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MATTERS OF MOMENT

THE FOURTH NEW YEAR in a war-stricken world is a good time to take stock of our position, avoiding complacency on the one hand and rashness on the other. Immeasurable improvements have marked our progress since France collapsed and the Germans marched on, irresistibly and triumphantly. Those were the dark days when Britain was the sole champion of freedom, the days when mighty nations now at our side were wondering how long we should be able to hold out. It was indeed Britain's greatest hour. The glimmer that began to burn then has burst into a flame of hope for millions of peoples under the iron heel of Germany, and as the four most powerful nations on earth stride on to certain victory, the whole of our Commonwealth must strengthen its resolve that in winning the war we shall also win the peace, for on that our whole future depends. Whatever measures are taken, the foundation must be "Never Again".

On the Road to Victory

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International trust is the cement which will bind together the new world order. That trust cannot exist while one nation which has disturbed the peace of the world five times is allowed to preach to its children the beliefs of a master race. Anyone who has read of the German record in Eastern Africa will know that her cruelties, massacres and persecutions to other nations in this war are no new development. They were practised on primitive tribes with an inhuman relentlessness which had no parallel in history. So it has been in this war, and Germany has become the most hated race in the world. But now, instead of facing unarmed tribes, the Germans face organised, determined and virile communities.

The German Record

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Some people even now declare that the so-called harshness of the Treaty of Versailles was responsible for the second World War. Is it true? Let everyone who has doubts of Germany's intentions should she be victorious remember that the Treaty of Versailles was mild compared with the terms she would enforce. This is not mere supposition, for when Russia sued for peace in 1918 Germany showed herself in her true colours. The terms Hitler's predecessors imposed involved the loss to Russia of 34 per cent. of her population, 89 per cent. of her coal mines, 85 per cent. of her land under sugar beet, 73 per cent. of her iron ore, 54 per cent. of her industrial undertakings, 33 per cent. of her railways, and, in addition, demanded an indemnity of £300,000,000. Those "dictated" peace terms, the severest in history, may be taken as a criterion of what Germany would demand should she win. But she will not win. Liberation will come to the occupied countries—and retribution to Hitler and his gang of criminals. When those guilty men have stood before tribunals in the countries they have ravaged, when they have

"Dictated" Peace Terms

suffered as they made others to suffer, their epitaph, written so that future generations of Germans can read and digest, may well be: "So perish all who do the like again".

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National Gratitude

NATIONAL GRATITUDE to its leaders, its fighting forces, and to all who have discharged a duty to their country during a war has in the past revealed itself in a wide variety of ways. Down the ages Empires that have long since disappeared left memorial stones to mark historic events in their history, and for centuries the triumphant spirit of a victorious nation was made manifest in the erection of monuments in stone or iron. The art of the sculptor and the skill of the craftsman combined to make in artistic form lasting tributes to the fallen, and often design, beauty and representation has added to the attraction of cities, towns and villages the world over.

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More Practical Memorials Needed

Modern opinion on this form of memorial is by no means unanimous, and the view is increasingly held that it is high time we sought some other symbol of success in battle. A start was made in some directions at the end of the last war in endowing educational establishments for sons of soldiers, but it was by no means general. Yet to what better use could surplus regimental funds be put than in serving to guide the minds of sons of soldiers who have died in the service of their country? Enlightened opinion at the end of this war will assuredly press for a memorial of more practical value. In India's citizen army are men from the backward areas, where educational opportunities are few. What more fitting reward could they have than that opportunities be given to their children for higher education, for scholarships in agricultural

colleges, for courses in military schools and in colleges whence a boy with brain and drive could enter the professions with the highest qualifications?

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The end of the last war came with dramatic suddenness. In this war the finish may come equally unexpectedly, and when that moment arrives, and on its heels follows the Armistice, little thought will be given to war memorials; leaders officers, and others who have been in closest touch with the sepoy will naturally be eager to return Home. What, then, is the sensible and statesmanlike solution? It is to plan, scheme and organize now. This is no place to go into detail, but now, when funds are accumulating in regiments, is the time to work out a comprehensive plan which would embrace the granting of scholarships to sons of soldiers, giving to them the opportunity, firstly of secondary school education covering the widest possible field of practical knowledge, and secondly such training in the case of those who have an aptitude for the Army as would fit them to hold the King's Commission. King George's Royal Indian Military Schools are an excellent example of what can be done in this direction. Thus will be built up a living memorial worthy of the fallen and of practical value to India, as well as a fine body of officers imbued not merely with the fighting spirit, but with that wealth of military tradition which is their heritage.

Prepare Now

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POSTERITY WILL LOOK upon this war as the most cruel and savage in history. It is—but it has also been characterised by a sympathy and kindliness rarely revealed by a whole nation. What, for instance, could equal the warm-hearted help given to bombed out families in the Homeland, the care and comfort bestowed on evacuated children, the organized hospitality of the Dominions to soldiers on their way overseas, or the fine

A National Characteristic

response made by the British public to appeals for help from Greece, Poland and Turkey? India, too, has good reason to be proud of the part she has played in these good works, for she has provided a haven of refuge to tens of thousands fleeing from the Japs, and for thousands more who, by devious means, have made the trek from far-away Poland. The plight of these peoples who have lost everything is indescribably pitiful, but under a benevolent flag they are slowly recovering. The spirit of many of these Polish women and children is broken, but if more people were to go through a Karachi hospital, as we have, and witness not only the despair of these women but the care with which they are looked after, they would be proud indeed; from the horrors of war they are being nursed back to health in fine, airy wards, by nurses who, knowing no word of their language, bestow on them a sympathy higher than the spoken word. This national impulse to help others is a characteristic which will for ever be symbolic of our race.

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THE PSYCHOLOGICAL factor in modern war is as vitally important as that of the material and physical. Defeat of an enemy in totalitarian war comes when Army and public realize the futility of continuing the struggle.

The Modern Crusader

In this war the Axis countries, and especially Germany, are endeavouring to secure world domination by force; the United Nations are fortified by the knowledge that they are members of a crusade against aggression—and commonsense teaches that that crusade is more inspiring than the pious mouthings of our enemies about *Herrenvolk* and the like. Constant reminding that we are leaders of a crusade can do much good, and it is heartening to realize that the Army authorities in England and in India are so active in encouraging this spirit.

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A Psychological Bastion

Education in war aims and world affairs generally is building up the psychological bastion in men's minds, against which enemy propaganda, whispering campaigns and defeatist ideas will batter in vain. In India the work is being vigorously pursued by the Directorate of Welfare and Amenities, which, by various methods, is giving a lead to stimulating thought in the minds of soldiers, British and Indian. A fortnightly publication is being issued containing subjects for discussion ranging from our war aims to soil erosion—in short, building up a mental background on topics on which everyone should be well informed. Thus our Citizen Army is being equipped mentally with knowledge which will not merely make them better soldiers but better members of organized society after the war.

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Effect of War on India's Future

THIS IS THE AGE of mechanization, and in the pre-war years India was fast laying the foundation of her position in the mechanical world. The war may well prove not a hindrance but a help to that progress. As an industrial country—and it is on industrialization that India will prosper in the post-war years—India must have highly qualified technicians who will help to develop the vast natural resources of the country. Hitherto, it has been suggested that the Universities have not focussed sufficient attention to this important subject, but the Indian Army has now taken a step which emphasizes further the need for the development of technical training among the growing generation. Sanction has been accorded for the formation in India of a Corps of Indian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, which will take over the work of the engineering section of the I.A.O.C. It will open up a road for youths mechanically-minded to learn and develop their technical training, and will be an incentive to the

Universities to base their curriculum on what the Army requires of its technicians, so that this new Corps can secure the type of men it needs. Thus the I.A.O.C., which itself took over the technical work of the R.I.A.S.C. in 1939, will now provide the nucleus of a Corps which may well have a profound effect on India's future.

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The Sepoy in the Post-War World

THOUGH THERE IS much discussion in India and in England on the post-war economical position and on reconstruction work generally, singularly little has been said of the soldier who returns to civilian life to enjoy the rewards for which he has fought. In England certain organizations, such as the British Legion, exist to assist the ex-Service man towards employment. At the end of this war it is to be hoped that something will be done to help the Indian soldier—not only for his sake, but to help in bringing back India to its former position in world trade as speedily as possible. It is not enough to give a fine gratuity to these tens of thousands of men who have come forward voluntarily to fight for liberty. We need to guide and direct them into useful employment, to bring employer and employed together on a vast scale. It is a problem which should be faced now, and particularly so in India. What is to be the solution?

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An Indian Corps of Commissionaires

An excellent suggestion is outlined elsewhere in this issue by the Director of Reconstruction at G.H.Q., who, with commendable vision and foresight has set out a scheme for establishing in India a Corps of Commissionaires founded on the lines of the Corps of that name in England. The soundness of the scheme cannot be doubted, and it will, we feel, make a big appeal to a wide variety of employers of labour throughout India. All such

concerns will require in the post-war period large numbers of men whom they can trust, on whose records they can rely, and who are not necessarily technical. Mutual trust is an essential factor, and a study of the suggested Indian Corps of Commissionaires will show that the man's interests will be adequately safeguarded, while the employer will be able to feel he is getting a square deal. Moreover, by the operation of this scheme men with non-technical training can be absorbed in the vast industrialization progress which will mark post-war India. We commend the scheme to all who are determined that widespread unemployment, misery and poverty shall not be the lot of the gallant men who have added so much to the fighting traditions of the Indian Army.

Members are earnestly requested to notify any change of address to the Secretary without delay. Such cooperation will not only help to ease postal traffic at a time when mail services are over burdened, but will also ensure prompt receipt of the Journal each quarter.

THE QUALITIES OF A LEADER

By Major-General H. H. Rich*

PERHAPS THE MOST important quality of a leader is the fact that he is acknowledged as such. To retain his leadership he must have faith in himself, and he must have the confidence of those under him. Immediately he loses the latter, he begins to mistrust his own powers, and once this has happened, there is just no hope for him at all.

A leader may succeed in persuading his superiors that he is a good commander, but he will never persuade his army that he is a good commander unless he has the real qualities of one. The confidence of the led is based upon many things, but chief is that they realize their leader has character, that is, he knows what he wants and has the courage and determination to get it, and that he has only one standard—the standard of "excellence"—both in his public and private life.

Although they are essential in order to enable men to stand the strain of modern war, the physical attributes of a leader can be lightly dismissed, as they are self-apparent. Courage, health, youth and toughness sum them up. Courage must be of both kinds, physical and moral, as often the most painful decisions have to be made and, occasionally, the sacrifice of a few men is required for the safety of the many. Health is a relative quality only, as it is the spirit behind it that makes the mind and body stick it to the limit and beyond.

The most important duty of a leader is to make decisions, and to make these he must have knowledge, imagination, commonsense and steadfastness. The knowledge must be practical and founded on the realization of the basic factors of war—ground, movement and supply, the last being, very often, the deciding one in any plan. Nothing is so discouraging to subordinates as a chief who hesitates. Mr. Churchill has said: "There is no place for compromise in war. Things do not get better by being left alone. Clear leadership, violent action, rigid decisions form the only path, not only of victory, but of safety and even of mercy."

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*With acknowledgments to "The Art of Living", by Andre Maurois, "Generals and Generalship", by Field Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell, and "The Psychology of Fear and Courage", by Edward Glover.

Robustness of body and mind is another quality which alone will enable a leader to stand the shocks of war and the strain of responsibility when dealing with the lives of men. In the past, war has been likened to a game, but it has got far beyond anything controlled by rules, and "all in" wrestling is a better description to-day. To have a chance at all, a leader's mind must be able to compete with and foresee all the possible dirty tricks of his opponent, and think of and carry out even dirtier ones himself. Once a plan has been made we know that things can go wrong, and a leader who is flustered cannot hope to keep the confidence of those under him. It is on these occasions that he will have to show a front of deliberate optimism, as if he shows the slightest degree of pessimism it will be exaggerated by those round him and quickly get down to the troops.

Discretion is an important factor. How much to keep to one's self and how much to let out to the troops, always requires the most careful consideration. We have many examples in this war of how surprise has been achieved by keeping plans secret till the last possible moment. Although a leader may deliberately establish an atmosphere of aloofness around himself, oversecrecy, inaccessibility and an air of mystery in his staff often has a bad effect, and may even lead to subordinates losing confidence in their chief.

A leader can only have one passion and that is for his profession. He must realize, however, the need for relaxation in order to keep himself and others from getting stale, but his relaxation must never enter into competition with his profession. In war he must have the utmost faith in the sanctity of his cause. This means that not only must he be almost fanatical himself, but that he must also foster the same fanaticism among his following. Above all, he must have in himself and instil into his men the fighting spirit, the will to win. That spirit which enables people to come back when apparently beaten, and force a victory in spite of all obstacles.

The leader must understand that there is no finality, and that everything can always be done better than it is being done. Napoleon said: "The most dangerous moment comes with victory" and there is no doubt that this is a fact. We key ourselves up to a certain pitch, and once success has been achieved, there is always the human tendency to relax. We see it over and over again in all forms of human endeavour. To take a very common example, an athlete at the end of a strenuous race where

he has been going his utmost and where he could, if need be, carry on for a further distance, yet, directly he has passed the finishing tape, he collapses. The leader can never sit back and congratulate himself for what he has done; in fact, there are only two occasions when he can relax at all, one is when he has retired and the other is when he is dead.

Knowledge of human nature is one of the more important qualities of a leader. To understand human nature a knowledge of psychology is essential, and in war the interaction of courage and fear must be specially borne in mind. In peace, we are always taught to be afraid of real danger and to take precautions to save ourselves from it. In war, on the other hand, it is necessary for everyone not to be afraid of real danger. Discipline is the force which makes men stick it in the face of real danger. Mass-discipline has given way to self-discipline, and we have to be able to stick it when we have the feeling of being alone. This requires the highest form of discipline and an understanding and conquering of fear.

To begin with, we require some knowledge of that unreal fear which is a legacy of our childhood. Little children are afraid of noises, of sudden bangs, of bogies or noises and gangsters under the staircase. Certain of the bravest warriors among savage African tribes will huddle together in their huts when strange noises are heard in the forest at night. Modern war tends to revive the unreasoning fears which the human race has inherited from its ancestors; for instance, gas masks make us look like strange animals; underground shelters resemble the dark caves of our childhood; wailing sounds, screaming bombs and mighty explosions at night are a counterpart of the strange noises the savage hears in the forest. It is small wonder then that with these demonstrations which help to create a feeling of unreal fear, we get to a point when we are afraid of being afraid in the face of real danger.

Luckily, there is a kind of mental first-aid which can assist us in overcoming the unreal fears and in facing real danger with courage. The prescription of this mental first-aid is:

(*a*) Real knowledge.
(*b*) Useful action.
(*c*) Vigorous preparation to meet real danger.
(*d*) Force of example.

The old copy-book heading of "forewarned is forearmed" still holds good. There is the story of the old lady who had

never been in a train in her life and, on the first occasion that she was making a journey, she was warned by her friends not to be frightened if the train should stop with a jerk. Shortly after the train had gathered speed a collision occurred. The old lady was thrown violently across the carriage. Picking herself up, she said: "They do stop rather suddenly, don't they?"

We are fortunate in being soldiers, as there is usually some form of useful action at hand. We have our weapons and we can take offensive action against an enemy who is trying all he knows to frighten us. One of the greatest mistakes on these occasions is to sit down and do nothing; we must always carry on with the work in hand to the best of our ability.

As regards vigorous preparation to meet the danger, it is well to remember Napoleon's answer when asked how he was always able to give an instant decision in a crisis, he said: "Because I constantly prepare every detail in advance." That is what we must all do. In times of quiet, we must think out what we will do if certain things happen, and then when they do happen, we shall be able to take the right action in the shortest possible time. Whenever possible, it is reasonable to rehearse the action that we have decided upon until we can do it almost instinctively.

The force of example was well described in a book called "Report on England" by an American newspaper proprietor who came over to England at the time of the "Blitz" on London to study the conditions there. His remarks are illuminating:

"Because I was always with people who, if they were scared, didn't show it, we went about what we decided as our business and everything was all right and the fear passed. I think it is this quality of keeping their fears to themselves while they are afraid that's the most important part of what the English call "behaving well". They do not transmit their fears to one another the same way other peoples do. And when people transmit their fears to each other the result is panic, and anything can happen in a panic. When they don't transmit their fear they go on about their business and presently aren't afraid any more."

Again there is the story of the old Sea Captain who in time of danger had impressed everyone by his fearlessness. When asked afterwards how he was so brave, he replied: "I was determined not to let people see that I was frightened and in the end I found that I was brave."

Every leader has to realize that he has to deal with men as they are, not with robots. Stupidity is a factor to be reckoned

with in human affairs. The true leader expects to encounter it, and prepares to endure stupidity so long as it is normal. He knows that his ideas will be distorted, his orders carelessly executed, and that there will be jealousy among his assistants. He knows that the malevolence of chance is limitless, and that the unexpected always happens. He takes all this into account and, instead of attempting to find men without faults, he tries to make the best use of the means at his disposal.

An exacting leader can always command more respect than one who is indifferent. A severe reproach, if rapidly spoken, is less painful than hostile and sulky dissatisfaction. Subordinates must be made to understand that if an order is not carried out they will suffer, but also that they will be exonerated if its execution leads to disaster. A true leader will take full responsibility for his actions.

Just as a king is the natural defender of his people against the avidity of the Great, so every leader must see that his soldiers are treated by his subordinates with justice and respect. That is a very difficult task, for he has to steer a course of not weakening the authority of his lieutenants nor tolerating any abuse of their authority. As far as lies in his power he must foresee dissatisfaction and remedy injustice before complaints are made. To do this he must maintain close contact with the men he controls. Little things like showing himself to the men until his appearance is well known to them, seeing things for himself and not through the eyes of the staff and speaking a few kindly words on occasion will do a lot towards gaining the respect and even the affection of the men. All the time he would do well to remember the old hunting maxim that the horse should "be cared for in the stable as if he was worth £500 and ridden in the field as if he were not worth half a crown" and apply it to his troops.

Another quality a leader must possess is a sense of proportion. Some people say that a sense of humour is akin to a sense of proportion and, but for the fact that many of the world's most famous leaders have completely lacked the sense of humour, I would have said that this, too, was an essential. One of the older editions of the Field Service Regulations said that a leader should have a temperament which was neither unduly elated by success nor depressed by failure.

Henry Labouchere said: "I regard a sense of humour as one of the most precious gifts that can be vouchsafed to a human being. He is not necessarily a better man for having it, but he is a happier one. It renders him indifferent to good or bad

fortune. It enables him to enjoy his own discomfiture. Blessed with this sense, he is never unduly elated or cast down. No one can ruffle his temper nor disturb his equanimity." As war is largely a battle of wits between the two commanders, it seems to me that if both are equal in other respects, the one with a sense of humour will probably win in the end.

A sense of time is another important factor in a leader's make-up. First, there is the realization that time wasted is time gained by the opponents. One of the most important items of time-sense is that which deals with when to make a decision. Almost all decisions have to be made on insufficient data, and human nature is such that we are always prone to put off making it in case more information will come in.

For example, it requires a strong character to decide exactly when to come into mass production of an article. The right timing of this will often make the difference between victory and defeat, and it certainly has in the case of Great Britain. The decision to bring the Spitfire into full production is a case of extremely good time-sense. Another point to be remembered, especially by a leader who is far back and possibly out of touch with the people who have to put his decisions into effect, is the 'time lag' between his orders and their execution. Too often it is assumed that the mere making of a decision puts it immediately into effect as if by the waving of a magic wand.

It might appear that the art of leadership is not so difficult after all, but there is something that marks the difference between the really great leader and the ordinary commander. That something is the spirit of adventure which alone enables a man to take those risks which bring victory. Napoleon used to ask if a leader was "Lucky", meaning was he "Bold", for he realized the truth that a bold leader may be lucky, but no leader can be lucky unless he is bold.

"Infantry in Battle", an American book, under the chapter headed: "Miracles", says:

"Time and again, numbers have been overcome by courage and resolution. Sudden changes in a situation, so startling as to appear miraculous, have frequently been brought about by the action of small parties. There is an excellent reason for this. The trials of battle are severe; troops are strained to breaking point. At the crisis, any small incident may prove enough to turn the tide one way or the other. The enemy invariably has difficulties of

which we are ignorant; to us, his situation may appear favourable, while to him, it may seem desperate. Only a slight extra effort on our part may be decisive."

We may well ask who is in a position to make this slight extra effort, and the answer, in Field Marshal Wavell's words is: "The Unknown Leader: that is the good company, platoon or section leader who carries his men forward or holds his post and often falls unknown. It is these who in the end do most to win wars."

You, I and all of us must do our utmost to train ourselves and those under us so that when the day comes we, too, are numbered among those "Unknown Leaders". To do this we have to realize that "Leadership is not a privilege; it is a duty and trust."

A CAVALRYMAN IN THE CRIMEA

Behind cold, historical facts of past wars are the personal experiences of those who fought and won against great odds and in face of terrible hardships. The Crimean campaign was especially arduous, and we are fortunate in being able to publish for the first time this vivid record of an officer in the 8th Hussars, Major Edward Phillips. It has been condensed from letters sent Home by him during the campaign, and describes graphically the privations suffered by British soldiers. Major Phillip's description of the immortal charge of the Light Brigade, written two days after that epic venture, is particularly good. We are indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. Denholm-Young, of the 13th Frontier Force Rifles, for permission to publish these extracts from letters written by his grandfather.

Mediterranean, 60 miles from Gibraltar.
May 3, 1854.

WE ARE ABOARD the s.s. *Shooting Star* one of the fast tea clippers, but now carrying troops bound for the Crimea. Leaving Plymouth Sound at 6 a.m. on Wednesday, April 26, we were in the middle of the Bay of Biscay two days later. During Thursday the wind freshened and later rose to a gale. We ran before it all night, the vessel going at 15 knots, with but three sails set.

Our vessel has as yet beaten everything we have come near. Vessel after vessel have we passed without the slightest difficulty. Even now though we are crippled in some degree none of them have had a chance, and had it not been for light winds and the storm we could easily have made Gibraltar in four and a half days. We have now rigged out an awning, are wearing white covers to our straw and glazed hats and are sitting broiling in sight of the coast of Spain. The snow on the mountains there looks delightfully cool.

May 5, 1854.

Better winds give us hope of reaching Malta by Sunday night, this making the fastest passage known by a sailing vessel. Our captain says when he can add another 100 on to the 270 miles we ran yesterday he will be satisfied. We logged 15 knots

one night, and averaged 10 more yesterday, and not on her fastest point of sailing. Saw no fish to-day; the porpoises and whales seem to have deserted us.

May 8, 1854.

Arrived in Malta last night, eleven and a half days after leaving Plymouth. We hear from the Admiral that Odessa is taken; a man killed, and 10 wounded.

May 17, 1854.

We expect to be at Gallipoli to-morrow, three weeks after leaving Plymouth. We have had a splendid voyage, passing every vessel we have seen. To crown all, we have just passed the *Echunga,* the first of our division; she left Plymouth 10 days before us, and the *Mary Ann,* which we passed the day before yesterday, left six days before.

The last few days have been passing all along the shores of Greece, and up the Archipelago; of an evening, the mountainous shores looking beautiful, I have greatly regretted being carried past these classic coasts without an opportunity of visiting them; it seems almost sacrilege. We are just now about opposite the famed site of Troy, and for aught we know, it might be a thousand miles off; it seems a pity to be near what many would give their ears to see, and yet pass it.

Through the Dardanelles we ran up to Gallipoli at 15 knots, passing everything, and on arrival not an English ensign was to be seen. Going on to Scutari, we found the Roads full of French men-of-war steamers, and the tents of the French army crowned the heights in all directions, making it look exceedingly pretty. Five regiments of ours are quartered there, the Royals, 50th, 28th, 44th, and another.

With another officer I went ashore and we ferreted our way to Lord Lucan, and heard the news. The Fleet is said to be blockading Sebastopol, but nothing further seems to have occurred to either side since Odessa. Returning, we were greatly amused coming to the landing place; crowds of old Turks sitting outside the cafés, and calmly smoking while a conglomeration of all sorts of uniforms were passing up and down the hill. A boy sold us a Turkish and English vocabulary for a shilling.

