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MATTERS OF MOMENT

THIS YEAR BIDS FAIR to go down in history, like 1759, as "the year of victories," for seldom in the annals of warfare can such an unbroken series of successes be found. Surging forward from El Alamein twelve months ago, the Eighth Army is still victoriously advancing; American, British, Indian, Australian, New Zealand and South African Forces have swept the Axis from Africa, and a great milestone far beyond the halfway house in this war has been reached and passed. Though the road may yet be hazardous, there is now no danger of defeat. In a year bombs dropped on Germany have increased threefold as compared with the preceding twelve months; new American and British aircraft coming into operation exceed those of Germany by four to one; our Russian allies continue to roll back the Nazi forces with amazing success and astonishing ascendancy over the enemy; a magnificent diminution in sinkings is officially reported; new shipping from American, Canadian, and British shipyards has fulfilled all that was ever hoped for—and all losses suffered since the beginning of the war have nearly been replaced; news from the Far Eastern theatre is

A Year of Victories

encouraging; Italy has capitulated, and, as a consequence, we have the Fascist fleet in our hands, an event which has decisively altered the naval balance of the world.

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Omens for the German People

These victories vouchsafed to us are omens for the German people. Twice in the lifetime of many of us have they plunged the world into bloody war. This time the Allied Nations are determined to root out for all time Nazi tyranny and Prussian militarism. How and where they will do it is obviously a matter for our leaders. Not so very long ago Hitler said: "If I had an opponent of stature, of military stature, then I could calculate pretty closely where he would attack. But when one faces military idiots, one cannot know where they will attack." It will not be long before he regrets—if he has not done so by now—his insult to Eisenhower, Alexander, Clark, Montgomery, Tedder, Cunningham and others who are leading our forces, for we and our Allies have become one mighty engine for the prosecution of the war, representing the greatest military power ever assembled. We have every reason to be heartened, and though the storm rages, there is a shimmer of sunshine over the waves. The struggle nears the climax, and surely and with gathering momentum Hitler's legions are being defeated. And, as the day of reckoning draws nearer, let us thank God for three great leaders in Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, each of whom has revealed a strength of purpose and a masterly leadership rarely found among men.

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Three Great Military Leaders

THREE GREAT military leaders of our generation are now in India: Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell, whose military genius paved the way for our African successes, and who is the first professional soldier to be appointed Viceroy and Governor-General in India since the government was transferred to the Crown in 1858; General Sir Claude Auchinleck, whose vision and strategy saved Egypt and the whole of the Middle East last year by his stand at El Alamein, is our Commander-in-Chief; and Lord Louis Mountbatten, who has been given charge of the East Asia Command, and who was until recently Chief of the Combined Operations Staff in Great Britain. Each has a world-wide

reputation as a military leader, and the fact that three men of such high repute are together in India's capital is evidence that India will, not long hence, assume a prominence in the World War and in operations against Japanese which it has for some time past lacked. By his decision to establish his headquarters in New Delhi in the first instance Lord Louis will not only be able to maintain close liaison with the seat of Government, but will be able to plan and frame his campaign with the best military brains at hand. His arrival marks the opening phase of a new chapter in the war, which will surely end with the release of Burma and Malaya from Japanese occupation.

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Allied Nations Discussion Groups

IT IS BECOMING more widely realised that world peace demands that peoples of all nations should know more of each other's mode of living, customs and ideals. Speeding-up of communications, development of wireless, and the ever-increasing effect of the printed word have combined to make the world smaller, necessitating a stronger linking up between nations. To foster this tendency to learn more of our neighbours—and especially of our Allies—an enterprising group of people in New Delhi and in Calcutta not long ago inaugurated an Allied Nations Discussion Group, the members comprising a dozen different nationalities. Since then similar Groups have been formed in Simla, Bombay and Ranchi, all affiliated to each other. Their object is not limited to discussions, for visits to places of interest are arranged, musical evenings organised, "socials" held, while membership is open to all races and creeds.

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Fostering Friendships

Now that we have so many of our American allies in India, it is gratifying to find that this manifestation of friendliness has spread to the Forces, for American and British soldiers have joined together in camps and other centres. Friendships have developed, misunderstanding removed, and knowledge of each other's countries widened. It is, therefore, with pleasure that many will have learned of the project to establish an Allied Officers' Club in Delhi—the first, we hope, of many, for such closer companionship of men who are serving for the first time in a country far removed from their homes and in a totally different environment can do nothing but good. The measure of its success will depend on American officers and officers of the British and Indian services, but it can safely be asserted that within its walls will

be formed friendships which will last long after this war has ended.

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SOME OFFICERS are inclined to be "touchy" when the subject of languages arises, but on this occasion we refer not to the learning of Urdu by British officers, but to the more difficult problem of the study of English by Indians.

Basic English

An illustration of the intricacies of the English language is to be seen in an unusual contribution elsewhere in this issue, and it is with the desire to lessen these difficulties that Basic English was evolved a few years ago. It has gained many supporters and now a Committee of Ministers in the British Government has been set up to study and report on the subject. It is first time such a step has been taken in England, and their report will be read with interest. English is, of course, the most widely spoken tongue in the world, but if some such modification as is contained in Basic English is possible, millions more British subjects would be able to conduct themselves through its medium. France, Italy, Spain, Russia, China and Turkey have all studied this subject in regard to their own tongue; Russia has simplified its written form, Turkey has abandoned the old Arabic script, and China is changing its centuries-old picture-writing to the more modern phonetic style. There is, of course, no suggestion of any such change in the English language, but the adoption of Basic English may well assist in widening knowledge of our country among those to whom the present huge vocabulary presents difficulties.

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THE TOTAL demoralisation of the Nazi regime through aerial bombardment is being ruthlessly carried out with the object, as has been officially stated in London, of reducing the weapon-producing power of Germany below a

Object of Bombing

point at which they can sustain military operations on a scale to keep out the Allied invading forces. The announcement added: When we achieve this, the Allies will close for the kill. Many people are vehemently asserting that bombing alone will not win the war. That fact is recognised. Indeed, experience has demonstrated it; the Russo-Finnish war, Spain, the Battle of Britain, China, Malta, Hamm railway junction and Coventry are all evidence that bombing cannot be decisive. It can, however, to use that delightfully euphonious phrase, "soften" the enemy's defences; it will,

sooner or later, break down the *power* to resist, opening the way for our armed forces who, if bombing has been sufficiently concentrated, will find themselves faced with an enemy bereft of the *will* to resist. That way lies victory, and it is clearly the policy of those directing operations.

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Major-General Sir Dashwood Strettell

WITH THE RETIREMENT after forty-three years' service of Major-General Sir Dashwood Strettell, the Indian Army has lost one of its most active and successful leaders, and this Institution one of its staunchest supporters, for Sir Dashwood has been a member for 27 years, a member of the Council for 2 years, and for the last twelve months President of the Executive Committee. Sir Dashwood's military career is referred to elsewhere, but it is fitting here to add that he has always been one of the most approachable, able and far-sighted officers the Army has had. His departure not only marks the end of a lifetime's service to India, but it also marks the end of four successive generations of his family in direct line who have served in this country. Energetic by nature, Sir Dashwood has always hated procrastination, and has always found means of overcoming obstacles. He has a strong sense of humour, possesses that most useful gift of being able to "size-up" those serving under him, and has been fortunate enough in his career to be one of the few to serve in all branches of the Service, which has given him a breadth of view and understanding seldom encountered. His public-spirited action in returning to the Service after retirement, and reverting to the rank of Colonel, was typical. A keen amateur actor and producer in his younger days, Sir Dashwood has maintained his interest in the histrionic art by his Presidency for the last eighteen months of the Simla Amateur Dramatic Club. In this tribute to Sir Dashwood, we must not omit reference to Lady Strettell, who for so many years has worked so hard and ungrudgingly for the welfare of Indian soldiers' wives throughout North India, and who for the past year has been a Commander in the W.A.C. (I.). Their hospitality and generosity to all, high and low, will be long remembered by those who have had the privilege of serving under Sir Dashwood for many years in the Peshawar district. The good wishes of hosts of Indian Army officers and other friends in India will go with them on their departure, coupled with the hope that they may spend many happy years of retirement.

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A GLANCE through some past issues of this *Journal* has revealed that it has never hesitated to speak out, and we therefore venture to touch on a subject not ordinarily referred to in these pages. It is this: Are British women in India working 100 per cent. for the War Effort? From many quarters we learn of women who are engaged heart and soul in tasks which demand much self-sacrifice, and for which they deserve nothing but the highest praise. Nurses coming straight from Britain to out-of-the-way hospitals; members of the Women's Voluntary Service who willingly darn socks for the British soldier; and those who serve in Canteens all show that a large number of the fair sex now in India can be given full marks for their work. They toil under conditions and in surroundings which merit real admiration. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that many are failing in their duty to lend a hand; maybe they forget that tens of thousands of women at Home are willingly shouldering burdens which in ordinary times would be thought beyond them; maybe they say: "We haven't been asked" or "What can we do?" Conditions are admittedly different in India from those at Home, but there is still work for everybody. This is the time when rank counts for nothing; everyone knows that wives of the highest officers in the land were the first to offer their services. The only adequate excuse for not coming forward is genuine bad health or the care of young children. Complacency in this matter is as deadly an enemy as the German or the Jap, and any woman who feels she is not helping to the utmost of her ability should register at once with one of the existing women's organisations.

