British service. Being still fine soldiers, albeit somewhat lacking spring in the knees, jobs are being sought in which to place them, reward them and use their knowledge and experience. It follows that they will be placed in administrative jobs now held by older retired officers who have been re-employed and who will thus retreat again to the evening of their days.

Will the future retired Indian Army officers have good prospects in the face of this competition?

I leave it to the reader to judge.

So far, in discussing military posts the writer has had in mind primarily staff and administrative posts in the regular military machine. From time to time, however, new classes of jobs, slightly outside the border of regular service, arise.

A notable case has been the recent huge demand for adjutants for the Home Guard. An Indian Army officer would be eminently suitable for these, and though most vacancies are now filled, there will be, by the reason of their large numbers alone, a fairly frequent turnover. The work is pleasant, intensely practical and the successful applicant is paid for doing what he would be doing without pay if he had no job—for in such circumstances he would, as a matter of course, be devoting practically all his time to Home Guard duties. Adjutants are paid as Captains at £430 approximately, plus 25 per cent. in lieu of pension, totalling £537 per annum, plus important allowances. These allowances vary according to whether the officer is married, the number and age of his children and whether he is able to live with his family, and so on. But taking the case

of a married officer whose wife lives elsewhere and who has one child, the allowances amount to £285 per annum, making a grand total of £822 per annum. Note, however, that the allowances are entirely free of tax, a point of importance as will be examined later.

Whether the salary is a benefit to a retired officer depends on the rate of his pension. A valuable alternative is that he may draw in lieu his pension plus 25 per cent., *all* of which will, however, be taxable.

Another new large class of jobs recently thrown open is that of Administrative Officer at a Battalion, Group or Zone Headquarters of the Home Guard. In this case, too, a reasonable turnover may be expected. The pay is £300 per annum. all taxable.

Other opportunities which have recently been occasionally available are Ground Defence Officers at aerodromes. Casual unusual jobs appear from time to time; the writer has recently, for example, had difficulty in obtaining suitable ex-regular officers for a post in certain vast industrial undertakings which required officers for a civil post with the task "in addition to his other duties" of relieving the Manager of all defence matters. The pay offered was about £450 per annum. Such posts are, however, rare and to get a sense of proportion on the home outlook let me tell the aim of a Brigadier who is just about to retire for age. He contends that everyone says they want to do their bit. He says he is more honest and he not only wants to do his bit but must supplement his pension to the fullest extent possible. He, therefore, intends to join a Government Training Centre for a six months' course as a fitter. He will thus obtain a job in a munition factory and, thanks to his education and experience in leadership, hopes in time to be promoted to shop foreman who, including overtime, earns about £600 per annum. He is over 60 and realizes that he will have to take his place on the rota like everybody else for night shifts and to queue like the other workmen in rain and snow for the homeward bus.

The writer does not contend that this is usual, but feels it gives an interesting sidelight to readers in India on the home view-point.

The Major Change

So much for military possibilities. Before turning to prospects in civil life the writer would like to stress one aspect which,

to his mind, alters the whole outlook on the job on retirement problem. This is an increase in the rate of Income-tax to 10/-. Who knows, by the time this appears in print, it may be raised to 12/6. The point is not that this 10/- tax makes it financially difficult to scrape along on a pension; the point is this: in pre-war days many officers felt that if they could get a job at £300 a year they would be content. To-day the position is that if you secure a job at £300 a year you net exactly £150. If, therefore, the job entails living in a place you would otherwise not inhabit, or which is, say, away from suitable day-schools, it will not be worth accepting. It might even be a source of debit rather than credit financially, especially when the cost of petrol (if you can get it) or rail and bus fares, smarter clothes and the cost of lunches and teas are taken into consideration. Will it, moreover, be worth the loss in health or strain on nerves which lack of open air and the rush and scramble of civil life may impose? Many officers may feel that they can do their duty best, and manage as well financially by living at home and devoting all their time to training a Platoon, Company or Battalion of the Home Guard which is, of course, unpaid but entails practically no expenditure.

If, however, we aim higher and need, say, a net £250 a year to supplement our pension it must be borne in mind that the salary to produce this, namely £500 a year, is not easily come by in wartime and will only fall to the very fortunate in peace-time. Even then there will not be a net gain of £250 a year, for the expenses referred to above must be deducted. If, for example, it entails sending children to a boarding school, who would otherwise go to a local day-school, the disadvantages will outweigh the financial benefit.

There is one case, however, in which it may pay the applicant to accept a salary which gives a small return, and this is the case where he sees prospects of a good rise later. If the rate of tax rises to 12/6, the situation will be worsened, for while it will be harder to live, it will be still harder to secure a job which will be worth accepting.

What a "gloomy Dean" he is, you exclaim!

True, but he will produce what he considers, for what it is worth, his silver lining. Not quite yet, however, for he has one depressing deduction from his experience in the industrial world to expound.

A Job in Business

The writer had hoped that his experience in handling men would, in peacetime, help him to secure a job in a small way in big business.

Having now for over a year visited innumerable big businesses and having worked in intimate touch with men of varying grades from Managing Directors to foremen in a wide variety of trades, he is forced to see that the businessman would have few, if any, vacancies in a civil capacity which he could offer to ex-officers. It is patent to the writer himself that this view is sound. He could not hope to hold down a civil job to his own satisfaction, working daily with men who have had a specialized knowledge in each varied branch of each trade.

Another factor, apparently of slight moment, but which has a very real effect on the flow of work is that, except in London, nearly all employees excluding the important heads of departments, are local men. The writer has seen repeated cases of friction arising where a man comes in from outside. Yesterday the writer came across a whole factory which started nearby a certain town over three years ago. The Management was meeting friction from every quarter; they were regarded as "foreigners" and were openly referred to as "supercilious interlopers"!

This may seem petty, but if such is the reception of a big firm engaged on vital war production in wartime on entering the business world of a provincial town, the writer has no hopes that he could prove acceptable in peacetime. This, be it noted, is the opinion of one who is on a better wicket than most in that he is in close and amicable touch with many influential companies.

However, this is only the opinion of one, and those who hope to enter business can, if they have the opportunity in the meantime, usefully take up a Business Correspondence Course and on retirement will find the Bureau for the Employment of Ex-Officers invaluable in putting them in touch with firms of real standing.

Before leaving this aspect, the writer would like to record one class of job which *is* open in the business world to-day to ex-officers, namely Welfare Officer. This is a good post, but it is doubtful if the officer would be retained in peacetime.

Possible Jobs

So far the experience offered has been more or less of a defeatist nature. It is now proposed to discuss more likely openings and in so doing the writer is guided by:

(*a*) Whether the work is "away" or "at home".
(*b*) If it requires big, little, or no money.
(*c*) If influence is required.
(*d*) If it can be studied in India in wartime.
(*e*) If the earnings will be fully taxable.
(*f*) If it is likely to boom after the war.

Having analysed each it is most convenient to consider them in three categories:

First Category—Job-Getting: Jobs which take one away from home, or which need a good deal of capital or influence, or which cannot be studied in India.

This category is dismissed briefly and only really possible careers considered.

The principal openings appear to be games or school master, Bursarships, Land or Estate agent, private secretary or hospital secretary. These do not appear likely to boom, but, on the other hand, do not call for capital. Air Raid Precaution officers and Fire Service Staff officers are included in this group as they normally take one away from home. A good deal of study can, however, be done in India by writing to H. M. Stationery Office or a reputable book-seller for all the Home Office handbooks on this subject

Vacancies in these posts are continually open. Many people feel that these posts will continue after the war; probably no one knows whether this will be the case or not. In this category, too, are several possibles which will boom after the war. Motoring, commercial aviation and all forms of travel, especially to the sea and outside England, are bound to be in great demand. Most will call for a good deal of capital and experience and, of course, very sound advice before the risk is taken, but possibles are travel agencies, race horse training, various posts in connection with greyhounds, hotel management and reception for which an apprenticeship would be necessary unless one is setting up one's own business.

Job-"Making"

Before dealing with the remaining categories there is one very important aspect which applies equally to both.

It is this.

If the retired officer can "make" a job instead of relying on "getting it" from someone else he will have several advantages. Firstly, he will be more or less his own master; secondly, he can probably make it round his own home and thus avoid the expenses which an "away" job entails. There is a still greater advantage not so easy to explain. If he secures a job at, say, £300 a year, he loses, as has been pointed out, half of this in tax. Now if he makes for himself a job which partially feeds or houses him he will be as well off as if he was "earning" twice as much as he saves through this job. If, for example he writes, or takes P. G.s or market gardens or keeps poultry, a certain amount of his income will be exempt from tax as "expenses".

If, to take another example, he kept himself in fruit, vegetables and eggs and thereby saved himself expenditure of, for simplicity's sake, £150 a year, this would be equivalent to earning £300. In addition to this, he would have his profit from the sales of his produce.

Second Category: Careers "at home" which need some capital and cannot be studied in India.

Many careers under this category will occur to the reader. It is proposed to consider those which are good possibles and on which a certain amount of literature is available though they cannot be effectively and fully studied.

Firstly, there are those which provide the amusement which will be sought so widely, such as road houses, roadside cafés and petrol pumps, riding schools, wireless, television and pheasant breeding. Similarly, furs will be needed. There is a negligible quantity on the market now compared with even six months ago. Prices are soaring and the officer who breeds rabbits, silver fox and the like should be on a good wicket, especially if he can produce his skins shortly after the war.

Other careers for consideration are farming, pig keeping and fruit growing. Anyone who can produce this, especially during wartime—and who knows how long the war will last—cannot fail to make a good profit, and, incidentally, will be able to supplement his rations. The prices of fruit are high and there are many types of soft fruit bushes and apple trees which are quick bearing. A study of the growing of Cox's Orange Pippins in Mauser's "How to Live in England on a Pension" will be a great help to those interested.

Third Category: Jobs "at home" which require little or no capital and which can be studied in India.

If the reader is the type who would like a job in his own home, probably in the country, and in which his wife is willing to share the burden, there are quite a number which can be studied both in theory and practice in India.

This, of course, only applies to officers stationed in India, but in some cases where the husband is sent overseas, his wife, if in India, can continue both the theory and practice. In fact, in many cases her co-operation will be an essential to success.

Those who aim at securing an appointment as a Golf Club Secretary or Club Secretary have many opportunities, which should not be missed, of gaining useful experience in India. Where the Club is residential, particularly valuable experience can be gained.

Officers who are good with their hands and especially those whose hobby is carpentry, will find varied fields to explore in post-war England. Furniture is only obtainable at fantastic prices—furniture and cabinet making is not a reserved occupation so that no apprentices are being engaged, and there will be a great shortage of skilled and well-educated craftsmen. Skilled craftsmen will be in high demand not only as actual workers but as foremen and managers of furniture manufactories, and there is the possibility of establishing one's own furniture or cabinet-making workshop adjoining one's own home.

Journalism can certainly be attempted in India by joining a correspondence school for either free lance work or short stories. This work requires no capital, can be done by the family fireside, and if the writer can develop the knack of twisting his experience to bear on subjects of topical interest at home, his rewards will be both quick and big. If he fails, he will only have lost a few pounds in fees and these would be covered by even one or two acceptances.

Honey is always needed and bees can certainly be kept and studied in many parts of India, especially if one's wife, anyway, is likely to stay in the one place. This is well worth investigation, especially during wartime when the supplement to the ration for one's family will be invaluable. It could be combined too with any of the other careers suggested.

Market gardening on a large or small scale has the same benefit. The price of vegetables is beyond belief. Why not sack the *mali* in India or use him for flowers only and start vegetable

growing with one's own and one's wife's hands, particularly aiming at growing vegetables a little earlier and a little later than the normal "season."

Gundogs and well-bred house dogs are bound to be in demand in the days of peace to come. The breeding of house dogs and the breeding and training of gundogs can, and often has been successfully carried out in India as a pleasant and lucrative hobby.

Another step, which can be taken in India, which does not directly lead to a job but which will save considerable expenditure and discomfort in England is to become really competent in carrying out household repairs. There should be no difficulty in India in learning to cope with all repairs to electric light fittings, with soldering really efficiently, with small carpentry tasks and even plumbing. We have the example of the Prime Minister who took up brick-laying and who is doubtless able to build, say, a garage for himself. To-day it is impossible to get labour and the writer has been waiting three months to get a small plumbing job carried out. When he does get a plumber the bill will be very high. Following the argument previously adduced, every pound saved thus is equal to two pounds earned.

The keeping of poultry and eggs can easily be put into practice in India. Hens, ducks, turkeys, guinea fowl and, above all, eggs are worth their weight in gold in a land where one egg a fortnight is all one gets even in the country these days. Provided one has sufficient experience and seeks sound advice in England there appears to be no reason why this should not provide a very welcome addition to a pension. Admittedly, the procuring of chicken-feed is a serious problem in England to-day. All the more reason for studying *kachcha* Indian devices of coping with such problems.