May 25, 1854.

We embark for Varna to-day. This looks like war. Seven regiments of infantry leave with us, a troop of Horse artillery and our Squadron. We shall be towed all the way to a point about 30 miles beyond Varna.

June 10, 1854.

I now have two ponies, one purchased, pack saddle and all, for £5. The other I obtained in a swop, paying a bill of exchange. I shall want £25 at Cox's to meet it. . . . Our rations are a pound of beef and a pound and a half of bread, with some tea. I certainly never tasted tough meat till I came here. It is awful; only killed in the morning. It will stand more boiling than anything I ever saw, and then won't come tender; your jaws really ache after it. The bread you might almost call black, and they have a disagreeable habit of kneading it on the ground; it has rather more sand than is pleasant or nutritious. Everyone is exceedingly savage because Sir George Brown has stopped the beer coming any further than Varna, and the division gets none. This is too bad.

The idea that people have in England that we are enjoying every luxury makes matters worse. Tell Harman from me that the English commissariat has certainly not advanced with the age. We manage to get some eggs and geese here; some of the fellows shoot a good many doves, and they make a capital stew, but no vegetables are to be got.

June 20, 1854.

I have been ordered to proceed to the Balkans to purchase horses for the Army. I rode into Varna, where the General told me he was sending me to Tirnova, about 130 miles off. He gave me an order on the Commissariat for £500, which I cashed, and obtained an interpreter. Next morning we left, riding post (they have such things in Turkey), mounted on small ponies, and changed every four hours or so.

My train was as follows: first a *cavass,* or sort of mounted policeman, dressed in Turkish costume and armed with a *melee* of weapons stuck in a voluminous shawl which serves for his belt; then a guide mounted and armed in the same way, leading a pack horse, on which is placed a pair of saddle bags, a waterproof case containing my air bed, blankets, etc., and a bundle belonging to the interpreter. Then came the interpreter mounted on one pony, my servant Brown on another, and I on the third. I rode on my plain saddle, dressed in frock coat (regimental), forage cap, with a white cover, and over all I had my sword, a loaded revolver and ammunition and telescope over my shoulder. I carried the gold in my saddle bags.

Away we went, reaching Shumla about six in the evening. Next morning I went to Omar Pacha to ask for a letter to the

Pacha of Tirnova about buying the horses. We found his Excellency outside his courtyard, dressed quite plainly in a grey frock coat, dark overalls, etc., and fez. No one would ever imagine he was speaking to the man all Europe is talking of. He wrote me a letter to the Pacha of Tirnova, desiring him to assist me in every way.

At 2 p.m. I started again. We went through mountain roads for miles, and on the second night stopped at a post house. The owner killed a lamb for supper and cooked it over the ashes of a wood fire; such a picturesque scene. I was lying in the raised verandah, while the Turks squatted on their mats outside, smoking and enjoying their coffee. The Greek owners of the house were seated in a group on my right. Presently one of the Turks would spread his carpet facing Mecca, and begin praying; that consists of a great number of prostrations and lasts about ten minutes; they all seem very devout while praying.

After a good sleep I sent my interpreter to the Pacha, asking when could he see me. He returned with a horse and an officer to conduct me. So behold me parading through the streets of a Turkish town on a Pacha's horse with fine strappings, an officer and *zaftie* going before me, and a groom by my side.

The Pacha promised to do everything for me. A tray of sweetmeats was brought in, of which I partook, followed by a glass of water; then came the long pipe and—how you would have laughed to see me calmly smoking a pipe 5 ft. long! He sent his officers to find me a house, and when I got there how very clean and nice it looked! The room I am living in is ornamented with pictures of the Greek and Bulgarian religion, with a small lamp suspended in front of them; a sort of sofa with cushions and pillows extends round three sides of the room.

July 10, 1854.

I have now bought 460 horses. Last Sunday Lieutenant Maynard, of the 88th, brought me up £1,000, which with another £500 left me by an Artillery Officer makes £2,000, and it is almost all spent. Incidentally, I am always called M. le Colonel, not that I ever gave myself out as such, but they thought no one under a Colonel could be trusted with so much money to buy horses. The Colonel in command of a Turkish infantry battalion is most polite. He asked me to a review the other day and when I met him at the head of his regiment he made them carry arms to me as they passed. Just fancy, a whole regiment saluting a subaltern!

Varna,
July 26, 1854.

I have returned to the camp at Varna, and Lord Raglan has said he was much pleased with the way I had executed my mission. ... I hear that a Russian steamer painted like an Austrian Lloyd, with their colours and the name of one of their vessels on her, got away from Sebastopol in the night, entered some harbour near the mouth of the Bosphorus, and burnt two Turkish vessels laden with coal.

July 28, 1854.

Good news! A good landing place has been discovered close to Sebastopol, where the fleets can cover the landing by cruising within a quarter of a mile of the shore. All the transports will be here to-morrow.

August 6, 1854.

I have just received your letter dated July 18. ... Just heard that the men are to have half a pound more meat and half a gill of rum a day ... There is strong report that Sebastopol will be attempted very shortly; they say that General Canrobert has guaranteed the capture within six days after opening the trenches. Whether cavalry are to go or not is not known, but with such a force cavalry must go, I should think. ... You have never told me what you all think of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; from what the papers say, one would imagine it is a failure.

September 3, 1854.

Having been laid up with an attack of intermittent fever I was unable to go with my Regiment when they embarked at Varna for the Crimea. ... How they make you pay for things here to be sure! Five shillings for a bottle of very bad sherry and bad brandy at an equally great price. Hams, 1s. 9d. to 2s. a pound, and 11d. for a loaf of white bread, French baking. I must do the Government justice to say that when we do get the groceries and those sort of things they are first-rate, but the bread and meat is anything but. ... Your letter of August 16 only arriving here on September 3 is not so good as mine was in getting to you in eleven days.

October 1, 1854.

Having received orders to report to General Scarlet, commanding the Heavy Brigade, I did so as soon as the steamers came in, when he told me off to a ship, and put me in command of some of the Light Brigade horses. We are to sail in a convoy,

each vessel in tow of a steamer, and as the French boat which was to tow us was not ready, could not start until Tuesday.

Our convoy consisted of the *Simla* (4th Dragoon Guards); *Jason* (5th Dragoon Guards); *Trent* (Inniskillings); *War Cloud* (Inniskillings), *Pride of the Ocean, Wilson Kennedy,* and the *Rip van Winkle,* in which I am travelling. All are sailing vessels, and under the command of H.M.S. *Spiteful.*

All the officers' horses were placed in stalls on deck. I thought myself fortunate in taking both Fairy and the Chestnut. After leaving the weather gradually became worse; at about 2½ the hawser to the *Trent* broke, the vessel rolling, pitching and plunging about to such a degree that the only wonder was that both had not parted long ago. The seas were running tremendously high. Everything in the cabin was smashed and about daylight the Captain startled us by saying that the horse stalls had been carried away and that every horse on deck was killed. We scrambled out and discovered it was only too true; half the horses were buried under the ruins and both of mine were swept down the hatchways into the lower hold, where they lay piled up on one another.

Up to this our other hawser had held, and the steamer still towed us, but shortly afterwards it parted and we went adrift. We hove to for some time, but later, the wind abating, we got a second sail up. It continued to blow until the Thursday, when it moderated and we were able to get the dead horses up. On examining the hold, numbers of troopers' horses were discovered dead, and in two days after sailing very nearly 40 horses were dead and thrown overboard.

What an awful loss this is—and all because things are left so late that at last it all comes to a hurry and you are sent off in any weather. The fittings were said by the Inspecting Officer to be only intended for short passages and fine weather. But what can you expect in the Black Sea the last week in September? We ought never to have come to sea that night. The Captain and Mate both say so, and no doubt the Captain of the *Spiteful* will catch it for sending us.

Crimea,

October 7, 1854.

Thank God I am here at last! I find I have lost nothing as yet, the Cavalry not having been engaged. There is a large force of Russians close to us, and we shall probably have a fight in a day or two. They will probably attack us when we commence

on Sebastopol, and we are here in the rear to protect our communications and to meet their Army. We are close to a place called Balaklava, where all the guns are disembarked. They say we begin to-morrow.

In Camp, Balaklava,
October 12, 1854.

Everybody is wondering why we do not attack. The Russians shell our infantry lines all day, and night, too, but hardly any take effect. They say we are within 800 yards of the walls, and are to begin all at once, every battery opening; it will be a tremendous blaze. Then is the time for us to be on the look-out for an attack. We are not above a mile and a half from the town and harbour of Balaklava, about as extraordinary a harbour as any in the world.

October 17, 1854.

Bombardment of Sebastopol began this morning at 6-30 at 9 the French batteries were silenced; since then the whole Russian fire has been concentrated on ours, in spite of which we have silenced two Russian batteries. Our fleet are hammering away at the forts at the mouth of the harbour, but with what effect is not known, in consequence of the smoke. . . . Just received the mail of October 3.

October 27, 1854.

I trust Mother will not fret herself about me, but trust to a Divine Providence to preserve me, of whose mercy I have already received a signal proof. On Wednesday, October 25, when on our morning parade at 4-30 our attention was drawn by the firing of the redoubts on the heights in our front; they were all to the number of five, garrisoned by Turks but mounted by English guns in their charge; this was so frequent an occurrence that we thought nothing of it. However, the firing soon became so hot that we were assured the long expected attack had indeed at last begun.

The only troops we had were the Turks in the forts; the 93rd Highlanders; the whole of the Cavalry Division (except our troop on escort with Lord Raglan), and Maude's troop of Horse Artillery, six guns, a field battery, and two rocket carriages. The Division was 1,500 strong; we quickly advanced to the brow of the hills, halted just underneath, our guns coming up and opening fire.

The Russians were in great force, and attacking the Turkish fort on our right, carried it after a short resistance from the

Turks, who cut down the other side as fast as possible. This, giving the Russian command of the other forts, caused them to be evacuated by the Turks as soon as the Russians got their guns up on the first one. Thus the whole of the heights in our front were taken after hardly any resistance from the wretched Turks, and the plain in which we were was exposed to the fire of the Russian guns. This soon became hot, and being only cavalry, we were forced to retire gradually as they got the range.

The Light Brigade were on the left, higher up the hill, while the heavies, on the right, were lower down. This movement opened the front of the infantry in position before the town, and the Russian cavalry poured down in great numbers to charge. They were soon driven back by the fire of the 93rd and some Turks, but another body equally strong pouring down, the heavy Brigade advanced to the charge. The Greys met them first, when the Russians closed on their flank, but were in turn flanked by the 5th Dragoon Guards. The other regiment came up on the right of the Greys. The Russians did not stand long, and were speedily driven back in disorder.

At the time, we were too far up the hill to flank them, or should have cut them to bits. We were, however, moved forwards as fast as possible and formed on the hill in two lines: the 11th, 13th, and 17th, in the first and the 4th and ourselves in the second.

We were ordered to advance down a valley, the heights on one side of which the Russians had taken in the morning, establishing their guns. That was on the right. On the other side of the valley was a hill also occupied by the Russians with their guns, thus leaving them on our left, and at the bottom of the valley at least a mile and a half in front were the guns we were put up to take. Thus exposed to a fire the whole distance from three sides.

Well, we advanced at a steady trot, and soon quickened to a faster pace. We had not advanced 200 yards before the guns on the flanks opened fire with shell and round shot. Two regiments of infantry drawn up on the right under the guns began firing volleys of minie balls, and almost at the same time the guns at the bottom of the valley opened with grape.

In spite of this awful fire, we galloped over the ground strewn with the men of the first line, and our own dropping at every yard; every sound was there—the bursting of shells, the deep

thud of the round shot as they struck the ground, and the whistling of the storm of minie balls and grape shot. We passed the infantry, the guns on our left and right, and approached the guns at the bottom of the valley, which the first line charged in the midst of a fire that swept down the men by dozens, and carried off almost all the officers. Just as we were approaching to carry them off, we saw coming out of the smoke in our right two strong regiments of cavalry, to take us in our rear, and extended right across the valley.

In consequence we wheeled about and charged bang through them, thus opening a way for the remnants of the first line, now quite broken by their losses. As soon as we had charged through the Lancers opposed to us, another lot was sent out at an angle to cut us off, and thus from the awful fire in advancing, and still charging, we had suffered immense loss. There were not sufficient left to charge them, and, of course, every one made his way back through the same awful fire as before. How any of us escaped the storm of shot and shell and bullets is miraculous. On rallying afterwards only 44 men turned up out of 104. [The Light Brigade as a whole lost 247 men and 497 horses out of a total strength of 673 engaged in the charge, which lasted twenty minutes from first to last.—*Ed.*]

Now for some of my personal adventures. I had command of the left troop of the 1st. Squadron. Just before wheeling about to charge, I felt my horse was hit, I think on the off quarter. However, she went on, and we charged the Lancers well, our men cheering as they went at them. The enemy wavered. I managed to clear one fellow's lance, as he prepared to make a desperate prod at me, and halted for the purpose, but suddenly he changed his mind and prodded the next fellow. After the charge, a fresh lot of Lancers coming down to cut us off, we were obliged to retreat as fast as possible. I had not gone far when I found my mare begin to flag, and presently (I think she must have been hit in the leg by a round shot) she suddenly dropped behind, and fell over on her side.

I extricated myself as quickly as possible and ran for my life, the firing being as hard as ever. After going some distance I found myself cut off by some Lancers who had got in my front. At some distance off me was my old servant Brown who was badly wounded in the arm, and a musket shot in the back. One of them cut at him when on the ground and wounded him in the hand. I made sure my time was come; I drew my revolver, but

they kept their distance on the order of an officer who had come up and ordered them back, as they were too far in advance. So I escaped.

A little distance further on I reached one of our poor fellows lying on the ground dead, his horse standing beside him. The saddle had turned round, and what with excitement and running for one's life, I was so done that I had not strength to right it. I undid the girths and by standing on the saddle on the ground managed to climb on his bare back. Never was I so happy as when I felt a horse under me again.

I passed lots of poor fellows wounded or dying, and after an anxious gallop of nearly a mile at last got out of fire and reached the Heavies, who remained at the top of the Hill. In their rear the remainder of our regiment and of the Brigade formed up. I joined them.

A sad sight presented itself. How few in numbers we looked! The whole five regiments were there, not forming one good one. Out of ten officers with my regiment, seven were wounded. We were quite cut up. It has, of course, been much commented on, and the only thing that can be said for it is that it was a mistake. A poor fellow (Captain L. E. Nolan, 15th Hussars), who is dead, brought a wrong report. As a consequence, we went a mile and a half, if not two, to take guns we could never have brought away under such an awful fire, being flanked on both sides and facing a battery besides, the whole way.

Such, my dear Father, was what certainly deserves to be called the Battle of Balaklava.

Heights before Sebastopol.
November 7, 1854.

The Russians attacked our right early on November 5, in immense force, but were driven back with great slaughter several times, and finally retreated into Sebastopol. I went over the ground yesterday—the most horrible sight. I had read of ground being covered with dead, but never believed it until yesterday. The Russians almost cover it in front of the redoubt where the Guards were.

November 12, 1854.

To-day we turned out 40 strong, and as it had rained nearly three days, the horses and men were covered with mud. The men have nothing with them but what they have on; no change of boots or overcoats, but obliged to sleep and live in their wet, muddy and ragged things ... There is no chance of our

storming or taking the place for six weeks, until we get reinforcements enough to meet their Army outside, besides going into the town. The water here is very bad, nothing but mud; the salt beef is seldom eatable; we have great difficulty in making a fire, the wood being all green. But we manage to rub on pretty well.

November 17, 1854.

A terrifying hurricane occurred on the 14th, about 6 or 7 in the morning. The heaviest part was about 10, by which time not a tent was up. Being accompanied by heavy squalls of rain, hail, and in the afternoon, snow, we were soon soaked. The condition of our men is indeed bad. Almost bootless, their overalls in rags, and their tents torn dreadfully, many of their feet are so swollen by wet and cold that they cannot walk. Our horses are also likely to starve, as since the loss from the storm the Commissariat say they cannot feed them. Ten vessels went down with nearly all hands during the hurricane, whilst ten were dismasted at Balaklava. The Russians are said to be in as bad a plight as we are. Shell and powder are said to be short, and very little firing goes on now. On our side, our guns are almost worn out.

November 20, 1854.

The last two days have been wet and cold. They have told severely on the horses; having had no hay the last week, the poor brutes have been desperately hungry, and at least ten horses have lost their tails in consequence; they have literally been eaten off. One horse has lost his mane also.

November 27, 1854.

The horses are dropping off fast, the wet, combined with no hay and half rations of barley or oats, not agreeing with them. But few have tails left. Short rations for the men are also coming into fashion. Nothing new in the seige line. The road between here and Balaklava is awful. I have been sent down twice within the last few days and seen at least a dozen horses dying on the road. In consequence of the utter state of inefficiency we are in, together with the total want of arrangements and misery of the whole affair, I have sent in my papers. I am glad poor Fairy is dead instead of seeing her starved to death as these poor creatures have done.

December 1, 1854.

Still going on just the same. The horses have had for last week about three handfuls of oats a day; nothing else. This combined with incessant rain, cold winds, etc., has killed many, and the others are so weak that though we are to move down to Balaklava no one knows how we shall ever get there. I really believe half the horses in the Brigade will prove unable to carry a man to Balaklava, about five miles away. The bad roads have been one of the principal causes of our not getting forage.

We lost two horses the night before last; the 4th lost at the rate of four a night and others two or three. Not a night passes without three or four dying in the Brigade. The tails being nearly gone, they have taken to eating the saddlery; several breastplates, almost all the straps, and any place that a blanket shows itself under the saddle is immediately seized upon by the starving wretches, and torn for good. Incredible as it may appear, it is fact. They actually come, when loose of a night, and gnaw our tent ropes. Even if we were to reach Balaklava to-morrow, and get plenty of food for them, I do not think they would ever completely recover themselves after so long a starvation.

These tailless, maneless, skinny brutes are the remains of five of the finest regiments that ever left England. They are the remnants of the Light Brigade, of which we were all so proud. If you in England could see us now you would indeed open your eyes with amazement.

JUNGLE CRAFT*

By Captain H. Peacock

ONE OF OUR first considerations before we wage war in the jungle is that we should learn as much as possible about jungle craft. So many officers think of the jungle as dark and forbidding: lacking in interest and incapable of supporting human life. If left to their own resources in heavy jungle, they are very likely to become as lost and bewildered as an aboriginee would be in London. Whereas the latter might, conceivably, attempt to catch and eat the pigeons in Trafalgar Square instead of going to a restaurant, the former are pretty sure to do something equally ludicrous in the jungle. This may sound funny; but it is far from being an exaggeration. When you return to your units urge your companions to regard the jungle as a friend and to point to the absolute necessity of learning jungle craft as a means to defeat the Japanese.

Imagine, that you are about to conduct a one-man reconnaissance, for a week or more, through the jungle. You are not going to fight, but to collect information. The best way to bring my points home to you is to go, in imagination, through the successive stages of your preparation and reconnaissance.

Foresight and Plans.—First of all, foresight. What are the essentials? Obviously, the study of your map and the consideration of a plan. You must study your map, not cursorily, but so thoroughly that you might almost make a reasonably accurate reproduction from the mental picture you have obtained.

You must consider plans. Do you remember the I.I.M.A.C. of Operational Orders? What is my information? My intention? My methods? What contacts? What routes? What times? What object and objectives? Movement by day or night? What phases of the moon? It is a good sequence of thought. From it make your plan. When you have made your plan, what about preparation? Tabulate your preparations. What is the first and most essential item of your preparations?

[* We are indebted to Colonel J. Campbell, Commandant of the Intelligence School (India), Karachi, for this most interesting and useful report of a lecture at the School by Captain Peacock, whose experience covers life as a Forest Officer in Burma, a Forest Surveyor in Rhodesia and P.E.A., and with the Army in the forests of Ceylon. This, and other lectures on Burma, is to be reprinted by the School with illustrations, in pamphlet form.]

In the desert I should say: water. In Burma, where there is plenty of water, I should suggest food.

Food.—You will be wise to consider those foods which are available, not only in the area you are to recce, but which are available in your camp. As examples: rice, *dal,* dried beans, flour, dried vegetables. Fruit is rather important: take dried fruit. Dried meat, salt, tea, sugar, chocolate: these are merely examples and you should know what suits you best.

Get accustomed to eating rice, because it is easily obtained in Burma, is quite nourishing and easily carried and cooked. I suggest that 1½ lbs. of rations of this sort per day is ample; 10 lbs. will keep you going easily for a week.

Before you go, consider what forms of food you may obtain from the country you enter. Rice, certainly. Remember to look in on any *Taungyas* on your route where you may obtain fresh pumpkins, marrows, beans, jungle tomatoes, sweet potatoes and so on. *Taungyas* are patches of temporary cultivation in clearings made by cutting and burning the jungle. Even when deserted for some time, various vegetables may seed themselves and be found in fruit.

Consider in what manner you may supplement your rations with meat. There are a great variety of animals, birds and fish to be shot or snared. It is not difficult to live on the country if you are well prepared and learned in jungle craft. If you can get a light .22 rifle, carry it in preference to a heavy one. It is comparatively noiseless, and with it you can kill birds, average-sized deer, and also Japs. The cartridges are very small and easily carried. A small roll of fishing line is always useful, and you may have the opportunity to catch fish in some pool.

You require a knife: strong, sharp and heavy enough to cut such things as bamboos. You will require it also to cut up meat if you kill an animal. Don't forget to dry out any surplus meat. Dried meat is very light and sustaining. Dry out your meat over a fire. It saves time.

Get into the habit of eating two meals a day: morning and evening. A midday meal is unnecessary.

Drink.—Good water is available throughout Burma. You may feel happier with some form of sterilising tablets. A tin-mug should be carried in case you do not find suitable bamboos for cooking and drinking purposes. I shall explain later the utility of bamboos. They serve all your needs in the way of cooking-pots, plates, spoons, etc.

Health.—Attention to your health is very important: but the only medicines you need carry are the following:

i. A small field dressing.

ii. A little bottle of iodine for cuts and insect bites that may become septic.

iii. A little permanganate of potash for use in the very unlikely event of your being bitten by a snake. Permanganate of potash is also useful for sterilising water and disinfecting wounds.

With so much healthy exercise before you, you will certainly not require laxatives.

Cold Nights.—From December to March you will require a blanket. The nights can be very cold. Get into the habit of sleeping with the blanket drawn right over your head: your blood does not require oxygenation during rest and your sleep will be deeper. One blanket used in this manner will keep you warmer than two with your head uncovered and your lungs gulping in doses of fresh air. Consider how birds sleep, head under wing: and how your dog curls his tail over his nose.

Insects.—Even in the dry weather and in the day time a variety of mosquitoes, ants and other insects look you over as soon as you sit down to rest, and, in the case of many people, insect bites become septic. A light mosquito-net, dyed green, is very essential. Rectangular or tent-shaped are better than bell-mouthed nets.

Clothes.—Starting from the feet up. I have used ordinary rubber-soled gym. shoes for years. You may prefer sandals or *chaplis,* but your footwear must be light: something that can be slipped on and off at every opportunity to allow your feet to remain fresh and dry. You will cross water continually and, in any case, the heavy dews that lie from November to March on all herbage will wet your legs and feet every morning till 9 or 10 o'clock.

There is an affliction of the feet that the Burmese call *Wesa* or The *We sa,* which literally means: "Eaten by sand". They believe it is due to the action of fine sand entering the pores of the skin and eating away the hard skin on the soles of the feet. It may be a parasite. In any case, especially during the early rains in Northern Burma, if you walk for long periods with wet feet and across sandy streams, you are very likely to find the soles of your feet pocked with holes and finally eaten away, till you are crippled. The remedy is to air and keep your feet as dry as

possible. I have not been troubled with *We sa* in lower Burma; but I have unpleasant recollections of it in the upper Chindwin. You may find socks or stockings necessary at first, but when your feet harden, they can be dispensed with.

Be very careful of your feet. Leeches will enter through the eyelets of boots, through stockings and between the folds of puttees; and you will not know they have entered. Such wrappings round feet and legs are quite useless and in fact, harmful.