Women's Work in India

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 overburdened, but will also ensure prompt receipt of the Journal each quarter.

"OH! TO BE IN INDIA, NOW THE MONSOON'S HERE"

By "Rasp"

LET US pander to the censor and be silent on the military exploits and activities of the Indian Army in England. But of the long, gallant fight against nostalgic yearnings for their hot, dry land, let us sing a *gît* of praise. Let us see how they have fitted into an English village and how English villagers and the workers of a great factory have reacted to this impact.

The scent of the meadow grass filled the air as I strolled gently round the shady bends of an English lane. This, indeed, was England—only could be England. How far off seemed the soft cart-track edging the dusty roadsides of India!

Pink and white petals lay in the ditches under the hawthorn hedges, or imparted a faint blush as they fell and lay on the silver of the Meadow Foxtail—even the pale-green sheaths of the early cowparsnip seemed in bloom before their time. Timid primroses starred the banks while, under the new green leaf, bluebells had smeared the slopes with a bold-blue hand.

Soon round the corner, I would see "The Dragon's Head" and, at the next bend, across the village green, the well-known spire and our immutable clock, its hands at their familiar 7.16—a village fixture which is indeed timeless! It must have been sheer cussedness which made me, in an Arcadia such as I had so often longed for, feel faint nostalgic yearnings for the land of my active years.

Suddenly I stopped short and rubbed my eyes; for there before me, of all sights, strolled a quite obvious *mehtar* taking the *sahib's* dog for a walk! In his pugree there perched a pale Moon Daisy, while dangling from his hand could be seen the purple spots of a spray of Cookoo's Pint. He had plainly been lying in the meadow, for his back was dotted with goose grass. Then I rubbed my nose and sniffed. Yes, my nose supported the hardly credulous evidence of my eyes, for that scent, wafting past the oast house, never came from hops—it could be none other than one I had thought (did I at one time say "prayed"?) never to smell again—*ghi*.

So India had come to England. I pressed on. Yes, there was the village green and, believe it or not, there, by the seldom-used pump, my old enemy, the demon *dhobi*, was already at his deadly trade as some unfortunate's shirt swished through the air and landed, to the accompaniment of a grunt of devilish delight, with a rending thud on the stone by the trough! Nearby, squatting by a fire, a *lángri* flipped, to the joy of every child, a *chappatti* from hand to hand. I looked round almost expecting to see humps grown on the fat heifers and finger-printed cowpads pasted on the gable of the barn to dry for winter fuel!

It did not take us long to pass from that early stage when we all turned out to stare whenever we saw an "Injun," but throughout their long stay the villagers never dropped their habit of helping the troops in, say, finding their way or overcoming shopping difficulties. Any little difficulty such as the total inability of either party to understand a single word the other was saying, was finely disregarded—they soon caught the mood.

To see a housewife or farmer on market day demonstrating to a *jawan* where to buy hair oil was a sight not to be missed. To watch the shopkeeper explaining why that product by Coty was not the same price as its equivalent in the bazaar at home, was no whit less entertaining! But this I can personally testify, never were troops more popular, never did troops give less trouble.

They never grew bored under the relentless gaze of the children and their obvious affection for the very young was one of the many factors which endeared them to the hearts of all. We had, of course, our growing pains, and it is true that there was at the outset an admiration for them by a certain section of the community who did not then know how an Indian expects and likes to be treated. But when the newness of the situation wore off and mutual interest was more restrained, the problem solved itself.

The troops, too, settled into our life in a few weeks, and while they soon slipped into the ways of our local soldiery, it is very much to their credit that they never lost their heads. Very early in the day they learned to adopt their British comrade's "thumb" signal when they wanted a lift in a car—even a colonel's uniform did not deter them from enquiring, "You going Stocombe Camp?" When the colonel's lady replied, *"Ji, hán,"* they just didn't believe their ears! But when she shouted it three times and added, *"Tumhára gáon kidder hai?"* realization came. Then it was a case of *donon háth ka salaam,* great rejoicing, much gossip and final parting in deep mutual esteem.

At our local railway junction I was telling John, who tests the carriage wheels with a hammer, the story of the Indian employed in the same capacity who was asked why he did it and replied, *"Hukm hai!"* I am not quite sure that John himself saw the point! But his subsequent remarks were typical of all around here.

"Ah," he said, "there's a nice lot for you! Been here a year now and nothing to amuse them that I can see. They've been through here I dunnamany times, and never a spot of trouble. Always a smile for everyone, especially the children."

Our daily maid tells me they liked above all to visit her home in the evenings. "My mother darns their socks," she said, "and they seem quite happy just doing nothing. They call her *'Mai'*," she added. "What does that mean?" "A great compliment," I told her.

They liked to come to my small place and admire my hens and so on, while one day they provided a "fatigue" for me; I don't know which of us enjoyed it most—they, in moving about my household 'gods' (especially those which obviously came from India,

with resultant gossip) or I, in having once again these willing old friends about me.

Whenever I visited our nearby town I saw parties of troops wandering about, but oh! so aimlessly and so defeated by the problem of finding relaxation. Encased in thick serge and hob-nailed boots, they were far from the freedom of the loin cloth and the sandal which could be kicked off as they sat by some roadside shop for barter. But in the High Street—oh! no, they could see nothing in the High Street to conjure up memories of the narrow, smelly, friendly bazaar. The blackout dimmed the memory of the tiny lights; even the beggar and his bowl were absent. How they must have missed the sickly sweets sizzling in the fat-pan by the roadside, and their loud-voiced friends haggling in their own *bát* for the cheap torch and showy waistcoat!

Contrary to popular belief, trips round model farms did not arouse much enthusiasm, though polite lip service was paid. Perhaps they felt unable to visualise an electric milking machine operating over a concrete-drained floor in their own dear mud village. The clean-gleaming steel of a modern plough seemed to engender not envy, but rather an ache for the home-made wooden one light enough to be slung over the shoulder.

How well I could picture that vision which fancy paints in those dreaming brown eyes, as the cycle of an Indian farmer's years unfolded far, far beyond the trim-hedged small fields of England. The vast, seemingly endless unhedged plains flat, flat, flat to the horizon—fields browned, baked and sun-cracked at the end of a hot weather, with never a stream or rivulet to feed their parched lips. Then the drop in temperature and the greatest miracle of the *sahib* as he opens his sluices and the blessed water from the irrigation canal flows through the distributaries to the channels in the fields, turning them from an arid waste to a land soon to be green as far as the eye can see.

Improvisation looms large in the dreams of "home"—the long-hinged pole with a bucket on one end to lift the water from one field to another slightly higher: the mud slapped up by the hand as the toiler, naked to the waist and with the loved earth, now soft and squelching through the bare toes, bends to build a temporary dam to divert the flow to another field.

Scene after scene is unveiled—ploughing times as the humped buffaloes bend to the yoke; halts at the end of a row to cut and chew a green stick of sugarcane or Indian corn, to pass the friendly bubbling hookah from hand to hand and cough as the strong smoke fills the lungs, to eat a *chappatti*, or to wash and pray at sundown. The young green shoots appear. Then the anxious days as the watch goes on and tin-cans and sticks lie ready to keep the hordes of locusts up in the air from settling on the crop; the still more anxious days lest the "rains" should fail.

Then, safe at last, the harvesting. Perhaps it is the Land Girls of England who bring back on the screen of memory the Indian womenfolk there too, gathering the crop, there too trousered and clothed in a *sari* of (did but the dreamer know it) Old Cheltonian colours!—black with a cerise band traditional of North India.

In the dream of threshing time, improvisation will take an even larger place—the blindfolded buffaloes and camels ambling round and round in a fixed circle treading the corn; the spade tossing it in the breeze to winnow and the final grinding at the stone wheel.

But perhaps the best-loved dream of all comes most often—home-coming in the evening with, not a steel, unfriendly, *angrezi* plough, but a home-made wooden one light enough to be slung over the shoulders; the buffaloes, weary after a day's ploughing and guided by a twitch this way or that of the tail, stir up the dust, turned to a pink haze by the sinking sun.

Then as the village and the holy banyan tree draws near, the wood smoke of the evening fires drifts low over all in a soft blue layer, the parakeets and monkeys screech their nightly chorus in the tree-tops and a small brown figure clad with but a small piece of string round a small body, alas too pot-bellied, totters out to greet his *báp*.