In conclusion, it is emphasised that the careers suggested are by no means exhaustive nor, of course, will they suit all tastes; but it is stressed that if one's hobbies and inclinations are studied there are many careers for which wartime preparation is possible and which will not be subject to a deduction of half of every pound earned.

A VISIT TO NEPAL

By Lt.-Colonel R. B. Phayre, M.C.

The Gurkha soldier has always occupied a warm corner in the hearts of the British Commonwealth, but few know anything of his home life. The uninformed imagine that Nepal is an Indian State, whereas it is actually a foreign country similar, in some respects, to Afghanistan, for each country controls a long frontier adjoining British India. That of Nepal is some 450 miles in length, is situated on the North East Frontier of India, and its 150 miles of breadth is bounded on the north by Tibet

It possesses a king of its own, but one who takes no active part in the government of the country, the ruling power being the Prime Minister, the Supreme Commander in Chief, H. H. Maharaja Sir Joodha Shamsher Jung Bahadur Rana, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

Students of military history will recall the numerous campaigns in which the Gurkha has fought for the British Empire ever since the conclusion of the Nepalese War, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. During that war the Gurkha not only proved himself to be a redoubtable enemy, causing us severe losses, but he also exhibited a spirit of chivalry and trust which was, at that time, almost unknown in Eastern conflicts. Records show that, to the astonishment of the troops, a badly wounded Gurkha would stagger from a besieged fort into the British lines in order to have a wound dressed; when this was attended to, back he went to his post to continue his stubborn defence against us.

Nepal has always guarded its inaccessibility to the foreigner, so it is only with the greatest difficulty that a Muslim or European can enter the country. In the case of the British such entry is only made possible by the joint invitation of H. H. The Maharaja and H. B. M.'s Minister at the court of Nepal. Landon, in his fascinating book 'Nepal', describes a conversation on this subject with a former Maharaja, the late Sir Chandra Shamsher Jung. When asked why he insisted on such complete seclusion, H. H. replied:

"My friend, the English have at times difficulty in the Government of India. These difficulties arise from the fact that, in the days of easy travel, all English sahibs are not *sahibs*. Now

I am convinced that the prosperity of Nepal is bound up with the maintenance of the British predominance in India, and I am determined that the sahib, who is no sahib, shall never enter Nepal and weaken my peoples' belief that every Englishman is a gentleman."

Our friend and ally made a really great contribution to the war of 1914—18 in both men and money. When facts and figures can be disclosed, statistics will show that Nepals' War effort in the present World War is out of all proportion to the size of the country, and, is a truly magnificent one. Some two years back H. H. The Maharaja was awarded the G.C.B., and it is pleasing to note that his Ambassador at the Court of St. James has recently had the honour of Knighthood conferred on him by His Majesty King George VI.

Any traveller hoping to reach the fringes of Nepal by car would find it a very difficult business, owing to very bad roads, broken bridges, ferries, etc. Enquiries as to access by rail met with very guarded responses as the railway departments concerned were none too certain of their ground. The best route proved to be *via* Lucknow, thence on to the metre-gauge changing at Segauli for Raxaul.

At Raxaul, guests of the Minister are put up at the Legation bungalow. This is on the fringes of the Terai where breeds a particularly virulent form of mosquito responsible for the deadly "awal" fever which has caused more deaths to foreigners than any defending army. This fever forms a kind of Maginot line to Nepal between March and October. Only one tribe, the Tharus, are said to be immune.

Although there is a plentiful water supply in Nepal, there is supposed to be mica in suspension, consequently drinking water for the Legation is sent up to Katmandu from Raxaul in small metal tanks.

A Nepalese railway runs from Raxaul to Amlekganj with very primitive rolling stock and no workable fans. The distance is only 24 miles, mainly through sal and teak forests, but it takes four hours, a big slice of which is taken up at the first station for a prolonged inspection of passports.

Amlekganj is the terminus, the next stage of the journey being a trip of some thirty miles in modern Chevrolet lorries. A petrol pump at the start-off is a rather unexpected sight. There is a track which can be negotiated by motors between Raxaul and Amlekganj but no road has yet been made. The road from Amlekganj to Bhimphedi is metalled and graded up

the hillside. It is very much bridged, the planks in the fairway being laid rather loosely they rattle vigorously as the lorry leaps on these bridges and passes over them, there is also one tunnel of some 260 yards.

At Bhimphedi, the road ends abruptly and further progress has to be made on a pony, in a dandy, or on foot. A method of transport, peculiar to the Gurkha, is the kilta; old men, old women and children and even young men, who should know better, can be seen with their legs dangling from the conical baskets fastened on to the back of a sturdy-limbed Gurkha who transports them up the khadside, it is attached by a brow-band which passes over his forehead.

Three and a half miles of a really stiff climb brings the traveller up to Sisagarhi where there is a fort and a garrison. There is a Rest House here for invited guests, with bedding and electric light. There is a fine view looking down over the plains. The scrub jungle has given way, first to pines, then to ilex and rhododendrons. A few deodars are scattered about and there are many orchids hanging in clusters from the forks of the trees.

An early start is advisable on the morrow for there is a long march ahead to reach the capital before nightfall, and the track is precipitous in places, very stony and hard on the feet.

A short pull up to the Chisapani Pass discloses a view of eternal snows with the Everest group some fifty miles away in the distance, some thousands of feet below tinkles the Marku River, and a yellow thread shows the onward track winding through the valley.

The Gurkha seems to be a veritable beast of burden for there are plenty of them on the road—men, women and children—humping impossible loads of wood, charcoal, timber, corrugated iron sheets and even motor cars. Two of the latter were passed on the journey slung in wooden frames and carried by 150 men, a larger one was said to have 800 carriers working in relays. Overhead runs a ropeway, halving the distance by taking a direct line. A family party is met, the women-folk carrying the loads with their lords and masters walking, unladen, behind.

The track winds through the valley crossing and re-crossing the river; at intervals there are suspension bridges. Fields are being prepared for the rice crop, but it is the women who are working in them, although the ploughing seems to be confined to men. Fish traps are set in the river but the catches are small and the fish merely tiddlers.

The villages are picturesque, many of the houses being richly carved. As the journey proceeds the type of house greatly improves, many being built of stone and mud, they are mostly two storied but some have three, the prevailing colour being terra cotta.

The villagers are friendly and are always ready to have a chat, even the women. The ice is very speedily broken especially if the language is known. The Gurkhas are devoted to their children and great interest is shown if the camera is produced and aimed at the little ones. The mother will, probably, ask you to wait while she goes into the house to fetch another naked mite, looking for all the world like a Japanese doll.

Some of the smaller children are lying on their little tummies in the sun, their bodies being covered with oil; this is supposed to be a remedy against various illnesses, particularly chills.

The track winds on until a vertical scar is seen in the midst of the trees on a high hill, looking very like a large fire belt. Actually it is the zig-zag track ascending at an impossible angle to the Chandragiri Pass. From the top of the Pass another superb view can be seen, not only of the wonderful expanse of snows but also of the Valley of Nepal. This is somewhat similar to the Valley of Kashmir but is only some twenty miles long by fifteen broad. Like Kashmir it was said to be once a lake, but Manjusri cleft the hills with his sword so allowing the pent-up waters to escape.

Descending some thousands of feet, at the end of a long march of about sixteen miles, is very hard on the feet especially as the surface in many places is jagged and rough. A prayer of thanksgiving goes up from the traveller that he was not born to be a cooly humping a car over such a road. A sigh of relief also when, far away in the distance, two cars can be picked out with the glasses in the hamlet of Thankot.

The next nine miles is luxury travel over a moderate road through densely populated villages and towns. The men are wearing cross-over coats with a thick white girdle into which a kukri is thrust, their nether limbs usually being clad in white jodhpurs but sometimes a kilt is worn. The women are attractive and gaily dressed in homespun of many colours.

As Katmandu is reached, a tall white pillar dominates the city. The carving on the doors and windows becomes richer

and more intricate. There is a large *maidan* on which some three thousand troops are drilling. To one side are their barracks, further along are white modern buildings such as the hospital and the palaces of the ruling families. There are several very fine equestrian statues of former Maharajas. After the mountainous trek when the *ultima thule* seems to have been reached it is surprising to see a modern roundabout with khaki-clad police on traffic control duty. In a side street can be seen two red, motor fire-engines ready to move off in an emergency, a very necessary precaution for the old timber of the houses will burn like matchwood.

It is almost unbelievable, as the car turns into the Legation drive, to see an English country house in a setting of green lawns and garden with tennis courts, and a squash court to one side. In former days it was known as the Residency but its status has been raised.

The inhabitants of the Valley are mainly Newars, Thakurs and Chettries. Other races usually enlisted in regular Gurkha units (Magars, Gurungs, Limbus and Rais) have their homes in the distant hills into which very few white men have ever been permitted to penetrate. No British Recruiting Officer is allowed into the country, recruitment has to be carried out by the Gurkha soldiers.

The Newars of the Valley are highly skilled artificers, famed for centuries as experts in metal work and wood carving. Many were employed by Tibet and even China. The eaves, doorways and windows of nearly every one of the old houses are richly carved, mostly in deodar wood black with age. It is doubtful whether any other country can compete with such a wealth of magnificent ornamentation. Many of the buildings, on most of the temples, are pagoda-shaped, suggesting a Chinese influence, but some of the great authorities deny this stating that the type of building originated in Nepal.

There is a superb door of metal work (guilded) at Bhatgaon and another at Patan, said by some experts to be unsurpassed in Asia. These two ancient cities are some nine miles away from Katmandu and date from the time when there were three rival capitals in Nepal.

Time is required in which to absorb these gems of architecture; they cluster together so closely in the Durbar squares that it causes the visitor sheer, mental bewilderment. Buddhist, Jain

and Hindu buildings are massed together; closeby is a group of Malla figures also Nepalese lions and dragons.

Irreparable damage was done by the severe earthquake some six years ago when several of the palaces and temples were destroyed and carved symbols crashed from their high pillars. The work of restoration is still proceeding.

The foreigner is an object of interest; a crowd quickly collects and stares, goggle-eyed, at the strange individual armed with a camera. Every visitor is accompanied by a Mukia, an under-official who denotes his rank by silver-threads and a coat-of-arms on his headgear, the Subadar's badge being of gold. The Mukia's job is to see that the sight-seer does not stray into holy places.

The inhabitants seem to like being photographed; a broad grin spreads over their wide Mongolian features, and the girls laugh heartily when the Mukia suggests that the Sahib would like to take their pictures. They do not expect *bakhsheesh,* but a few copper coins are useful for the children. Hundreds of these Nepalese pice can be obtained for a rupee,—incidentally the British rupee is still known as "Kompani" (from the days of Hon. East India Company.)

The towns and cities are densely populated, crowds attending the markets in the squares. In the side streets the women are weaving cloth and numbers are seen washing their hair at the standpipes. The town streets are mostly paved with stone or brick tiles and open drains run through them exuding a none too pleasant aroma. Everybody seems to be carrying a load of sorts, *kiltas* are laden up with merchandise and coolies progress at a jog-trot with heavy, conical, grain bags suspended from a pole balanced across the shoulder.

Troops are in evidence everywhere, their kit is very similar to that of the regular Gurkha units. They were formerly mostly armed with Martinis, but the bodyguard used to parade with Lee Enfields. This *corps d'elite* is a fine body of men, many of them six feet in height which seems astonishing in a Gurkha. There are daily parades on the *maidan* at Katmandu where every company appears to carry a small standard.

The durbar square at Katmandu is of great interest, filled as it is with historical buildings. Perhaps the most interesting is the original building from which the capital took its name (*Kath* wood, *Mandu* temple or house) which is reputed to have been constructed from a single-tree; it is now used as a shop. Here again many beautiful edifices are far too close together, and

the ancient grandeur is greatly marred by the uncouth standards and heavy cable of the electric light and telephones.

There are Buddhist relics everywhere. One of the most interesting is at Buddhnath where there is a fine temple. The Chini Lama is in charge. An interesting man, clad in a green silk coat and head-dress, he is most courteous and is always glad to show visitors round; he speaks English excellently and is a fund of knowledge. Most of these temples are attributed to the visit of Asoka who came to Nepal in 225 B.C. Of course a great deal of Nepal is unexplored by antiquarians and so much of interest may well remain hidden. In 1895 Doctor Fuhrer discovered an Asoka pillar on which was written "The Buddha Sakyamuni was born here."

A prominent landmark to the west of Katmandu is a high hill on which rests the giant stupa of Swayambhunath. Six hundred steps, graded and flanked at intervals by figures, give access to the summit as they ascend the wooded slopes of the hill. Throughout Nepal the Hindu and Buddhist religions are curiously intermingled.

Pashpati is the Benares of Nepal. Through its *ghats* and terraces of temples flows the sacred River Bagmati. Upstream are *ghats* reserved for the royal family, below the bridges are many other *ghats* for the more humble folk. Here the dying are laid on the sloping banks so that their feet may touch the holy stream, the ideal passing of the devout. Maidens place votive offerings at the innumerable shrines from which monkeys take their fill.