I like shorts and bare legs but there is one strong objection: bare legs show up very clearly against the green of the forest unless they are dyed or very sunburnt. Khaki slacks to the ankle are probably better.

The ordinary bush-shirt is far and away the most useful body covering. Have large pockets and use them for carrying most of your impedimenta: the weight is then well distributed and there is little drag on the shoulders.

Wear your oldest and floppiest cap or hat. If it isn't sufficiently so, soak it in water and stamp on it till it becomes a reasonable headgear for the woods.

Collect all your clothes, shoes and hat and dip them in a bucketful of leaf-green dye. Thereafter blotch them with patches of brown and black, and you will arrive at a very nice and sensible effect. You cannot afford to be seen, and camouflage is as essential in the forest as elsewhere.

Miscellaneous.—You will require a haversack to carry your rations and oddments. A small luminous compass; a small electric torch; matches or a petrol lighter; a very small spirit-burner, to be used only when a wood fire cannot be safely made; and any small light articles you may fancy. A very light sheet of oiled silk or cloth may be considered if rain is likely to be encountered.

If you consider this list you will find that, including rifle and rations, you have barely 20 lbs. to carry. The temptation to take more is likely to be strong: resist it, because every pound over this weight becomes a burden on a long march.

There are other aids to your work and comfort that may occur to you and be practicable in certain circumstances. A well-trained dog may be a most efficient sentry and, even, messenger to your base. Carrier pigeons are invaluable aids to scouting parties working far behind enemy lines; and through their use it is conceivable that you may bring our aircraft very quickly over enemy targets that you may discover. Goats are

silent, active animals that will follow you through all sorts of country and carry 10 lbs. of supplies each. You may laugh, but goats are often used for transport: they may also be killed and eaten as a final resort. Use your imagination.

Movement in the Jungle.—You have completed your plans and preparations and are ready to move. Your base is near some jungle road and all around you is the jungle: seemingly very dense and impenetrable, particularly where the sunlight, striking in on roads and clearings, promotes heavy undergrowth. You must avoid main roads and tracks and move through the forest. You suffer from a feeling of entering a maze. Don't let that disturb you. Consider that in these forests there are many animals as large or larger than yourself and that they make and follow game trails, some of which are many years old. The game trails never run straight: they wind about and criss-cross the jungle; lead to clearings, water-holes and salt-licks; and small ones may lead into larger ones or merely vanish. Elephant trails are often as wide as bridle-paths. Don't lose your head: use these trails and only strike across the jungle when there is no likelihood of the trail assisting you on your way.

The larger game trails are not purposeless: they follow the easiest ways across hills and rivers and swamps; and near them you will find opportunities to supplement your meat rations.

Direction.—Sense of direction is based on a conscious or subconscious (instinctive) plotting of one's course; so that at any and all moments one can point to the direction of the starting point and return to that point by the shortest route. With paper, pencil, chain and compass, this is easily done; but to do it mentally and memorise the distances and direction of the many "legs" in one's course is not easy. To do it consciously is a great strain; but one finds that, with practice, the subconscious mind begins to take over this function and leaves the conscious mind to attend to other matters. With great practice and experience the subconscious mind takes over entire charge and sense of direction becomes what is called instinctive. At its finest this sense is independent of outside aids, such as the position of the sun, prominent objects, etc.

Few of us have sufficient experience to attain this fine sense of direction, and we must look to various aids to assist us when it breaks down. The compass is an obvious aid; but in practice, in the jungle, the inexperienced man would never be able to move very fast if he had to make constant reference to his compass. It should be used as a last resort and a check.

The shadows thrown by the sun are an easily observed and accurate aid to direction; but one must allow for the gradual displacement of shadows as the sun moves round. In this hemisphere, of course, shadows are thrown to the north at midday. Watch your own shadow or those of trees and you have a continual check on your direction.

Prominent objects, the course of rivers, prevailing winds, stars and moon are all aids to direction. But when not overcast the sun is the simplest and most accurate guide, and the moon, when high in the sky, is the most deceptive.

With practice, even without these aids, you will find that the subsconscious mind is quick to take over from the conscious. Above all do not get flustered if you lose your direction. Sit down and think it out. Climb a tree and study the landscape. Do anything rather than give way to the urge to hurry on at all costs and in any direction—an urge which assails people when they realize they are lost.

At night, in jungle, where constellations are unrecognizable, align any star with any branch or twig and watch the movement of that star. It moves from east to west.

Halts and Meals.—Time your movement and halts sensibly. The forest punishes with scratches, bruises and loss of direction and confidence any attempt at hurried and disorderly movement. Personally, I would wake at dawn, drink tea and walk a couple of hours before having a morning meal: thereafter walk till an hour before sundown, halt and cook the evening meal. Put out your fire, and then move off a mile or so and rest for the night.

Do not sleep near a track, game trail, stream, or on a ridge. These are jungle highways at night and a tiger might disturb you. Go to the side of a hill away from game tracks, choose a dense thicket, make yourself comfortable and rest quite easy in mind. The chances of anything finding and disturbing you are remote.

Cooking at Halts.—You should try to get outside a decent hot meal at least once a day: preferably at sundown. Give yourself time for this and halt well before dark. The bamboo comes in useful at this point, and here I propose to give you diagrams and explanations showing how to use bamboos in place of water-containers, cooking-pots, tea-pots and cups, and even rafts in case you have to cross or travel down rivers. Also how to split lengths of bamboo and obtain *hnyis* as a substitute for

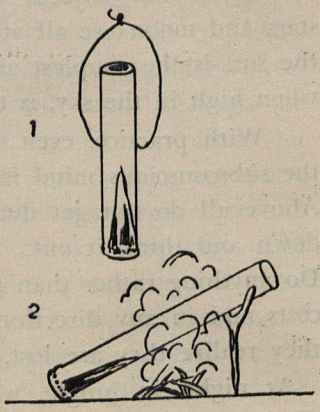
string and rope. Study the many uses of the bamboo and it may serve you well.

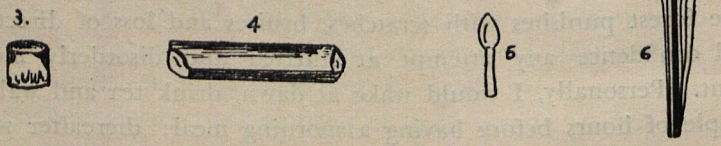
Young bamboos and those portions well up the stem have longer and hollower sections between the nodes.

Uses of Bamboos—

(1) *Water-Container.*—Section cut above and below node and hole pierced in upper partition. After filling, close hole with a roll of leaves. A strip of the outer bark has been detached, bent over and tied into a loop for easy carriage.

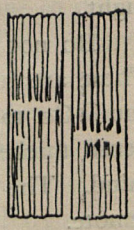
(2) *For cooking and boiling water.*—The bamboo will not burn out till water is boiled and food cooked.





(3) *Cup.* (4) *Plate.* (5) *Spoon.*

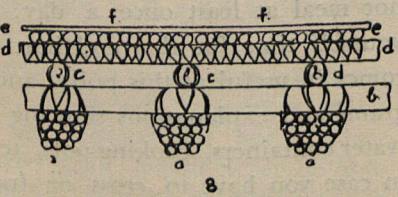
(6) *Bamboo hnyis* from a narrow slip of bamboo.—Split longitudinally down and along the grain. Twist when using *hnyis* to tie anything firmly.



(7) *Bamboo Mat.*—Select a large bamboo; cut into sections of the required length and split it down one side. Cut out the partitions and beat it flat, assisted by longitudinal cuts near nodes. Used also for walls and floors of huts.

(8) *Section of bamboo raft about* 20′ × 10′—

(*a*) Three bundles of 15—20 bamboos (depending on size) each, firmly lashed together with cane or bamboo rope.



(*b*) Transverse lengths of wooden poles set about 6′ apart and firmly lashed to bamboos.

(*c*) Longitudinal lengths of wooden poles set about 3′ apart and lashed and notched into transverse poles.

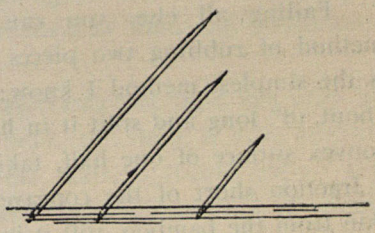
(*d*) Transverse lengths of wooden poles or saplings lashed and notched to longitudinal poles. About 3′ apart.

(*e*) Longitudinal row of bamboos tied down across transverse poles.

(*f*) Split bamboo matting tied down to bamboo floor.

Note.—Such sections of rafts can be used singly or tied to others to form a large raft. Split canes or split bamboo *hnyis* are used solely for bindings and lashings.

(9) *Panjis* are merely lengths of split bamboo sharpened to needle points at one end and roughly pointed at the other. The sharp points may be fire hardened. They are made in all lengths and are set in the ground at an angle of 45°. A man walking into a *panji* will be pierced in ankle, knee, thigh or stomach sufficiently deeply to be put out of commission. If he *runs* into one he will be transfixed.



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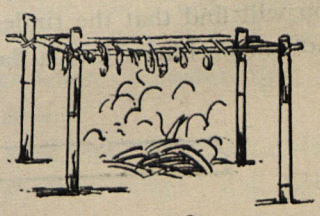
(10) *Frame for drying meat.*—Four bamboo stakes and a lattice of split bamboos over which strips of meat are hung. The meat should be dried out over a fire slowly and until quite hard.



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(11) *Rice cooked in sticks for consumption on the march.*—A section of the Hmyin bamboo (or other small, thin-walled bamboo) is cut, filled with rice and water and set to boil. The surplus water is steamed off and the rice swells and fills the entire cavity of the bamboo. After cooling, the bamboo may be split open and the boiled rice emerges as a stick of rice covered with a film of silvery-white inner skin from the bamboo, and about an inch or so in diameter. It can be carried in this state or in the bamboo for added protection.

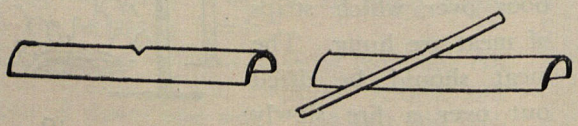
Rope and String.—The bark of various trees can be shredded for use as rope and string. The bark of the "Shaw" tree is strongly fibred and particularly useful for this purpose.

Jungle Fruits.—Do not count on jungle fruits and berries for food. There are not many and some are poisonous.

Making Fire.—If your matches, petrol lighter, or other fire-making implements have been lost, remember that a magnifying glass or any lens will serve the purpose: even the lens of your spectacles, if you use spectacles. For tinder, split a length of *dry* bamboo and collect some of the fine inner skin.

Another quick method is to extract the bullet from a cartridge. replace it with dry rag, cotton or tinder of some sort and fire it on to the ground. The material used should catch fire and smoulder.

Failing all else, you can always resort to the primitive method of rubbing two pieces of wood together. The following is the simplest method I know: Cut a length of dry bamboo about 18" long and split it in half. Make a V shaped cut on the convex surface of one half, taking care that the cut extends just a fraction short of the concave side. Scrape some of the inner skin from the bamboo, roll it into a tight ball and place it directly under the cut. Place the bamboo, convex side uppermost, flat on the ground and hold it in place with your feet. Now shape a length of dry bamboo with the bevelled to fit the cut you have made, place it in the cut, grasp both ends firmly and rub it through the cut as fast as you can, applying plenty of pressure. You will find that the tinder under the cut will soon catch fire and can be blown into a flame.



Reading Signs in the Forest.—Hitherto you have been concerned with the care of your body and precautions against losing sense of direction. There are other considerations, the search for information of enemy positions and movements: observation of ground for military purposes; and such contacts with friendly locals that you may have in mind. How can the jungle help you? In many ways.

Primarily, I would ask you to regard the ground on which you walk as the page of a book, or the sheet of a newspaper on which is written the news of all activities in and around the

jungle. All movement of animals and men are marked by tracks and signs which are there for your interpretation. Go out of your way to study the signs in soft ground, in the beds of streams, on roads and tracks, near water-holes and salt-licks. Movement is seldom purposeless: a few fresh tracks supply information about their maker: his direction and probable purpose. Consider the tracks you see of wild and domesticated animals and of man; their size, their age, their direction, their probable purpose.

Animals fear men and watch them continually. Watch the animals, their tracks and their behaviour and you will learn the whereabouts of men. Listen to their cries and learn to recognize their alarm calls.

Do not disregard birds. A bird such as the lapwing (the "did-you-do-it" bird), found in clearings near camps and villages, invariably gives away movement of men by loud and continuous cries.

The ability to see and interpret tracks and signs can only be fully developed by practice in the field; and there is little advantage in attempting to explain these matters theoretically. My words are merely pointers to a very important section of woodcraft.

Shooting.—The correct use of a rifle deserves a few words. In the jungle quick decisions and timing are of far more urgency than mere accuracy. The affliction known as "stag fever" is far more prevalent in the jungle than in open country, where there may be time to exert self-control and shoot calmly and accurately. To fire at the right moment, to know when to hold one's fire, are all-important under conditions where a second shot is most unlikely to be obtained after a miss.

In the jungle 50 to 75 yards is a long shot. Study your rifle and make sure of absolute accuracy at close ranges: and fight against "stag fever", which attacks the most experienced of us.

Movement and Stalking.—When a good hunter sees an animal in the jungle without himself being seen, he usually counts it as dead. While he approaches, times his shot and finally kills, his main anxiety is never to lose sight of his game. So long as he can watch its movements, and especially its head, he can safely move and approach without being seen. He stands motionless if the animal turns in his direction and moves only when it moves or turns away. It follows that his tactics are concerned with obtaining a good field of view and concealment by lack of motion rather than by cover from actual view. Please forget

what you may have read about movement on your hands and knees or stomach: imitation of a snake and so on. If you do such things you may conceal yourself effectively; but you will also lose sight of your game, and once you do that the chances are that it will see you first the next time you emerge from your cover. Crawling is not necessary in the jungle. A combination of careful, considered movement and absolute stillness when halted, is the main requirement.

You may, when alone or with a companion or two, meet a strong enemy force in the jungle. Bear always in mind that you will not be seen so long as you remain motionless; and while you remain unseen you have the advantage of surprise. There is no need to panic. Stand quite still behind cover, and, since men have negligible powers of smell, you will probably be overlooked even at a few yards' distance. But keep your eyes open, and, if you are seen, dash off into heavy cover. The element of surprise will mitigate against any probability of your being fired at and hit. Stop after 50 yards or so and listen for pursuit and then move off quietly. If you are followed by two or three men only, stop and kill and move on. This is not my invention: it is the tactics followed by wild animals, and they are wiser than we in jungle lore and in avoiding observation.

The woods are quiet and all these children of the jungle know that there is grave danger from disorderly and unconsidered movement. Do not violate the sanctuary of the woods by unnecessary noise and hasty movements.

Jungle Infantry.—In conclusion, consider the application of this advice to patrols and even greater bodies of infantry, because you may often have to fight for your information. It goes without saying that the men must be well-trained and led and be jungle-minded. In the jungle, movement by bodies of men must be in single file; but they must be ready at all times to deploy and drop noiselessly out of sight. Their formations must be essentially fluid and every man must be capable, if the need arises, of acting as an individual and being able to support himself.

It is the mental attitude that counts. Let us regard jungle warfare as a game: healthful, thrilling, interesting and above all regarding the jungle as a friend and not as an enemy. As officers, you should be fitter and more alert than your men: able to interest them and train them in the craft of the jungles in

which they are to fight. You cannot afford to neglect this very important aspect of your own training and that of your men. The Japanese come from one of the most highly industrialized countries in the world, and can have no natural advantage over you in the jungle.

Train and equip a body of men on the lines we have been considering, armed with a high proportion of Sten guns and a couple of grenades each, and they will be a frightful menace to any enemy forces they meet in the jungle from Assam to the Pacific.

TRAINING: A POST-MORTEM

By Lieutenant-Colonel G. T. Wheeler

REPORTS FROM ALL the theatres of war in which we have suffered reverses have stressed two facts. First, that the enemy success was due, in varying degrees, to the initiative displayed by his junior leaders, and secondly that our own pre-war tactical doctrine was proved to be basically sound. The incompatibility of the two statements has not been given the prominence it needs. This is resulting, in many cases, in our junior leaders still being trained by the pre-war system; which is manifestly wrong. We have admitted that the enemy's junior leaders have surprised us by their initiative; so presumably it was more than that shown by our own.

There were two main methods of teaching tactics to our junior leaders before the war: T.E.W.Ts and tactical exercises with troops. The former predominated in a ratio of some four to one. This predominance was due to two causes: the stark fact that very often we were "without troops", and the vast complications that were allowed to grow round tactical exercises with troops.

Let us examine these two forms of training as they were before war broke out; not with a view to mocking the past but with a view to renovation for the present and immediate future.

T.E.W.Ts were held, willingly and unwillingly, by every unit, once a week, throughout the individual training season. The men were usually one-third on leave, one-third on guards and duties, and one-third on the range; so the unavoidability of the T.E.W.T. must be accepted. Each week some officer was allotted the task of conducting the T.E.W.T. and current instructions told him that he must have an object supported by one or two lessons which he must teach. According to his temperament he chose these. If he were a level-headed soldier of the day he chose "to study the attack by a company" as the object and his lessons were probably:

(1) the correct use of fire and movement, and
(2) the correct use of reserves.

No one could quarrel with those, which was a sufficient recommendation for them to be adopted. More imaginative officers

might have chosen "to study methods of producing surprise" as the object, with lessons:

(1) the need for thinking from the enemy's viewpoint, and

(2) the acceptance of calculated risks.

These, however, lost much of their original fire by the time the whole exercise had been worked out to its end. So many "ifs" and "ors" arose that even the most ingenious officer had difficulty in tracing the progress of his scheme without reducing the "Scheme (or D. S.) solutions" to some measure of compromise. Trace it he had to, for regulations enjoined that notes on each D.S. solution were required and urged that each exercise should include an administrative problem. This latter requirement meant that the administrative situation at the end had to be fairly clear and so blew conventionality and orthodoxy backwards through the scheme.

The necessity for all this tidiness and for the production of D. S. solutions was never questioned. The possibility of the D. S. solution taking the form of the enemy's dispositions and plan only was not considered. Had that been done, the lessons might not have come out cut and dried, and the necessity for bringing them out in the clearest terms was insisted on until they became an evil spirit.

On the appointed day the officer students faced the Director and his problems. They already knew the object and the lessons which they were to learn, so their minds were clear but canalised. The vast majority regarded getting the D.S. solution as success, a small minority had strong views on the subject in hand and wanted to force them through. Probably none had thoughts only of defeating the enemy.

Then follow memories of answer time. The first officer attacked round the right and earned a slight frown, the second round the left and got another frown. The third, with the benign smile of a jockey riding a walk-over, attacked in the centre and the rest, rightly, exploited success by following him to victory. Those with strong views then attempted proselytisation, and their success varied inversely with the amount of difference between their creed and the D. S. solution. Perhaps at the end one officer would say something of this sort:

"As the company was working independently, so need not have attacked here, wouldn't it have been better to have withdrawn in the reasonable hope that the enemy would come on;

because this is an ideal place to take him on, whereas his present position is very hard to attack".

However sound this manœuvre might have been, it was one which wrecked the whole future course of the scheme, so could not be allowed to stand. All too often it was shot down in flames for no other reason than this. It was not realised that the men who make such remarks as these are the potential makers of victory, and should be encouraged by all means. Thus was guile and unorthodoxy discouraged, and conventional tactics flourished.

It can be argued that conventional tactics should flourish. In fact, if they are the best available tactics, it is quite certain that they should. Unfortunately, our tactical doctrine was evolved largely as a result of high-level T.E.W.Ts, so a vicious circle was formed in which conventionality, compromise, mediocrity and inaction chased each other until we were surprised by the initiative of the enemy's junior leaders. We ought not to have been surprised.

Whilst on the subject of high-level T.E.W.Ts, it is well to remember their history in connection with Singapore. The attack and defence of Singapore was the subject of the big annual scheme carried out with War Office assistance by the three Staff Colleges of England—Greenwich, Camberley and Andover. In 1934 the scheme was changed to Hong Kong because the previous years had proved by that date that Singapore was impregnable. That particular high-level D. S. solution was wrong by eternity minus five days, which is rather a large error. Such errors will inevitably result from tactical compromises, suppression of the unorthodox, and all the other inhibitions that result from the examination atmosphere we allowed to surround our pre-war T.E.W.T.s.

Manœuvres and other exercises with troops were usually good when they were held. The trouble was that they were held so seldom; and when one thinks of the regulations on the subject, one wonders that they were ever held at all. Training Regulations stressed the need for elaborate preparations, a vast organisation of umpires, neutral signals, and all that both entailed, and finally, allowed a system of skeleton or flag units which asked for and received the abuse it deserved.

Umpiring is not as essential as the books would have us believe. In fact, any but the best umpires do more harm by giving away information than they do good by "painting the picture,"

The average junior commander is quite competent to act as his own umpire when he meets the enemy. When stalemate is reached he crosses No-man's Land, consults with his opposite number and reaches some decision that will be just as satisfactory from the scheme point of view as that which would be reached by a pair of umpires. This method has one considerable advantage over the umpire system, which is that each junior commander is given the opportunity of seeing through to the end any guile or deception that he may be using. He does not risk having his ruses compromised by an umpire's indiscretion. A certain amount of cheating will result, but that is no bad thing in training for war, and is well worth acceptance if it results in junior leaders using their brains. In many cases the local commander will not want to accept battle or parley with the enemy, in which case he will withdraw or side-step as quickly as possible; leaving the opposing commander as mystified as the Japanese have left us.

In training or war no umpiring or shooting is necessary during the manœuvre stages; when battle is joined one side or the other is usually better prepared for it, or, in case of doubt, a stalemate is always a reasonable solution. If an umpire orders the stalemate, the average commander will be content to rest on it. If he has had to agree to it himself in parley with his opponent, he will more likely be spurred into finding a way out. That is a desirable reaction of his mind.

It is not suggested that umpires are useless. It is, however, contended that they are in no way essential. To abandon a scheme because umpires cannot be found is like refusing to play golf because one's niblick is being repaired. One can manœuvre perfectly well without umpires, though their absence imposes certain limitations; a full-scale frontal attack, for instance, could not be practised. A great number of schemes umpire themselves. These include ambushes, reconnaissance patrolling, and any scheme in which the opposing forces are so unequal in strength that one is avoiding and the other inviting battle. In such schemes the very fact that battle is joined postulates a decision.

If umpires are dispensed with much of the other forbidding paraphernalia of manœuvres goes with them. Neutral signals, long reports, and umpires' conferences are all unnecessary. All that remains is the scheme and the troops themselves, and it is not difficult to devise a scheme which will result in two forces

manœuvring as enemies in the same area of ground. That basically is all that is necessary to generate training.

The use of flags to represent the enemy has already been criticised, because it lends itself to abuse. There are memories of some champion runner covering a mile in five minutes and, on arrival, pulling flags to the total of a battalion from the back of his trousers, and sticking them in the ground to fill a gap which the enemy had attacked. Such manœuvres of champion athletes have no place in war, and cause the opposing commander to lose faith in the scheme. If only a section can be spared to oppose a battalion there is no need to convert it into a battalion by giving it flags. Let it fight as a section. Many times in war has a battalion attacked what it believed to be another battalion and found only a section there. The practice of changing the plan of attack to meet the altered circumstances is a high form of training.

It will seem late at this stage to consider what training consists of and implies. But there is justification for leaving its definition until the methods that were used to achieve it had been recalled. This has been done, and we find that in former days our leaders were crammed with theoretical tactics by a prolonged course of question and answer on every aspect of tactical manœuvre, and occasionally practised in this theory by leading their men in highly organised exercises. The system was designed to train every commander to behave in accordance with an accepted doctrine, to teach what was tactically possible in war and what was not possible, and to instil an instinctive knowledge of seven immutable principles of war. It is not an over-statement to say that our accepted doctrine had remained virtually unchanged since 1919*, nearly everything that was agreed to be impossible in war has been done by our enemies, and that the seven principles of war were a collection of conflicting ideas to nine out of every ten officers. We are, therefore, forced to modify if not change our training aims.