I could not bring this dream to reality but, at least, by way of variety, could arrange a visit to one of our great factories making the six-pounder anti-tank gun.

The N.C.O. i/c has just told me what they saw.

"By your kindness, *sahib*," he said, "we have seen the greatest wonder of all. At the main gate the *Burra Sahib* himself met us, and at his approach all the police stood back and threw open the gate."

Eleven months ago, cows had grazed and hedges had been in blossom. Already defence works here replaced the hedges—weapon pits well camouflaged and in depth. These, as well as the A.A. posts, were manned by the workers themselves. Behind these were wide roads, great steel and concrete sheds, roof spotters' posts towering in the air and, under the ground, shelters for the *mem-sahibs*.

"But, the *Burra Sahib* told us, they do not use the shelters much, for the *mem-sahibs* set the men the example in working on during raids. All this had been done in eleven months, but before ever it was finished—after six months—the factory produced twenty-five guns a month. When he told us the number now produced, we were struck dumb. Even you would not believe it if we told you.

"At first we were puzzled to see a group of *mems* not only wearing trousers but different coloured *safas*, and when the Superintendent told us it was they who made the great guns, we laughed, for they were young *mems*—not old enough to be *mistries*.

"But when we got inside, we saw that it was indeed true, for there were only a very few *mistries* and thousands of *mems*, each one alone handling a machine as big as a bullock cart, shaft and all. Then, too, we saw the reason for the coloured *safas* for the *mems* at the machines wore green, while those who wore red were like N.C.Os. in charge of a dozen machines. One *mem* with a blue safa lifted the guns—bigger than an elephant's trunk—with her little finger."

Here I felt that his imagination was carrying him away, so I pressed for details.

"She was in a steel chair above the workers, in a thing that looked like a footbridge over the railway, and from this hung a chain with grappling hooks. These gripped the gun and then the *mem* pressed her finger and up it rose and was carried to the next bay in the building, when she handed it to the next worker.

"Each *mem* did one job. One machine bored with sharp teeth through the rough steel barrel, which was then lifted to the next machine which carved and polished the outside till it shone smooth as silk; the next cut the rifling and so on till the barrel was complete.

"We, too, were asked a lot of questions, such as, if we did not find it very cold here. But I doubt if they believed us when we told them of the cold winds and snow of the North Punjab.

"As we passed on we saw extractors and breech blocks being planed, the hard steel curling off as easily as the wood from the carpenter's plane at home. Other *mems* did the fitting, placing inside the breech an instrument marked with blue which, when removed, showed which parts were too tight. These they filed off as easily as the shoeing smith rasps a hoof. Then their inspector, a *mem* with a white *safa,* checked the measurements with a delicate instrument and an eye piece.

"There is nothing these *mems* cannot do. One told us that she had been a hairdresser till a few months ago; another had been in a bioscope.

"They took us to their canteen and offered us tea and seemed sad that we could not even take cigarettes when keeping the *Roza.* They were very surprised that the *Sirkar* can give us all the spices we are used to, and when we said 'onions', one of them, laughing, held out her hand and said, 'Oh, onions, please!'

"Then they took us to the last bay where all the parts we had seen were assembled and, after the gun had been passed by the Chief Inspector, it was ready to go to our brothers in the Eighth Army. Just as we were being allowed to load, test and fire, there was a great cheer, for a telegram came saying this factory had the biggest production record for all England last month. Yet a year ago, cows had grazed here. Truly, it is a marvel!

"*Sahib,* in India we know that your men do many things and your *mems* make you comfortable homes but will not gather even the tennis balls. Yet I, who have come six thousand miles, now know that they can learn to do things undreamed of in India and make the very guns men need."

"Well," I said, "you'll have a grand tale to tell in India."

"This," he sighed, "is a sad thing, but I may never tell them at home—they would never believe me. It is beyond understanding."

Thereafter I was always stopped for a gossip about the Punjab, but however bored they may have been, their morale was obviously high and throughout many a chat, never once did

I hear a complaint at the long stretch overseas. With their fine touch of fatalism, they took it in their stride.

In the silence of one night our friends left us—just as they came, so without bands or *tamasha,* they faded away. Where have they gone? Perhaps six thousand miles, perhaps sixty, who knows? But this much we do know—there is a gap we find hard to fill. All that remains of their departed glory is a patch of burnt and trampled ground.

And what of them? That they liked us and our slow ways, we feel we may flatter ourselves, and above all we hope that our little efforts helped in some small measure to dispel part of the bitterness of their waiting. They had grown used to the sights of our foreign village, and one particular corner was, in their eyes, their *chabutra.* Perhaps it was the creak of the nearby windmill which, deep in their own thoughts, they likened to that dear creak at the well at home and so woke old longings all the more keenly.

Salaam, alaikum, jawans, may that well-loved creak soon ring happily in your ears! It is as wonderfully agreeable guests we will remember you.

THE BACKGROUND OF THE JAPANESE ARMY

By Colonel P. E. C. J. Gwyn, I.A.

SINCE THE outbreak of war with Japan, articles have appeared in various journals trying to show what sort of man the Japanese is, and why he behaves the way he does. The latest was a very interesting one in the July number of this *Journal*. This present article is an attempt in the same direction, to try and show what is the mental make-up of the Japanese soldier, of the Japanese officer, of the Japanese General Staff, of the Japanese Army.

It is, of course, inevitable in such an attempt that the result will represent a personal view only, and that, moreover, complicated psychological factors will be over-simplified and some of them over-emphasized. It is hoped, however, that though critics may object to the emphasis given to any particular factor, they will agree that the general background accords with the facts, and that the final picture is on the whole correct.

It is convenient for the purpose of this article to divide the Japanese psychological background into three: the personal background, the historical, and the religious. But it will be realized, of course, that in actual fact a Japanese reaction to any situation is generally dictated by the conscious or sub-conscious influence of all three backgrounds, and that this cutting-up in watertight compartments is for convenience of analysis only, and is not usually applicable in real life.

Personal Background

(*a*) *Education.*—The first "background" is the personal one, and here it is proposed to consider only two points out of many, the standard of education and the standard of living.

As regards education it may be accepted that the Japanese regimental and staff officer, and the Japanese soldier, have all the education they require to befit themselves for their military duties. As a general rule, it may be said that neither the American nor the British (in which are included the Australian) Armies have any advantage in this respect, while the Indian Army suffers from a distinct disadvantage.

For reasons which are unnecessary to go into here, the Indian soldier is largely uneducated. This is a serious drawback in modern war, and it means, for instance, that in an important operation like a patrol, a Japanese N.C.O. is likely to produce better results than an Indian N.C.O., because though the latter may be as full of guts and determination as the former, the Japanese N.C.O. can (*a*) read a map and (*b*) write a report and illustrate it with a sketch.

Where the Japanese fail in education is in the higher grades. Weakness at philosophy or the "arts" may not be a serious handicap in war, but weakness in research is. It may be accepted that

our own equipment should always be at least as good as the Japanese, and in the more highly technical productions, should be considerably better. If it is not, the fault will not lie with the failure of our technicians, but it will be due to a requirement having been made which turns out to be tactically unsuitable. This advantage for us is a definite one, qualitatively and quantitatively, but it is not a decisive one. The Japanese productions, though inferior to ours, will still be of considerable value to them in war.

The other point about Japanese education, which in its primary stages is nearly 100 per cent. universal among both boys and girls, is its uniformity. Uniformity will be seen as a *motif* running throughout the whole of the Japanese system, and education is no exception. In Great Britain the diversity in education is great. Not only are there the distinctions between the various unities which make up the "United Kingdom," but within these unities there are also considerable differences of system.

In England, for instance, apart from the incorrectly named "public school" system and its "preparatory" satellites, there are the State schools and the Denominational schools, each with, in some matter, a distinctly different outlook on the object of education and the means by which it is to be secured.

Further, these schools, whether State or denominational, are only in a very broad sense controlled by Government. In many matters they are under the control of regional committees, and these may vary in efficiency and zeal, some, like the London County Council, being extremely good, and others probably not so progressive.

The situation in Japan is totally different. Here everything educational is standardized and uniform, the same type of school buildings, the same curriculum, the same text-books, the same teachers trained at the same Normal Schools. The advantages this gives to a Government eager to impress its own views on the country need no emphasis. These advantages are made full use of.

The result is a similarity of thought and outlook of great value in ensuring national unity, but the result is also, not a lack of initiative, but a lack of individuality. Japanese generals, Japanese officers, Japanese men, are all cast in similar educational moulds, and there is not the variety of type, and so variety of individuality and initiative, that is found in democratic nations.