Nilkantha is worth visiting for here is a large, recumbent figure of Vishnu Narayan lying on a bed of cobras and awash in the water, sometimes entirely submerged. It is a very holy place and much visited by pilgrims. The King of Nepal is not allowed to visit this spot as he is supposed to be a reincarnation of Vishnu, consequently the results might be disastrous if not fatal. A replica has been built at Balaji where the king may make his devotions. It is a peaceful spot amidst tall trees and gigantic bamboos, flanked by large tanks in which huge carp break the surface of the waters when grain is cast in by the priests. Below the tanks is a picturesque wall of stone with a line of cobra heads through which the water flows.

In Katmandu, scattered about, are several white palaces of fine proportions and good design. That of the King is surrounded by a high wall with a smart guard at its gates. The Maharajah's residence is known as the Singha Durbar, it is approached

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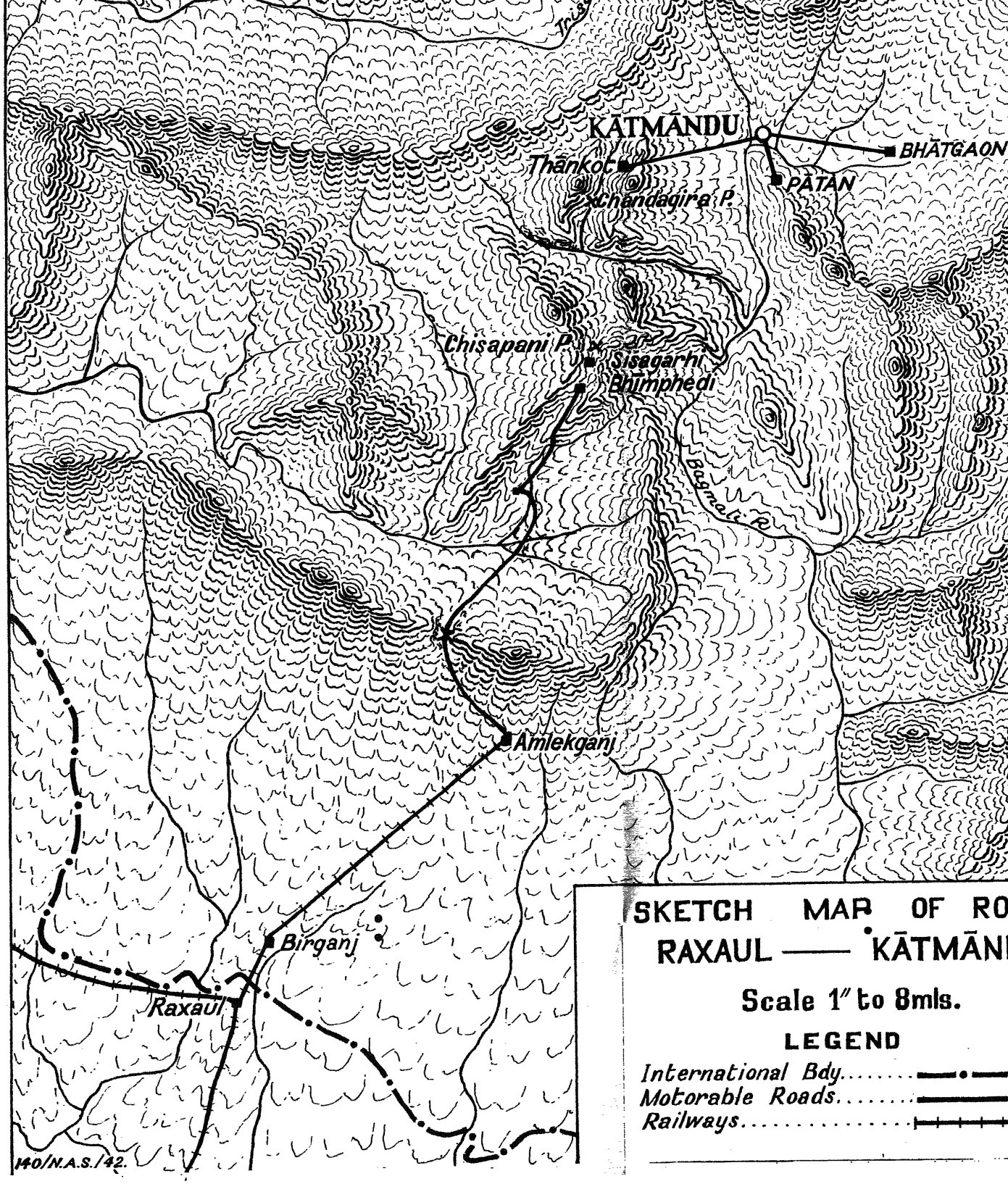
through a massive French gateway with iron gates and a huge garden gay with flowers. The square entrance hall is filled with trophies of the chase and pictures of incomparable sport of the Terai. The private reception rooms are upstairs, the walls being lined with mirrors. For official occasions, the distinctive head-dress of the Maharajah and the commanding-generals is very remarkable with its bird of paradise plume and encrustations of jewels. That of His Highness is said to be valued at £1,000,000 and those of the generals at £10,000 each. They caused a great sensation when worn in England and France on the occasion of the visit of Maharajah Sir Chandra Shamshere Jung in 1908. The succession does not pass from father to son, but from brother to brother. When the last brother dies, the son of any brother (not necessarily the eldest), who happens to be born first, becomes Maharajah.

Sport in the Terai is perhaps the finest in the world and prodigious bags of tiger and rhino are accounted for. Game is marked down and surrounded by a wide ring of elephants; they gradually close in towards the centre of the circle until they are touching, flank to flank. The sportsman to take the shot is nominated and moves inside the circle of elephants until he sights his prey, be it rhino or tiger; then another gun is nominated and so on. A glance at the game book at the Rest House at Raxaul shows an incredible number of animals bagged in a single day.

The average height of the Valley is 4,500 feet, although some snow peaks can be seen the surrounding ring of high, wooded hills prevent a glimpse of Everest. To see it a stiff climb is necessary up the steep mountain tracks, even so the weather conditions must be favourable. Once seen, this magnificent panorama remains in the memory for ever.

It is hard to take farewell of this beautiful, "forbidden" land. Returning homeward towards the heat of the plains, the track seems longer and more tiring. Patient little Gurkhas are toiling up the passes, halting to rest in the shady corners, supporting their heavy loads on forked sticks.

All good times come to an end, but such memories are imperishable.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BHĀTGAON
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Chandagiri P.
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SKETCH MAP OF RO
RAXAUL —— KĀTMĀNI
Scale 1" to 8mls.
LEGEND
International Bdy.....
Motorable Roads.....
Railways.....
140/N.A.S./42.

THE INDIAN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM IN RELATION TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE DEFENCE FORCES

BY "GUNNER"

Modern war involves the use of complicated weapons, vehicles and scientific instruments needing a high standard of education, general intelligence, alertness, power of leadership and physical fitness. The high speed mechanical movements of to-day demand quick thinking and quick decision. Not only must officers have had a good general education, but to a lesser degree the rank and file must have sufficient elementary education to enable them to understand and carry out their duties efficiently.

The Defence Forces provide elementary education after enlistment for those of the rank and file who need it. As regards those who aspire to enter the services as Emergency Commissioned Officers, a standard of general education which is high enough to enable them to absorb rapidly the short intensive course of military training given at an Officers' Training School, is an absolutely essential qualification for selection as an Officer Cadet.

The War is now at the frontiers of India, and India is threatened with invasion. The fall of Singapore gives the Japanese naval superiority in the Bay of Bengal and in the Indian Ocean for an indeterminate period. Thus the long coastline of India is threatened, apart from the increasing pressure on Burma by the large Japanese land and air forces already massing on that front. The need for more rapid expansion of the Indian Defence Forces is obvious, and this entails the provision of a large number of officers.

The fullest co-operation of all classes and communities is essential in the task of providing potential officers for the rapidly expanding fighting forces. We need the best and most capable young men, both mentally and physically, that India can supply—and we need them quickly.

Hitherto, many people in India have regarded the war as something vague and distant. Many are in no sense "war-minded", the war being something in which their active participation is not considered by them to be essential, and regarding which they need only be interested spectators.

The entry of Japan into the war and the invasion of Burma have made many change their views, but even this serious threat to the security of India has not caused the best material in Universities and Schools to come forward and offer their services. The majority of "star" students still prefer to try for good posts in the Government Civil Services or in business. Though a large number of candidates offer themselves for Emergency Commissions, some being of excellent quality, the standard of education of many is so low that it is not possible for them to be turned into efficient officers in the short condensed course of training given at an Officers' Cadet School. Yet these men of ages from 19 to 35, have nearly all graduated at a University. Whereas a degree obtained at a University in England ensures the possessor to have sound general knowledge apart from the specialized knowledge of certain subjects taken up by him for his degree, this is not the case in India. It is found that elementary general knowledge, powers of observation, inquisitiveness and alertness are sadly lacking in the cases of many University graduates.

A number of University students appear to have passed examinations by learning paragraphs in text books by heart with little understanding. It is a regrettable fact that a B.A. or even a M.A. Degree taken at an Indian University is no hall-mark of having received a sound general education.

The Simon Commission in 1930 urged the need for education reform in no unmeasured terms. To quote from its report:

"The standards of admission to some Universities are deplorably low. Many of the students are unable to follow the lectures owing to their defective knowledge of English which is used as the medium of instruction. There are no signs of any consistent or sustained resolve to grapple with the coils arising from the large admission of unfit students. The Universities are overcrowded with men who are not profiting either intellectually or materially by their University Training": and again "The necessity of University reform can hardly be put too high. Its difficulty in the face of vested interests and fixed tradition is very great".

It is regrettable to think that these words written in 1930, apply equally to 1942.

Now that India is fighting a war for existence, every effort should be made by educational authorities to produce the type required to take its place in the Army, Navy, or Air Force. As time is all important, priority should be given in all colleges and

schools to the production of the type required. Red tape should be cut out. Vested interests should be ignored. We need potential officers and ask Universities and Schools to give us of their best.

The conservatism of school masters and professors as a class is notorious in all countries. The teaching of the same subject to relays of students year after year causes the mind to move along a well-defined rut, out of which the teacher feels disinclined to extricate himself, and narrows his vision. Any radical change in the system of instruction, alterations in the curriculum, or a freer hand given to examiners in setting papers, would undoubtedly be unpopular to some members of the teaching staff, who would have to revise their methods and cover a larger field, even though this would benefit both themselves and their students.

It should not be possible to become a University graduate by learning paragraphs from text books by heart with little understanding. Examiners should be given a freer hand, enabling them to evaluate the powers of reasoning, deduction, and initiative of the candidate as well as his actual knowledge of bare facts. Professors and teachers unable to adapt themselves to reforms should be replaced.

So much for generalities.

Whilst the war lasts, we want our educational institutions to produce a satisfactory embryo officer. This, at the present time, is their most important task.

The qualifications looked for in a potential officer who is shortly to lead men in battle have been widely broadcast, and are qualities that are valuable in any walk of life. They may be summed up as follows, assuming that the candidate is within the age limit and up to the physical standard laid down:

(*a*) A good general education of a high standard. This includes good general knowledge, acquaintance with current world topics and the part played by the Army, especially the Indian Army, in the War, and fluency in English.

(*b*) Intelligence, quick thinking, and commonsense.

(*c*) Personality, so as to command the respect and obedience of Indian soldiers, and a capacity to assume responsibility.

(*d*) Resourcefulness.

(*e*) Initiative, and adaptability to circumstances.

(*f*) Power of drive without being aggressive.

(*g*) Tactful behaviour to superiors, subordinates and others.

It is of the greatest importance that educational authorities should do their best to produce as many students as possible with these characteristics. There is plenty of good material in the country. It needs guidance and development.

To make a few suggestions:

(*a*) Raise the Matriculation standard. This will cut out those who can never hope to benefit by University training, and who will be of far greater value to their country doing manual work. These "unfits" act as a drag on the student of average ability and hamper instruction, thus lowering the standard of the whole.

(*b*) Daily Physical Training to be compulsory for all students under properly qualified instructors.

(*c*) Enrolment in the U. T. C. to be compulsory for all potential candidates for Emergency Commissions. Attendance at camps and on parades to be compulsory for these candidates.

(*d*) A compulsory general knowledge paper to be included in all standard examinations.

(*e*) A weekly compulsory lecture to all students on the progress of the war and particularly the part being played by the Indian Army, Navy and Air Force.

(*f*) Special classes for those students who have entry into one of the Defence Forces in view. Any Government grant allotted to the educational institution should be given with the proviso that an adequate definite proportion is spent on development of qualities required by the Defence Forces.

(*g*) Personal encouragement and advice by the heads and staffs of educational institutions to be given to students having the necessary qualifications to urge them to join the Defence Forces in preference to any other career at the present time.