We are still insufficiently certain of our tactical doctrine, at any rate *vis-a-vis* the Japanese, to go into mass production of officers on it. We are still uncertain of what is tactically possible. We are fairly certain that our junior leaders lack initiative. There is, therefore, a strong case for stopping any

Cf. U. S. *Journal* of January, 1941, "Land Warfare" : "This process left the basic tactical idea unchanged: so much so in fact that the British Army was able, without mental discomfort, to keep in use a Field Service Regulations which had been written before the army had been modernised".

form of dogmatic tactical instruction and concentrating on the production of initiative. The risk of such a course is obvious. When next we meet the enemy, junior leaders may go high, wide and handsome in all directions, fortified by the slogan "Initiative, *c'est moi*". In fact, by which is meant in war, this does not happen. The vast majority of officers have no desire to lose themselves behind the enemy lines or to miss the main battle. The small and wild minority need not be unleashed until wild action is required.

The other risk is that junior leaders will waste lives by their lack of any tactical knowledge. Companies will be annihilated through lack of elementary protective precautions and platoons will be charged over open ground without fire support. Such things can only happen with entirely untrained commanders, and these will not be produced, for one cannot teach initiative to the exclusion of all tactics. This then, is the crux of the problem. Before the war (and to some extent still) we taught tactics and hoped that initiative would follow; for the present we should teach initiative and rely on essential tactics following. They must. The knowledge of tactics required by a battalion or lower commander is not great.

In summary, it is recommended that T.E.W.Ts should not be composed of problems and D.S. solutions, but of problems and enemy's dispositions and plan. Students' solutions would then all be stated, followed by the director giving the enemy's layout. This would enable each student to judge his results for himself and would avoid the dulling process of trying to find the D.S. solution or some compromise which cannot depart far from it. Continuity in the plot of the T.E.W.T., for what it is worth, can be maintained by assuming any reasonable action purely as a basis for the next problem, and definitely without suggestion that it is the best solution. If students think it is a wrong action there is no loss of reality in the next problem, for war will often call on them to put right the mistakes of others.

Exercises with troops should be held whether umpires are available or not. If umpires are not available, and usually they will not be, certain limitations to the scope of the exercise will have to be accepted. None of these limitations is harmful to training, because they do not forbid the exercise of free action, which is the only essential in training for war. The belief that an army should be trained by complete practice in all the operations of war is as wrong as it is to train a national horse by racing

him regularly over a four-and-a-half-mile steeplechase course. The horse is taught to jump, to sprint, and to stay, all by separate processes; it is only on the day of the race that he is asked to combine all three. So it is with troops and their leaders.

If the latter can read a map, understand some battle formations, appreciate the dangers of neglecting protection and, above all, be trained to take some action on their own initiative in all circumstances, they are fit for battle without ever having taken part in full-scale manœuvres.

In peacetime large manœuvres were necessary both to train our generals and to develop our tactical doctrine. These ends are now achieved in war, which answers the soldier's prayer: "From all such things as peace-trained Generals and Salisbury Plain tactical doctrine, Good Lord deliver us."

PUBLIC RELATIONS

By Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Hingston

THE "PROBLEM CHILD" of the Services is Public Relations. Its parents regard it with varying degrees of indifference, wonder and frank disbelief that they could have been responsible for bringing such a thing into the world. The Army, obviously the father, with irritated mien tries to instil the right ideas into its odd son. The R.A.F., the mother, is more tolerant, though slightly nervous, and is inclined to give her child a free hand. His naval granny says: "Leave the child alone; as long as you don't give it anything to play with, it can't do any damage." But the child does have a point of view of its own.

The Inter-Services Public Relations Directorate is a creation of this war. In India it began in a small way with one officer, to whom was later attached one stenographer. It now has a large number of officers, very few of whom are "regulars". It is not surprising that this new department should not be understood by some in the Services. As far as possible Public Relations tries to ensure that it shall be heard but not seen; it is anonymous, and yet its work must reach as many people as possible, both in the Services and among the civil population.

Public Relations has two main responsibilities. The first is the initiation and balancing of publicity about the Services with a view particularly to the maintenance of public morale, good relations between the public and the armed forces, and the mitigation of obviously harmful rumour and incorrect or exaggerated reports. This part of the work is addressed mainly to the civil population. The second is different, in that the responsibilities are to the Services and not to the Public. It is the provision of adequate publicity material to the armed forces, with a view to maintaining their morale and keeping Services personnel abreast of current thought and affairs. The Directorate, therefore, deals with publicity in two very different aspects. Publicity for the public can be summed up under the slogan "It pays to advertise". Publicity for the Services is more a matter of education and instruction.

Publicity for the public has many ramifications. The writing of articles and paragraphs for newspapers, organisation of Press Conferences, initiation and carrying out of publicity

schemes, provision of broadcasts, films and lectures, conducting of Press representatives to see the Services, either on active operations or at war stations, and, last but by no means least, Press Censorship.

The balancing of Publicity about the Services is most necessary and is a far from easy task. Both the Army and Navy will affirm that the R.A.F. are "b.....,advertisers", but they will be wrong. It is due to the curious factors of what the world public considers "news". The R.A.F. is news far more than anything else in the war. The Royal Navy is also news, when any news can be obtained. The Army varies greatly in its news value. Dominion troops are news in this order: Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada. The British Army is not news, though some parts have a higher news value than others. For instance, Scottish Regiments have some news value but Midland and North Country Regiments have practically none at all. On an even lower plane comes the Indian Army.

From this it can be seen that it is difficult to prevent the R.A.F. being given the credit for any action by the newspapers. This is not the fault of the R.A.F., for they have little say in the amount of publicity they receive, though they are on the whole more publicity-minded than the Army. It is mainly due to the queer factor of news value.

Some may remember the way in which the Battle of Sidi Barrani of 1940 was handled. The Royal Navy, Army, and R.A.F. all issued their own official communiques to the Press. Over the five days on which they appeared, the Army and the Navy averaged one and a half column inches a day, while the R.A.F. averaged six and a half column inches. The feeling was thus created, particularly in the mind of the Army, that the R.A.F. was trying to steal all the credit for the brilliant victory.

The reason for this unfortunate result was security. In that battle the Army could only give the names of places captured, the number of prisoners and guns taken and the fact that armour and infantry were being used. It could not disclose the composition of the attacking force, or give any indication of what units were taking part, for even after the victory had mopped up three and half Italian divisions our forces were still outnumbered.

On the other hand the R.A.F. could mention everything that had been done, and also the type of plane employed. The enemy had seen the planes and felt the bombs; so no security measures

were necessary except to avoid mentioning the numbers of planes involved. The R.A.F. could say that heavy bombers had bombed landing grounds at Benina and El Adem at night; the Blenheims had bombed troop concentrations at a variety of places; that our Hurricanes and Gladiators had shot down so many planes. And the whole worked up into quite a long story. This fault has now been rectified in the Middle East by the issue of a joint communique, and during the Battle of El Alamein the balance of publicity was excellently maintained.

The initiation of publicity material is one of the largest tasks of Public Relations. It takes a variety of forms, such as providing Press representatives with the opportunity to obtain stories, the preparation by the P.R. staff of articles and paragraphs from telegrams, letters, interviews, war diaries and citations, or it may be collected and written by P. R. Officers present with the Services during active operations. There is also the provision of photographs and cinema films.

It is in the collection of material from the Services that the Indian organization differs from that set up in the United Kingdom. It was found that Indian newspapers could not afford the very considerable expense of sending war correspondents to cover battlefronts, and so Public Relations took on the job. The section in Egypt has shown what really can be done in this line. It has been present in all the actions in which the 4th and 5th Indian Divisions have taken part.

The amount of personal danger to which these observers may be exposed depends entirely on themselves. There is no order to them to go out on a patrol or accompany an attack, which makes it far harder for them. They have had many exciting adventures and narrow escapes. The Officer Commanding such a section was himself captured at Damascus after lying in a ditch, while a tank moved round trying to find a position from which it could hit him. He managed to escape, only to be once more taken during the Battle of Gazala. One observer has been awarded the Military Cross; a cinematographer, he crawled forward during the night so that he could film our attack on Jalo from the front. He continued to use his camera until a shell blew it out of his hands.

These observers have obtained some of the star stories of the war, such as the attack on and defence of Mezze House, the break out of the 7th Indian Infantry Brigade from Benghazi, and the action of the 3rd Indian Motor Brigade at Mechili.

During the attack on Sidi Omar the Officer Commanding the section with a photographer watched, from a point 400 yards from the German position, the attack of the Royal Sussex and 1st Punjab Regiments. He then jumped into his car, drove the 300 miles back to Cairo, and returned next day with copies of the *Egyptian Gazette* blazoning the full story. Normally, of course, the fighting troops rarely see the story of their actions in the newspapers, and so these newspapers were one of the most popular gifts that they had ever received.

The Conducting Section has the task of looking after Press representatives, a far from easy task. These officers have to be tactful yet firm, be able to deal with livery senior officers and untractable correspondents, have a flair for impromptu Q work and a knowledge of Press Censorship. This should not be taken to mean that all war correspondents are difficult to handle, any more than all senior officers are bad tempered. Some correspondents are used to earning their living in a hard school, where bounce will more often serve their ends than tact, and so when the Conducting Officer says "no," it has got to mean "no," while maintaining a pleasant atmosphere.

Press Censorship is one of the most complicated aspects of Public Relations work, for while it is essentially restrictive the true character of P. R. should be creative. A good censor should be possessed of commonsense, tact and a knowledge of world affairs. It is a truism that sound censorship is one of the Commander's most valuable aids, but such censorship seldom receives praise and works most effectively when in the background.

All foreign messages, both incoming and outgoing, are subject to strict and 100 per cent. Press Censorship. There is no internal censorship of the Press, but a system of Press Advising. If a newspaper breaks security, proceedings can be taken under the Defence Regulations. The Censor does not sit down and cut out everything that might conceivably be considered undesirable, as is often thought, but does in fact let as much through as he possibly can, commensurate with security—always his first consideration. When cuts are made, he does, when possible, make it clear to the correspondent the exact reason. All the time he must remain friendly with war correspondents and the various Service departments with whom he works.

The taking of photographs and the preparation of cinematograph films is another side of the work. There are the photo-

graphs with the overseas sections, and also those in India. Action films are usually combined in News Reels, but documentary films are also prepared. The cinema has probably greater publicity power in India and Ceylon than any other form of publicity, and this is particularly true when touring cinema vans visit villages. The action on the films has to be made slower for the villagers, and so some of the films come in for considerable criticism by Europeans and educated Indians.

Broadcasting is another important publicity medium. The Public Relations Directorate finds the speakers, checks their scripts, and takes them to the studio. Many speakers are very nervous at first and so the P. R. Staff have to attain a good bedside manner.

The most successful piece of publicity undertaken by Public Relations was the Exhibition Train. It was the largest and possibly the most complicated bit of publicity ever undertaken in the East. It was aimed at showing the villager and the inhabitants of the more remote towns what the Services were doing, and was immensely popular during its seven months' journey.

Public Relations Officers are not allowed to attach their names to articles. Many of them are journalists by profession, and it is felt that jealousy would creep in if one or two men made names for themselves owing to their being in a particularly active area. The articles therefore remain anonymous, but despatches marked as from "an Indian Army Observer" are almost invariably well worth reading.

It may be asked why publicity about the Services should help to maintain civilian morale. Especially in wartime, everyone longs for news; the crowds about wireless loudspeakers, the increase in sales of newspapers, and the longing to meet someone who has been in action, show this very clearly. Lack of news is most destructive to morale, for it is an unfortunate trait in the human character that no news is nearly always taken to be bad news. Furthermore, confidence in the fighting ability of the Services increases when it is known what they are doing and how they are doing it. Much of the publicity is in fact, if not in form, a denial of enemy propaganda or a countering of propaganda before the enemy uses it.

The other side of Public Relations work is of a very different nature. The soldier of to-day is a thinker. He is a man interested in ideas and likes to know the why and wherefore of things.

In consequence, he is much more likely to be bored when there is nothing to exercise his body, his hands or his mind. Moreover, he is in consequence much more susceptible to subversive propaganda.

Propaganda gives only one side of a question, or else it gives a distorted view of the other, and unless a man is sufficiently highly educated to be able to realize what the other views may be, he is liable to assume that the statements and arguments he has heard are correct. The Public Relations Directorate gives a normal central viewpoint of current affairs, and also attempts to promote discussion and thought on a large variety of subjects. It is not, however, concerned with training in any way.

The Directorate prepares and issues a variety of publications. Each one has its own object. Possibly the most important is *Weekly Commentary,* which should not be confused with the paper of the same name issued by the Information Office to civilians. *Weekly Commentary* aims at presenting a commentary on the world situation in a sober and direct fashion, devoid of bias and politics as far as possible. The intention is to provoke thought and discussion, and also to provide material on which officers and N.C.O.'s can base lectures and talks. It will help officers to look after the mental welfare of their men, a particularly important part of an officer's duties during static periods of the war.

Victory is purely an entertainment magazine, published with the object of providing light reading material for British and American Service personnel. The shortage of reading material is badly felt in India by men who want something to occupy odd moments. The magazine is sold to the Services at cost price, without the addition of distribution costs or sellers' discount. The low cost helps to keep down the local price of the few periodicals that reach India and Ceylon from England and the U. S. A.

Fauji Akhbar is well known to the Indian Army. Its policy is to provide Indian ranks and pensioners of the Indian Army, R.I.N. and I.A.F. with regular suitable news of general interest at a nominal price. It carries a certain amount of topical war news, lists of casualties, promotions and awards, news from the villages and a few light articles. It is not distributed free, for that might cause it to be stamped as propaganda, and the men value much more highly something for which they have to pay. The

newspaper is printed in a variety of languages and scripts. *Jang ki Khabren* is a news sheet in India.

All these publications are weeklies, and anyone who has produced a regimental magazine will realize the amount of work involved; writing, proof-reading, editing, distribution, advertisements, accounts and so on.

Service publicity material does not end with the written word. There are services broadcasts to be arranged in a variety of languages. Messages from Service personnel to their people are broadcast by A.I.R., and B.B.C. lectures are arranged.

This part of Public Relations work is frequently damned as propaganda. It *is* propaganda. But propaganda is a term only used derogatively by those who do not understand the meaning of the word. The normal uninformed definition is publicity for any subject with which the reader or listener does not agree. A more accurate definition would be the means employed to form opinions or beliefs. Everything written or spoken *with an object* is propaganda, and even the most frivolous article may have its object, though no doubt well-disguised.

So the importance is not that a newspaper is a propaganda medium, but in the object behind it. And the object behind Public Relations Propaganda is the encouragement of thought on many subjects, and from a variety of angles. In other words, Public Relations is helping to look after the mental welfare of the Services, though the officers with units are the men responsible for this work.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE RED ARMY

By Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Nash.

THE DOMINANT IMPRESSION gained from even a casual study of Russia's wars is that the military qualities of the Russian soldier have remained the same whether he has served under the double-headed eagle of Tzarist Russia or the hammer and sickle of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. In fact this inheritance goes further than military qualities, and fundamentally the Russian changes very little.

A new way of life has indeed been established, but the tendency is always to discard that which is foreign and cling to that which is Russian. The transformation is going on now in the Soviet Union, and there are many indications of it in the Soviet Press. For example, a comparatively recent headline in *Pravda* reads: "The Soviet Intelligensia and the working classes and peasants devote their strength to the defence of the motherland". This is a very strange headline indeed for the Press of what was once intended to be a classless society.

Not so very many years ago the Red Army was to be the spearhead of world revolution; to-day it is fighting for the *rodina* —the land of its birth—and the war is a war for the defence of the socialist fatherland. The Russians are the most patriotic people in the world, and so we find *Pravda*, the official organ of the Communist Party of Bolsheviks, less than twenty-five years after the revolution, preaching that very un-communistic virtue—Patriotism. The motto of the Party is "Proletariat of all countries unite" and this appears in small letters at the top left-hand corner of every edition of *Pravda*; but there the communist theme ends, and a leading article written in September, 1940, on the occasion of the annual calling-up of conscripts, talks of patriotism, faithful service, and a sacred duty to the land of one's birth.

But for all that, there is something permanently different about the new Russia, and from a military point of view perhaps the greatest single factor in this change is the vast programme of industrialization initiated by M. Stalin. It has enabled the Soviet Government to equip and maintain in the field an army which, fighting alone for a year and a half, has withstood the onslaught of over two hundred Axis divisions.

Of course, Britain and America have made an enormous contribution, including 4,000 tanks, 3,000 aircraft, and 30,000 vehicles in the year ending November 12, 1942, but this cannot detract from the fact that without Soviet industry the Red Army would probably have had to give up the struggle at the end of the three weeks' limit which so many sceptical people gave it. More will be said about industrialization later. What other influences did the Revolution have upon the Army?

The Revolution may be said to have destroyed the war-weary Tzarist Army completely. Its allegiance went, its discipline was undermined, and the troops rushed off home in order not to miss what they regarded as a golden opportunity to seize land. There were no police—indeed gradually every vestige of Tzarist control disappeared, and such administration as existed consisted of councils of workers, soldiers and peasants.

The Kerensky Government's policy of continuing the war drove the soldiers, sailors and workers into the arms of the Bolshevik party, and the forerunners of the Red Army appeared—the Red Guards. The Red Guards were mostly factory workers who were organized into decades, corporals' squads, companies and battalions. Red Guards by themselves, however, were not sufficiently strong or well enough organized to meet the numerous forces whose object was the overthrow of the Bolsheviks; German troops were in the Ukraine, British troops arrived at Murmansk and Archangel, a White Guard formed in the North Caucasus, and in the Don region General Krasnov recruited large numbers of Cossacks to attack the new Soviet Government. Finally, we must not forget the Japanese who had seized Vladivostok.

The Workers' and Peasants' Red Army was formed in February, 1918, and strangely enough the first big battle which they fought was for the defence of what is now Stalingrad. When the situation became grave Joseph Stalin went to Stalingrad to reorganize the defence, and the town was later named after him.

For a country which had called up about nineteen million men for the last war there was no difficulty in finding trained soldiers, but for a Red Government which had to regard the officer class as their enemies the problem of officering them was a very real one. A few first-class officers, sadly disillusioned by the rottenness of the Tzarist Government in its last years, went over to the Bolsheviks. Perhaps the most distinguished of these was Brusilov—without doubt the most successful Russian General of the Great War. He remained in seclusion till 1920 when Pilsudski marched into Russia; he then offered his services to the

Soviet Government and was appointed President of a special Council of War attached to the C.-in-C. of the Red Army.

Another interesting figure is Marshal Shaposhnikov. He graduated at the Imperial General Staff Academy in 1912 and was a Colonel on the General Staff when the Revolution took place. In 1922 he became Chief of the Operations Section of the Red Army, and to-day, at the age of 60, he is Chief of the General Staff of the Red Army.

But the officers who went over to the Red Army varied considerably. Some went through motives of patriotism, a few because they believed in the Revolution and others through ambition; Tukachevsky, for example, just before escaping from a prisoners of war camp in Bavaria said to a fellow prisoner: "In a year I shall be either a general or a corpse". In the end he became both, for as a General in 1937 he was shot as an enemy of the State.

Some officers committed acts of treachery, and Political Commissars and the system of dual command which was to last, in one form or another, for over twenty years, was introduced. During the Civil War, armies were commanded by Revolutionary Councils of War which consisted of the Army Commander and the Commissars attached to him. Friction was inevitable, and although Commissars were not supposed to interfere in purely military questions, they often did, and fighting efficiency suffered in consequence. In August, 1918, Trotsky said in an Army Order:

"I note that quarrels between commissars and military leaders have lately been increasing. From the evidence at my disposal it is apparent that commissars often take a directly wrong line of action, either by usurping operative and leadership functions or by poisoning the relations between officers and men. At the same time it not infrequently happens that their presence does not prevent the military commander from deserting to the enemy". There follow various paragraphs outlining the correct conduct for commissars and ending with a stern warning in these words: "A commissar who fails to prevent the desertion of a commanding officer will have to answer for this negligence with his own life".

So much for the shortcomings of these early political commissars. Besides preventing the desertion of the C. O. they had to be by his side when orders were given or received, or when the regiment went into action. During battle they were required to set an example to the troops. They countersigned all, orders

issued by the C.O., and in addition were responsible for procuring and managing all supplies needed by the regiment—no mean feat in 1918—20. They were also expected to direct and supervise all departments of the regimental staff, though how they were to do this without coming into constant collision with the regimental commander is a question which perhaps not even Trotsky could answer.

By 1936 by far the most important duty of the political commissar was to educate the troops politically and morally and inculcate in them a high sense of discipline, patriotism and self-sacrifice. After the Purge of 1937-38 dual command was again introduced and lasted till August, 1940, when the powers of the Political Commissar became more limited. Finally, in October of this year (1942) the rank of Political Commissar was abolished and their work is now carried on by assistant commanders. These assistant commanders have the same rank and rank badges as other officers of the Red Army.

The Red Army officer of to-day is more efficient than his pre-revolutionary counterpart. In peacetime the annual intake of officer candidates is about five thousand, and the courses at Military Colleges last two years in the case of Infantry and Cavalry and three for Artillery candidates. The large majority of officers are members of the Communist Party and in 1940 about one-third had been selected from amongst the N.C.O.s, one third from volunteers and one third by special selection made by recruiting commissariats. The officers' corps is young and in peace as in war they are made to work hard. They are keen, and absorbed in their profession. There is a constant drive for efficiency, and during manœuvres in 1940 it is said that Timoshenko summarily dismissed a large number of officers ranging from generals to subalterns.

The senior officers are comparatively young. Timoshenko, who is now commanding the S. W. front, is only 47, whilst Army General Tukhov, commanding the Central Front, was an ensign in an Imperial Cossack Regiment when the Revolution broke out, and is probably about the same age as Timoshenko.

Taken as a whole the thing that strikes one about the higher command is their energy and ruthlessness. Like the troops which they lead, they are stubborn in defence and relentless in attack. They will destroy the enemy.

A word about the troops. A number of organizations exist in peace whose object is to promote defence-mindedness, and all

these organizations received support and encouragement from the Government. The most important one is the Osoviakhim—"The Society for Aviation and Chemical Defence", whose very numerous activities may briefly be described as educating the masses on the subject of national defence and its vital importance. From the point of view of the Army its most important function is to give the conscript-designate a certain amount of military training before he is called up. In peacetime this involves both instruction during the winter and camps in summer. In fact by the time the conscript is called up, not only has he received preliminary military training, but also the Osoviakhim has told him, and his brothers and sisters why the country needs him, and his conscript service becomes the patriotic interest of his friends and relatives.

He joins the Army conscious of the fact that he is going to live hard and work hard, and learn to be a tough soldier in order to defend his country. In peace no promises of comfortable barracks and sport are held out to him—on the contrary he is told to expect a hard life, whenever possible approaching active service conditions. "Military Service," said *Pravda* in an issue devoted to the first day of conscription in 1940, "is a service of honour, but it is stern and hard and you must be prepared to face the difficulties of a soldier's life which makes high demands on your physical strength". Imbued from an early age with a spirit of service to his country, the conscript knows that he is training for something worth while, and, as in the war to-day, he is ready to die for his fatherland. The results of intensive moral as well as purely military training have been seen at Stalingrad to-day.

An attempt has been made to sketch the picture of a Red Army well provided morally, physically and materially, but this picture would not be complete without describing in barest outline the effects of the industrialization mentioned earlier in this article. Let us take, by way of comparison, Russia in the second year of the last war. There was a great shortage of rifles which was only partly met by weapons captured from the enemy. For these enemy weapons there was a completely inadequate supply of ammunition. Troops were time and again launched into the attack without rifles, the intention being that they should pick one up on the battlefield.