(*b*) *Standard of Living.*—Most people by now are aware of the Japanese standard of living: it is simple, it is rough, it is uniform. All eat the same food, and there are no religious or other feelings against any types of food. All, or nearly all, are accustomed to living simply and with few "amenities." All, or all farmers and labourers anyhow who form the bulk of the Army, are accustomed to greater physical hardship than Western nationals in their ordinary life.

The uniformity and simplicity of feeding arrangements, and the lack of necessity of providing "amenities" on a large scale, are of considerable value to the Japanese Army. It means a more

simplified administrative problem, and indeed the absence of this problem in peace time, or to a great extent during the fighting in China, has made the Japanese Staff overlook its existence in other theatres of war.

One of the contributory causes to the Japanese defeat in New Guinea and Guadalcanal was the breakdown of the administrative system, a breakdown caused by the fact that it was never really set up. Men died of hunger or for lack of medical supplies because the necessity of proper arrangements had never been envisaged, and it was hoped that food would be found locally and sickness and wounds would, presumably, cure themselves.

The same blunders have not been so evident in the late Japanese fighting in the South-West Pacific, but it is probably still true to say that Administration, if liable to be over-glorified in peace with us, is definitely under-rated by the Japanese.

The question of endurance of the Japanese soldier is a subject of some dispute and some critics, with sound reasoning, would place the emphasis on the severe training he undergoes rather than on his original native endurance. There is much in this, and the pre-war and present-war Japanese training, from the physical side, is as thorough as it could be and puts our own pre-war efforts completely to shame.

But, without decrying at all this great Japanese emphasis on hardening the Army, it is permissible to point out that the raw material is more suited to a hardening process than the English recruit.

The Japanese recruit has lived harder, he is more used to carrying loads, working long hours, and seeing in the dark; his clothing is poorer and gives him less protection against the elements, he can walk barefoot or with only rough rope sandals on, his skin is already more hardened to the effects of sun; in a phrase he, like the Chinese, Russian and Indian peasant, is nearer nature than the British or American, and war is essentially a process which brings nature and elementals very close to man's daily life.

This native endurance, fortified by the magnificent Army training, does give the Japanese higher command a force whose value for war is obvious. Thanks to this, the Japanese Army has long acquired an unpleasant habit of appearing sooner and further than has been expected. But this great operational gain has led to the administrative drawback that too much has been expected of the Japanese soldier. Because of his ability to endure so much he has been set impossible tasks in the Solomons and elsewhere, the latest of which may well be the withdrawal from Lae. It is one of several indications of the neglect of the administrative problem by the Japanese.

Historical Background

(*a*) The history of the Japanese can be briefly summarized. Some 2,000 years ago—their mythology gives the date as B.C. 660—they invaded Japan from the South. They gradually drove

back the original inhabitants, the Ainus, who now occupy only a small part of the northernmost island of Hokkaido, and have as much influence on their original homeland as the North American Indians in the U.S.A.

Since the date of their original invasion of Japan, the Japanese claim that they have never been invaded and that their Imperial House has reigned in unbroken succession. Both these claims are substantially correct, even if the lack of invasion may have been due largely to the geographical lack of invaders, and even though the unbroken succession had to be buttressed up with several appearances popping up from the wrong side of the blanket. But, anyhow, these claims are a source of legitimate pride, and the Japanese are justified in basing their morale on these facts and in deriving spiritual strength and courage from them.

Although not invaded, however, the Japanese have on three occasions in history been confronted by the incursions of a foreign culture. The first was from China in the first centuries of the Christian era. The incursion was completely successful, and to this day much of Japanese culture, including the art of writing is as much derived from the Chinese as ours in England is derived from the Romans.

The second incursion, of Christianity from Portugal, took place in the middle of the 16th Century. It was at first successful. Later the Japanese Government decided to suppress this incursion, and it was duly exterminated. "Exterminated" is the correct word, because that is exactly what happened. The extermination, incidentally, showed two most marked traits in the Japanese character, the ability to conceive and carry out the most sadistic tortures, and the ability to suffer untold hardships and horrors for a cause.

After this extermination, Japan remained a closed country until the 1850's, when Commodore Perry of the U. S. Navy forced the opening-up of the Empire. Then came the third incursion, of Western material civilization, with its impact on a country which for over 200 years had been successfully forbidden by Governmental decree from any intercourse with the outside world. The result of this third incursion is the Japan we know to-day.

So much for her history: here is the background of facts that results therefrom. Japan is an old country which has "solidified" early. Compare her with Great Britain, also an old country. England may be said to have "solidified" into something like the England we now know, in about 1250 or so, 200 years after the Norman Conquest. A hundred years later Chaucer was beginning to write the first great English poetry that we can read and appreciate. Great Britain as a unity is a much more recent growth. Japan, however, "solidified" a good 1,000 years ago, and this means that there is in Japan a uniformity (that blessed Japanese word) of race, of religion, and of culture far greater than we have yet achieved, or even wish to achieve, in Great Britain.

In Great Britain we pride ourselves on our diversity, and many of us cannot go back far in our genealogical tree without

finding an admixture of blood, possibly from some other constituent part of the United Kingdom—English, Scot, Irish, Welsh—possibly from outside such as the Huguenots.

On a smaller scale we see this diversity in the Army: the object of every regiment in peace time is to have a uniform different from every other one, a difference extending from footgear to headgear. With us again, we know our "diversity of creatures" is such that on racial grounds we do not expect non-Scotsmen to get high Army commands in Scotland, and on religious grounds, we do not expect Catholics to get high Army commands in Northern Ireland.

These are some of the administrative complications that follow from our own historical background, the price we pay for keeping our diversities diverse. The Japanese have none of that. There is, of course, a difference between different areas of Japan, but the Japanese Army will allow no difference in its various units. Any *esprit de corps* is entirely subordinate to an *esprit d'armée*. Uniform is uniform, and any differences in different arms of the service are all due to purely military requirements.

Equally uniform is their race. We, and still more the Americans, look on our diversity of racial background as a source of strength: the Japanese look for this strength on their purity of race. We pride ourselves on having as a Prime Minister one who has been described as "half American and wholly British." The Japanese could hardly produce 1 per cent. of their population that has been other than pure Japanese for hundreds of years.

One can see from all this that once again Japanese administrative problems are eased, and that there may be a welcome lack of headaches to both the Q.M.G. and the M.S. Branches. The Japanese look on all this as pure gain. We can see that though much is gain, there are the elements of potentially serious loss. There is the fact, already referred to, of a too-simple Administrative problem in peace, leading to neglect of the importance of Administration in War.

There is also the fundamentally graver danger of a stereotyped outlook, and a canalized rigidity of thought and behaviour under which the same standard solutions may be offered to vastly differing problems. It was this inability to think other than *a la Japonaise* which made peace with China impossible in 1937 and 1938, when nearly all the cards were stacked in Japan's favour, and it is possible that something like the same rigidity of outlook may be affecting the Japanese solution of the military problems in the South West Pacific.

(*b*) *The Status of the Army in Japan.*—There is one other historical fact which must be mentioned. For a number of reasons, one of them being that the Japanese are naturally a brave and combative race, the warrior has always been accorded a special place in Japan. Among many ideas brought over from China, the Chinese view of the soldier being amongst the lowest forms of life—a view prevalent in England during the whole of the 19th Century and a considerable part of the 20th—was never accepted in Japan.

Connected with this fact has also been the Japanese view—and by no means merely a Japanese one—that Government should consist of the representation of all the elements of the nation in proportion to their importance. This is only superficially opposed to our principle of Government and Opposition as, after the first fundamental principle that a Government should govern, a principle sometimes forgotten, it is a main rule of our political life that a majority should never press its majority so far as to leave the minority no alternative but armed rebellion. The Civil Wars in England and America have taught us that.

But the effect in Japan of this historical fact of the acknowledged authority of the military arm, together with the Japanese view on the proper method of Government, has been that the Armed Services, and especially the Army, have had a tremendous, and to our minds, quite disproportionate influence on national policy. This influence has been enshrined in the Japanese Constitution under which the War and Navy Ministers *must* be serving Generals and Admirals, but it extends of course beyond that, and the Japanese sees nothing incongruous in a General on the Active List being his Prime Minister (General Tojo) with a formidable array of his serving and retired Generals and Admirals holding key positions in the Cabinet.

To the Japanese the theory is right and proper, that the Fighting Services should have by far the greatest sway in deciding national policy and in carrying it out. To us the facts of the case demolish all the theories. In actual practice, the Japanese War Lords have the same reactions and follow the same impulses as War Lords elsewhere, and the same fate must therefore be meted out to the system as is being got ready for Germany.

Religious Background

There is finally the religious background, perhaps the most important of all. Here, as elsewhere in Japan, there is complete uniformity. The Japanese religious outlook is a mixture of Japanese Buddhism, ancestor-worship, and Shintoism. The first came from China, the second was influenced by Chinese ideas, the third is pure Japan. With Buddhism we are not deeply concerned, except to note that true to their outlook in life, the Japanese have turned Buddhism from a pacific into a militant creed. But ancestor-worship and Shintoism have had profound influences on the Japanese Army.