(*h*) Encouragement to be given to those unfit for the Defence Forces, physically or for other reasons, to join local Civil Defence Organizations, Civic Guards, A. R. P., etc.—the aim being to instil in the mind of every young man the need for him to play an active part in helping to win the war.

There is much to be done, which must be done quickly. Those who control educational establishments can do a great deal in this great country, which alone amongst the British Commonwealth of Nations, has not had conscription applied to it.

JUNGLE INTERLUDE

By Officer Cadet F. C. O'Hara

Mac and I stood in the half-light of an April dawn and watched a fine herd of bison make their way leisurely into the jungle in front of us. This was our last camp on the open grass hills and as soon as the porters could be got under way, we were to follow the bison into the heavy rain-jungle which stretched below us farther than we could see.

Our party consisted of ourselves, half a dozen wiry, hooked-nosed hillmen and thirty-odd cooly porters. The hillmen who were our guides, sat together contemptuously, apart from the porters who were busy tying up the headloads into which our camp equipment had been divided. The head guide, whom I shall call 'K' for short, was my own shikari and, as well as being thoroughly trustworthy in a tight corner, was necessary for liaison between ourselves and the other members of his clan who came from the farther jungles and who had probably seen few white men.

We were out on the job of inspecting a remote district boundary and up till then it had been a pleasant, easy trek from one boundary cairn to the next, over rolling grasslands at about the 7,000 feet level. But this was over and for the next three days we knew we could expect difficult jungle country and the things which are seldom absent from those jungles—elephants, leeches and perhaps a tiger or two.

Before the sun rose we were under way and had soon entered the 10-foot wide ride in the jungle which connected the successive survey stones and so marked the boundary which we were inspecting. A community of hillmen, representatives of which were with us, had been paid a goodly sum to clear this path, and it was to see that they had done an honest job that this trip had been undertaken.

We had been going for several hours and were congratulating ourselves on the unexpectedly easy nature of the trail when we met our first obstacle. The path led out of the overhanging trees onto a large outcrop of rock, giving us a wonderful view over miles of evergreen jungle stretching out below us. But it was too early in the day to stop to admire views. "Where", I

asked, "does the boundary go now?" One of the guides motioned me forward and, leaning cautiously over the edge of the rock, I could see the track begin again several hundreds of feet below.

"And how does one get there?" Over the edge, I was told. When I asked whether there was no way round, my question only produced smiles at first—why should anyone want a way round when there was a perfectly good cliff to climb down? But then white men were unaccountable beings! No, no one knew of any way round.

The only thing to be done was to drop down the hillside off the path and to try to work round to the foot of the cliff. The descent was easy: the jungle trees were tall here and little grew beneath them to hinder our progress, though the slope was in places too steep for one to walk upright.

When we judged that we had dropped about 300 feet and should be opposite the bottom of the cliff, we turned at right angles and very soon our troubles started. Some giant landslide years before had carried away the tall jungle, and the secondary growth which had taken its place was a mass of bamboo and thorns. Through this we had to track our way and soon it became obvious that we were badly held up. From our map we knew that we were at least eight miles from the nearest accessible water, a stream at which we had planned to camp. Our guides, not dreaming that an almost perpendicular cliff could be counted as an obstacle, had not warned us of it, and consequently we were carrying little water: not nearly enough to go round.

At about 4 o'clock, after hours of cutting our way through dense thickets and at times lowering men and loads from rock to rock, we reached the track again and, looking up at the top of the cliff, we realized that we had progressed perhaps 20 yards on our way since we had that morning looked down from the top.

The guides were for pushing on to water, but the porters were in no shape for further travel and we decided to camp where we were. All hands were put to gathering dry wood, two large heaps were made in the path and camp was pitched between them. These heaps would be fired at sundown and would, we hoped, be sufficient to keep away any unwelcome visitors. We had seen few fresh signs of elephants and would, with luck, be undisturbed.

It was a cheerless camp. By an unfortunate mistake no cooked rice was being carried for the porters that day, and without water none could be prepared. Soon after sunset the hum

of talk ceased and the porters settled down to sleep, huddled in a group near one of the fires. Our blankets were spread near the other fire and in between were our guides. I noticed that they were a little closer to us than to our porters: I had often been told that they considered the smell of a white man to be offensive, but apparently it was preferable to that of a cooly.

I arranged to take the first two hours' watch and, telling K to keep awake, I settled down to wait with a ball-loaded shotgun across my knees. This may sound an unsuitable weapon for big game, but its stopping power at close quarters is considerable and it is very useful in a tight corner.

During my first spell all was quiet, but when I had taken over the watch again I soon realized that we had a visitor: a snapped twig, a rustle in the dry leaves, first this side, then that. A sign brought K to my side "Tiger—he has been here for ten minutes."

This may not sound very exciting, but if you can picture yourself with your back to one dwindling fire, your face to another fifteen yards away, on either side of you a black wall of jungle and a tiger—possibly ten feet away from you—I certainly wished I was somewhere else. Fortunately. man-eaters are rare in those jungles and after a while his curiosity seemed to be satisfied and when I woke Mac for his spell, I reported "all clear" and did not mention our visitor. Mac was not used to the jungle and I did not want any unnecessary fireworks.

By noon next day, we had reached water and after a hurried meal for the porters we pushed on towards our next camping place, a Forest Shed which I had visited before and which promised a secure night's rest as it was built high up on 'stilts' and was protected by a deep trench. It was, however, a good distance ahead and as the intervening country was, I knew, much favoured by elephants, it was desirable that we should reach the shed as early as possible.

We soon realized that we were going to be late. Some of the porters were tiring and I had to take my place at the end of the line to threaten with awful death by wild beast anyone who showed signs of falling by the wayside. We had to pass through the edge of an abandoned rubber estate, a favourite playground of elephants, and it looked as if we would get there just about the worst time of day—five o'clock in the evening.

In these jungles the elephant does not usually move about in the heat of the day. He chooses some cool shady spot and spends

the hot hours there, often fanning himself sleepily with a small branch broken from a tree. When the sun begins to sink he comes out for his evening drink and feed, and it is at that time that he is most likely to be met with as he makes his way to the nearest water.

We were making fair progress when I noticed that K was taking an interest in the track behind us. "What is it?" I asked. "There's a tusker following us." I was beginning to wish I had taken the head of the procession, instead of the rear, when the line stopped and a message came back that Mac wanted me.

I hurried up to the front and saw a sight which I shall always remember. The track had reached the wide ford of a river, and strung out across it was a herd of about a dozen elephants, ranging from a fine old bull down to a pair of little fellows, who looked about four feet high and were trying to push each other over in the water. They were all drinking and blowing water over themselves and each other and were obviously enjoying themselves thoroughly. A sight one would have loved to watch under other circumstances, but there was no time to lose—I did not like the thought of that tusker in our rear.

The long-suffering porters were hustled down into the river bed, a little upstream of the ford, and herded in the lee of a large boulder, while I went off with the guides to try to drive away the elephants which were holding us up. Fortunately, the wind was just right and we made our way carefully towards the herd to a position from which, K judged, we could drive them on to the bank which we had left and so leave free the ford which we had to cross.

Now, if a cooly wants to scare off an elephant he shouts at the top of his voice and beats a tin-can or anything else he can lay his hands on and as often as not brings an irate tusker to find out what all the noise is about. The hillman's method is very different. He emits a single high-pitched call and the elephant will usually move off obediently.

This was what happened in this case and it was with considerable relief that I saw the whole herd plunge out of the water with many squeals and trumpetings and disappear into the jungle in the direction from which we had come.

We hurried the porters on over the last few miles and though we saw several elephants, we were now in more open country which had once been a rubber estate and we were able to avoid them.

As we were nearing the Forest Shed in the dusk I realized how quickly uncurbed jungle will obliterate the traces of human occupation. The road I remembered from my previous visit three years before had almost disappeared. The bamboo had closed over it leaving only a narrow path and as we followed this we came out on to a large girder bridge, high above the river. Three years before it had carried lorries: now the nearest road, which would carry even a bullock-cart, was forty miles away.

A few minutes brought us to the shed. Here the bamboo had not yet taken complete control and the shed still stood, though the trench was almost filled in in places and elephants were evidently frequent visitors. However, it was at least a roof and we slept well and undisturbed.

This river marked the turning point of our route and also the lowest point of the boundary. Till then it had mostly been downhill: the last part would be mostly up.

Next morning it was plain that our porters were quite unfit to start the climb, so we decided to rest there for a day. This day was unremarkable except for a short encounter Mac and I had with a tusker. We were walking along a path near camp early in the afternoon, not thinking of elephants and talking, probably, of our next, or our last, home leave, when we met him at close quarters round a corner. We had scared him, so he gave chase and, remembering the fabled speed of an elephant over short distances, we covered the next few hundred yards in remarkably good time. Fortunately, he was only demonstrating and did not follow us far, but later gave us a good example of how quietly one of these beasts can move. We saw him leave the path 25 yards away from us and after a time went along to investigate. The track he had made down the hillside through the heavy undergrowth was plainly visible, but no sound had reached us as we stood a short distance away.

Next day at dawn, we were on the move again. The boundary from this point went in a wide arc, and our guides volunteered the information that they knew of a short cut through low ground to the next night's camping place, which would save the porters many miles. We eagerly accepted this suggestion and leaving Mac to cope with the "baggage train', I set off alone with the guides.

My recollection of this day is one of unrelieved toil and monotony, and many times I cursed the necessity for such boundaries to be cut on the watershed. We were now in very dry,

bamboo-covered foothills. The path was a dark tunnel in the tall bamboo and every hill we met that day we climbed straight to the top and down the other side. The heat was intense. Incidentally the main characteristic of a water-shed in this part of the world seems to be that there is no water within miles of it.

I can remember only one incident during that day's march. We were moving along the trail when without warning pandemonium broke loose around us and heavy animals could be heard crashing away through the undergrowth. When I had recovered from my first surprise, K was still beside me with my heavy rifle, but the rest of my escort—and arms—were high in the surrounding trees. We had surprised a herd of bison, but they had broken away from the track and we did not see any of them.

The good camping ground with water, which I had been promised, hardly came up to my expectations. The site was a large flat rock closely surrounded by thick jungle and the water only appeared after some scraping with knives among the jungle refuse in a nearby hollow. However, it is remarkable how a handful of strong tea can disguise both the taste and the colour of water.

We spent a quiet night and next morning prepared for the final stage. This was to be a short one but very steep in parts, and from the map it looked as if we had to climb about two thousand feet.

The going had been easier than the previous day's march—we were now much higher and the air was considerably cooler—when K suggested a rest for the porters as we were nearing a stiff climb. While we were sitting in the shade, I heard the loud report of bamboo broken by elephants and soon K appeared and explained that they were feeding in a hollow, just off the steep bit we were approaching, and that there was no way out of this hollow except on to our boundary track.

This was awkward; if the elephants heard us while some of the party were still below their feeding ground they would probably make off all down our narrow track with unpleasant results.

Our guides thought it unwise to try to get the porters past the danger point, but our luck had been in so far and we decided to trust it to see us through.

Before we started, we explained the position briefly to the coolies and told them exactly what was likely to happen to them if they made a sound. In a few minutes we reached the foot of

the climb we had been promised and we saw at once that it would be a stiff one, too steep to walk upright in many places. A few hundred yards from the foot we reached the point opposite which the animals were feeding and their track could be plainly seen leading off to the left.

Here, as leader of the party, I took my stand, whispering threats to each porter as he slipped and stumbled past me, and it was with feelings of relief and admiration that I saw the last one safely and silently past me. These men had spent five days in difficult and unfamiliar jungle, and yet they carried their 60-lb. headloads without a sound up a slope which had seemed difficult enough to me with two free hands to help me. The guides wanted us to fire a shot into the bamboo to watch the elephants bolt below us, but we thought this would be tempting providence too far and we left them in peace.

The final few miles were comparatively easy and uneventful and by early afternoon we were out of the jungle and back in the tea district from which we had started.

It had been a successful trip and we had several things to be thankful for: there had been no rain to bring the leeches out, the elephants had behaved like perfect gentlemen and we had had no casualties among the porters in spite of the difficult conditions we had met. I realized our luck fully when I reached home and found a warning from the District Magistrate waiting for me. He told me that a dangerous rogue elephant, with many deaths to his discredit, had been driven from the scene of his latest misdeeds and was reported to be in the country through which we had just come. The District Magistrate recommended that my trip should be postponed.

INFANTRY PLATOON ORGANIZATION AND TACTICS

By Captain M. W. Hares

Prior to 1938 the infantry platoon consisted of a Platoon H. Q. and four sections. In the Indian Army three of these sections were known as rifle sections, and the fourth as the L. M. G. section. In the British Army there were two rifle and two L. M. G. sections.

Each section consisted of a leader, usually a L./Naik, and six or seven men. In the L. M. G. section one of these men was employed as the mule leader. The strength of the platoon was one officer and 31 other ranks.