There was a great shortage of guns and shells, and after the disaster of the East Prussian campaign every battery in the Imperial Army was reduced from six guns to four. The shortage

of munitions was evident but the war minister was apathetic—he even declined help from private factories and did not answer Lord Kitchener's requests for details regarding Russian requirements. This is how Bernard Pares, a great student and friend of Russia, describes conditions on the Russian front in the last war: "I was present at an action where within a few hours every battalion in the front line was reduced from 1,000 to a figure between ninety and a hundred. I saw an English surgeon, with one unqualified Russian assistant, deal with three or four hundred cases at a first-aid post under fire in an action which lasted four days; he had hardly any anæsthetics and no litters; the men lay in the late autumn mud—only a few of them had the shelter of a tent. . . There were points on the front where anyone with a stomach or leg wound was a lost man as transport was impossible and the nearest hospital was miles away."*

Stalin's first five-year plan began in 1928 after a year of careful preparation. The defence of the Soviet Union was one of its first objects. By 1937 the output of coal had been quadrupled and by 1939 the output of iron and petroleum had trebled. With the launching of the third five-year plan (1938—42) there was a general shifting of the industrial gravity eastwards and it has been estimated that by 1939 at least 30 per cent. of the Armament production was from factories behind the Urals.

At the beginning of the first five-year plan the Red Army had not got a single A.F.V.; by 1937 it had thousands. The Red Army grew roughly at the same pace as industry, in fact the making of the modern Red Army was closely tied up with industrial expansion and production, and Russia will never again be primarily dependent on the help of foreign governments for arms, ammunition and equipment.

The dynamic force behind this great change is Stalin. His exceptional organizing ability and ruthless driving power has in a little over ten years changed the U.S.S.R. from a backward agricultural country into a country which is industrially self-supporting. Without this industrialization this may well have been Hitler's second winter in Moscow.

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*Russia. By Bernard Pares, in the Penguin Series.

THE HURS

By Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Seed

UNTIL WE WERE ordered to join the Upper Sind Force, I had taken precious little interest in Hurs. I had read a bit about their misdeeds, how they had shot up trains, committed dacoities and murder, and generally gone in for a form of "gangsterism", but I did not realize their true significance. When, therefore, my unit was ordered to mobilise and proceed to join an improvised Brigade in Sind, I set about trying to put myself in the picture. This I found by no means easy; in fact I got no further than the Gazetteer of India, published in 1905. In this excellent publication I found but a passing reference to these gentry, describing them as a type of dacoit who lived in certain areas of Sind, and who were last subjected to military force in 1896.

Never having served in Sind before, I was completely wrong about the topography of the country. For example, I had no idea that such vast areas had been put under cultivation. I had never heard of the Nara River, and had no conception that both banks of that river were covered with thick jungle, varying in depth from 2 to 15 miles, most of it being a swamp. Such was my ignorance. However, it cannot be gainsaid that I arrived in the countryside of the Hurs with a completely opened mind.

Hurs are the followers of the Pir Pagharo. This "Pirship" is of over a thousand years' standing. The Pir is the head of a brotherhood which regards the living for him as a sacred distinction. Hurs, therefore, are not really a tribe at all, but merely followers bound by allegiance to Pir Pagharo. They are divided into sections, each section having a headman appointed or approved by the Pir. These sections pay certain fixed amounts every year to the holder of the "Turban", in addition to which they will raise any amount of money at his behest. It follows that at its worst the office is well worth holding. At its best it holds out unlimited possibilities.

The present holder is a man of about 34. He has terrific personality, and wields a unique influence throughout this countryside. There seems no doubt that he held ambitions far beyond those of his predecessors; in fact, his ultimate goal would appear to have been the Kingship of Sind. The war helped

him, and so, too, did the general unrest throughout India. Allied to the Congress Party to no small degree, he thought he saw his chance when the fortunes of the British Empire were at their lowest. It was then that he added to our embarrassments by enrolling upwards of 5,000 Hurs to the Brotherhood. These men were sworn in and the funeral-prayers of the Muslim read at the same time. They departed with an injunction to cripple the civil administration of the Province. The Pir was arrested in October 1941, and since then the country has been terrorised, and many outrages committed, such as derailments, sabotage, etc.

Typical gangster methods have been employed against the agricultural community. Parties of 10 to 20 Hurs armed with a few shot guns and axes have attacked a village. Any resistance has been met by force of a brutal character, particularly against villages of non-Hur sympathies. On the other hand, sympathetic villages have provided the wherewithal for these gangs to carry on their lawlessness. The Hur intelligence service is extremely good. Information is extracted by threats, whilst anyone known to have given information of Hur movements to the authorities has been coldly dealt with. Hurs have great powers of endurance and can live in the jungle areas with very little food. In desert areas such is their mobility that they have been known to outstrip a riding camel.

The area affected by Hur activity has been largely confined to the country from Sukkur in the north to Hyderabad in the south, and from the Indus in the west to Rajputana in the east. It was into this area that a Brigade was sent to restore order when the Civil Administration broke down early in 1942. This Brigade put in some solid work in a climate which, at that time, is probably as bad as anything in the world. It put an end to any dacoities in a big way and pacified the countryside to a great extent. It was not, however, successful in laying hold of all the leaders, but it did have the effect of driving these gentry as fugitives into the jungles of the Nara River or into the desert in the east.

There are limits to which a Brigade can extend itself, and as is easily understood the time came when the troops found it impossible to garrison the country and at the same time chase the elusive Hur. A state of stalemate was reached, and it was at this juncture that it was decided to draft in another Brigade to help to clear up the situation.

So much, then, did I glean when my Battalion arrived in Sind. I was to learn more. One of the first remarks made to me

by an officer who had been in the country some time was to the effect that the Force existed on improvisation. He spoke the truth. Looking back over our short sojourn in this land, I see little that we have done which has not violated some axiom.

Our forward move from railhead brought us into contact with the communications as they exist in this part of Sind. The first 35 miles was a narrow tarmac road, which would have been good had it contained fewer potholes. This road took us to the small market town of Sanghar, where, incidentally, the Pir had enrolled most of his 5,000 odd recruits. Beyond Sanghar the roads consist of unmetalled tracks until the canal roads are reached. These canal roads along the bunds are sandy, and break up after the passage of very few vehicles. Such roads met the requirements of a peaceful Sind, but when put to military uses they collapsed.

The task of the Brigade is to make it impossible for any Hurs to live in the area. This scheme of things put my battalion in a tract of country known as the Mukhi Dhund. A *dhund* means a sheet of water, whilst the *Mukhi* can be translated as freely as the reader wishes. The battalion area is several hundred square miles in extent, and a very large portion of this consists of jungle and swamp. The maps issued were to a great extent inaccurate.

All the area is under Martial Law, the rigours of which I had not realized, particularly if the area happens to be "proscribed". An additional large area of the *Mukhi Dhund* was "proscribed" shortly after our arrival, and the clearing of this area was a task of the first magnitude. The withdrawal of the inhabitants was a sight long to be remembered, and reminded me strongly of what Moses and his Israelites must have looked like when they departed out of the land of bondage. Forty years seems a long time for a caravan to wander in the wilderness, but I now find it easy indeed to believe.

The extent of the battalion area necessitated the employment of detached companies. In these areas intensive patrolling is carried out. The men quickly got into their stride with these patrols. They discovered that on his legs the Hur is a faster man than they are, but that mounted on a pony that patrol could make up for some of its natural shortcomings. The result was a considerable rounding up of ponies, and more and more mounted patrols came into being. These ponies, along with hundreds of head of cattle, have been abandoned in the proscribed areas,

and can be found in considerable numbers. At first they exhibit a certain amount of shyness, but after a day or two in the camps they become quite at home. All manner of contraptions have been used as bits. Saddles consist of a blanket tied on with a bedding line. Nosebags are made up from any old bit of gunny. A small amount of grain ration has been possible, but grazing is the main food supply. The net result, if not quite so smart as the old Indian Cavalry, is a serviceably mounted infantry capable of a full day's patrolling.

We did not expect to have much connection with M.T., and were surprised to find as much as is here. Let there be no mistake, there is not nearly enough, and such as is here has had most of the polish rubbed off. The battalion has had five 15 cwt. trucks allotted, but more often than not two, if not three, are undergoing repairs. Reconnaissances of company areas proved to be very interesting outings. Game in the areas had not been disturbed for some time, and we were treated to many a fine sight. There were numerous partridge on the road, a few peafowl and pig. Until the arrival of shot guns, it became the custom for the passenger in the front seat to use his rifle to the best advantage and in a manner which might make the sportsman shudder. But let it not be forgotten that we were very definitely shooting for the pot. Many will recollect the "Snaffles" drawing of the hoghunter reining in at the bank of a river whilst mother pig swims across with her young. One morning we were treated to this sight, and very well the little pigs swam. In due course we obtained our shot guns, and of our exploits with these I will deal later.

The whole of this intensive patrolling is almost exactly like hunting for game. We have drawn many blanks, but the day comes when something is obtained. It may be an old Hur, a female Hur or a child Hur. Sometimes it is a mixture of all three. It is very noticeable how very few young and able-bodied men are found. A few have been captured, one or two killed, but the bulk are doubtless out on expeditions of dacoity or are in hiding. The three-day patrol is commonplace, and our short experience has shown that the men can operate very light. Food, water bottle, spare ammunition and bayonet are carried in the haversack with a blanket rolled and strapped on top. This is the only thing carried. Food and the odd cooking pot for the second and third days are carried either on ponies, or else men of the third section of the platoon are used as porters. Luckily

firewood abounds, and of the good dry kind which delights the heart of the Indian cook.

In this country, whether in the jungle or desert, it is the easiest thing possible to get lost. A pre-arranged fire or 3" smoke bomb has proved effective. The criticism that the 3" smoke bomb pillars too much cannot be applied here because it is just what is necessary.

We have indulged in a little water craft, and the assault boats allotted have been very useful. The Nara River is fordable at this time of the year at a great many points, but not everywhere. One company collected an abandoned flock of goats and tried to get them to swim the river. In this they were not very successful, so the assault boat was brought into commission and a number of goats embarked. When a little way out these goats objected to being separated from their fellows and went overboard to a "man" and swam back.

Hur "hides" are very cleverly concealed, and are very much more easy to miss than to find. Many are in the most inaccessible places in the swamp, and although we have not yet met a submerged bridge, we are informed that these exist. They give a passage across deep water about 4 feet below the surface. Look-outs in trees have been found, and the observation posts are very well constructed on the lines of a *machan*. We captured a Hur one day hiding in the midst of a flock of goats.

We made a mistake in thinking that partridge would be very easy to get. Experience in driving about on reconnoitring missions, led us to think that it would be almost murder to shoot them. But not a bit. With a 12-bore in one's hands the partridge are as wily as ever, and although we managed to keep H.Q. mess table supplied, it entailed work. In this area there are as many black as grey partridges, but it would seem that through a year's neglect in cultivation, a great number of birds have moved on. A hare is almost a certainty, whilst we get a peafowl now and again.

One of our recces took us along a road which had the bad manners to finish up in a *jheel*. At first the water appeared trifling, but on an investigation to find a way round, we learned more about the *jheel*. It turned out to be a duck sanctuary. As we floundered about a number of cormorants got up, and a number of coots scuttled out of the way. I am afraid that at this juncture we rather forgot the recce and became more interested in the duck. A few shots of .303 into the suspected parts of the *jheel*

produced a sight warranted to gladden the heart of any sportsman. As the birds wheeled about it was not difficult to recognize mallard, pintail, red headed pochard, gadwal and teal.

There were but two of us present to see it all, and my remark to James was "What are we going to do about this?" His reply is easily guessed. "Why, we'll go back and get our guns." It was a long way but we made the *jheel* again that evening. We were not disappointed and as the light was failing we had a very pleasant shoot. Our figures were not very impressive, but nevertheless the bag when laid out looked well. Wild duck graced the table for several days afterwards. We shall visit that *jheel* again as soon as the opportunity presents itself.

I can scarcely hazard a guess as to the outcome of this sideshow. It certainly appears that the Hur can play his game of hide-and-seek indefinitely. When Sind is too hot for him, as it appears to be now, he can slip over the border. When he thinks it safe to return, I see no reason why he should not do so. Without doubt the future of the Pir Pagharo will have a bearing on what will happen. At the moment he is locked up. The question of his successor may be tackled. He has two sons, the elder rather a harmless type, whilst the younger is said to be a little devil. Will it be possible to make the elder the Pir and expect him to exercise any influence over his followers? I do not know. The younger, if he succeeded his father, would probably start again where the old man left off. Is the Pir necessary? It would seem better that we should acknowledge some one as Pir, rather than be up against a self-appointed "Turban" holder.

SOLDIERING IN CEYLON

By Fan Tan

ON JAPAN'S ENTRY into the war, in December 1941, troops were ordered to reinforce the Ceylon garrison. The brigades selected were young; but the threat to Ceylon, at that time, was not very great, as it was still covered by the outposts of Malaya and N.E.I.

After six days and seven nights in the train, we arrived at our destination, incredibly dirty. To our horror, we found leading civilians, the G.O.C., and many senior officers of the C.D.F. waiting to give the "Regular" units a State reception! It speaks well for the V.C.Os. and small "milked" staffs that the arrival is still talked about in most complimentary terms. They took charge and worked like Trojans, determined that first impressions should be good; the remainder obeyed orders in a silence which would have done credit to seasoned battalions.

This silence was mainly due to the younger elements being in a complete haze. They had no idea where they were, they were seeing many strange things—such as the sea and they could not understand why the local Indians did not reply to their questions, spoken in pure Punjabi!

By the end of February things looked black. Malaya had fallen and the situation in N.E.I. was serious. Ceylon was right in the front rank and our brigades were still very raw; they were holding large areas and certain essential equipment had not been received.

In March, however, the whole situation suddenly changed. Ceylon was literally flooded with British and East African troops, regiments of Artillery, light and heavy A.A. batteries, all the equipment we wanted, and a large number of senior Naval, Army and Air Force officers. Sir Geoffrey Layton was appointed Commander-in-Chief, with autocratic powers and General Sir Henry Pownall became G.O.C., Ceylon.

Battalions took over from platoons and squadrons of Hurricanes replaced the few obsolete aircraft we had relied on. New aerodromes were cut out of the jungle and all was hustle and bustle. One even, occasionally, saw a Ceylonese labourer working! From that time, training started in earnest.

Ceylon provides one of the finest training grounds in the world, for jungle warfare or combined operations. The North is open, with coconut plantations and paddy fields. The centre is dense jungle and undeveloped. The South is mountainous and split up by six rivers. Right round the island, in the coastal belt there is a continuous line of coconut estates and the hilly districts are covered with tea. The joy of being able to train, without entering villages or damaging crops, can only be really appreciated by those who have had to prepare for war in cantonments such as Lucknow.

The narrow roads of Ceylon have provided some fine traffic jams and have taught us the need for traffic control. Numerous jungle paths give opportunities for practising turning movements by cyclists or lightly clad infantry, and there are any number of places on the coast which provide ideal conditions for training in combined operations.

The fact that Ceylon is "overseas" helps to break down inter-service jealously and makes senior officers more willing to introduce a few risky elements into training, in order to make it more realistic.

The astounding mixture of races, has enabled us to learn a lot about and from each other. British troops arrived from the Western Desert, and had been at war for three years, so they brought experience and confidence. East African troops recruited from tribes which live in the bush soon taught us how to "live in" the jungle. Indian troops have proved as adaptable as ever and, being the young members of the team, are always out to show what they can do.

There is nothing like change for making training interesting. British troops were inclined to be bored when they arrived, but they soon found that there was a lot to be learnt about the jungle and swimming rivers, etc. Aquatic training has produced amusing incidents and is most popular with British battalions.

One Tommy, when asked why he was so slow in getting into the water, during a river-crossing exercise, replied: "I joined the army to fight for my King and Country; not to provide a meal for that . . . crocodile!"

Indian troops will never forget Captain M . . .'s kindness in showing them over his battleship, and they still ask for news of . . . .

The Air Force found themselves confronted with an entirely new problem. They were used to searching large areas of desert;

now they found themselves flying over a canopy of trees, in which it was often difficult to find the main road. At first infantry could move without being seen, but, in our last exercises, the R.A.F. surprised us by the amount of information they collected.

Relations with the people of Ceylon are improving. British and Empire troops have been popular all along. All our Indian troops come from the Punjab and the astounding rumours about how "Punjabis" put down riots in the last war, still circulate. This was the main cause for continual accusations against Indian troops, when we first arrived. All charges were carefully examined and not one proved to have any foundation. The magnificent behaviour of Indian troops during and after air raids did a lot to dispel suspicion and has made them more popular.

African troops startled the local population by bathing naked, in a sacred tank, immediately on arrival! They still think it is foolish to keep their clothes on when it is raining, instead of carrying them in their vehicles and keeping them dry! They soon got the right side of everyone, however, with their broad grins and cheery nature. They are probably the most popular troops in the island and British soldiers will long remember the "Gollies", as they call them.

The Ceylon Garrison Artillery and the Ceylon Light Infantry regarded the entry of Regular troops with great suspicion. This has largely disappeared as the result of training together. They did very well during the air raids, although this was the first time they had been under fire. Their civil compatriots bolted and loud were the wails for cooks, sweepers and other essential servants! I mention this point, as it shows how quickly uniform and a little discipline changes morale. Ceylon troops were drawn from exactly the same classes and families that bolted. Now that the civil population has got used to seeing and hearing gun fire, etc., I feel sure that very few will run away, in case of further air raids.

Planters have been wonderful, and their hospitality will never be forgotten by those that have served in Ceylon. They subscribe to every war charity, spend all their spare time and petrol in entertaining troops, and have kept open house for those that require rest or a few cool nights.

Leading Ceylonese have also been kind and have done a lot for British units. Other Ceylonese, especially shopkeepers and contractors, regard the soldier as fair game and profiteering causes great resentment.

The climate is not at all bad and, on the whole, health has been good. Malaria has proved our worst enemy, and there have been a number of victims of "Ceylon Foot" and dengue. There is little or no cholera, smallpox or plague, in the Island.

The lack of variation in temperature is apt to be trying, and it is essential to send troops to a Rest Camp in the hills, when they get run down or are convalescing. It is always warm; but hardly a day passes without a certain amount of cloud. A blanket is seldom required except in the hills. Strict discipline is the best preventive and, here again, Ceylon provides good health training for war in jungle areas.

To prevent staleness, football, hockey and boxing tournaments have been organized. There is excellent snipe shooting available, but cartridges are hard to obtain. Units camped near the sea bathe several times a day and there are now very few non-swimmers. Rest camps, with cinemas and other amenities, are situated so that men on leave can suit their individual tastes. Most men from jungle sites prefer a "town" leave in Colombo; others, stationed in Colombo, like the cool nights and "country" life of Diyatalawa. Above all, there is E.F.I., which ensures that beer, cigarettes and other essential items are available at reasonable prices.

This delightful island has changed from an atmosphere of pre-war peace and prosperity to the serious realism of war. That such a change was necessary, nobody can deny. All the original spade-work was done by the G.O.C. and small staff which arrived in Novmber, 1941. By tact and persuasion they managed to satisfy civilians that buildings and many other treasured amenities must be given up for the duration of the war. We owe a lot to them and to the Ceylon Government, for the hearty co-operation we have received.

TEN DAYS IN THE HILLS

By "Hew"

MAYBE IT WAS asking him to get me a *bachcha* when I should have said *khachchar* that caused my usually impassive bearer to lift his eyebrows slightly. Or, perhaps, it was because this was the first leave I had taken since joining General Headquarters some two years ago. Casual seems to be an incorrect way of describing leave these days: it ought to be called "extra special and most unusual leave," being neither casually granted nor casually accepted.

Nathu Ram, mule contractor of the Lower Bazaar, Simla, however, understood what was required, and produced a noble looking *khachchar* that was to carry all I needed for a ten-day trek into the hills. I supervised the loading before going down to the office for a final day's work, my valise on one side balancing the bearer's bedding-roll together with a small case of provisions on the other.

Provisions had been reduced to a minimum, partly because I hoped to be able to obtain most of the food I should require at the rest houses at which I planned to spend the night, and partly because of the exorbitant prices of tinned food. When buying provisions earlier in the week I had expressed my astonishment at the extravagant charges that were made for such familiar articles as tinned cheese, milk and fruit. "How in the world" (or words to that effect), I had exclaimed to the little man in the store, "is it that a small tin of bully beef that I could dispose of for lunch hardly noticing I had had it, costs four rupees?" "Oh sir," the man had said, as though explaining an intricate economic problem to a child, "it is because the prices have gone up."

And so my store of provisions was not great: some tinned meat, cheese, butter, fruit, milk and a few tins of soup, some apples and a pound of bacon, some tea and sugar were to keep the wolf from the door for ten days. And more by luck than judgment, they sufficed.

Leaving office at 5 o'clock that evening, I took a bicycle and achieved a flying start by reaching the dak bungalow at Fagu, some 12 miles away, before dark. Here everything foretold a

successful trip. The bearer and the baggage having arrived earlier in the day, I was greeted by the khansamah of the bungalow and shown into a room in which a log fire blazed. A hot bath was ready and dinner was but half-an-hour ahead. A more satisfactory beginning would have been difficult of achievement. I retired early full of optimistic enthusiasm.

Have you ever seen the sun rise splendidly over the Himalayan snows? You have only to travel the twelve miles from Simla to Fagu, take your *chota hazri* at seven and, rubbing the sleep from your eyes, peer out of the window to see one of the grandest sights India has to offer. And the idle fellow can do this without even leaving his bed.

After breakfast I saw the mule loaded, paid the khansamah for my night's lodging and moved off down the dusty road towards Theog and Mathiana.

READY TO START

I was travelling alone, that is apart from the bearer, the mule driver and my cocker spaniel: but at no time on the trip was I in the least bit lonely. The Tibet Road, which must be one of the most interesting highways of the world, was crowded with people moving in from the north driving mules, ponies and even sheep heavily loaded with their goods—apples from Kulu, potatoes from the local hill farms, bales of merchandise from Tibet. Men, women and children all carried their loads as well: and all greeted me with a smile. I wondered if they were amused at my appearance until I discovered that it was the dog that evoked their interest. One small boy asked me what it was: his only idea of a dog until then had been the half-wild Tibetan mastiff.

It must be understood that I undertook the journey having small experience of Indian travel. The old *Koi-hais* will, I fear, find little of interest in this article: but there are in India now many who like myself are novices in the ways of India and who

may also have the good fortune to be released for 10 days' freedom. For them this may afford some smattering of useful information that may help them to put their ten days to good use.

For example, I was quite unaware of the difference between a dak bungalow and a civil rest house. The discovery came with something of a shock. At the dak bungalows at Fagu and Mathiana there had been a khansamah, sweeper, bhisti and room-bearer, together with ample well-cooked food promptly served. Moreover, alcoholic refreshments were readily available.

I left Mathiana intending to walk the 24 miles to the rest house at Luri. Narkanda I reached at lunch time, there partook of a substantial meal and began the 6,000 feet descent into the Sutlej Valley. For the first 3,000 feet the path wound through a forest of giant conifers. It grew noticeably warmer, the increasing atmospheric pressure played tricks with the ears, and all the while I grew hungrier and more weary.

The rest house appeared many hundreds of feet below and I hoped there would be food ready and a hot bath waiting. It was then that the essential difference between the dak bungalow and the rest house was brought forcibly home to me.

NARKANDA

In the gathering dusk, my bearer, who was equally ignorant of such trips as his master, stood disconsolate. There was, he said, no food and no khansamah: and not only was there no hot bath ready for me but there was no oil for the lamps and the rest house was in darkness.

Swift action was demanded before it grew too dark. Such disappointments when one is tired and hungry are apt to rouse one from his normal placidity and feelings of goodwill towards all men. And a very good thing, too, for all concerned.

A few sharp and well-chosen words sent one man in haste to the bazar to purchase oil, another to fetch water and a third to light fires in the cookhouse and the bedroom. Before very long tea was ready, lamps lit and a hot bath awaiting my tired limbs. Refreshed, I cooked my evening meal and retired early and triumphantly to bed.

Lesson number one had been learned. The traveller should reach his rest house early and in not too exhausted a condition. The bearer should precede him by at least an hour with full instructions to make complete preparations for the reception of his master, *viz.*, kettle boiling for tea, bath water ready, lamps primed with oil, a fire in one's room and, for the fastidious, a table bearing bottle and glass set ready to hand by the fireside.

This, I resolved, as I set out next morning to walk to the rest house at Ani, would be the routine for the future. But there were further lessons to be learned.

The rest house at Luri stands on an old river terrace some 150 feet above the river level. The village itself, built on a lower terrace, clusters round the suspension bridge, which solid structure contrasts oddly with the few ramshackle buildings that compose the village.