(*a*) *Ancestor-Worship.*—The original concept behind ancestor-worship is probably inherent in all religious ethical teaching. It is "Honour thy father and thy mother." But ancestor-worship goes a stage further by making parents, and hence superiors, not only honourable when alive, but also permanently honourable when dead. The effect is to induce an added sense of obedience on the grounds that superiors, if guaranteed permanent honour on death, *must* be due a good deal of honour when alive. The advantage from a military point of view is a natural respect for authority and a natural submission to military discipline.

In the case of the Chinese, however, this natural tendency is counter-balanced by the intense individualism of the Chinese soul which limits any respect, honour, and worship to the family, and does not, *ipso facto,* allow it to expand to a subservience to all authority. In Japan this added acceptance of authority also as "worshipful" does take place. That it does so is, in part anyhow, due to the great force of Shintoism.

(*b*) *Shintoism.*—"Shinto" means the Way of the Gods—SHIN Gods, TO-Way. Shintoism is the original Japanese mythology-*cum*-religion, neglected for many hundreds of years in favour of its rival Buddhism, but never entirely allowed to die out, and now, for nearly 100 years, the Japanese State Religion. Every Japanese must accept, in outward form at any rate, its beliefs and conduct his outer life accordingly, and every Japanese has learnt its main tenets from his schooldays upwards.

It consists, fundamentally, of a belief that Japan and the Japanese are founded by and from the Gods, that the Japanese are, if not divine, at least a chosen race, and that the Emperor is, indeed, a direct descendant of the original Japanese Goddess, and has, therefore, a spark of the true divinity in him. It is easy to dismiss this belief as boloney, to show that Japanese mythology is as vague and inconsistent as Greek or Roman, and to prove that such fantastic twaddle cannot be accepted in these days of material progress. But the fact remains that large numbers of Japanese do believe it, that probably all or nearly all behave as if believing, and that any private doubters no more dream of parading their doubts than did the philosophers of the Roman Empire.

Given, then, this belief, three military consequences follow. One is the added force of discipline. Officers, commissioned by the Emperor, represent his wishes and his requirements, and are obeyed accordingly. Another is the intense development of morale. The Emperor, a descendant of the Gods, signs a decree creating a State of War. The War is, therefore, almost automatically a Holy One.

To die in such a cause is, indeed, hardly death at all, especially when under the added impetus of ancestor-worship, one is guaranteed perpetual guardianship of the native land through the Military Shrine of YASUKUNI JINJA in Tokio, to which the souls of warriors are confided. The Japanese have always been a brave race, ready and willing to die for a cause, but it may well be that it is the effect of Shintoism on their mental make-up that is making them commit suicide rather than surrender, and that it is turning them on occasions into such fanatical fighters.

But it is the third military consequence which is the most serious, and which has so much of the potentialities of evil. Generally speaking, it may be said that a belief in the divinity of one's race may lead to a desire to avoid contact with the outside world, or to its direct opposite, to impose one's will on it.

The Japanese may be said to have tried the first alternative for some 200 odd years up to 1850—for the better part of the last 100 years they have attempted the second. However inadequate to us the reasons, or the reasoning, the Japanese Army feels it has

a mission towards the world, the mission of General TANAKA's Memorial, the mission to make the world subservient to Japan.

Because this mission can only proceed in stages, and so is not at once apparent, it is not therefore fanciful. Far from it: it is true, and its very stages show the increased tempo and how the appetite grows with eating. Formosa, Port Arthur and Southern Saghalien, Korea, the First Great War with the infamous "21 Demands" on China and later the ex-German Mandated Islands, and then, since 1931, Manchuria, Jehol, North Hopei, Inner Mongolia, China, and now the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity stuff.

Japan may, at the moment, be willing to call the party off, and promise a thousand promises that not another square inch of territory does she require. Luckily her feelings are no longer a matter of consideration on our part, but it is only simple fools, knaves, and cowards with a greater affection for their private gains than their country's honour that choose to believe her.

It is quite certain that India is next on Japan's list, after the present meal has been digested, and, with the Japanese military outlook being what it is, to preach or insinuate that a war with Japan is not India's concern is to show up India to the world as the "fascinated rabbit" next due for absorption into the Japanese system.

There is yet a further point in connection with this. Just as this evil force of Shintoism working in a militant race forces the Japanese to seek world-domination of countries, it equally forces them to seek world-domination of their inhabitants. It is no coincidence that Japanese treatment of subject peoples is almost unparalleled in its harshness and brutality—this quite apart from the free-for-all raping, looting, and killing that accompanies their first capture of a territory—and this treatment is, no matter what Japanese publicists and apologists put out, inherent in the Japanese system.

Other races have no rights—how can they? They have not had the privilege of being spawned by the Immortal Goddess. These other races can only exist to further the Japanese purpose: as such they must be moulded accordingly, moulded into a servile subserviency and moulded into a general low level of educational attainment. They are hewers of wood and drawers of water; some of them may serve a more useful purpose, but none of them must ever be allowed to forget their status. Under Japanese supervision none of them ever do.

Conclusion

Enough has been written to show the Japanese mental background, certainly as it is in the Army, and also to show what strengths and weaknesses the Japanese have acquired thereby. The strengths we already know—and they need little emphasis—a discipline based almost on religion, a uniformity which eases where it does not eliminate administrative problems, an endurance heightened by a most rigorous training, and above all a morale which, if based on fiction, is fortified by fact, and which, added to

the natural courage of the Japanese soldier, makes him a formidable foe indeed.

But the weaknesses must also not be forgotten, for by exploiting them we may hope to hasten victory. They are their deficiencies in higher technical research and production, their quite abominable treatment of subject races and the hatred their rule arouses, their very uniformity which crushes individualism and makes for stereotyped thinking, their neglect of Administration, and the fundamentally false basis of Shintoism on which their morale ultimately rests.

It will be seen that the Japanese military strengths are formidable, and that their weaknesses need careful exploitation if we are to get value from them. Above all, then, we must acquire a morale and a determination no lower than the Japanese. For this we must realize—as perhaps we are slower in realizing than our American Allies—that the Japanese threat is a threat to the whole world, and must be from the very nature of their Shinto beliefs.

It is a threat to distant England, though later in date, as much as to near-by India and Australia. It is a threat which must and will be removed by victory. But the ensuing peace must make sure the threat does not recur. For this it would seem essential that the potentially evil doctrine of Shintoism is prevented from flourishing again in Japan, both negatively by forbidding its teaching and its military cults, and positively by securing freedom of speech, of press, and of radio throughout Japan.

JUNGLE CODE

[*By the courtesy of the Intelligence School (India), we reproduce below a copy of a Jungle code of behaviour which deserves to be known throughout the Army.*]

THE CODE OF social intercourse in the jungle is simple. Your chief concern is not to endanger your comrade. Because of the risk that you may bring him, you do not light fires after sunset, nor shoot in the dark, giving away your position. You do not leave any mess behind that will breed flies. You do not ask him to convey your messages, unless it is his job to do so.

You always tell your comrade of any private mark you may have left on any particular trail, or any outstanding feature that may help him to find and keep to the difficult and tortuous paths he will have to traverse.

You do not drink deeply of any man's bottle, for it may not be replenished. You tell him of any spring or water-hole which may be near, but hidden from the trail. You share any superior knowledge you may have of what can be eaten with safety from that particular forest, and where it may be found. Who knows? It may save his life. You make sure that he has many before you take his cigarette. You do not borrow from him. You do not ask or volunteer information beyond your job or his job, for idle talk kills men. You do not grouse unduly, except, of course, concerning the folly of your own commander; you criticize no other man's commander.

Of those things which you do, the first is to be hospitable, and the second is to be courteous. The day is short in the heavy jungle, but the night is long and sorely tries the nerves of those unused to it. There is time to be helpful to those who share your adventure. If you are one who can keep the spirits of others high, spare no effort to do so. The good-mannered guest transacts his business expeditiously, gossips shop for a little, and is gone.

The man with the sharpest senses lives the longest in the jungle. If your companion's senses are blunt, keep him still, and use yours for him; you may thus prolong his life, and yours. Make friends with the local population. Even if you are clever, remember always you have much to learn from the man who is jungle-bred.

This code is the sum of fellowship in the jungle. It knows no rank, nor any exception.

FRONTIER WARFARE IN RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

By Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Simpson, O.B.E.

LIKE MANY others, the writer read the article by Auspex on "Officers Training in the Post-War Army" in the April 1943 number of the *Journal* with the attention it deserved, as well as some of the replies which this provocative article has brought forth.

With no intention of "entering the lists" on one side or the other, this article attempts to enlarge on, and carry a step farther, the remarks made by Auspex on Frontier Warfare, in the hope of directing attention to this important subject.