In 1938, the organization was changed to a H. Q. and three sections. Each section was composed of a leader and ten men. The L. M. G. mule was replaced by a 15 cwt. truck, and the mule leader became the truck driver. Each section was armed with an L. M. G. Since the outbreak of war, the section armoury has been augmented by one Thompson gun, and the Platoon by one 2-inch mortar and one A./Tk. rifle.

These changes can best be seen if shown as follows:

	1937 Platoon	*1941 Platoon*
H. G.	Pl. Comd. Pl. Hav. runner mule holder	Pl. Comd. Pl. Hav. runner truck driver.
No. 1 Sec.	1 N. C. O. 6 men	1 N. C. O. 10 men
No. 2 Sec.	1 N. C. O. 6 men	1 N. C. O. 10 men
No. 3 Sec.	1 N. C. O. 6 men	1 N. C. O. 10 men
No. 4 Sec.	1 N. C. O. 6 men	.. ..
Total	1 Comd. 31 men	1 Com. 35 men
Weapons	1 L. M. G. 26 Rifles .. .. .. grenades	3 L. M. G.s 20 Rifles 3 Thompson guns 1 A./Tk. rifle 1 3-inch mortar. grenades.

The rifle and bayonet strength is based on the probable number that would actually be employed in the field.

It can be seen at a glance, that, although the strength of the platoon has been only slightly increased, the fire-power has been increased three-fold. This is a very great point in favour of this new organization and scale of equipment.

There is one other point in its favour. The platoon commander has now only three sections to consider as against four, and can thus give more attention to the employment of his additional weapons, the mortar and A./Tk. rifle, which are under his direct command.

On the surface this may appear an important point, but is this so in reality? Each section is now composed of a leader and ten men, though it is admitted that some of these may, and very probably will, be required to man the mortar and A./Tk. rifle as well as for other duties within the company and battalion. However, in the words of Infantry Section Leading, 1941, page 16, "the section leader must be fully capable of handling a full strength section."

It has been an undisputed maxim of military organization that, in the field, it is difficult, if not impossible, for one man to command directly more than six subordinates. If this was true of yesterday, surely it is even more so of to-day. Yet we find that the most junior commander in the scale of military rank is expected to command almost double this number under conditions of modern warfare. Being the most junior, he it is who comes into closest and most frequent contact with the enemy. Is this a fair responsibility to place on the shoulders of so young and inexperienced a man, who yesterday was a sepoy, and the day before that a recruit in the Training Battalion?

In addition to a section almost double its pre-war strength the young lance-naik has other difficulties to contend with. Not least amongst these is the very considerable increase in the section and platoon weapons. In 1937, the section leader had to contend with *either* a rifle section composed entirely of riflemen *or* a L. M. G. section, whose primary weapon was one L. M. G., and secondary was the rifle; but chiefly it was the task of the section to keep the gun in action. Thus the role of the section was either to attack a given objective, or to support a rifle section onto that objective.

To-day *each* section is armed with a L. M. G., a Thompson gun, rifles, bayonets and grenades, and, in addition, may have one or both the platoon weapons placed temporarily under its command. Thus the section of to-day is capable of producing the same volume of fire as the platoon of yesterday, but the knowledge and experience of the controller of that fire is reduced from that of a V. C. O. to that of a junior N. C. O. With such increased fire-power and strength, section tactics have been so

enlarged as to resemble platoon tactics of 1937. Can the young section leader compete? In short, the section leader of to-day is expected to be just as competent as the platoon commander of pre-war days. With such rapid expansion and quick promotion in the Indian Army, it is obvious that the section commander cannot compete, and this through no fault of his own. He simply has not had the time, experience or opportunity to become proficient in his command.

What, then, of the platoon commander? Is his task increased to that of a company commander? We have already seen how his task has been made easier by the reduction of his command from four sections to three. We must also remember that he now has a 2-inch mortar and a A./Tk. rifle to control. However, these are comparatively simple weapons to handle, both tactically and technically. In addition, the platoon commander has a Havildar to assist him.

From the foregoing it is fairly obvious that the section commander's responsibilities have been increased out of all proportion to his rank, knowledge and ability, while those of the platoon commander remain very much the same as before the present war.

Tactically, however, the platoon commander is in a cleft stick, as the following example will, I hope, demonstrate:

Take the case of a platoon in a defensive position. The days of the thin red line have, at long last, ended. We are taught that we must adopt "area" defence. It is realized that the minimum requirements to hold an area are three sub-units. Hence we find three sections in a platoon, and three platoons in a company. But what of a reserve? We are constantly told that a commander must at all times keep a reserve, however small, with which he can influence the situation. We are also taught that there is no such thing as a front—we must expect attacks from all sides, and these attacks may develop simultaneously.

Visualize then a platoon holding a defended locality under conditions of modern war. It is separated from its neighbours by some 500 to 1,000 yards of open (or not so open) ground, through which the enemy infantry have infiltrated. The platoon is subjected to an attack from the front and flank or rear and, possibly, from the air at the same time.

The platoon commander has naturally disposed his sections in the shape of a triangle, with Pl. H.Q. in the centre or near a section locality. If one of his section posts is attacked and/or overrun by the enemy, what is he expected to do? His platoon

now no longer holds an area, but a line. Is he to counter-attack with one of his remaining sections, supported by the fire of the other L. M. G. and the 2-inch mortar? Is he to hold the enemy with fire, and wait for the company commander to do something?

The first course would be folly. The second unforgivable.

Should he adopt the first course of counter-attacking the section post if overrun, or reinforcing it if liable to assault, he would still find himself, geometrically, holding a line with a section at either extremity. Besides, two of his sections may be attacked simultaneously, and the third also engaged. To move a section already engaged with the enemy is madness, and yet to sit back and wait would, or should, result in a court martial.

The reason for this predicament is obviously that the platoon commander has no mobile reserve with which to influence the battle, and what applies to the platoon also applies to a greater extent to the company.

What then is the answer? I suggest that the fault lies in the organization of the infantry platoon.

I give below a suggested organization compared with the present one:

Strength		*1941 Pl.*	*Suggested Pl.*
H. Q.	Pl. Comd. (V. C. O.)	1	1
	Pl. Hav.	1	1
	Runner	1	2
	Driver	1	1
No. 1 Sec.	N. C. O.	1	1
	men	10	5
No. 2 Sec.	N. C. O.	1	1
	men	10	5
No. 3 Sec.	N. C. O.	1	1
	men	10	5
No. 4 Sec.	N. C. O.	..	1
	men	..	5
Mortar det	men	incl. in the above	4
A. Tk. rifle det	men	incl. in the above	4
Total		1 V. C. O. 36 men	1 V. C. O. 36 men
Weapons	L. M. G.	3	4
	Thompson gun	3	4
	2-inch mortar	1	2
	A./Tk. rifle	1	2
	Rifles and bayonets	20	12

It will be seen that, although the strength of the platoon remains the same, the comparison of fire production is 8 rifles against 1 L. M. G. 1 Thompson gun, 1 2-inch mortar and 1 A./Tk. rifle.

Now let us review the position of the section and platoon commanders.

The L./Nk. will not now be expected to command more than five men as against ten. He will have the same variety of weapons as at present, but they would be much more concentrated under his control. He would seldom give a fire order to the whole section, but would confine his attention to the L. M. G. He would, in all probability, either fire the gun himself or act as No. 2. If not, he would certainly carry the Thompson gun himself, with Nos. 1 and 2 at the gun. No. 3 would be a reserve gun number, and Nos. 4 and 5 engaged as scouts, runners, flankers, connecting files or rifle-bombers, as the situation may demand. Seldom, if ever, would the section line a ditch, and the section commander give a fire order as laid down in S. A. T. Vol. II. In fact, the section commander is back where he was in 1937, only he himself is armed with a Thompson gun instead of a rifle. His task is to keep the gun in action, and to get onto the objective as soon as possible.

And what of the platoon commander? Again he has adopted a triangular formation with three sections at the angles. This time his H. Q. is in the centre with No. 4 Sec. as a reserve. No. 4 section commander is at the Pl. commander's side, while both watch No. 2 Sec. position being subjected to an assault. The Reserve Section L. M. G. is engaged in firing at an enemy dive-bomber, while Nos. 1 and 3 sections are putting down bursts of fire in front of No. 2 Sec. locality. Both 2-inch mortars are putting down H.E. bombs 150 yards in front of No. 2 section post. In spite of this fire, the enemy succeeded in getting a footing in No. 2 section post, but before they have succeeded in disposing of the garrison, the platoon commander has ordered No. 4 Section to counter-attack. This attack is supported by all the platoon weapons, and, if enemy tanks are not in the vicinity, the A./Tk. rifle detachments have taken over the role of rifle-bombers. Under cover of this hail of projectiles, No. 4 Sec. advances to the attack, the L. M. G. is carried and fired from the hip No. 1, the Thompson gun is in the hands of the section leader, Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 are armed with rifles, bayonets and hand grenades. The attack is successful. The enemy routed, and an otherwise dangerous situation is restored.

The decision as to whether the counter-attack should be launched just before or just after the enemy have reached No. 2

Sec. post will rest with the platoon commander. The mortar detachments and the reserve section commander are under the voice control of the platoon commander throughout, so that all may concentrate on expelling the enemy, should he get a footing within the platoon area.

It may be argued that a section of one N.C.O. and 5 men is too small a sub-unit to be of much material use in an immediate counter-attack such as that visualized above. The immediate counter-attack was abolished on this score in pre-war days. But it must be remembered that then the attack was carried out by a rifle section armed only with rifles and grenades, and supported by but one L.M.G. If this L.M.G. was knocked out by the assaulting troops, there was virtually no supporting fire at all. Under these circumstances the counter-attack may well have resulted in a dismal failure, and the last state of that platoon would have been infinitely worse than the first.

To-day such vast strides have been made in the equipment of the section and supporting fire of the platoon, that the enemy would find it a very much "tougher" proposition to beat off an immediate local counter-attack than formerly. The suggested organization of the section of six men would still possess practically the same fire-power as the 1937 platoon. While the supporting fire-power of the suggested platoon would be two L.M.G.s and 2-inch mortars. If the section is still considered too weak in personnel, then additional numbers could be raised from the two A./Tk. rifle detachments and P. H. Q.

It is suggested that the A./Tk. rifle detachment (of which there are two in the suggested organization) consisting of two men each should be especially trained in firing the Mills grenade from the rifle. This method gives the rifle bomber a range of about 220 yards. With one man handling the rifle, while his companion inserts the grenade into the discharger cup it has been found that the rate of fire can, with practice, be in the neighbourhood of 10 grenades a minute, with accuracy. Thus two such detachments could put down a concentration of grenades on No. 2 Section post amounting to about 18 bombs per minute, while the counter-attack was in progress. Ammunition, naturally would have to be dumped in the position before hand.

So much for the platoon in the defence. But what of its other roles?

The finding of fighting patrols is one of the infantry platoon's chief duties. Under present conditions, the whole pla-

toon must be used to find a patrol capable of producing effective fire-power. This, in turn, weakens the company finding the patrol, as the whole of the reserve of the company has to be employed, leaving the company dangerously weak if called upon to perform any duty while the patrol is absent.

The patrol itself is unnecessarily large in man-power and relatively weak in fire-power. For a fighting patrol these are very serious handicaps. Casualties may be many and the patrol is ill-equipped for dealing with them.

With the suggested organization, both these defects can be easily overcome. As will be seen, the platoon can readily be divided into two equal parts, one commanded by the platoon commander, the other by the platoon havildar. Each consists of two sections, one mortar and one A./Tk. rifle detachment. Its strength is a commander and 17 men. Its weapons two L.M.G.s, two Thompson guns, one 2-inch mortar, one A./Tk. rifle and 8 rifles and bayonets and grenades.

Should a company be called upon to produce a fighting patrol, it can do so and yet retain a reserve, capable of producing as much fire-power as the present day platoon, less one L.M.G.

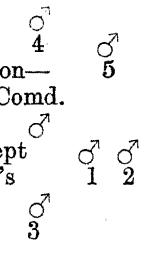
It is admitted that the present day platoon can produce just such a fighting patrol as that outlined above, but the remainder would be so depleted in weapons, and consequently fire-power, that it would be virtually useless for any active operation. Furthermore a platoon on the suggested organization can produce two such patrols either simultaneously or throughout the day, and require no relief.

Fundamentally then, it is a question of providing the additional equipment, the possibilities of which are unknown to the writer. This is a war of machines and equipment, and not of man-power. Our object is to inflict the greatest possible loss to the enemy, with the minimum loss of life to ourselves. This can best be done by arming all units and sub-units to the maximum, consistent with efficient handling, or, alternatively, to reduce their strength to that absolutely necessary to handle the available equipment with the maximum efficiency. A comparison between the 1937 platoon with that of to-day will show what strides have already been made in this direction, but it is suggested that we can still go further before we reach saturation point in this respect.