In the valley itself are relics, geologically very recent, of three distinct river plains, testifying to the hectic career (geologically speaking, of course) of the young river. The terraces have been built up by the river as is obvious from the rounded boulders and gravel composing the steep banks since cut through by the later downcutting of the stream, and give evidence of short periods of stability followed by upheavals possibly of the Himalayas themselves. The valley forms an interesting field of study for the physiographer, to whom we will leave the matter for further speculation.

THE BRIDGE AT LURI
Note former river plain in middle distance

Whence the Sutlej derives its emerald green colour is another matter for our

physiographer to speculate upon. Whatever the scientific explanation, the river presents a pleasing contrast with the brown slopes of the hills and the rocky gorge it has cut for itself some 50 feet below the bridge level. Still comparatively young, although it has already travelled some 300 miles through the mountains, the river hurries impetuously along, patches of smooth green water alternating with the foam of rapids that would delight the wild water canoeist.

At the bridge I was held up by flocks of sheep and goats being herded in from the hills. Some tens of thousands must have crossed over that morning, each flock led by an old ragged man who encouraged their advance by alternating whistling and calling

A Hill Shepherd

"Ao", and hustled in the rear by a sturdy shepherd and a shaggy Tibetan dog. The delay was of no consequence. I had but 14 miles to cover that day and several rolls of film to expose on a most entertaining subject.

Once over the bridge, the route follows the river for some three or four miles and then bears north along a tributary valley in which the stream has cut a deep narrow gorge. The path climbs up high above the river, which it traces back to Ani.

For a complete change from office work I strongly recommend solitary walking. With your objective fixed for the day there is nothing to do but to reach your destination before dark. The only problems are those of your own creating; the mind wanders lightly from one subject to another until towards the end of the day's journey it begins to concentrate on food and drink, two very pleasant subjects for contemplation.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

During the last four miles or so of the ascent to Ani, I had fallen into this state of blissful meditation, one half of my mind dreaming of a favourite tea room, of hot buttered toast and home-made cakes, and the other half calculating that by now the bearer would have the kettle boiling and, watching eagerly for his master's approach, would hasten to set before him the *chae* that revives a man at the end of a day's march.

The boy was waiting all right: but from half a mile away I could see that something was amiss. The rest house, he said sadly, was shut and the chowkidar away in another village visiting his sick wife. My visions vanished. Tea had yet to be earned.

Enquiries made through a villager eager to display his knowledge of English, revealed that the sweeper had the keys; and after a short search he was located, the rest house opened up, fires lit, kettle boiling and food, drink and rest at hand.

It transpired that although I had written to the authorities before leaving Simla for permission to stay in the rest house on this date, the message had taken longer to filter through the usual channels to the rest house than I had to walk there. Lesson number two was now assimilated—and that is to despatch your request for permission to stay at a rest house at least two weeks in advance.

After a Wayside Halt

Being but a novice, although an enthusiastic one, in the matter of trekking, my intention on leaving Ani was to take the next stop, Khanag, in my stride, and to make for Shoja, some 17 miles away, by nightfall. But here I was to learn my third lesson, and one that my map-reading instruction should have rendered unnecessary. From Ani to Khanag is a mere 9 miles, but it involves

a climb of some 4,000 feet. And while one can make a steady four miles an hour on the flat, one's rate of progress is halved when going uphill and one's rate of exhaustion doubled.

I set out briskly enough, overtaking my mule driver (who was more experienced in these matters) and by about 3 p.m. I had reached Khanag. Shoja was but 8 miles further on. As far as I was concerned it might have been in the Americas: I just didn't want to go any further. I sat down and waited for the mule driver, who plodded into sight after about an hour and who like a good fellow hailed the chowkidar, an old friend of his, and arranged for me to stay the night there.

This proved to be a sound move, for the rest house at Khanag is beautifully situated overlooking a large valley. The chowkidar provided eggs for tea; and we all, the bearer, the mule driver, the mule, the dog and I set out next morning fully refreshed for our journey to Shoja.

Between Khanag and Shoja the route led over the Jalori Pass, which forms a saddle some 10,000 feet high between hills rising 200 feet higher. Ascending the south side of the pass was warm work. Once there a grand view of the snows some 30 miles away rewards the climber: but the sudden drop in temperature as the chill breeze coming straight from the mountains sweeps up the valley, prevents any lingering over the magnificent view. You walk briskly down through the Jalora State Forest. Small patches of snow remain in isolated hollows, and after a few miles the rest house set in a large clearing is reached.

The Shoja rest house was my journey's end. I had reached the Kulu valley and was but two days' march from Kulu. I could have completed the journey down into the valley to Kulu; but as this would mean travelling by road and rail back to Simla, a three-day journey, I preferred walking back the way I had come and making full use of my ten days.

On my way back to Ani, remembering my previous reception there, I had some slight misgivings as to how I should be received this time. I had indeed left word with the sweeper that I should return in a few days and had even basely hinted at *bakhshish* should my welcome be rather better organized than before. I had also sent my bearer on well in advance; and by now he should know his drill. Nevertheless I had my doubts.

I arrived at Ani at about four in the afternoon, having walked in from Shoja. My friend, the sweeper, was awaiting me at

the rest house and greeted me with a low bow—a graceful performance remarkable in so old a man. The bearer was there too and full of smiles. Both were favourable signs.

"The chowkidar is here, Sir," he said, "and he is a cook. He will cook you a real dinner to-night." If this was any reflexion on the meals I had prepared for myself during the week, it was quite unmerited: each evening meal had been a miniature banquet so thoroughly appreciated that it had only been after a prolonged struggle with my baser self that I had managed to set aside a small portion for the dog. I hasten to add, of course, that my better self invariably triumphed and that the dog never once had to share the fate of old Mother Hubbard's mythical pet.

I forgave the boy when dinner was served. The chowkidar was indeed a good cook. He even produced porridge for breakfast and some potato rissoles for me to take along for lunch.

I spent the night at Luri, climbed the 6,000 feet to Narkanda next day and as I returned along the Tibet Road to Simla, fit and refreshed, I realized with a start that for ten whole days I hadn't as much as thought of the war.

For the reader who prefers his information in summarised form, here is briefly my itinerary, together with a few remarks as to the cost.

Day/Stage.	*Miles.*	*Rest House or Dak Bungalow.*	*Cost of room, etc.*	*Mule stage.*
			Rs.	
0. Simla-Fagu ...	12	D.B.	10	1
1. Fagu-Mathiana ...	16	D.B.	10	1½
2. Mathiana-Luri ...	24	R.H.	2	1½
3. Luri-Ani ...	14	R.H.	3	1
4. Ani-Khanag ...	9	R.H.	3	1
5. Khanag-Shoja ...	8	R.H.	3	1
6. Shoja-Ani ...	17	R.H.	8	2
7. Ani-Luri ...	14	R.H.	3	1
8. Luri-Narkanda ...	13	D.B.	10	1
9. Narkanda-Theog ...	22	D.B.	10	1½
10. Theog-Simla ...	17			1½

My expenses were:—

(*i*) The hire of the mule, which includes the cost of his food and the pay of the driver was Rs. 3/8 per stage. The journey involved 14 stages: thus the cost was	Rs.	49/-
(*ii*) The cost of the room at the Rest Houses, which included charges for bhisti, oil and fuel, while at the dak bungalows it also included meals. Board and lodging thus came to ...	Rs.	62/-
(*iii*) Total cost of provisions taken ...	Rs.	50/-
Cost of trip ...	Rs.	161/-

From this we may deduct ten days messing at Rs. 5, *i.e.* Rs. 50—and whatever small honorarium the editor may feel disposed to donate for this article! Thus the total cost may prove to be nil. (Our worthy contributor appears somewhat optimistic!—*Ed.*)

The simple soul for whom food, drink, and rest, well-earned, rank high in the scale of temporal pleasures, and who, for the time being, desires no problem more intricate than that of satisfying these elementary needs, will find much to commend ten days thus spent among these pleasant hills and valleys within sight of the Tibetan snows.

A SUGGESTED REORGANIZATION OF INFANTRY

By Lieutenant-Colonel T. R. Hurst

IT BEHOVES US to learn both from our successes in this war and from our failures. Our victories in Libya have shown that infantry are best brought to the battlefield, if not into battle, in M.T. Battalions have an enormous number of trucks, yet half the men are normally supposed to march, and when a battalion moves embussed, Formation M.T. has to be provided and a complicated move ensues.

Our failures against the Japanese prove (*a*) that to rely again on M.T. as the sole tactical transport for infantry would be a grievous mistake, (*b*) that the Japanese had an enormous advantage over our men owing to the far greater number of automatic rifles and mortars they enjoyed, (*c*) that our artillery was road-bound, and (*d*) our infantry were incapable of moving across country, thus being robbed of their most valuable characteristic, *i.e.* the power of manoeuvre over any type of country.

These lessons demand a bold change in infantry organization—armament and transport—and in this article the writer gives his ideas on what weapons infantry should have, and how balanced mobility and fighting power over any type of country can be restored to infantry.

In the West, troops from India may be required to fight in North Africa, Greece, the Balkans, Italy, Anatolia, Kurdistan or across the Caucasus. In the East, through Burma, Tenasserim, Malaya, Borneo, East Indies, Indo-China, China and Japan. These countries embrace every possible type of country—mountainous country quite impassable to wheeled or tracked vehicles, with valleys in between of varying width suitable for mechanised movement; jungle or wet rubber-planted areas with swampy rice-fields, only passable by infantry and animals, except that M.T. can use the roads through them; and deserts and wide open spaces ideal for mechanized movement of any kind.

Except in Europe, the outstanding characteristics of the countries are the great distances which throughout separate the

big cities, and centres of economic and political importance, and the fact that all "worthwhile centres", including oil fields and centres of industry, are connected to each other and/or to the sea by motor roads and in many cases by railways.

It appears, therefore, that a stabilized front, such as existed in France in 1914—18, is out of the question, and that these countries provide unlimited scope for manœuvre, except for the desert portions, which permit very limited cross-country movement by ordinary mechanically propelled vehicles, *i.e.*, without tracks.

In every big advance we undertake the main attack will be, and must be, astride a motor road. But except where the road is across a desert, that main attack can easily be held up unless we have a mobile cross-country assault element capable of delivering an attack in rear or in the flank of the enemy. Since the country on the flanks may be any type—mountain or swampy rice fields—the mobile assault element must be infantry.

Distances are so great between "worth-while centres", where the enemy will make a stand, that the marching soldier is an anachronism. Infantry must be brought fresh to the battle in M.T., whether they are themselves to form the cross-country spearhead or are following in the wake of an Armoured Force. An army equal to its enemy in fighting power but 50 per cent. more mobile can do what it pleases with the enemy. Nothing less than 100 per cent. motorization of infantry should be good enough for us.

In defence, if we maintain control at the "worth-while centres", we block the axis of the enemy advances astride the few existing motor roads, and successfully defend our own lines of communication. Thus we can have nothing to fear. Our exposed lines of communication will be so long that for their defence mechanized mobility is again essential. We cannot have troops everywhere, and there is no place in the organization for foot-sloggers or marching animals, as they will never get where they are required in time. The danger of attack on or destruction of our lines of communication by air-borne troops must be countered, and this can only be done by moving troops in M.T. to mop them up as soon as possible after they land.

Battalions will be required, and must be prepared, to operate at any time in country inaccessible to mechanical transport, e.g. up to three or four days, from M.T. roadhead, so there must be some pack transport available to carry the mortars, S.A.A. etc. of infantry on being debussed.

To get battalions fully motorized the writer advocates the complete abolition of the 15-cwt. truck from battalion transport, and the substitution of the 3-ton lorry. A lorry carrying its load, plus fully-equipped men, is obviously a far more economical proposition than two trucks carrying less load and less men. Think of the extra cost of the extra vehicle, of its maintenance, of tyres and petrol required, and the extra driver—also of the simplifying of moves by M.T., the road-space saved, and the advantage of having only one type of vehicle in a battalion.

On a road the difference in performance is negligible from the military point of view, for where the truck can go the lorry can also go nearly as quickly. Admittedly the 15-cwt. truck has a better solo cross-country performance than the lorry, but when one remembers that troops in the vicinity can help the lorry, the practical difference in cross-country performance between the truck and lorry is not great; some men from the lorry can be debussed to lighten the load over a bad nullah crossing, a few men with picks and shovels can improve the track in a few minutes if the lorry cannot negotiate it, and all hands can push when the lorry gets stuck. When the country is too bad for the lorry it will also be too bad for the loaded truck, and pack will have to be resorted to.

Trucks are a luxury which we cannot afford. It must be remembered that when sufficient M.T. is provided to embuss infantry battalions the number of M.T. Coys. provided in formations for troop-carrying and maintenance can be greatly reduced, the reason being that even in the most mobile operations there will be halts or periods of static warfare, such as a pause prior to a battle of penetration, while supplies of ammunition, P.O.L., rations, etc., are being brought up, and while forward landing grounds are being established. There will be many days when the majority of the Battalion M.T. will not be required for operations, and it can help in providing the first link backwards in the maintenance chain.

The M.T. suggested for an infantry battalion is as follows:

	Vehicles	Men carried including drivers.	Remarks.
11	A.F. V's.	22	Have own L.M.G's and A/Tk. Rifles.
30	Motor-Cycles with pillion ..	60	No bicycles allowed in Battalion.
1	Sigs and Office Lorry ..	10	Ind. W/T set.
1	M.T. Stores Lorry ..	9	Half the mechanics in battalion.
2	Water Lorries ..	6	Battalion police.
5	Kitchen Lorries (one per coy.)	5	Carry cookers, cooking pots and 3 days rations. In addition every man carries in his pack 2 days rations-cooked, or not requiring cooking.
1	Officers' Mess Lorry ..	2	
50	Battalion lorries at 13 men per lorry, including attached Donkey boy.	600	Each lorry has towing hook and tows a trailer with 2 donkeys in it. Trailers, donkeys and their drivers are R.I.A.S.C. attached Battalion strength.
	Men who follow in vehicles of Brigade 2nd Echelon, *i.e.* carpenters, equipment repairers, pay naiks, clerks, postman, tailors, daily sick, say total.	37	750 is used as "round number." Details to be worked out when principles have been accepted.
		750	

A Station wagon is not provided. Officers, including the Commanding Officer, should either ride on motor-cycle (or pillion), which can move much more freely and quickly on roads or across country than station wagon, or alternatively they should be with their men in lorries, or if carrying out recce should be in armoured carrier or doing a stomach crawl. Where M.T. or motor-cycles cannot go, officers must walk with their men—it is not practical to provide chargers, and not safe to ride them.

Removable "roof sentry" platforms or seats should be attached to the superstructure of each lorry. The sentry sits with his L.M.G. or Sten Gun ready, his legs through a hole in roof of lorry. From here he has the best possible O.P. against air attack and ground ambush, and if attack comes he can provide immediate anti-aircraft fire or covering fire. This latter is essential if the men are to debuss. The sentry must be relieved every 15 or 20 minutes, and can mount through the hole from the body of lorry while it is in motion. With one Sten gun pointing out each side of the lorry, one with the man besides the driver, and one pointing to the rear, the lorry is converted from a soft vehicle into a fairly hard vehicle.

If possible, battalion lorries should be fitted with an armoured drivers' box, S.A.A.—proof. Drivers cannot hear or see enemy aircraft, and must continue to manœuvre their lorry, whether loaded or empty. In ground ambush, drivers are the most likely target for the enemy's first burst, so they need protection. No bicycles are provided in the battalion, as it would be uneconomical to carry them in M.T., and there is no use for them when motor-cycles are provided for long distances and men can run short distances.

Speed is essential in jungle warfare, and the writer is strongly averse to weighing down the infantry soldier to the stage when he is half-soldier, half-porter, and his fighting efficiency is definitely impeded. He can man-handle L.M.Gs., Sten Guns, and 2-inch mortar for long distances, but can only carry a small quantity of ammunition for them. He cannot be expected to man-handle the 3-inch mortar and its ammunition for more than about 800 yards.

It must therefore be accepted that Pack Transport is essential. Camels are out of the question, and the choice lies between mules and donkeys. Mules are obstinate animals, hard to train and handle owing to their natural inclinations to run away and to kick. They require carefully fitted strong, heavy and expensive leather saddlery, and men trained for some months in handling them. They are unsuited for carriage in M.T., in ships, or boats, and now that Chinese mules are not available it is extremely difficult to collect good mules in large numbers.

Donkeys and small hill tats, on the other hand, are docile animals, and can be handled by anyone without training; moreover, they are available in large numbers in India and other countries, from which we could import. A good large donkey or hill tat can carry as much load as an average mule. There is no necessity for the leaders of donkeys to be trained in Infantry work, and it is therefore a waste of man-power and war effort to have donkeys or mules on Battalion Establishments, with infantry drivers at one per animal.

Moreover this will conform with the principle of avoiding specialization in Infantry Battalions. Why should we not select the best of them and organize them into Donkey Companies, R.I.A.S.C. instead of having Mule Companies? There will be further saving, in that donkeys are better "doers" than mules, so will be able to "live on the country" better and will only require a R.I.A.S.C. boy to lead two of them. It is a question of cutting

down the number of pack animals to the absolute minimum, and balancing between what we would like to carry on them against what we can in practice afford to carry.

It is suggested that a Donkey Troop should be provided for attachment to each infantry battalion. The loads they carry, and the question of air supplies and improvised transport, will be discussed in the next issue of this Journal.

The donkeys must accompany the troops proceeding in M.T., otherwise they will never arrive in time at the roadhead where they are required. As it would be uneconomical to provide lorries to carry the animals, they should be carried in trailers. Caravan trailers, horse boxes, ammunition trailers are in every-day use. Why not a trailer to carry two donkeys? The objection to trailers is that they have no cross-country performance, but they are not required to move across country. Their job is done and they can be unhitched, when they have brought the donkeys to roadhead. The extra weight carried, or rather the resulting road drag, will be well within the horse-power capacity of the 3-ton lorry, since the load in the lorry will be light—12 men and their equipment will weigh under a ton, and the heavy stuff, mortars, ammunition, etc., will be divided between all troop-carrying lorries. The floor measurement of the trailer will be about 5 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 6 inches and height of sides 3 feet. The floor should be about 2 feet from ground, and the back should let down to form a ramp for donkeys to walk in—the angle of the ramp being decreased by having a folding hinged extension on the tailboard or back. These trailers could be produced in India with little effort, and should be part of the equipment of the Donkey Company, R.I.A.S.C.

Donkey transport would also have to be provided for infantry Brigade Headquarters, Brigade Signal Section and Defence Pl. Field Companies S. & M. would require donkey transport for at least one section, plus water gear, and Field Ambulance would have to have A.D.S.'s on Pack scale transport. Thus for each Infantry Brigade operating one Donkey Company (4—5 transports) would be required.

THE PUNJAB SOLDIER AT HOME

By Colonel F. L. Brayne, C.S.I., C.I.E., M.C., I.C.S. (retd.)

THE PUNJAB SOLDIER is essentially a land-owning, self-cultivating yeoman or peasant farmer, the size of his holding varying from an acre or two to many acres. The ownership of land fixes social status in the Punjab, and the peasant clings tenaciously to his hereditary holding, and is always anxious to enlarge it if he can.

There are many peasant tribes in the Punjab, belonging to the three religions, Muslim, Sikh and Hindu. Although living in the same areas they do not intermarry and they vary greatly in qualities, customs and traditions. Some are excellent farmers, some frankly think little of farming in comparison with military service and, father and son, have been in the same regiment for four or five generations. One tribe, the Awans of the Salt Range, are wonderful diggers and create fertile fields out of rolling downs and rocky slopes by extensive systems of terraces, embankments and drains.

The biggest tribe is the Jāts [Jäts (Sikh and Mohammadan) in the Punjab, and Jât (Hindu) in South-Eastern Punjab, United Provinces and Rajputana], said to have come to India during the Aryan migrations of the early Christian era. They belong to all three religions, and are a large big-boned race, first-class soldiers and skilful and persistent tillers of the soil. In peacetime the insecure rain-fed tracts naturally produce the most recruits, but in wartime they come from all over the province. Although these tribes differ so much amongst themselves they have this in common—that their British Officers always swear that the tribes in their particular battalion are the best ever, and they themselves are equally loyal to their own officers.

The Punjab peasant is tough and hardy. He lives a simple life; his diversions are simple—weddings and other social occasions are elaborate celebrations, and in the old days very expensive; but the great depression taught the villagers to be more thrifty. There are visits to markets and to religious and other fairs, rough games and (I regret to say) litigation. The children's games include tip-cat and an indigenous form of hockey. Wrestling is a great national sport. The army has introduced hockey, and Indian army hockey can hold its own anywhere in

the world. A form of "prisoners base" (*Kabaddi*) is played everywhere, and peculiar to the North Punjab is a running game in which two men chase a third. The game has a Greek air about it and perhaps was introduced by Alexander the Great, as it only goes as far south as his armies penetrated.

In all countries the peasant farmer is the salt of the earth, and the Punjab is no exception, as I can testify after having spent, at work, at play, on active military service, alone or with my family, a lifetime of 37 years in his company. If I could start again, I would do the same again. One of my sons is already in the Indian army and another has been accepted and is on his way out.

Lose no opportunity of visiting villages. The people are charming, and besides thoroughly enjoying yourself, you will learn in a week there more about the Punjabi than you will learn in a year in Cantonments. When in the village ask for the Patwari and his papers, and learn what you can about them. The Patwari is the centre of the revenue and land administration of the country. For a few rupees a month he holds and keeps up to date the village Doomsday Books. Every field is mapped and numbered, the owner, tenant and any other right-holder, the land revenue, rent, cesses and all other dues to be paid on each field are all recorded. All changes are recorded as they occur, and after attestation in open meeting, embodied in the books. For a rupee or two the transfer of any sort of title can be recorded, and that record is a legal title-deed in any court of law up to the Privy Council; perhaps the simplest and most perfect system of land record and title-deeds in the world.

All the old customs of the village and the rights, duties and remuneration of all the village menials are carefully recorded after due attestation. Every crop sown in every field is recorded, and whether it ripens or fails. The pedigree of the right-holders is there, going back to the first summary settlement after the Punjab was annexed. A log of important happenings in the village is kept and the most elaborate statistics of all sorts, relating to the people, their animals, crops, and land and everything else.

These land records are revised and re-attested every four years, and the whole land revenue settlement and all the papers are revised and the village re-mapped every forty years. After each harvest the Patwari issues the *bachh,* a statement showing how much land revenue and local rates everyone has to pay to Government.

The villages are tightly packed—dating from the insecurity of the old days—with narrow winding lanes. The standard of housing is good, and there is little fault to be found in the houses built nowadays, except in the matters of drainage and such like domestic details. In some villages more baked-brick houses are now built than unbaked, and often with rolled steel or deodar wood beams—but the unbaked brick is cooler in summer, warmer in winter and is easier to keep nice, as the housewife plasters it with coloured clay in tasteful style. The interiors of the homes of nearly all tribes* are spotlessly clean, spick and span and tastefully decorated, often with home-made ornaments. The pots and pans stand in tidy rows, polished until they shine. Community sanitation varies, but in the absence of a statutory authority to look after it, tends to be indifferent except when a special "uplift" campaign has aroused the people to pay continuous attention to it. Ventilation is becoming increasingly common since the uplift movement started 12 to 15 years ago.

The standard of living in the Punjab is probably the highest in India. There are three reasons for this: (1) the cold winter, which compels more attention to housing, clothing and food; (2) the vast system of canal irrigation developed in the last 50 years (the Punjab used to be the "poor Punjab", but now it is the envy of the rest of India and has more than double the irrigated area of Egypt); and (3) the army, which teaches a very high standard of clothing, living, housing and self-respect. The Indian Army is the peasant university, or folk school, and is probably a greater civilizer than the civil educational system.

Forty years ago, while the people still had the "Eat drink and be merry for tomorrow we die" mentality of the old days of famine and other scourges of nature (the canals have now made the harvest secure over a large area and the epidemic diseases are now largely under control) it was found that the peasants were losing their land to the capitalist classes. To preserve the peasant proprietary body a law was passed by which the agricultural tribes were all notified in the official gazette, and no member of such a tribe could sell his land to a member of a non-gazetted tribe without the permission of the Government. This permission is very sparingly given, except for small plots of land required for buildings, religious gifts, etc.