It may be said with some justification that the present is scarcely the time for a study of Frontier Warfare, when the attention of all soldiers is being directed to other and more important forms of warfare which are of immediate and pressing concern to all the armies of the Allied nations. At the same time Frontier Warfare, and all that it implies, is one of those unpleasant things—like many others—which we have always with us, and it can never be neglected, either now or in the future. No one, it is imagined, will be bold enough to foretell when the next Frontier "show" will occur, nor state with certainty that there will never be one again.

During the Great War of 1914—1918 we were let off lightly on the Frontier, and the same has been the case so far in the present world conflict. Possibly the tribesman, who is no fool, has followed the course of the present war with sufficient interest to appreciate that the potentialities of modern weapons, armaments, machines and aircraft have made "discretion the better part of valour" so far as he is concerned.

But this is supposition only, and nothing is certain except that we must always be prepared to fight on the N. W. Frontier, and so we must continually be thinking of how we shall fight there when the next time comes. This is a big subject, and in an article of this restricted length only certain salient points can be mentioned.

Past Frontier History.—The Army in India as a whole knows the history of Frontier campaigns pretty well, and there is no need to recapitulate it in detail. In the main it has been one long story of playing the tribesmen's game from start to finish.

Most of us know the characteristics of the Pathan, and those who do not can easily find out by reading Chapter I of the Manual of Frontier Warfare. The Pathan is, in short, a guerilla fighter *par excellence*, physically strong, brave even to recklessness, a born tactician in minor tactics in his own particular type of country, and a good shot.

These are his outstanding characteristics as an individual, but it is equally important to note certain characteristics of the tribesmen in the mass. They like to do things in their own time, to watch, to plan and then at the right time—usually skilfully chosen—to carry out an ambush, or an attack on a piquet or the

quick rush under covering fire on any isolated body of troops, at which they are so adept.

At the same time they lack cohesion—a *lashkar* seldom remains concentrated in any strength for long unless it is being particularly successful in its operations—they can be ambushed as easily as they sometimes ambush us, they suffer from a lack of leadership and prompt action by our forces will upset their plans, and they have a dislike of the unknown, particularly of the dark.

With a knowledge of all this, it would seem that in the course of years (it is now almost a century since we started fighting the tribesmen on the Frontier) the Army in India would have evolved through constant experience in frontier fighting a method of operating against the tribesmen, which would enable it to exploit to the full the tribesmen's weaknesses, whilst at the same time denying to them the opportunities for exploiting against us those methods of fighting in which they are so skilled.

This is, perhaps, a cumbersome way of saying: Why have we not learnt to make the tribesman play our game instead of allowing him everlastingly to play his own game? For that, in effect, is the outstanding fact of past Frontier history, and one which a study of that history will reveal all too clearly to anyone who cares to make it.

To say this is not to imply that we have never tried to do any better. We have, of course, and there are numerous instances of departure from stereo-typed methods of frontier warfare which have won success by achieving surprise and gaining the tactical initiative. Even so there is no denying that we have for many years adhered to certain conventional frontier warfare tactics, which have largely played into the enemy's hands.

We almost invariably advance on a narrow front along the most obvious line of advance—a road, a track or a river bed—throwing out piquets as we advance. One writer in an article in this Journal some years ago aptly described this mode of procedure as "a bludgeon advance along the line of least resistance." Our columns are usually accompanied by a great amount of animal transport, as the frontier is a barren country, local supplies are practically unprocurable and each column has to be self-supporting for a limited period.

At night we halt, close up our ranks, put the transport and impedimenta in the centre and settle down in a clearly defined perimeter camp with a wall round it, if there is time to build one, and invite the sniper to do his worst, which he usually does. The process is then repeated *ad nauseam* until the column has achieved its object and returns to base.

This type of operation gives the tribesmen every opportunity to exercise their favourite tactics. The isolated piquet badly sited with dead ground in its vicinity, a tactical mistake on the part of the rear-guard or some other such incident, and the beautiful target presented to the sniper in the concentrated perimeter camp, a seething mass of men and animals. All these are just what the tribesmen like.

Naturally we try to protect ourselves during these operations by route piquets by day and camp piquets at night, but these piquets cannot possibly deny all ground to the enemy and he has ample opportunities to lie up and to watch and study our movements, to note our habits and then to plan his ambushes, to lay-on his hit-and-run minor attacks and to snipe our perimeter camps.

Again we have aircraft to help us, but frontier country is, generally speaking, not good country for aircraft to operate in—at least not for most of the present types of aircraft—and concealment for the enemy is easy.

It would not be fair to lay the blame for this state of affairs entirely on the Army. Possibly on the Army side the main factor which influences our present frontier warfare tactics is the administrative problem, and the large amount of animal transport which generally has to accompany any column. The soldier will, however, say that political factors also have a definite and unfavourable influence on our methods of frontier fighting. This is a big question, and one about which there has been much contention. It will be touched on in the concluding part of this article.

Modern Developments.—On our side, developments up to the time of the present war in weapons and armaments, etc., had given us the light automatic, the 2-inch and 3-inch mortars, the M.T. lorry, light tanks, wireless and aircraft. All of these are assets of which we should have taken full advantage.

The tribesmen for their part have made only one entirely new development, namely, the manufacture of their own artillery, though the workmanship of the gun is crude, and the effect up to date of its fire on our own troops has been negligible.

It has to be remembered that the placing of new weapons in the hands of our own troops means that in course of time some of these are almost bound to fall into the tribesmen's hands, and so be used against us. It is an unavoidable eventuality in all operations, although the loss of weapons on the Frontier has always been regarded as a crime, and a slur on the reputation of the unit which loses them. The number of such weapons which the enemy does manage to capture in the course of operations is never great, but the implication is clear that, when we use new weapons and armaments, we must be prepared for some of them to be turned against us, though not in large enough numbers to influence our tactics to any great extent.

In the years immediately preceding the start of the present war it had, however, become apparent to all thinking soldiers that in future operations we should have to envisage fighting not only the tribesmen themselves, but we should have to bear in mind the possibilities of operations against a combination of tribesmen and the forces of an outside Power.

It was evident at once that such a contingency would force us to change our conventional frontier tactics. Little imagination was needed to picture the effect on a brigade in a perimeter camp of concentrated enemy artillery fire or dive-bombing attacks, or of the confusion and loss that would result from attacks by fighter aircraft on the transport of a column moving on a narrow front along a river bed or mountain track. In short, one word imme-

diately came to the fore, DISPERSION. In face of this new threat how were we to combine dispersion with security? How were we to move and operate dispersed by day, and how were we to halt dispersed and secure by night?

This was the problem that was exercising our minds at the time that war broke out, and that people were thinking about it is clear from, to quote but one example, an article by Major C. H. M. Wingfield, M.V.O., entitled "Frontier Warfare of the Future," which appeared in the October 1939 number of the *U.S.I. Journal.*

The writer himself, whilst commanding an infantry battalion in 1941, also experimented with a form of dispersed frontier warfare camp, which, though still adhering to existing principles in regard to security, was designed to reduce the target from the air and also to give the tribesmen something new to think about in our tactical dispositions at night. Unfortunately, the selection of the battalion for a different role prevented further pursuit of this experiment, and the writer himself has been out of touch with the situation on the Frontier for the last two years. The dispersed perimeter camp brought many points to light. On the tactical side it was considered that dispersal in platoon posts and company localities, together with the full use of modern weapons and equipment such as light automatics, mortars, anti-personnel mines and hidden barbed wire to cover the gaps between localities, was all to the good, and would present the tribesmen with a new problem. A necessary condition for the success of such a layout was that an outer screen of troops should deny to the enemy during daylight observation of what was going on behind. In this way night would fall, and the tribesmen would, it was hoped, find none of the familiar landmarks to which they were accustomed. There would be no conspicuous perimeter camp with its huddle of men and animals, no easily recognisable camp piquets with their obvious *sangars,* no lights in camp and so on. In fact, we should be playing on the tribesmen's fear of the unknown, and for once playing our own game and not his.

The main disadvantage of the dispersed perimeter, which became at once apparent, was the proportionately higher percentage of troops required for defence. Instead of roughly two-thirds of the force resting, while one-third kept watch, the proportions would have to be reversed, and such lack of rest in this type of warfare, when operations by day are already a severe strain on the fighting troops, was felt to present a difficult problem, but one that could be solved by trial and experiment.

The administrative disadvantages of a dispersed perimeter were greater than the tactical ones, always assuming that we did not revise completely our present system of supply and maintenance and still retained great numbers of mules and camels for supply and transport purposes.

Space will not permit further discussion of this subject here, but it is hoped that enough has been said to show that the new problems with which we might be faced on the Frontier were under active consideration, at any rate by individual officers and probably too by the staffs of formations. The writer is not aware

how far this study of new frontier tactics has progressed during the last two years. If the articles appearing in this *Journal* give an accurate picture of the trend of present-day military thought, it would seem that progress, if any, has yet to be brought to the notice of the military reading public, as practically no articles on the subject have appeared since 1939.