DIAGRAM OF PATROL FORMATION USED BY A PLATOON ON THE SUGGESTED ORGANIZATION

1 *Sec.* Scouts in front Sec. in patrol formation— L. M. G. near Sec. Comd.

Alternatively L. M. G. may be kept under Patrol Comd.'s hand at H. Q.

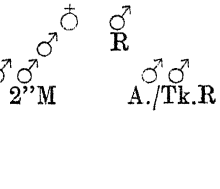


Nos. 4 & 5 act as scouts.

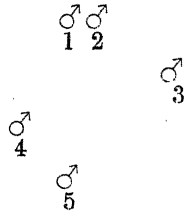
Nos. 1 & 2 with L. M. G.

No. 3 as connecting file.

H. Q. 2 " mortar and A./Tk-rifle under Patrol Comd.'s hand—No. 2 Sec. Comd. and runner 2"M with Patrol Comd.



2 *Sec.* Patrol formation in sight of Sec. Comd.



Alternatively, No. 2 Sec. may be sent out to a threatened flank and L. M. G. come under Patrol Comd 's direct control.

STRUMA VALLEY, 1919

From the snow-clad peaks of the Belaschitza mountains, through the low-lying swamps of Southern Macedonia runs the river Struma. From its pestilential marshes arise swarms of mosquitoes in summer, the most deadly enemy of the Salonika Expeditionary Force in 1915—18. From these self-same marshes in winter arises the quacking and splashing of innumerable duck and geese. Seldom are these wild fowl disturbed by the sound of the shikari's gun. Such of the local peasants as possess twelve bores touch but the outskirts of this amazing feathered sanctuary. Certainly during the period 1915—18, affairs of a weightier nature had conspired to render offensives against the feathered inhabitants of the Struma Valley quite out of the question.

Their numbers and variety, however, were well known to the members of the Salonika Expeditionary Force and the opportunity only was wanting for the enthusiasts of my own regiment to commence such an offensive.

The opportunity presented itself in the Xmas season of 1919. My Battalion had been transferred from Macedonia to Constantinople, short leave had been opened, and the supply of 12-bore cartridges, previously a grievous difficulty, had become ample.

On the 20th December, 1919, therefore, four of us, the Major, the Adjutant, "Mules" (so called owing to his connection with the Battalion transport) and myself, functioning in the onerous position of mess president to the expedition, invaded the Constantinople-Salonika mail at Galata station *en route* for the promised land.

We were accompanied by eight orderlies, their numbers being dictated by the possibility of encountering brigands, two followers, four thousand cartridges, and an introductory letter from a junior staff officer of the Black Sea Army G. H. Q. to the Greek Divisional Commander at Ceres which was to be the jumping-off place of the expedition. In addition, the estimated requirements of the small army were provided for in the shape of 25 large packages and cases, each weighing approximately 60 lbs. We were fortunate enough to discover two empty horse trucks proceeding empty to Salonika and into these we packed

the orderlies, followers, and kit, while we ensconced ourselves in the extremely superior Wagon lit reserved for the occasion.

Our troubles started at Dedeagatch, which we reached in the middle of the night after 36 hours' running. Here the N. C. O. in charge of the orderlies awoke us from our pleasant dreams with the information that the horse trucks were being uncoupled. We interviewed officials, pleaded, swore, and threatened, without any effect at all. Finally, we played our last card. The station master was demanded, and, in very bad French, the mess president informed him that the party was travelling on direct orders from G. H. Q. Army of the Black Sea with very important stores for the Greek "General de Division" at Ceres. The introductory letter was produced (but not opened), a bottle of whiskey was also produced (and was opened), and finally with mutual compliments among hurrahs for Venezelos, for the Allies, for the Ceres Divisional General and for the Allied Commander-in-Chief, we proceeded on our way complete with our valuable stores for "Monsieur le General" still intact in their horse trucks.

About 5 a.m. on the 22nd December we decanted ourselves at the extremely dreary station of Ceres. A light drizzle was falling and the grey gloom of a dank and cheerless dawn encircled us. We were hungry, sleepy, and cold, but in the dim distance we could hear the "quack, quack" of duck, in the mist overhead sounded the ceaseless swishing of wings, and despite our discomfort it would have been hard to find four happier mortals than those shivering on Ceres platform that morning.

We could find nobody in the station except an aged grey beard who could understand no known language, so presently, having shared a cup of hot tea with the orderlies, we moved off towards the ruins of Ceres now dimly visible about a mile from the station, clutching our letter of introduction and wondering if "Monsieur le General" would stand us breakfast. Enquiries from a Greek sentry presently brought us to Divisional H.Q. which we proceeded to reconnoitre. As it was then only about 8 a.m. it was not to be anticipated that many of the higher Staff would be visible. Nevertheless, our reconnaissance was most successful for we lit upon a Greek Colonel who, on seeing our letter of introduction and hearing that we came from Constantinople, and were British Officers, literally received us with open arms. How we revered that man! Speaking no English and little French, not knowing us from Adam, and with no other passport than a short letter signed by a G.S.O. III of the British Army he led us to his

house, fed us with coffee, cognac, biscuits, cake, and fruit, rang up the A.D.C. of Monsieur le General, arranged an interview for us, and in fact so completely out-Samaritaned the good Samaritan that we nearly wept with joy and gratitude. We christened him Colonel Tate on account of his moustaches which ran sideways from near his left eye to about three inches below his right chin. He wore the D.S.O. awarded in the last break through of the Allied Armies in Macedonia and he had one sentence of English "I have ze English medal." About eleven o'clock we interviewed the A.D.C., who spoke excellent French, too excellent for the mess president who was the linguist of the party and whose French was a relic of a public school education with later experience in such places as Salonika and Constantinople fame. He was desolated to inform us that M. le General was sick and much regretted his inability to receive us personally. We had only to ask for anything we required and it would immediately be provided for us. We asked for permission to shoot on the Struma marshes and for a local guide if available. We asked for some country carts to take our belongings out to our camp. We were informed that the whole country was ours. We were given a Greek Officer to act as guide, philosopher and friend during the whole of our shoot. We were informed that the entire pack transport of an Infantry regiment, with drivers and a working party, would be available to take our kit out to anywhere we wished to go at any time convenient to ourselves. A local Shikari was produced. Div. H.Q. was ransacked for maps of the Struma valley. A lunch party was given in our honour in the principal cafe; Colonel Tate presiding, and all the members of the Div. Staff being present to ensure that we were properly looked after. Never has such hospitality been dispensed with such little reason. Eventually, at 3 p.m., we set out complete with an infantry regiment's pack transport, our Greek officer, a local shikari, a supply of maps and a sack full of fresh bread, the last offering of our friend Colonel Tate.

Our objective was a small village called Jeni Mahale, some ten miles from Ceres, standing on the Northern end of one of the innumerable lakes which are formed by the Struma as it runs its marshy course towards the Aegean Sea. There had been heavy rain during the preceding weeks and all the minor streams and tributaries of the river, of which there are literally hundreds, were very full. The track we followed was only a track in places. In others it was a fully equipped snipe jheel, complete with snipe

which we shot as we marched. Our Greek Officer had brought his gun and was an enthusiast, but dangerous. His method of shooting snipe was to kneel down well behind the line and shoot at anything he saw. The Adjutant had the narrowest escape with a jack snipe that broke back. Both the snipe and the Adjutant were slightly wounded and after this incident Monsieur Vaselus was kept under strict discipline.

The ten miles dragged out its weary length. Four times did we have to ford turbulent streams that came up to our waists and which thoroughly wetted the mule-loads. About dark we came to a huddle of wattle huts occupying a slight rise in the dead level of the surrounding swamp. This was hailed by our guide as our objective and in view of the rapidly approaching darkness we determined to camp on the only level piece of ground available in close proximity to the village. It was not long before our tents were up and hot tea in the making, and despite the general dampness of tents, clothes, ground and bedding, we spent a fairly comfortable night. The mules and their drivers sought shelter in the village and the latter made merry over a measure of rum which we distributed for medicinal and warming purposes. They returned to Ceres, well rewarded for their troubles, the following morning.

The next day we devoted to reconnaissance. We changed our camp site to a position more remote from the village and explored the country for a radius of several miles in each direction. The Struma was still some considerable distance beyond Jeni Mahale but an arm of the lake extended in a semi-circle round the South edge of the village and from its reedy interior we could hear, and see, masses of wild fowl which promised well for our sport. During the day, we walked up all likely looking bits of cover. A vast amount of thorny bush covered all ground that was neither swamp nor cultivation. In the thornbush we found pheasant of the English variety, the cultivation held partridge and quail, the latter in great quantities, and snipe were prolific in the swamps. An occasional woodcock was flushed from the banks of the streams which fed the jheels.

The village of Jeni Mahale we discovered to be an island, occupying a small area of ground slightly higher than the surrounding country. South and East was the lake, West was a mass of bogland intercepted by streams which flowed into the lake, and North were the swamps and minor streams which we had traversed the previous day.

About mid-day it commenced to rain and, save for brief intervals that could be measured in minutes, we never saw the sun again till we returned to Constantinople. This poisonous weather, apart from the discomfort it entailed in camp, was destined to play an important part in the closing phases of our expedition.

In the evening we splashed our way down an indescribably muddy road to the lake for the evening flighting. The road presently disappeared into the lake where it continued as a stream, somewhat deeper than the remainder of the jheel, to some unknown termination at what, in normal times, was the edge of the lake. In view of the complete absence of visible landmarks this road formed our only connection with dry land. We moved out into the lake for several hundred yards. The depth of water remained constant at about three feet. Numerous patches of reed formed good cover for guns and we eventually established ourselves in a rough line and awaited the movements of the duck. Just before dark the whole lake appeared to get up and fly around. Heavy duck whizzed about in parties of twenty-five to fifty, the wings of innumerable geese filled the air with a soft swish. Snipe and teal zoomed round at an incredible speed in every direction. A constant "bang, bang," followed by the dull splash of a bird hitting the water indicated that all the guns were making the most of their opportunities, and from far away over the water an occasional thunderous boom proved that one at least of the local villagers possessed some form of arquebus. Meantime, a most disconcerting phenomenon occurred. Mist began to rise from the water and within fifteen minutes a dense fog had completely blotted out the landscape. So thick was it that one could with difficulty make out the water round one's knees. All sense of direction was completely lost and the problem of getting back to the land became one of pressing importance. By shouting the members of the expedition succeeded in concentrating and argument then waxed strong as to the direction in which to move. The Major and Mules were positive that the sunken road lay in one direction, the Adjutant and the Mess President were equally positive that it lay in diametrically the opposite direction. As any error entailed the probability of spending the night up to one's waist in the lake, if not complete entanglement in the fifty square miles of jheel which lay before us, the decision was not one to be taken lightly. Eventually it was decided that the Major and Mules should reconnoitre their idea of the correct

route while the remaining members of the expedition stood fast. In no circumstance was the reconnaissance party to move out of shouting distance of the stand-fast party. After half an hour or so the disconsolate scouts rejoined with nothing to report, and the Adjutant and Mess President proceeded to reconnoitre the opposite direction. They had not moved more than ten yards before the Mess President completely disappeared. On coming to the surface again, he expressed his opinion that he had found something a blank-side deeper than the blank-blank jheel, but whether it was the blank-blank-blank road he was unable to say. Cautious proddings indicated that it was merely a hole and the reconnaissance proceeded even more depressed than before. It was then the Adjutant's turn to do a little deep sea diving, and this time it became evident that the sunken road had been discovered. It was now a question of discovering which way led to the dry land and which way entailed further entanglement in the lake. Fortunately, the route we decided to follow proved to be the correct one, and in a few minutes a wet and disconsolate party found dry ground under their feet once more. The sudden appearance of the mist had forbidden the gathering of the majority of fallen birds, but a large number of these were picked next morning before the hawks had got at them. We found that this mist was of nightly occurrence though it never again assumed quite such alarming density.

After this experience we always left one gun on the sunken road and never went out without a compass. Almost continuous rain now greatly interfered with our sport, and the water surrounding the Jeni Mahale high ground began to encroach with alarming rapidity. Four days before we were due to return to Ceres our daily Courier, sent out by the kindness of our Greek friends, with fresh bread and milk, failed to materialize. His absence on the second day convinced us that his failure to arrive was not due to forgetfulness but was owing to the fact that we were cut off by the rising of the water. A conference that night decided us that a determined effort had to be made to establish communication with Ceres as, failing the arrival of transport, we should overstay our leave.

At 8 a.m. the next day, the Adjutant and the Mess President set out to reconnoitre. It was decided to try to outflank the various streams interposing between our camp and Ceres by moving first in a westerly direction, thereby striking them nearer their head waters and possibly bringing us onto the main Salonika-

Ceres road, which ran some fifteen kilometres to the West of the Jeni Mahale marshes before turning at right angles to the East to reach Ceres.

Moving in the Westerly direction meant that, somehow or other, we had to circumvent the very extensive swamps which stretched between the village and the road, but we found a villager in Jeni Mahale who claimed to know a track.