*The principal exception is a tribe whose womanfolk do so much farm work that they have no time left to make their homes nice.

This law, called the Punjab Alienation of Land Act, has saved our martial peasantry, and is regarded as their Magna Carta.

Another problem that has been solved is the fragmentation of holdings. Land is equally inherited by all sons, and in their absence by male collaterals of the last holder of the land. In course of time this has produced a state of affairs in which a man owning ten acres may have 50 fields scattered all over the village, and very few people have their land in less than a dozen places. Mr. Calvert, of the Indian Civil Service, devised a remedy. A co-operative consolidation society is formed, which every right-holder joins. Until 100 per cent. are agreeable the business does not start. When this unanimity is achieved they throw all their land into a pool and redistribute it, each owner receiving the same quantity and quality as before (except where they agree to a ratio between qualities; for example, five acres of sandy land being treated as equal to three of loam), and all in the same place or at most in two or three places.

The technique has now been improved until the corners of holdings are marked with pillars, the fields are all in one-acre rectangles, the roads are all straight, a circular road runs round the village and space is left for expansion and for ponds, graveyard, religious buildings, playgrounds, manure pits, brick-kilns, etc. All unwanted and badly sited ponds and depressions are filled up, and become part of the fields. The stimulus produced by this break with the past, by the abandonment of the little bits of land they have clung to for generations, has often carried the people into a full-blooded programme of economic, hygienic and social improvement.

The problem of rural indebtedness—which greatly handicapped the martial classes—has been largely solved by the new laws passed by the Unionist Ministry which came into power when provincial autonomy started in 1937.

Another problem is erosion, caused by the increasing livestock of the expanding population. It has been proved that in areas of violent rain, long droughts and short growing periods of grass, pastures cannot stand grazing. The livestock thin out the valuable grasses and remove the protective covering of vegetation, while their hoofs pulverise the fertile topsoil for the wind and rainstorms to remove. Down below the increasing torrents destroy ever-widening areas of fertile fields.

The cure is closure of the pastures, and stall-feeding of the livestock, and this is being increasingly agreed to by the people.

Once the catchment area is protected, the plainsmen can reclaim their lost lands. They push out screens of hardy pioneer grasses into the torrent; these collect sand and silt, and are followed by trees and finally by crops. Co-operative societies do this work best. Sloping plough-lands suffer equal damage from erosion in this climate; terracing and embanking are the immediate and certain cure, holding up water and soil and increasing fertility in a way too obvious to be missed. This work too is rapidly spreading.

Fuel is an unsolved problem. Coal is scarce; trees grow unwillingly with scanty rainfall and many enemies. The cow-dung which should fertilize the soil is burnt in large quantities. The hay-box (chopped straw has been found as good as hay) is a partial remedy, but has not yet caught on.

The Punjab means the land of the five rivers, but we have seven, one more on each flank of the five. Starting with a canal dug by the Moghul emperors to bring water to their palaces in Delhi, the Punjab has steadily barraged its rivers and linked them up till it has an immense and complicated system of irrigation which secures more than 13 million acres of crops. Vast areas of the land between the rivers have been "colonised" till some 4 million people live in planned villages with wide streets and well-built houses. The unit of land is a rectangle of 25 acres divided into square fields of one acre each. Some land is auctioned to help to pay for each project, the rest is distributed to peasants and other grantees.

When these comply with the colony conditions—to build a good house and compound, plant trees and bring the land under the plough—they become permanent tenants of Government, and can then or at any time thereafter acquire proprietary rights by paying a small sum to Government (£7/10 per acre is the highest price for peasants). Each new colony tries to be an improvement on the last in conditions, layout, housing, etc.

Large numbers of soldiers have been settled in these canal colonies, particularly after the last war, and their effect on the standard of housing and living can clearly be seen. The latest colonies are worth coming a long way to see.

Irrigation brought a problem which till recently was a serious threat to our prosperity. Chemical salts were being brought from the subsoil up to the surface by the action of irrigation water, and every year more and more land was becoming permanently barren. The solution recently discovered is to drive

down the salts below the irrigation level by excessive doses of canal water, growing rice as soon as the land will allow, followed up with a legume (gram, barseem, etc.).

At the end of the first World War tens of thousands of soldiers returned to their villages. They had learned to enjoy a high standard of living, and many of them had travelled in foreign lands. The time was ripe for a general attack upon traditional and out-of-date methods of farming and living. Dur ing the next ten years a comprehensive programme was worked out, and has ever since been applied with varying intensity and success all over the Punjab. It includes agriculture, animal husbandry, erosion, co-operative organization, sanitation, ventilation, vaccination, improvement and protection of drinking water supplies, paving and draining of village streets, consolidation of scattered land holdings, stud bulls, selective breeding of livestock, the reduction of extravagant expenditure on social ceremonies, gold and silver ornaments and litigation; co-operative societies have been organized for cattle breeding, credit, cottage industries, home-improvement and many other activities. To stimulate progress, modern and traditional methods of publicity were developed in support of the movement.

The women, of course, were not subjected to the modernizing influence of military service. They did not go to school, they did not read books or newspapers, they did not listen to lectures or visit exhibitions or demonstrations. The domestic side of village life therefore stood still. The mothers were unable to pass on the new light to their young children, and so each new generation had to start again from the base-line. This was bad enough but it was not all. Where was the incentive to come from that would stimulate the men to do the hard work, to save and scrape, to deny themselves and to make the sacrifices necessary to carry out our programme of reform? Economic improvement is no end in itself, nor is hygienic improvement.

Our programme was a better homes programme, but home is the woman's sphere and not the man's. The standard of living, the progress of culture and civilization depend more on women than on men. Until, therefore, the women were interested in the campaign, no wonder our progress was slow and we were for ever disappointed by the indifference of the men to the most obviously profitable suggestions.

The men require continual pushing and prodding either to bring or to maintain any improvement. We have forgotten the

women! Tradition and custom are in their hands, and they will suffer no change till they are convinced of its value. Until they know that improvement is both possible and desirable, the women will not help us, and, until they do help, our efforts are largely wasted.

Finally, how can rural workers succeed until they practice in their own homes what they preach in the village? It is what we do, not what we say, that people will follow. A trained worker with an untrained wife has to fight for progress on two fronts, in his home, and in the field. The stimulus to improvement must come from the women. Kemal Pasha perhaps saw more clearly than any one else the necessity for bringing light and knowledge to the women.

This fundamental error in policy has now begun to be realized and girls' education—co-education if possible for the primary classes in village schools, with female as well as male teachers (man and wife for preference)—is being extended. We have a domestic training school from which women are sent to the village to teach everything which a village house wife should know to enable her to run a home and bring up children. They will try to open co-operative women's institutes in their villages. Great stress is being laid on the domestic side of our programme, and such things as child welfare, flower growing, chimneys, hay-boxes knitting, toy-making, handicrafts, food values, better cooking arrangements and other domestic amenities are increasingly attracting the attention of the women.

Some years ago the Indian Army decided to teach rural reconstruction as a general knowledge subject to all serving soldiers. It had already established women's welfare centres in the married lines of all Indian units. We are now looking forward to the end of another war when we hope to employ the comradeship, initiative and enlightenment of the modern Punjab soldier in making a great advance in rural culture and civilization.

BACKGROUND NEWS AND VIEWS

Our Parachutists

"Our parachutists are not the ape-faced all-in wrestlers with cauliflower ears, but daring and clever men who feel that the only way to get the enemy down is to take the offensive. . . . I was privileged to organize and accompany the expedition to Italy occupying a front seat in the orchestra during the performance. There could be no greater contrast than between the troops who took part in that and the Nazi paratroop thugs. The night of the show was one of the most beautiful you can imagine. We could tell every feature and landmark as we came in, for they looked just as they did on the landscape model we had used in planning the job and training the air crews. It was easy to see the parachutists on the ground, giving us a last flash of their torches as we passed overhead. I shall always remember their spirit, their bearing, and the way they got into the planes at the take off, singing 'Oh! what a surprise for the Duce, the Duce. They certainly had."—*From "We Speak from the Air": Broadcasts by the R.A.F.*

Britain's Military Effort

"The military determination of Britain is as sound and strong as ever. All women up to the age of 43 have registered, are being interviewed at the rate of 50,000 a week and moved at the rate of 20,000 a week into war industry or uniformed services. Financially the measure of our effort is a rate of national expenditure which exceeds £84 million a week, and our total expenditure since war began is not far short of £10,000 million—far more, of course, that in the whole four and a half years of the last war. But what is money? Up to September, 1941, the casualties suffered by the armed forces of Empire totalled 145,000 from the United Kingdom, 24,000 from the Dominions, 8,500 from India and Burma, and 6,000 from the Colonies. In addition, there are all the losses of the merchant navies, and nearly 100,000 civilians killed or seriously injured by air raids in Great Britain alone. These are the real price of war".—*"The Round Table".*

Improvisation

"One of the best meals I ever ate was cooked over a bush camp fire on a night when I was lost in the Tendaguru Forest

of Tanganyika. It started with an *hors d' euvres* of grilled brains, passed on to soup, grilled bones, encouraged with wild red pepper and included a roast haunch of beef and a savoury of baked kidneys, spices with cashew nut—all provided by a young eland bull which I was fortunate enough to shoot and by the wild vegetables of the bush. On that occasion a leopard skull picked up in the bush and filled with eland oil served me as a lamp, a pithy grass stem burning as a wick. In the same way, from what the bush will provide, beds, tables, chairs, boxes and even clothing can be made. One of the most comfortable beds is a frame of bamboo or bush poles, thronged across with buck-hide and mattressed with grass. It can be made in half an hour; and a banda or pole-and-thatch hut to serve as a bedroom can be built in the bush in almost as little time".—*Captain W. Hichens, in "The R.A F. Quarterly".*

Japanese Subterfuge

"The Pearl Harbour attack and the employment of two-man submarines surprised the world. But this was not the first time the Japs pulled off a new one. In the 1932 Olympic games at Los Angeles they gave their swimmers oxygen—with the result that the swimmers broke all records. Of course, those swimmers took a terrific chance because no one knew what the physical after-effects would be. But the big thing to remember is that a Jap will try anything and will not count the cost to-morrow—he thinks only of what he can gain to-day. . . . A fake, disembodied periscope intended to draw fire or bombs was found bobbing in the ocean outside Pearl Harbour. The periscope was complete in all except body. A small mirror reflected sunlight from the top of the aperture. Weighted cans kept the lower end of the 'scope' at the correct depth. Oil-soaked waste provided the usual slick trace of a submarine. Aside from the lack of a 'body' the illusion was further destroyed by the immobility of the 'scope' and the fact that it bobbed in the water".—*"The Infantry Journal".*

Our Changing Military Vocabulary

"As the war goes on, new words are creeping into reports and broadcasts which have no justification for ousting time-honoured phrases which, in most cases, have real historical background. I allude to such substitutions as 'citation' for 'mention in dispatches', 'advanced elements' for 'advanced guards' or 'outposts', 'bits of shrapnel' for 'shell splinters', and 'ground troops' for 'army' or 'land forces'.

"The word 'citation' is a literal transcription from the French, and is also an accepted American Army term; it has no historical background at all in the British fighting services, who, for a century or more, have been proud of a 'mention in dispatches'. 'Advanced elements' (a horrible expression in English) is an unnecessary crib from the French.

"There is no such thing as a 'bit of shrapnel' since the shrapnel shell-case does not disintegrate on bursting; moreover, I doubt whether any shrapnel shell are to be found in the Services to-day. 'Ground troops' is an expression coined some 20 years ago by the Air Staff, and used by them as a pejorative when alluding to the Army. It is an undignified alternative to the expression used by the Sovereign when granting a commission in the 'Land Forces of the Crown'.

"When speaking colloquially, I suppose we must, however reluctantly, accept such words as 'panzer' and 'blitz', though why we should extract from our enemy's dictionary words for which there are perfectly good English equivalents is one of those mysteries of the English mind for which there is no logical explanation".—*Mr. Ronald Charles, writing to "The Times".*

German Methods in France

"The masses of the French people simply did not understand what was happening to them when the German military machine rolled across the Loire and down to Bordeaux. Only slowly did French resistance begin to take shape. Peasants were the first to realize the fact. They had seen the Germans arrive, smiling and with hands outstretched. But the day after the entry of the German troops, the mayor was summoned before the *Kreiskommandant,* usually a haughty reserve officer, to hear a lecture in broken French. While the mayor stood, the *Kommandant* told him that the Germans wished the French no ill, but that from now on they would have to change their way of living. Frenchmen were lazy and dirty. This had to stop. Roads were to be kept spick and span. German time was imposed—two hours ahead of the sun. People of the cities took much longer to realize that the Germans were oppressors and not collaborators. Business men were the slowest. Immediately after the Armistice the Germans began putting into effect a plan by which all French industry was transferred into German hands. The general procedure hardly varied. When a French industrialist needed to transport merchandise or to obtain raw materials he got in touch with the proper German authorities. Within a short time a

representative of some German business group was sent to see him. This group agreed to collaborate in exchange for a participation in the business. Those who refused were simply dispossessed. Thus all the important French firms passed under control of the Germans. Uniformed German comptrollers now direct and supervise the workers in every industry."—*M. Victor Vinde, a journalist who worked in France after the collapse, writing in "Foreign Affairs".*

BOOK REVIEW

3/7TH RAJPUT REGIMENT

ALTHOUGH IT MAY be true of a country that the absence of an eventful history denotes a happy populace, the measure of the interest a reader can raise is in direct proportion to the drama which embellishes the pages of the story of that country. The same is true of regimental histories. It is given to some regiments to spread their achievements over the quiet centuries while to the lot of others it falls to live in an atmosphere of strife and under the guidance of colourful characters.

The Library of the Institution has been presented with a copy of the "History of the 3rd Battalion 7th Rajput Regiment (Duke of Connaught's Own)", published by the Oxford University Press. This battalion has been fortunate in seeing much service since its lineal forbear, the 31st Bengal Native Infantry, was raised at Cawnpore in 1778. Its history lends itself readily to a narrative with sufficient adventure to make the story of those deeds of interest to readers who have not the privilege of serving, or of having served, in the regiment. The author, H. G. Rawlinson, C.I.E., who has written much on the history and geography of India, is an authority on this subject, having already published histories of the 2/6 Rajputana Rifles, Napier's Rifles and Outram's Rifles. An infinity of pains has been taken, and in his preface it is obvious that his acknowledgment to various collaborators is a modest disclaimer of careful research on his own part.

The 31st Bengal Native Infantry at an early date in its history became renumbered the 24th. Its classes were two-third Hindus, mainly Rajputs, and one-third Mohammedans recruited from Oudh and Bihar. Among the Rajput Hindus was a strong representation of Brahmins, whose presence resulting in difficulties on the score of cast and priestly prestige, the author has occasion to deplore. The regiment served in the Mysore Wars and was present at Cuddalore, where the delightful but unconfirmed tradition of the connection of the regiment with Bernadotte is mentioned. A reference to text-books indicates that it is accepted nowadays that the story of Bernadotte's service in India is a characteristic gasconade in which, when a major, he was tempted to indulge during his administration in North Germany. It appears that at a levee an old German officer recalled the fact that in India

at the siege of Cuddalore he had nursed in his tent a French prisoner, a young sergeant of what was Bernadotte's regiment. The German officer expressed his disappointment at never having heard from him since. Bernadotte without hesitation assumed the character of the young sergeant, apologised for his forgetfulness and overwhelmed the old officer with remarks of gratitude, thereby creating a favourable impression among the Germans. After the levee Bernadotte's staff officers remarked that they had heard for the first time that he had served in India. Bernadotte explained that it was the first time that he himself had heard of it, but that he wished to rescue his old regiment from the imputation of ingratitude and discharge the obligations of the regiment to the German officer.

After the Mysore campaign little of interest occurred apart from various reorganisations necessitating the disappearance of the 24th Bengal Native Infantry and its resuscitation in 1804 as two Battalions. The Mahratta, Gurkha and Pindari wars were fairly minor operations, and it is not until the author deals with the 1847 Barrackpore Mutiny that we have cause for comment. It is now that the first of several mentions of Burma crops up. Troops mutinied because of discontent with the low pay and allowances. Out of a pay of Rs. 7 per month plus Rs. 1-8-0 *batta,* the men had to provide their own transport. This was demonstrably impossible. The mutiny was quelled by strong action, and a general order was issued which contains a statement of which the truth is applicable for all times. The authorities declared themselves to be "perfectly satisfied that no instance of insubordination can take place without such coming to their (that is, native commissioned officers) early knowledge".

At this period an ensign was drawing a pay of Rs. 180 per month and a lieutenant Rs. 230 per month. An officer had to serve 14 years without leave, and then out of 3 years' leave six months were on a pay of £500 per year and the remainder on £190. The lot of the Sahib *log* indeed was a hard one, and may be compared to an individual in Hickey's position finding an outlay of Rs. 4,000 a month was by no means unusual. An officer in another regiment, whose letter was quoted in a current Calcutta paper, mentions his expenses in 1800 as coming to a total of Rs. 265 per month, this sum never having varied Rs. 20 any month over a period of two years. Officers, therefore, regularly got into debt, and their only hope of clearing themselves from the *bania's* clutch was either to take part in some campaign

with the prospect of loot, to marry where money was, or to step into some inheritance. The incitement to transfer to non-regimental employment where the possibilities of venality existed, was great.

The regiment took part in the first Sikh War and covered itself with glory at Moodku, Ferozeshah, Aliwar and Sobraon. In 1851, being a volunteer unit, 1,200 men went overseas to Burma; of this 1,200, fever claimed so many that only 500 returned to India to take part in the mutiny. The 47th Regiment under the command of a strong commanding officer weathered the troublous times of the mutiny with great credit and little disaffection. After a period of service in China, the regiment participated in a campaign in the Burman Lushai Hills in 1869.

In 1882 the regiment served under Wolsley in Egypt and in 1891 was again in Burma campaigning in the Manipur and Chindwin valleys, which were to become so well known to a fellow battalion of the same regiment in 1942. It is interesting to note that the introduction of Roman Urdu into the Indian Army owes its origin to Lieut. Bingley, of the 7th Native Infantry, which the 47th had become in 1861. That the regiment was a nursing ground for officers of mark is again shown by the fact that the double company organisation adopted in the army was devised by their Major Barrow.

The story of the China Boxer campaign is one of the most interesting of them all. The difficulties of co-operation between the various armies is apparent and augurs ill for any future international police force. The 7th Native Infantry was the first unit to break into the Legation grounds in Peking. As a sideline of the mentality of the times the official telegram home of the relief of the Legations was a quotation from the Psalms. It is difficult imagining a modern general notifying G.H.Q. of the relief of a siege by quoting Psalm number so and so.

Between the Boxer and the Great War the regiment carried out normal reliefs on the frontier and up the Gulf. In 1914 the regiment mobilised with the 6th Poona Division and went to Mesopotamia, where they took part in the defence of Baghdad, the fight at Ctesiphon—probably the most severe and heroic in the annals of the Indian Army, the retreat from Ctesiphon and the siege of Kut. We are now in more modern times and to read General Townsend's communiques and the bare details of the situation in Kut is to open the way to controversy. The 7th Rajputs were reconstructed in October 1916 and saw the war out in

Aden. Since then their story is one of normal garrison reliefs and the author closes in 1938 when the shadows of another war in which the Rajputs were fully to maintain their fighting tradition, were already ominous.

The book contains several photographs in which the characteristic of these reproductions is noticeable. The nineteenth century regiment seemed to be officered by a very old commanding officer, several very young subalterns and inimitably martial Indian officers. One wonders if the photographs of the modern Indian army will command a similar impression a hundred years from now. The book is fully documented and in one of the appendices an explanation of the term "half mounting" is given. This term is one which has caused a certain amount of worry. It is derived from the French *demi montant,* the word *montant* meaning "total". Half the cost of a soldier's kit was a liability of the colonel, who received an annual grant for this purpose; the other half, or *demi montant,* was the liability of the soldier and was met by deductions from his pay. The meaning of the term formed the subject of several H.Q. minutes as recently as six months ago, and etymology was had recourse to without success.

A. D. M.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY

ONE OF OUR earliest memories is a number of bound volumes of "Black and White Illustrated". This depicted scenes of the Boer War. The memory is nostalgic and mixed up with the nursery fire-guard, jam for tea and "Cavalcade." We were more fortunate in the 1914—18 War, when the weekly parts of the "Great War Illustrated" were avidly studied. Particularly toothsome were the illustrations of the sturdy little hillmen creeping across no man's land with their kukris in their teeth: the bearded phlegmatic Sikh and the gallant Colonials. Fennimore Cooper had to take a back seat. This War also has its illustrated weekly, and Hutchison's "Pictorial History of the War", of which the volumes dealing with events up to June 9, 1942, are in the library, eloquently carries on the tradition. The modern equivalent to Deerslayer must look to his laurels, but he cannot compete with the elegant set-up and the superfine paper evidently at Messrs. Hutchison's command. These volumes will appeal to those who like to see "Another Messerschmidt hit the dust" fully illustrated.

An equally well got-up volume is the final number of the "Official History of Australia in the War of 1914—18" sent to the Institution by the Australian War Memorial, Canberra. The size—1,100 pages—is formidable and its make-up is unique. Normally, histories fall into two categories, the official definitive and conservative exposition and the more personal subjective story. This is a cross between the two. The author, Dr. Bean, has closely observed the Australian soldier in battle and the Australian civilian at home. He makes full use of private letters and diaries, and although to the conservative mind it is possibly irksome to come across in an official history a passage more appropriate to a biography, it is refreshing to find among the possibly too copious footnotes the fact that the company commander mentioned was an auctioneer assistant of Warracknabeal, Vic: b. Hobart, Tas. The many maps and sketches are really first-class and of the style of the American "Infantry in Battle". The print is beautifully clear and the paper reminiscent of peace or Messrs. Hutchison's. The story opens with the preparations for the great counter-strokes by Foch in Spring, 1918. There is a photographic description of one day in the life of an ordinary company

of "Digger" infantry in a farmhouse behind the lines at Querrieu in May 1918 worthy of a Grierson film documentary. The men thus described and their deeds are followed up to the Australian demobilisation, and the volume concludes with an excellent estimate of the Australian military education scheme. For those with the spare time this most readable official history will be fully appreciated.

The Oxford University Press, Bombay, have sent for review a number of their pamphlets on Indian affairs. These follow the lines of the well-known Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs which now number well over 60 and have run into many millions of copies. Three are priced at As. 4: "The Food Supply", "Special Problems" and "Ceylon"; and one at As. 12—"The Cripps Mission". The first three can be dismissed with little or no comment. They all give statistics and tables in the accepted modern scientific style showing that the food of the average Indian is dietetically unsound, his social problems immense, etc. etc., and their constructive criticism is an appeal to government and the great God Bureaucracy, to take steps. Can India only be taught to walk by government leading reins? Surely not.

The fourth pamphlet deserves longer criticism than can be given here. The author, Professor Coupland of Oxford, was in India when Cripps came here studying the constitutional problem. At Sir Stafford's request he stayed on, and has now written this unofficial and personal record of the meaning and activities of the Mission. His conclusions and his reasons for the failure—if failure it was—are interesting in the extreme. A feeling of disappointment pervades the 64 pages, but it is plain that such a close association in the face of common difficulties was achieved that augurs well for the future. The "world was too much" with India at the time. The Japs entered Moulmein on February 1st, landed on Singapore Island on February 8th, Singapore fell on February 15th, Rangoon, March 7th, and Churchill announced the Cripps Mission on March 11th. Cripps was in India from March 22nd and left on April 12th. In these three weeks Burma was falling. Perhaps the crucible was too hot. One feels it is rather unfortunate that there are photographs of Cripps with various Indian leaders in the book. As the Americans might say, Gandhi is no Velasquez, but undoubtedly Cripps is no Titian.