So much for the present. Now for the future.

The Future of Frontier Warfare.—It is always a little difficult to look ahead and to try and visualise the future, and at the same time to keep a firm hand on one's imagination. Let us first picture the troops that will be returning to India when this war is over, their condition, their outlook, their state of training and their weapons, and then consider how these factors can and should be applied to future operations on the Frontier.

Already troops of the Indian Army have made their name in the fighting in the Western Desert, in Eritrea, in Palestine and in the hilly country of Tunisia. So far the fighting in Malaya and Burma has not given our troops a chance. But that chance will come in the near future, and there is no doubt that the troops will seize it with both hands.

Thus there will be returning to India at the end of this war officers and men who will be seasoned warriors in every type of warfare that this war has produced. They will be tough and inured to hardship, they will be used to living hard and marching light, and to fighting by night as well as by day, they will be accustomed to operating at high speeds in mechanical and armoured vehicles and to fighting their way laboriously through dense forest and jungle swamps. They will be experts in every type of modern weapon, and they will be familiar with the great destructive power of modern aircraft of all types. With them will return a great deal of the equipment and vehicles with which they have been fighting.

It is unreasonable to expect these men, if called upon to fight on the Frontier, to operate under the old pre-war conditions, to use only pre-war weapons and equipment and to submit to the slow, cumbersome and protracted operations which have characterised the majority of Frontier expeditions for the last half century. Now, if ever, will be the time to revise our ideas on Frontier warfare, to change our methods, and to bring into play all the resources which modern war has placed in our hands.

Despite the warning given above, let us give our imagination free rein for just a few lines.

No longer need we carry out our "bludgeon" advances along the most obvious routes, allowing the enemy to anticipate our every move. No longer shall we march our columns along the ground floors of valleys with only a thin screen of protection on the hills to either flank, giving the enemy leisure in which to study our movements and formulate his plans. No more will we sit compact at night in obvious and clearly defined perimeter camps, inviting every Pathan within range to snipe all night long to his heart's content. No longer will we have to rely on long trains of mules and camels to carry our rations and baggage.

On the contrary. We will take to the hills and fight over the hills, meeting the tribesman on his own ground, taking him on at his own game and giving him a taste of the power of modern forces armed with the latest weapons, imbued with the fighting spirit and every bit as tough and hardy as are the tribesmen themselves.

We will halt at night—when we must—dispersed and in battle positions. As often as not we will operate at night and the tribesmen will not like that. We shall not need to carry much food or baggage. Most of our wants will be dropped by air. When the need arises, our aircraft will pound his villages to dust or drop swift-moving, death-dealing paratroops or commandos on places which he thought to be securely out of our reach.

This and a lot more we can do. At the same time, it should all be done with circumspection. We must be sure of our ground, and we must study and work out now the ways in which these flights of imagination can be brought within the sober framework of a new tactical doctrine for the Frontier with due regard to the difficulties which have to be met.

For instance, we know that in a country like that along the N. W. Frontier paratroops cannot be dropped anywhere at will, air landing grounds do not appear like magic for the asking, nor is every likely camp site suitable for air dropping of supplies and stores. Equally well we know that the high-speed fighter and fighter-bomber types of modern aircraft would not be able to show their paces to good effect amongst the rugged and broken hills of the Frontier.

But we can think out all these things and devise the types of aircraft we need. Undoubtedly the helicopter or auto-gyro type of aircraft will be needed for close support of troops in action.

To repeat the old *cliché*, we must stop playing the enemy's game and we must force him to play our game, and we must play it at such a pace and with such vigour that his eyes will be opened and he will seriously consider the advisability of mending his ways.

The picture has been painted in bright colours and laid on with a thick brush deliberately, because time waits for no man, and it is necessary now that we should be thinking of these matters, that we should appreciate the material which will be placed in our hands after this war, that we should decide in what way we intend to apply this material to the task in hand, so as to derive the greatest benefit thereby.

Political Control on the N. W. Frontier.—This aspect of frontier warfare has been purposely left to the last, because all that has been written in this article so far falls to the ground, if the present system of political control is to remain unchanged. It is a delicate subject, and one which the soldier hesitates to discuss, though much has been written about it at one time or another.

Before proceeding further the writer would like to make it quite clear that no criticism is intended of the officials of the

Political Department. No finer body of men could be found than those who devote their service to the Frontier, and it has a splendid record of achievement. It is also true to say that on those occasions, when political and military officers have worked together in frontier operations, co-operation has been of the closest and relations between the two have been excellent.

But to the soldier's way of thinking it is the system which is at fault. The essential for success in any military operation on the Frontier is prompt and vigorous action and, when the soldier is called upon to fight, he naturally prefers to do so in the way he thinks best according to his own plan, treating all who are not with him in the area of operations as being against him.

Political policy on the other hand tends firstly to deal with incipient trouble by its own methods, and using only the Civil armed forces (Scouts, Militia and Police), until the situation is considered definitely to have got beyond its powers to control. Then, and then only, is the military called in to assist. This naturally is contrary to the military conception of prompt and vigorous action in the earliest stages of any disturbance.

Secondly, once the military have been called upon to assist, political policy is directed towards restricting military operations except against those tribes, or sections of a tribe, who are openly hostile, with the object of preventing the trouble from spreading and keeping the rest of the area quiet.

This is a laudable object, but one that is difficult to achieve in practice. The problem of separating the sheep from the goats in a Frontier campaign is almost insuperable, particularly as all Pathans like a fight, and the sheep often join with the goats for the sake of a "scrap," and *vice versa*. The military forces, therefore, have often to operate under conditions which are, to say the least of it, irksome and which demand of both officers and men the greatest self-control and forbearance.

No soldier likes to be told that he can shoot at "A," who is openly hostile, but that he must not shoot at "B," who, although he may be in "A's" area, is really a "friendly," and, therefore, he—the soldier—must wait till "B" shoots at him before he can retaliate. Yet that is the sort of thing, which may actually happen. No wonder AUSPEX writes that "our fighting . . . . is so hedged about with political taboos and restrictions, that we are reduced to fighting . . . . with one arm metaphorically tied behind our back."

It is wondered whether any other Government in the world would allow its military forces to be employed under such irritating, and almost humiliating, conditions.

There is the problem. It has always been, and still is, a problem. But it would appear to be one that must be solved to the satisfaction of political official and soldier alike, if in frontier operations of the future we are to employ our military forces so that they may exert the greatest effect in the shortest time.

Conclusion.—How do we stand at present? Are we watching closely the operations taking place daily in every theatre of war, absorbing the lessons to be learnt and deciding how some of them may be applied to India's own particular frontier problem? Are we slowly, but surely, devising a new conception of Frontier warfare tactics suited to the men and material that we shall have at our disposal after this war?

Are we studying this difficult problem of political control on the Frontier, and seeing how best to reconcile political and military interests, so that future operations on the Frontier may be more speedily effective than they have been in the past?

If the answer to these questions can be given in the affirmative, then all is well. If not, it is time that we tackled them.

"AUSPEX'S" ARTICLE EXAMINED

By Reflex

"AUSPEX'S" ARTICLE on the training of officers, and the ensuing correspondence, are certainly provocative of contemplation and argument. The old adage of the Battle of Waterloo and the playing fields of Eton is romantic, but it has become rather like a sieve, full of holes and unable to hold water.

It can hardly be contended that the Battle of Britain was won by the larger Public Schools, or by their athletic gladiators, nor can our successes in the Battles of the Oceans be primarily attributed to such sources. In actual fact, a review of the after-careers of prominent school athletes tends to show that the successes in business, fighting services and Government services and administrative departments do not generally attend them, but rather the formerly unrecognised drones, only a few of whom were helped to develop leadership and character by becoming monitors or prefects, or attaining athletic distinction.

In political life, the composition of recent Houses of Commons shows that the larger proportion is made up of "old School-tie" wearers, of whom nearly 70% come from one school. They have hardly been inspiring or evinced marked leadership or patriotism, or any of the "isms" except plagiarisms and nepotism.

Games? I admit that the maintenance of physical fitness is a most important military occupation, and undoubtedly some games are more productive of military qualities than others. It seems fair to state, however, that polo and its adjuncts of training ponies and tournaments does not produce military results commensurate with the time spent, compared with any other games which are not so absorbing. Moreover, it is possible to keep fit

by P.T., Field exercises, reconnaissances and other forms of outdoor sport. The fetish of exercise has in the past frequently been an excuse for avoiding some more uninteresting duty.

What of the standard of training of officers? One side contends that the pre-war standard was too low, while the other says it must have been good, otherwise how has this colossal expansion been achieved and certain worthy battle successes gained?