For the first few miles the going was quite good, and as we were marching parallel to the streams we had little fording to do. We then met our first obstacle in the shape of a marshy strip of ground with a miniature river running through the middle. Getting across this was unpleasant and somewhat dangerous. The mud was definitely "Fasan", in other words without bottom, and we struck pockets where one sank, with horrid squelching noises, right up to the waist. After the first of these experiences we returned to the bank and cut ourselves bundles of reeds to act as life-buoys. With terrific struggles we gained the other side, but it was a pyrrhic victory, for our guide definitely refused to adventure the crossing. To turn back thus early did not appeal to us, so, squelching from head to foot, and leaving behind us a trail of thick black ooze, the odour of which definitely resembled very old gorgonzola cheeze, we proceeded on our way, guideless.

We selected as a marching point one of the summits of the far away Belaschitza range which we adjudged to be due West, and towards this we squelched our weary way. The fording of each stream was an adventure in itself, for it was impossible to tell the depth until we had proved it by experiment. It was not the water we feared so much as the mud, but by the time we had struggled across our tenth river even this had begun to lose its menace through sheer familiarity. About 5 p.m., we sighted the main road and reached it after a final struggle through 500 yards of most tenacious bog which took us over half an hour to conquer. In the middle of this bog the Adjutant lost his boot which was pulled clean off his foot. The recovery of that boot was an undertaking which even now haunts my dreams. Standing thigh-deep in odouriferous mud we scraped about with our arms immersed up to the shoulders. Eventually, it was retrieved and resting on the main road we thought our troubles were over. This, however, was a miscalculation for we had struck the road a good ten kilometres from Ceres, and the three-hour tramp, half of it in the pitchy dark, was a nightmare. About 8 p.m., we sighted the lights of Ceres and again we cast ourselves on the

mercy of our much-tried friend Colonel Tate. Our fears proved to be well founded. The courier had reported the route impossible and we found Div. H. Q. scratching their heads as to the best method of rescuing "Les panvres Anglais." We pleaded the urgency of our cause and the necessity of an immediate rescue party in view of the termination of our leave. With considerable misgiving our Greek friends allowed us to make the attempt to reach Jeni Mahale that same night with twelve mules and drivers. The rain had stopped and it was brilliant moonlight when, having fortified the inner man with cognac and sandwiches, we led forth the relieving party at mid-night. It was freezing hard, which did not make our night march any more comfortable. Despairing of retracing our footsteps by the route we had followed during the afternoon, we decided to make straight for the camp and trust to fording the intermediate streams.

Tired, and cold, we made good progress, negotiating the first few obstacles with comparative ease. By 2 a.m., we were within a kilometre or two of Jeni Mahale when we came to a swift broad stream where, on our outward journey, we remembered a minor water-course of no importance. The N. C. O. in charge of the mules looked at it and shook his head. Words of cheer and threats had no effect. Finally, we set an example by putting our mules at the flood. For a few steps all was well, then we found ourselves swimming. With considerable difficulty, and wet from the neck downwards, we gained the other bank and from this point of vantage cheered on the faint hearts on the other side. These, however, having made their decision stuck to it, and, after a few non-committal remarks, turned their mules round and headed back for Ceres.

With horrible oaths we once more swam that cursed river and hastened in pursuit. Not till we were within a mile or two of the town did we catch them and then, realizing the futility of further argument, we accompanied them back to our starting point. Chilled to the marrow, our teeth chattering like castenets, hungry, tired, and furiously angry, we demanded to be shown somewhere to sleep. The main hotel of Ceres was pointed out to us, a dingy wooden building without a light showing. As it was then 4 a.m. in the morning, this was possibly not surprising. Bangings and shoutings produced an incredible number of ferocious dogs, and an aged crone who was prevailed on by our chief muleteer to give us shelter for what was left of the night. Our immediate demand was food and drink, for, apart from some sandwiches, we had eaten nothing since breakfast the pre-

vious day. All that could be produced was a couple of eggs and half a bottle of some foul brew, surnamed "douzico", which tasted and smelt like pure alcohol. Thus refreshed we sought our couches, but here a further hiatus occurred. No beds were available. Eventually, we were shepherded by the old woman into a room containing four beds, on each of which were stretched in noisy slumber two recumbent forms. Horror-stricken, we recoiled and demanded blankets, and finally adopted the kitchen floor as our sleeping chamber. Even here we found no privacy, for the multitudinous inhabitants of our borrowed blankets soon made their presence felt, and we passed the last few hours till daylight crouched over the tired embers of last night's fire. At 8 a.m. we were again in the presence of Col. Tate who listened with working whiskers to the tale of our night's adventures. His rage and grief at the story of our desertion by the mule drivers was dramatic in its intensity. He swore vengeance upon those wretched men, and promised that in one hour's time the pick of the Divisional Transport led by a Greek Officer, renowned for his valour and energy, should set out from Ceres to effect the relief of our flood beleaguered comrades.

Thus assured, we left to fortify the inner man against the potential trials of the day, and, finding the Colonel as good as his word, once more left Ceres *en route* for Jeni Mahale at 9 a.m. with the selected heroes. This time there was no going back. Urged on by the whirlwind enthusiasm of our valiant and energetic Greek Officer, the mules swam the last river in magnificent style, and by mid-day we had reached camp and set about the business of loading up.

During our absence the Major and Mules had been reconnoitring eastwards along the edge of the lake and they had found a ford, some three miles downstream, across the nearest and biggest of the streams that had caused our downfall the night before. On consideration it seemed preferable to add on extra hour's walking onto the return journey rather than to risk the loss of baggage and mules in the hazardous business of swimming the original crossing.

All would have gone well had we contented ourselves with rejoining the known track after the fording of the big stream. Foolishly we allowed ourselves to be beguiled into heading straight for Ceres after the ford, only to find ourselves once more bogged. Hours were wasted retracing our steps and getting onto the track, and it was not till well after dark that we reached our

objective, the railway station. Even here our troubles were not over. The Salonika-Constantinople mail stopped for ten minutes at Ceres. During this brief period we had to entrain the orderlies, the followers, the odd half ton of baggage, and ourselves. There were no porters to assist, very few lights, and, when the train arrived, no accommodation.

On viewing our small mountain of kit the guard quite positively refused to open his brake-van door. By this time we were quite desperate. On the pretext of seeing what of our stores we could get into the van we prevailed upon the guard to open up the brake. Before he had time to utter a formal protest we had removed the engine driver forcibly from his engine, thereby preventing any untoward movement of the train till we were ready, piled into the brake-van our half ton of kit, our orderlies, and our followers, and, finally, pulled ourselves up into the corridor of the wagon lit as the infuriated engine-driver, released from his durance vile, bounded into the engine and turned all his wheels at once to make up for the precious time overdue.

Little more remains to be told. We completed the railway journey to Constantinople in an atmosphere of intense official hostility. By the time we had detrained we had given our names, the names of our fathers and mothers, our children and our wives, to at least a dozen different railway officials, all of whom evidently regarded us as criminals of the most dangerous type. Determined efforts were made at several intermediate stations to disgorge our orderlies and our kit from the brake-van. These assaults we left the orderlies to deal with themselves, merely telling them on no account to open the doors. Eventually, the battered expedition arrived still intact at Galata, and the brake-van doors were opened. From it, in the middle of a blue haze, staggered our devoted retinue, while, with one accord, the crowd of enraged officials, porters, policemen, and spectators fell back aghast. The crowded atmosphere of the van had proved too much for the game. It had definitely not survived the journey.

PRICE MARCHES ON

By Rasp

A sequel to "How to live in India on your Pay" and "Financial Ramblings in Retrospect and Prospect".

To wake up one morning to the realization that although one's pay has risen by £200 per annum, one has actually suffered a loss of £200 per annum before stepping out of the hall door to meet a higher cost of living, is a grim thought. Yet, such is the plight of many in England to-day, though all do not appreciate it.

Brooding on this and scanning two articles I wrote on this subject about a year ago, I feel it may be a help to review facts in the light of changed conditions. In those articles I had "found no great increase in the cost of living". I suggested measures to save £2,000 for a house and £500 for furniture, and to put by £200 for leave home. I suggested ways and means of providing for one's family and for education.

But plans made a year ago need revision owing to the change in taxation and cost of living. The latter has increased most considerably in the course of one year. What will it be in two or three years? Will it go back to the 1939 level after the war? All that one can say is, that after the last war, prices never even approached the 1914 level. To consider them is like considering the gallon of whiskey which the Victorian generation tell one they bought for £1. The wise family budgeteer will, therefore, assume that 1939 scale of living has gone for ever, and will provide accordingly.

Before considering the increase in the cost of daily purchases in the shops, let me explain the opening statement of this article.

Since last year, pay has increased by £50 per annum, but taxation has increased by £100. A house, furnished or unfurnished, in this town is unobtainable and, in consequence, rooms or an hotel are the only alternatives.

The cost of these has risen since a year ago from £7 to £10 per week (40 per cent.) making an increase of £150 a year. The owners of the rooms are honest and non-profiteering and there

appears to be no justifiable reason for objecting to the increase. The net effect of the above, however, is that apart from the enhanced cost of everything it is necessary to buy, one is £200 worse off than last year. This is a serious matter and must be faced as a reasonable expectation by those coming to this country later on leave or retirement.

The Increased Cost of Living

In previous articles, detailed costs of living were given under every conceivable head. It would be wearisome to read a re-hash of these, but a few random examples may put the reader in India in the picture.

The purchase tax does not apply to food, but in spite of this, eggs cost now nearly fourpence each, a beetroot 1/- and a cauliflower 1/3. Even the most daring *Khansamah* would not venture to charge 19 annas for a cauliflower! In general the increased cost of housekeeping may be taken at 20 per cent.

Other articles are affected by two factors; firstly, the purchase tax and, secondly, the law of supply and demand.

The purchase tax is as high as 33 per cent. on certain articles, so that an article which cost £4 last year may well have risen to, say, £6 this year owing to the general rise in price; adding to this £2 purchase tax, it would now cost £8.

The law of supply and demand naturally increases prices. A tin kettle and "parchment" lampshade which used to be obtainable for sixpence at a well-known stores were bought last week for 1/9 each. No more kettles are expected in this town for three months.

It is not known how many cigarettes can be got for a rupee in India nowadays, but here it would cost 3/9 for a tin of 50—were such a thing obtainable.

Whiskey has risen 40 per cent. from 12/6 to 17/6. Clothes, especially women's clothes, have soared in price and some of the prices given in catalogues are almost unbelievable. In a previous article, Colonel Flounder's wife boasted that she dressed from the Guinea shops and was shod by Bata. Poor woman, she'll be naked and barefoot if she sticks to those ideals!

However, enough of such details—possibly even the writer has sounded too pessimistic a note. It must certainly be stressed that there is no sign of suffering in respect of food or clothing, nor sign of a decrease in purchasers. Shops are well filled and

brightly dressed. Still, those who are making a long term budget for saving for security after the war, should take the undoubted rise in the cost of living into account.

The Post-War Home

In a saving scheme previously suggested, the figures of £2,000 for a house, £500 for furniture and £200 for a leave home were taken.

As regards the house, it is felt that the general rise in prices combined with a post-war house shortage is bound to increase the figures. Moreover, a house cannot be bought on the instalment system to-day. Whether the building societies will revise this after the war is not known—probably they will—but to-day even an insurance policy combined with an arrangement for house purchase after the war is difficult to secure.

Furniture is not only very scarce, but is subject to a 33 per cent. tax. In many cases it has increased by 100 per cent. and even furniture shops advised the writer against purchase. One firm offered a plain oak writing table 3 ft. by 18 ins. for £20! As the demand for furniture after the war will be on a huge scale, prices cannot be expected to fall for some years.

Education

In the writer's experience, the cost of education has not risen. This is most commendable on the part of schools as their expenses have unquestionably increased An increase in fees would appear inevitable.

Previously the writer argued that Oxford University would cost little more than London and estimated the cost of the former at a minimum of £260 per annum.

Accurate statistics which have been recorded for one year at Oxford may be of interest to parents.

Fees, battels and college expenses amounted to £213, while pocket money, travelling, books and the bulk of clothing purchased came to £38, making a total of £251. As the case is that of a medical student, which involves slightly higher fees and a longer period in residence than other students, it is creditably low. This figure, of course, takes no account of the cost of living for four or five months' vacation.

It is stated that the cost for a woman student would be about £30 less, but as yet the writer has no proof of this. The cost would be considerably less if the man or woman was a "Home Student" at Oxford.