The 61st Oxford Pamphlet, being an "Atlas of the U.S.S.R." contains 16 of those excellent diagrammatic maps with symbols

for wheat, coal, iron industries, etc., first made popular by mediæval cartographers—"here lye mermaidens", and now popularised mainly by left wing publishers. The maps are excellent. Each has a corresponding page of print, the cumulative effect of reading which is to make one understand why the armies of the Soviet still fight back with ever greater élan and to make one want to transfer one's services to Russia, since to quote the Moghul Emperor "If there is a Heaven on Earth, it is here, it is here."

Faber & Faber have published Sava's "School for War". The author extols the psychological approach to war and imputes to Napoleon a gross understatement in his dictum as to the relative importance of morale and physical. He dates this present war back to November 11th, 1918, when the German psychological education for the present physical combat began. Everything falls into a place and Hitler is merely an actor who enters on his cue. Much play is made of the words "science" and "psychology", to both of which Sava gives his own meanings. The conclusion he comes to is that we must, to win, also use "science" and "psychology" and divide Hitler from the German people, destroy the one and educate the other to take its place in a "progressive and hopeful" world with a "positive attitude." One suspects the "positive attitude" world to be one run by scientific psychologists and to exemplify Nazi socialism at its worst.

Barbara Ward's "Turkey", also published by the Oxford Press, is in the tradition of many volumes poured out to satisfy the demands of universal education. It is the geographical counterpart to the cheaper followers of John Gunther's inner life of politicians. Everything is reduced to black and white. The answers are all there. How true is it that Turkey worships Attaturk? What does the Anatolian peasant think of Ankara, the city of the perpetual International Exhibition with its Halls of Industry, its Palace of Art, its British Pavilion, French Pavilion and all the requisites of Wembley? Is there anything of permanent value behind the slick and meretricious?

Speeches by the Secretary of State for India and for Burma have been collected and published by the Oxford Press in "India and Freedom." There is a foreword by Mr. Amery wherein he sets his problem. Milton in his "Paradise Lost" endeavoured to justify the ways of God to man. Amery endeavours to reconcile our fight for freedom in Europe with the charge of denial of

democracy to India. Milton failed, but reading these speeches and Professor Coupland's pamphlet, one cannot fail to be impressed by the consistent political philosophy of British policy, and on that score our actions in recent years can be vindicated. Particularly good is Mr. Amery's speech to the Oxford Union on the "British Commonwealth and the World". That sums up the philosophy underlying the treatment of India, and reconciles the present political structure of this great country with the terms of the Atlantic Charter.

This subject is more fully gone into Lennard's "Democracy" published by the Cambridge Press in its "Current Problems" series. As A. P. Herbert is at such pains to stress, our language is becoming void of meaning by debasement. Who has not appreciated this when having to write a letter of condolence? The well-worn cliches are so outworn as to be devoid of significance. Lennard refurbishes Lincoln's definition of democracy and in nine beautifully reasoned chapters a student of economic history brings a trained mind to illuminate too easily accepted notions. *Pace* Sava and Ward, this *is* scientific observation.

The Cambridge Press republished the Lees Knowle's lectures for 1942 in "The War on the Civil and Military Fronts" by Major General Lindsay. General Lindsay from being a professional soldier with a bias for what used to be called "modern organization", became a regional officer of civil defence. The first chapters are not abnormal and discuss modern warfare, Cambrai 1917, German doctrine and the author's Libyan and Russian experiences. The last three chapters differ, and to those of us who have not been involved in the Civil Front and big air raids in European surroundings, they are extraordinarily illuminating. Modern war is indeed total warfare and the vital interdependence of civil and military, production and utilization, plan and operation, are fully brought out. This is a book well worth study by officers responsible for the creation of a united front in Eastern India and elsewhere. The necessity for education to make the realization of civil obligations permeate throughout the country is well brought out, but how this could be achieved in, for example, present-day Bengal is a question requiring much study before success is attainable.

Space does not permit of more than brief classification of the following:

Hitler's Speeches, Vols. I and II

An English translation of passages. It is inconceivable that anyone will read these well-produced books of 1,000 pages each either for pleasure or profit, but members may find them useful as a means of checking what Hitler said and when. As an orator, Hitler's speeches read as if he might be a good house-painter.

St. George or the Dragon: By Lord Elton

The author advocates a combination of Socialism and Christianity (to him synonymous) as the pattern of the new world. A quiet unassuming urbane style cloaks some arguments which compel thought.

Soviet Russia: By E. E. Bates

Rather too technical for the average reader; the author describes the Soviet expansion in Asia. The book claims to be free from propaganda and certainly does avoid overstatement. One knows so little of the permanent creative work being done at our very backdoor. This gives a valuable indication.

The Spoil of Europe: By Reveille

A popular book on the Nazi technique of economic rape. The style is annoyingly staccato and a poor imitation of Hemingway. The inevitable glorification of "science" and worship of the mystic cult of efficiency.

From Wellington to Wavell: By Sir George Arthur

Unfortunately this book arrived too late to be given the notice it deserves. It is delightfully written in a quiet unassuming style, the reverse of so many reviewed above. If one wants to know what one is fighting for, then instead of reading so many scientific investigators and professional philosophers, the meat of the matter can be seen in the subject and object of this book. There is no attempt at the meretricious. The author had something of value to say and he says it: it is the story of the crusade by those who follow the British technique of life against the system which has threatened the peace of Europe and the World for 100 years.

A. D. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MARCHING RECORDS OF THE INDIAN ARMY

To The Editor, U. S. I. "Journal"

Sir,

Major Perry's handsome reference in your October issue to the 12th Mountain Battery's fine consistent performance suggests that the Mountain Artillery mule's point of view might not be quite irrelevant. Not often have these noble animals been "tested to destruction". The 2nd and 23rd Mountain Batteries similarly marched throughout the same campaign, but with the Burma Division. The animals started in sleek and hard condition; and on the F. S. scale of rations, over a period of one month, no amount of work reduced their condition. In fact, with their four and five-maund loads, so long as they are well watered, fed and groomed, they will very nearly match the toughest that the men can do. (Incidentally, two good waterings a day are quite sufficient even in hot weather and with hard work.)

Trouble began with two hot and strenuous days at Yenangyaung without water, and I do not think that, even in ideal circumstances, condition could have been restored in a fortnight. Thereafter water was adequate, but so far from other circumstances being ideal, rations were reduced to paddy-husks and no gram; that is, virtually starvation for animals in work. Marching averaged over thirty miles a day, reaching a climax of 83 miles in 56 hours; and again later, 45 miles in 23 hours, without a rest after the fight at Monywa.

The pace continued. A few small issues of gram were made, but the supply petered out again. As the animals weakened, ammunition was jettisoned, and remaining loads distributed as far as possible. By the time we reached the Chindwin, we were carrying our guns and very little else. From here we sent our guns on to Imphal in lorries, as the mules could not have taken them much further.

So for the last 200 miles the mules marched light. Grazing was often good, but there was not enough time to benefit, and the gram supply was erratic. Out of our 260 odd mules, some 120 died after crossing the Chindwin. A mule dies of exhaustion

bravely: he gives no sign till he is done, then he drops and that's the end.

The drivers, not being starved, outlasted the mules. For the last two stages into Imphal, when the last 360 miles had been covered in 17 days, and when rain, wind, mud and broken boots made marching an agony, we got gunners to relieve the drivers and lorries to carry them. But of those drivers whose mules still lived, not a man would consent to leave his animal. They, Sir, were not beaten.

Yours faithfully,
T. M. WITHEROW,
Major, R.A.,
late Comdt. 23rd Mountain Battery.

A MISTAKE TO AVOID

To The Editor, U.S.I. "Journal"

DEAR SIR,

Elementary mistakes often lead to disaster. Here is a story of how some of us were taken prisoner by the Japs when we thought we were with Chinese troops. An amazing mistake to make—but I send you the story just to show others how easily such things occur.

We were in the oil fields outside Yenangyaung, in Burma, and had received orders to clear a village of the enemy and afterwards to push on to the Pin Chaung river, there to contact with Chinese forces, who were scheduled to arrive that afternoon. Arriving at the village, most of the Battalion was held up. I and a party of some 100 men and officers, however, managed to get through a deserted and burning part of the place. Everything was confused; we had no troops on our flanks, and were out of touch with the Battalion.

Our senior officer decided to push on and meet the Chinese without waiting for the rest of the battalion. We were sniped all the way along the nullah bed and arrived on the banks of the Pin Chaung. We had been told to recognize the enemy in a certain manner and across the water we saw a lot of troops in uniform. We took them to be Chinese, for up to then we had been accustomed to see Japanese only in white singlets.

When these troops saw us they started to run for cover, but our shouts and warnings reassured them, and gradually they came out and stared across at us. Our men gave the pre-arranged signal (which was wrong—the other side should have done so),

but Japanese did not respond. Looking through my glasses I saw some wore a five-pointed silver star, and this assured me that they were not Japanese. The Japs would, I should have thought, have worn a Rising Sun or a replica of a chrysanthemum. Just then someone from behind opened up on us with a machine-gun, and we all hurried across.

The Japs shook hands and gave cigarettes to those in front, which confirmed our convictions that they were friends. Then they started to take away our troops' arms, which were handed over in all good faith merely with the intention of humouring our curious Allies. When I was asked for my revolver, I smilingly refused—but the next moment was sent staggering by a blow from a rifle butt—and the pistol was seized.

Immediately some of the troops still crossing the river suspected that something was wrong, and they made a dash for it. Some of the Japanese knelt and fired at them—and I clearly remember foolishly ordering one of them to stop!

We were all marched off to a wood and searched. Cine-camera pictures were taken of us—and our doubts as to who they were confirmed. We were tied up and taken to one of the villages we should have captured; there we five officers and eighty men were put into two small native rooms. The night passed, water was brought the next morning, cigarettes were freely distributed by our captors, we were given a little rice and one of their doctors treated a wounded man.

During the afternoon our troops attacked the village with tanks. The village was machine-gunned and later set alight. Through a slit in the wall I saw the Japs leaving with commendable calmness, smoking and chatting right up to the last moment. We hurriedly left our house, which was about to catch alight (our bonds having previously been undone), were fired on by the Japs and eventually got away with the aid of the tanks.

Then we saw the Chinese—a day too late. How different they looked to the Japs! They appeared to be just like children, whilst the Japs were like small prize fighters. (Let me add that though the Chinese looked like children they were far from being childish in their fighting abilities!)

Yours faithfully,
J. D. HAMILTON.

Somewhere in India.

[EDITORIAL NOTE: Means do exist to assist troops in identifying Japanese soldiers, but the above letter is published to show how simply an unfortunate incident can arise.—*Ed., U. S. I. "Journal".*]

A FINE ACHIEVEMENT

To The Editor, U. S. I. "Journal"

Sir,

J. G. S., in his article on the Burma campaign in the July number of the Journal, mentions four mountain-guns as being amongst the losses suffered during the evacuation from Moulmein. In point of fact, the Mountain Battery concerned withdrew to Martaban its guns and all equipment necessary for firing them.

This may appear to be a matter of slight importance against the background of the whole campaign, but I feel that such a point should not be allowed to pass unnoticed in an article which is bound to be one of the chief authorities for this campaign.

While two of the guns were lost in a subsequent action, the others played their part in the whole of the rest of the campaign; so far from coming to a dishonourable end in Moulmein, they were brought back and reached India still in a serviceable condition.

Yours faithfully,

Rawalpindi. M. ELTON.

JAPANESE FEAR BAYONET CHARGES

To The Editor, U.S.I. "Journal"

Dear Sir,

In the article by Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Wheeler entitled "Burma: A New Technique of Warfare" in the July issue of the *Journal,* the following statement appears: "... in close fighting he (*i.e.* the Japanese) showed no exceptional aversion to closing with our troops".

While agreeing generally with the contents of the article and appreciating that this was probably true in the majority of cases in Burma, and indeed in other theatres, I think it desirable to mention that there are several instances on record of the Japanese turning tail and running in the face of our bayonet charges, *e.g.* in Malaya after the initial landing at Khota Bahu, from the Gurkhas south of Ipoh, and from the Australians near Khang; in New Guinea from the Australians near Kokada and in Burma from the K.O.Y.L.I.

I think your readers will agree that we should accordingly give publicity to the fact that our troops can and did rout the Japanese with the very weapon in whose use the latter pride themselves as pre-eminent.

Yours faithfully,

"OBSERVER."

AN INDIAN CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES

To The Editor, U. S. I. "Journal"

Sir,

The employment of ex-Servicemen of the Indian Navy, Indian Army and Indian Air Force is a subject which already looms large among the problems of reconstruction after the War. There may be considerable opportunities for the technically trained men in the inevitable increase of industrialization in the country, but it is the non-technical man who either has not got land or who is averse to returning to the land, who, on demobilization, will find employment difficult to obtain.

There is no doubt that there have been difficulties in employing ex-soldiers in the past. The main cause, in the opinion of the writer, has been that, in so many kinds of unskilled employment, there has not been offered a "living wage". This and self-respecting conditions of employment are things which must be insisted on in the future. In addition, there was no adequate method of selection or recommendation.

Suffering, as a rule, under these handicaps, the ex-soldier has been a difficult man to handle. He has been inclined to look on employment as a right, and has not realized that privileges entail duties. Having perforce accepted a "non-living wage" he has not been satisfied with his terms of service, and has attempted to extort privileges, demand concessions, been casual in the execution of his duties and made incessant demands for leave.

In the past, officers, civil and military, and many civilian gentlemen in commerce, etc., have frequently felt it an obligation to employ ex-Servicemen, but many of them, after possibly several attempts to do so, have given up the attempt owing to the unsatisfactory behaviour of the men.

Discharge certificates in the past have been so worded that they were of little value to a civilian employer as an indication of a man's worth, ability or character. The new Discharge Certificate, which it is hoped to introduce in the Army, will be designed to improve this aspect.

It has been felt that if a Corps, similar to the "Corps of Commissionaires" in England, could be enrolled in India it would be beneficial to both men and employers. The men must be of proved probity, and of intelligence and ability suited to the employment desired, while conditions must be laid down which will protect both the employer and the employee.

If these premises are accepted, *viz.* (*a*) A living wage and good conditions of employment, (*b*) a good man, and (*c*) employer and employee protected, the following are some conditions which would appear to be suitable:

(*a*) All members enrolled in the Corps must be made to realize that enrolment will depend on their past services and character, but employment as members of the Corps, and continuance as members of the Corps, will depend on their own efforts to carry out their duties satisfactorily.

(*b*) There should be two grades in the Corps—

(1) The first grade being employed in such appointments where a modicum of education is essential. This grade should be reserved to those who have held the permanent rank of Naik (or its equivalent), who can read and write Roman Urdu, and whose character is not less than "very good": minimum wage Rs. 35.

Here are some appointments which could be filled by this grade:

Enquiry clerks.
Reception clerks.
Postal clerks.
Club stewards.
Chaprassis.
Telephone attendants.
Works police.
Bank guards.
Instructors of P. T. or Boxing at schools.
Club porters.
Motor drivers.
Butlers (ex-Mess Havildars or Dafadars).
Storekeepers.
Ticket takers.
Hall porters.
Messengers.
Time keepers.
Automobile Association Scouts.

(2) The second grade being employed in appointments where such education is not a necessity, and in which soldiers, etc., below the rank of Naik will be enrolled. Character again not less than "very good": minimum salary Rs. 30.

Among the appointments which could be filled by this grade are:

Door attendants.
Utility men.
Orderly in charge of school buses.
Gate keepers.
Lift attendants.
Caretakers (works, etc.).
Watchmen (day or night).
Trainers of polo ponies, etc. (ex-cavalry).
Valets (bearers).

If available, for special duty at:

Race meetings; sports meetings; cricket, football or hockey matches; theatres; weddings; receptions; agricultural shows; flower shows; auction sales, etc.; and exhibitions.

(*c*) The conditions of employment should be such that decent men can be assured that, if they play their part, they will

receive decent treatment and will not be dismissed at the whim of their employer. This will entail employment being termed either *Permanent, i.e.* one month's notice in writing, *Temporary,* one week's notice, or *Casual* (daily employment).

(*d*) Rates of pay must be based on a minimum living wage, which is considered to be Rs. 30 a month—with either accommodation or allowance in lieu. Government pensions, if earned, should *not* be considered when laying down rates of pay. It is unfair to offer a man a lower rate of pay because he is in enjoyment of an earned pension.

(*e*) Government employ, in suitable appointments, should be as far as possible reserved for members of the Corps. Both the Central and Provincial Governments should accept this in principle.

(*f*) Thrift must be an essential condition of joining the Corps. A minimum deduction from wages should be obligatory for all permanent members, this money to be deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank at Corps Headquarters for the credit of the individual, and not be re-payable until 6 months after discharge. The Commandant, under special circumstances, should be authorized to advance up to half the value of this deposit in the interval between discharge and 6 months after discharge.

(*g*) When Corps funds permit, a system of good conduct allowances or bonuses should be instituted, and the payment added to the individual's account in the above-noted Fund.

(*h*) A simple uniform, suitable to the climate where the Commissionaire is employed, will be laid down, in detail, by Corps Headquarters, and will be the obligation of the Employer to provide. The ex-soldier being amenable to discipline, the wearing of a Corps uniform will ensure *esprit de corps* and good service.

Firms employing Commissionaires would be authorized to permit those in their employ to wear the name of the firm on a sash across from over the right shoulder under the left arm. The colour of the sash and letters and the size of the letters will be laid down by the Corps. This distinction is necessary for identification purposes in large cities.

The organization suggested is:

Corps Headquarters and a Contingent at Delhi.

Contingents at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay. Areas to be allotted as under the supervision of the nearest Contingent Headquarters.

Staffs at Corps Headquarters and Contingent Headquarters must be suited to the size of the Contingent, but must be kept to the absolute minimum.

A governing body should be constituted at Delhi under the chairmanship of the Adjutant-General.

The administration of the Corps must be self-supporting, either from grants from Government, War Funds, subscriptions and donations from firms, units or private individuals.

This skeleton suggestion for the formation of such a Corps is put forward to elicit comments and criticism, which can either be sent to the Editor or direct to the writer by name.

Yours faithfully,
DASHWOOD STRETTELL.
Colonel,
Director of Reconstruction.

Simla.

REGIMENTAL NICKNAMES

To The Editor, U. S. I. "Journal"

Sir,

From the very interesting collection of articles contained in the October, 1942, issue of the *U. S. I. Journal,* that by T. H. B. on Regimental Nicknames appealed especially to me as being most useful if used as a basis on which officers will build up a more detailed knowledge of their own Regiment or Corps and get it down to their men.

The few lines allotted to the XVII, for instance, form a *precis* for a lecture that could be prepared with very little time or trouble by referring to Webb's History of The Leicestershire Regiment.

As far as my experience goes, the nicknames given by T.H.B. are not normally used, but recourse is more often made to the use of the number of the Regiment. Some of the more resplendent names such as "Immortals" and "Pompadours" are invariably replaced by "All the Threes" and "All the Fours" on the sports field.

A book written in more detail about this subject would, I imagine, be very widely read, and contained in such a publication might be the answer to "Why is a 'Tiger' called 'WOOLIBACK'?"

COMMANDOS AND WAZIRISTAN

To The Editor, U. S. I. "Journal".

Sir,

"Watch and Ward" in his article "Commandos and Waziristan" has raised certain issues which require an answer. To begin with the method of control in Waziristan should be in tune

with policy. This policy may not be too obvious, but in the long run I suppose it is to civilize the country, whilst the short-term policy is to keep the peace and control the tribes and protect British India from raids.

Whilst admitting that the present system of control is imperfect, I doubt whether either civilization or a real peace would result from the withdrawal of present forces and in their stead covering Waziristan with commandos, who would be regarded by the inhabitants as a species of foreign "Black and Tans".

In the beginning of his article the writer puts forward as an argument in favour of commandos that their use in Waziristan would afford good training for other theatres of war, and that monotony would be avoided. Neither of these arguments would seem to justify a major change in control which would incur the resentment of the tribes and probably lead to chaos. Later he argues that the use of Commandos would abolish the use of slow columns, release troops and M.T., and lead to economy.

The carrying out of arrests and the round up of villages, etc., which he suggests should be done by Commandos, is already part of the normal task of the Civil Armed Forces, and so far as their present strength, equipment and distribution admits is adequately carried out by them.

The splitting up of regular forces into small detachments obviously breaks the principle of concentration. Scouts and Militias by the nature of their police duties are forced to break this axiom to a certain extent, but perhaps if the writer had lived in an isolated post he may have realized the need for support from a force with sufficient punch and strength to open communications in case of need. This war has shown the dangers of trying to do a man's job with a boy. As regards economy, he may know that the comparative cost of Civil Armed Forces is less than that of Military Forces.

The above criticism is mainly destructive, but I agree with the writer that tommy-guns would be a very useful addition to any fighting patrol, Gasht or Commando unit, but any weapon which cannot be comfortably man-carried and decreases mobility for such a unit on the Frontier, should be avoided. There is scope for such units acting in co-operation with a strong striking column, whether irregular or regular, as indeed there is for other forces, including paratroops and air-borne forces, and the use of such forces would certainly introduce surprise.

The writer is unfair to "experts." I do not claim to be a Frontier Expert, but this war has shown that the Services which have encouraged "specialisation" have proved its worth, whilst its neglect has occasionally invited disaster.

Yours faithfully,
B. D. G. BROMHEAD,
Major.

Fort Sandeman.

URDU v. ESPERANTO

To the Editor, U.S.I. "Journal"

Sir,

I feel entitled to a closing address in reply to the perhaps rather crushing appendix you printed with my article in last quarter's *Journal* on the possibilities of Esperanto.

First, I must pay tribute to Colonel Gifford's long and deep experience of languages and their teaching; and I must disclaim, as I am sure Col. Gifford will realize, any personal feelings; we have, unfortunately, never met.

Nevertheless, I would make the claim that Esperanto is no harder to teach to a Tamil or other Dravidian language-speaker than Urdu, so far as vocabulary and grammar are concerned. I would suggest that to the Hindustani speaker, the use of some four hundred roots and a simple grammar—completely regular—presents little more difficulty than the study of the more complicated sides of Urdu necessary before a training manual can be studied.

And, finally the English speaker of every brain calibre. Here it surely cannot be seriously contested that an infinitely superior knowledge of Esperanto can be picked up in a given time by anyone than the knowledge he could have of Urdu.

Frankly, Sir, in conclusion, I originally wrote the article as something of a fantasy; but the more I have thought of the matter, the more its possibilities seem; so let us "try everything once".

Yours faithfully,
"NIMIS"

A CONTRIBUTOR REBUKED

To the Editor, U. S. I. "Journal"

Dear Sir,

On page 220 of your July, 1942, issue, the following statement occurs: "Our 3-in. mortar is too heavy, particularly the base-plate; any metallurgist would halve the weight without difficulty". When a new weapon is evolved, a rough specification of its requirements is drawn up by the General Staff; this will usually include a certain "performance", *i.e.* range, accuracy, weight of bomb, anti-personnel or crater effect, etc. For accuracy, stability of the platform, mounting, etc., is essential, and the degree of stability will decrease with a reduction in weight. So far, therefore, as the base-plate is concerned, the weight could be reduced without calling in a metallurgist, but accuracy would immediately be impaired.

The mortar barrel is a thin-walled tube; reduction in weight could only be achieved by the use of high tensile alloy steel. Such steels are expensive and difficult to obtain and to specify them for such a weapon as a 3-in. mortar would very seriously limit the quantity and rate of production. Which is better; large quantities of a slightly heavier weapon or very restricted output of a slightly lighter one?

I may add that new weapons are only accepted for the Service after user trials have proved them to be reasonably satisfactory.

I hope this will convince your contributor and others who may share his views that not only every weapon, but practically every article issued to the Service is, to a greater or less extent, a compromise, for it is certain that some of the requirements set forth in the first rough specification will conflict with others.

May I commend your contributor to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the above, and to pause next time he is tempted to criticise the "high-browed experts paid to devise what the Army wants who still have pay to earn" (p. 222 *ibid*). Incidentally, they are not "paid to devise what the Army wants"; as I have explained above, when the Army has decided what it wants the "experts" do their best to provide it, endeavouring to overcome not only the difficulty of compromise, but various other factors such as non-availability of special materials beyond the ken of your contributor.

Yours faithfully,
G. G. TEMPLER,
Lieutenant-Colonel.

Jubbulpore.

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