Current cost of one year's living in England

In "Financial Ramblings in Retrospect and Prospect" expenditure for June, 1940, was given in detail. The total amounted to £54 15s. The exact cost under all major heads for one year in humble and quiet circumstances is illuminating and is as follows:

Medical student at Oxford ...	£251
Daughter at school	171
Income-Tax	240
Insurance	46
Sub-total ...	£708
All other expenses, including 4 to 5 months' vacation for son and daughter	716*
Grand-total ...	£1,424

The statement that this covered a humble and quiet existence is literally true. A car was maintained, but there were no dinner parties, one dance, a good deal of visits to the Cinema and a negligible drink bill. There were no cocktail parties—as often as not there was no whisky nor sherry in the house. One week's leave in the year was, however, included at a first-class seaside hotel, the hotel bill alone being £30 for the week. Very few clothes were bought and needless to say no "useless" ones such as evening dresses.

As Mr. Grice of the radio says: "It makes you think—it makes you think."

Passages Home and Post-War Leave

These important subjects remain to be considered. It may be remembered that every time Mrs. Flounder used to go home on leave, her husband reluctantly handed £100 to Mr. Cook. If the post-war Mrs. Flounder has no Lee Commission passages left, I fear she will only get about as far as Port Said!

Then, too, pre-war expenses showed that about £200 was needed for each leave home. In view of the figures above, a saving of at least £300 is suggested as necessary in future.

The Man of Property

Well, after such a vista of gloom, will it really be worth while living at all!

Why not? It's only money we've been discussing after all and everyone will be in the same boat; but we must take every

* Average of approximately £60 per month.

step we can to become like, Mr. Soames Forsyte, a Man of Property, and build up a reserve of not only money but household goods.

A plan is necessary, following some such line as was suggested in "How to live in India on your Pay," but with greater sacrifice towards the "savings" aspect. In view of the increase in taxation, the Provident Fund should be used to the full permissible limit. Those who did not take out Insurance policies before the war, may have difficulty in securing cover for the present hostilities, but long-term endowment policies to cover post-war conditions may be obtainable. As regards savings, one solution is to assume that the tax is 8 annas in the Rupee (as it is in England) and place the difference between this and the actual tax paid, in savings.

Above all, those who are in India and not overseas, should steadily acquire property which is reasonably movable and useful in Europe. Property cannot, like money, be taxed. Even furniture to a limited extent, and of the folding type, might well repay eventual shipment home. If you try to buy a bed for your wife now, you will be taxed, but no Chancellor of the Exchequer has devised a system of taxing your wife's bed once purchased! Cushions, curtains, china, glass and the host of things so often sold in India must be hoarded and husbanded so that one day they may take their share in helping a dream to materialize—that dream of so many in India—a home in England on retirement.

DEFENCE AND DISPERSION

By B. O. W. Arrow

This is not a dissertation on the comparative values of attack and defence. Even if there ever existed such a thing as a soldier who believed that a war could be won by defence alone, he must have changed his mind by now, because even the civilian who before the war begrudged us the means to enable us to act offensively, has discovered it, and tells us all about it. It may be galling to the professional soldier, sailor and airman, but he can 'take it' because the maximum effort to put us in the position to be offensive is taking shape.

We are all agreed on the offensive; so, some say, let's not worry about defence, this war has shown that its no use anyhow. Has it? Or is it that during the last two years, we have ignored the principles of defence? Or failed to differentiate between defensive and delaying action, with the result that the junior leader's mind is now thoroughly confused on the subject? There is no doubt whatever that it is confused, hence this article.

Even when the offensive opens there will be places where small, and perhaps even large, forces will have to act in a defensive role. The company and platoon commander will often find himself temporarily on the defensive, however well the general offensive is going, and he must be confident that he CAN defend himself even against very superior forces. Recent events and conflicting ideas have shaken that confidence considerably, and the sooner it is regained the better.

In the War of 1914—18, we became accustomed to the defence holding out for protracted periods against superior numbers and overwhelming and accurate artillery fire, often supported by clouds of gas, and tanks. Why is it in this war, defences get overrun with such apparent ease? Some of the reasons put forward are:

Fast tanks with air support can maintain the momentum of the advance to such depth that the defence has no chance.

The concrete mentality causes the defender to put his trust in defences rather than in his will to resist.

The morale of the attacker is always bound to be higher than that of the defender.

The mobility of the attacker necessitates the defence being strung out over vast frontages.

Let us examine these reasons, and see whether they are really valid.

Fast tanks and air support are also the best way of paralysing the momentum of an attack.

The concrete mentality. The Germans never even tried to break the Maginot line.

The morale of the attacker may be higher, but throughout the history of war the defence has time and again overcome this disadvantage.

Dispersion of the defence. German 'shock' infiltration and Japanese 'seepage' have both been successful, so it looks as though this is the Achilles Heel!

During the past two years I have been concerned in the training of 16 battalions. Every one of them was steeped to start with in the 'penny packet' idea of defence, and in some cases it died hard. One of my most staunch adherents has recently found himself isolated with his company, fought it out for two days, then rejoined his battalion with his company more or less intact, having inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy. I am quite sure his company was not in penny packets and he now wears a Military Cross.

It does not seem logical to say that men behind well-sited defences cannot hold up superior numbers for a long time, even if the enemy has air superiority. I suggest that we have drawn the wrong lesson from Desert warfare. The vast frontages in Africa were not defensive positions, they were covering positions, with the exception of Tobruk, and whatever the junior commander thought of them the high command never attempted to use them as anything but covering positions, and they were only held as long as there was no serious attack on them. Nevertheless, there seems to be a very widely accepted idea that the compact-platoon-defended locality is a thing of the past, and that its place has been taken by widely separated section posts. A defensive system based on dispersed section posts will not stop seepage, nor will it stop shock infiltration. Seepage can only be stopped by a continuous front or active and constant patrolling

in depth. Shock infiltration can only be stopped by mutually supporting localities too strong to be easily overrun.

The greater the dispersal, the greater the number of static sentries required, and, consequently, the fewer men there will be available for active patrolling. Moreover, control by platoon and company commanders becomes more difficult and, consequently, concentration of fire and rapid local counter-attack become an impossibility.

There are a few simple and well-proven rules for resolute defence: Frontages must be governed by what you can hold by night. Ability to concentrate fire on threatened points. Ability to launch an immediate counter-attack on any enemy, who reach a vital point in the defences, before he can organize.

Someone will say that the air threat forces wide dispersion of small sub-units, in defence. Let it be remembered, however, that it has been stated time and again that against entrenched troops dive-bombing has little effect, while even to fairly low level bombing a platoon locality is a very small target. The greatest danger to ground troops is still observed artillery fire, and by skilful use of ground that danger can be greatly minimised. There are two final pleas against the 'penny packet' complex. It takes far more mines and wire to protect a large number of widely dispersed section posts than it does to protect a compact platoon locality. If the whole area is dotted with little posts it makes it very difficult, if not impossible to lay on a counter-penetration fire plan, which is after all the most effective stopper of shock-penetration.

The object of defence is not to stop the enemy—if you merely stop him he can still attack again or walk round you—but to KILL him. In order to do this, it is essential to have the power to concentrate heavy and accurate fire on any point of attack, or if the country is very close, to have local reserves to destroy infiltrated elements by shock tactics. If the defence is too widely dispersed neither of these essentials is possible.

I am the last person to decry dispersion, but there is in my opinion a very urgent need to strike a balance between dispersion and the principle of concentration. If we think of it in terms of TIME only it may help. A motorised force moving at 20 m.p.h. can disperse itself seven times as widely as one moving at 3 m.p.h., and as a very rough guide I would say a battalion can disperse itself to 20 minutes and a company to 5 minutes.

Rough guides are in a way dangerous things as they have a habit of assuming the status of rules, but with the vast number of officers with little experience there are in the Army nowadays we must have guides, and the majority will I think use them intelligently.

One could write many thousand words on this subject, but paper and time are in these days very valuable. I hope enough has been said to give food for thought on a subject which, I have found, causes considerable confusion in the minds of many.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

BADGES

In 1919, most regiments received a letter, asking if they would present the Imperial War Museum with a set of the badges worn by them in the war of 1914—1918.

As a result the Imperial War Museum has a set of the, now forgotten, badges of most Indian regiments of that period. They are mounted in glass-framed cases and hung on the walls of the Indian Army section of the Museum, where they may be seen by the Public.

Unfortunately, quite a number of regiments, batteries, battalions and smaller corps, who wore distinctive badges or titles, omitted to send them—or had by 1919 been disbanded or amalgamated. Their places are blank in this record of the Grand Army of India.

After the conclusion of the present conflict, the I. W. M. will again ask O. C. units kindly to present a set of the distinctive 'badges', 'flashes' or 'signs' worn by their command.

It would be nice if all would respond.

Can we suggest that in each unit somebody should "take care" of this small matter, and that a distinctive little collection from *every* unit and formation of the Indian Army shall be available for presentation and record when the "Cease fire" blows?

They should not be sent to the I. W. M. before that time, even if only for reasons of security.

Unless some arrangement is made during the war, the danger is that after it in the general melee of reorganization and dismemberment, these souvenirs will have for ever disappeared.

Some people will ask why the Indian Ordnance could not supply these? Well, we hope that they will supply an official set, but, in addition to these "issue" titles, etc., there are always many units who wear a variety of their own—possibly entirely unofficial—there are also the odd corps, raised under queer circumstances, in strange places, who provide for themselves.

We do not wish to miss these out, nor perhaps others who, after a short life, have ceased to exist and are already forgotten ere peace descends.

Will those interested kindly see to it that souvenirs of what Bahadhur Singh wears in the Second World War will be available to be placed alongside those borne by his valiant parent in the First World War?

NOTES ON SOME BOOKS RECENTLY PLACED IN THE LIBRARY

"The R.A.F. in Action", by Adam and Charles Black.

This book gives a very short description, with many illustrations, of the Coastal, Bomber and Fighter Commands of the R.A.F., during the first year of this war.

"Berlin Diary", by William L. Shirer.

A comprehensive eye-witness account of German activities up to the end of 1940. The writer was in Germany during the occupation of the Rhineland and the invasion of Austria. He covered the Munich Crisis. He went with the German armies into Poland, Belgium and France, and was in Berlin during the first air raids on that city. He spent most of his time in Berlin as Berlin Correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System of America and tells of life in Berlin, with shrewd comments on the information he was able to gather from German sources.

"Canada", by B. K. Sandwell.

This book describes, shortly, the country's progress from colonial status to that of a federal self-governing nation.

"Fishermen at War", by Leo Walmsley.

An account of the lives and experiences of the fishermen of the east coast of England during the war.

"Blitz Krieg", by F. O. Miksche.

The book deals briefly with the principal questions of modern tactical science. It is based on the experience gained and the lessons learnt by the writer during the Spanish War where he served with the Republican Forces. It begins with thrust and pocket tactics and battle on narrow fronts. It goes on to the use of the Air Arm over the battle, the Panzer divisions and their work, and the tactics of combat teams against this arm and the question of the decentralization of the artillery. It then touches the principles of defence, and finishes by discussing islands of resistance, web-resistance and the counter-blitz.

"The Rise of American Naval Power—1776—1918", by Harold and Margaret Sprout.

This work deals with the problems of sea power as they affected the American nation from the time when the nation first realized the necessity of that power, 1783, through the developments caused by the change from sails to steam to the beginnings of a new American Navy in 1881. It describes the growth of the American Navy from that date and the influence in producing that growth of some of the leading Americans. It discusses the politics and policy of the use of the Navy on the eve of 1914 and the American neutrality and preparedness until they entered the Great War, and finishes with the strategic lessons and political consequences of the share of this Navy in that War.

"Toward a New Order of Sea Power", by Harold and Margaret Sprout.

This book describes American Naval Policy and the world scene from 1918 to 1922.

"China Shall Rise Again", by Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

A book written in three parts. In the first part, "I Shall Rise Again," the authoress discusses the faults of the Chinese and ways to overcome them. The second part consists of statements, prepared by responsible officials, showing how reforms are being inaugurated and how various departments of the government have been able to meet the national calamities. The third part deals with the "New Life Movement in China", the part played by women in China's reconstruction programme, and Chinese thought on democratic policy.

"The March of the Barbarians", by Harold Lamb.

It describes the rise of Genghis Khan to power, the welding of his followers into a powerful fighting nation, the extension of his kingdom to North China, the Indus, the Caspian Sea and Persia, and the steps he took to preserve that kingdom. It goes on to tell the tale of events after his death when the Mongols reached out as far as Central Europe, and the fortunes of the kingdom under successive rulers up to Kubilai Khan up to the thirteenth century. It finishes with a short description of the disintegration of the Mongol kingdom.

"Thus Spake Germany", edited by W. W. Cook and M. F. Potter.

A book of some three hundred pages, consisting of quotations drawn from the works of German statesmen, politicians, soldiers, philosophers, jurists, etc., from the time of Frederick the Great to the present day.

The first chapter deals with the cult of force and on subordination to force of religion, morality and law. The book then goes on to consider the Germans as a people of rulers, their view of other races and nations, their aims in international politics and in war, how they make war, and Germany in defeat. It finishes with the fate reserved for the vanquished.

"Valley of Forgotten People", by George Sava.

An account of various small tribes in the Caucasus, with description of some of their strange antiquated customs.