True, a proportion of our staffs is staffed by persons with little or no staff experience, while others have only done a six months' staff course. The conduct of operations leads one to think that they are working efficiently, especially considering the added stress and dislocation of active service conditions. It might, therefore, be concluded that a two years' Staff College course contains much that is redundant and a waste of time.

Among other ranks, too, when it comes to war and "milking" and a shorter recruits' training period, there must be a lowering of standards in certain subjects, or else a great deal of our labours in peace are wasted. It is probably a matter of compromise. Peace-time training methods can be made more efficient, while it seems that the lowering of the recruits' standard has gone too far for real efficiency.

Take the various schools. Often students returning from them have asserted that a good deal of the time there was wasted. How many instructors have ever been taught to teach? Have not even some been appointed as a sop to themselves, proving afterwards a mild soporific to the students?

Our Public Schools suffer from the same defect.* In all forms of education and training our methods could be improved, and it seems to require the atmosphere of war to encourage the necessary pitch and intensity. Witness our jungle warfare training and engagements with the Japs; yet we all have an initial superiority to them in intelligence and guts.

Realities of war are difficult to represent in peace, yet the supply of live fire power was generally meagre. Enthusiasm, on which good training so much depends, was given little material encouragement. It does not matter whether the expenditure comes from extra annual allotments or increased training grants; the adequate provision of equipment is essential.

Examinations or training courses should be more frequent and more spaced out. To encourage officers to get all their examinations—at any rate, the written ones—over early was not sound policy. As long as they were hanging over an officer, he had to do a certain amount of general reading, and to keep up-to-date. Within reason the more this period is prolonged, the better. This was a matter often stressed by inspecting officers, and seemingly popularised with a view to affording an easy point of criticism.

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* In this connection attention is invited to an article in the October, 1941, issue of the *U. S. I. Journal*.

The question of reserves of officers is a much simpler problem in the British Army than in the Indian Army, which has the language difficulty to face. In India the indigenous product must be exploited, with a more comprehensive scheme for territorial training of officers and junior leaders.

It cannot be seriously argued that the extraneous product foisted on Indian units, with the best will in the world but with really little experience of the language, can produce the same results as leaders who have an intimate knowledge of the men and their language, nor can they give the rank and file the best chances of success.

This is the second occasion on which there has been a demand far exceeding any potential supply. I suggest that some Indian Army regiments might be stationed in the U. K. for tours of duty, which might be to the mutual advantage of the British and the Indian armies. Pre-appointment training could then be given to prospective Indian Army candidates, and might attract others willing to be called up in an emergency.

Both categories would have to tackle the language. At present, even in the Indian Army, knowledge of the men's language has been too scrappy. Nothing short of interpreter standard should be accepted for those whose life work is in the country. Of course, a measure which would greatly simplify the problem would be the adoption of English or Basic English in the Indian Army.

As to individual and collective training in general. For the former, a system of training teams seems excellent, and might be extended to some of the schools, for whom demonstrations and signal exercises with H.Q.'s represented and only skeleton units, could be most effective. There should be mountain warfare areas, jungle warfare areas, combined operation localities, toured by units in relays; demonstrations could be given them at the end of their period.

Of course, more officers will be needed in regiments to take part in all these activities. They were needed before. Possibly owing largely to petty routine and administrative duties, it used to require three officers to condemn or re-sell a horse!

Much more of our peace-time training should be devoted to training potential leaders of all grades. The maxim of fitting ones' self for one higher job seems a bit unimaginative. In war, field officers are quickly commanding divisions. Peace-time training has often contented itself with one scheme of a hit-or-miss variety set by the next higher Commander for his immediate subordinate. Hardly an adequate preparation for war. It reminds one of the famous hymn: "I do not ask to see . . . . one step enough, for me."

* * *

A series of misplaced lines in "SUSPEX'S" *article in our last issue, which occurred after the issue had been read for press, rendered its meaning unintelligible. We therefore reprint the article in this issue.* "SUSPEX" *wrote*:—

There seems to me considerable danger of our allowing ourselves to be unduly carried away by articles such as that of AUSPEX which appeared in your April number, and by the captious and uninformed critics of the "old school tie." As a healthy reminder of what public school education and the playing fields of Britain have achieved in saving us from disaster and bringing victory within our grasp, I would like to call attention to Lord Elton's excellent book, "St. George or the Dragon."

Amongst other reforms advocated by those who damn the whole of our pre-war mode of life are the wearing of uniform at all times, and the abolition of polo and other forms of sport. Why, to be a good soldier, must one always wear uniform? Can anyone pretend that the bush-shirt or battle-dress tend to enhance his self-respect or pride? Is it not good to remind officers and men that they are citizens as well as soldiers? I can see no benefit from such a rule, and its only reason would appear to be inordinate desire to copy the continental nations whose armies we are in process of defeating, thanks to those very qualities which the reformers threaten to destroy.

The outcry against polo and hunting has been common for many years past, but I fancy that were anyone to take the handicap list for 1938 and follow up the careers of all polo players with handicaps of four or over, he would find there are not many who have failed to make good. Sport is a grand training for an officer and in peace there is ample time for both. To do nothing but soldiering year in and year out throughout one's life may produce a professional General, but it certainly does not improve the qualities of courage, loyalty, discipline and endurance which are the mainsprings of our superiority in this war.

The pre-war regular officer is in a very small minority compared with all the civilians who now officer our army, and it is on the latter that we mainly rely. The fact that they have trained on so quickly speaks much for the personality and efficiency of the small regular nucleus who have had to train them.

Perhaps after this war we shall keep on conscription permanently, and I sincerely hope our armed forces will not again be reduced to the pathetic figures of the 'twenties and 'thirties. The larger the army the better it will be supplied with its needs, and the nearer it will assimilate to the professional armies of Europe. But we are a small nation in numbers and we have many irons in the fire, all of which must be kept going if our Empire, with all its ramifications of trade and communications, is to survive. Therefore, our regular army in peace-time must, perforce, be comparatively small. If we are to maintain our superiority over our continental rivals, we must not try slavishly to copy their methods, but to foster and improve the essentially British qualities which have stood the test so well in 1914-18 and again in this war.

By all means substitute a general form of training institution in place of the Staff College, and any other institution which tends

to separate the sheep from the goats; most certainly increase the periods of collective training and embody all forms of combined operations in the training; and bring military leave rules into line with the civil. But do not do anything calculated to narrow an officer's general outlook, or to reduce those pre-war customs which did so much to improve the British officers' patriotism—as opposed to Nazism or Fascism—self-confidence, courage and endurance.

The reason why we failed at the beginning of the war was not because the few pre-war formations we possesssed were not adequately trained—does AUSPEX suggest that the 4th Indian Division was not trained?—but because our equipment was so utterly inadequate and out of date. It was difficult to maintain enthusiasm or any sort of reality even during the little training we did do, with all the varied assortment of mock and token weapons with which we were told to play. It is not fair now to turn round and say we were untrained because we had spent too much time on sport.

Let us remember the Jock Campbells of our army as well as the Montys.

OBOE-ITUARY

(See I.A.O. No. 31/43.)

Farewell old Ac and Beer and Don,
You served us well and now are gone.
Without a title or a pension,
In fact without the wide attention
Which you deserve as soldiers three,
Once famous as Montgomery.

An able Baker and his Dog
Replace you in the martial fog,
With pristine vigour fill your place,
Insistently they call through space,
Youth will be served, but your tradition
Has helped them in their expedition.

We'll all give way to newer men;—
Let's not repine, but welcome them,
And let's rejoice that of your crew,
Charlie and George and Sugar Uncle too,
William, X-ray, Zebra, King and Queen
Remain to tell what you have seen.

Invidious t'is to single out for fame
From others of departed e'en a single name;
But there are two beloved by all their fellows who,
Old Pip and Toc, deserve more than a Tare or two!
London spells Love and Love of Mike for Nan
Is better far than Monkey Nuts for man:
With London goes old Vic,—it had to be—
Old Vic goes down in cheerful Victory.

SIEGFRIED P.
for Signal Procedure.

A PRISONER OF WAR IN ITALY

By One of Them

PEOPLE WHO have never been shut up behind barbed wire cannot understand what the experience is like. The perpetual fight to obtain even the smallest privilege; the fight to keep one's mind active and not to lose one's initiative; the fight against the attitude to "let things slip," to have to stand in the middle of a room while one's clothing and private possessions are strewn over the floor and to have one's body felt all over. These things are all maddening and degrading to the Britisher.

It was our sense of humour, and certain knowledge that we would win the war, that kept the prisoner going and baffled the Italian, who could not, and never would, understand the British mentality. My object in writing this article, however, is not to describe indignities or horrors, but to show what British prisoners of war did to keep their spirits up and minds active.

Experiences after capture varied. For those of us captured at El Mechile our worst time was the month we spent in Africa. We were very short of food; cigarettes were practically unobtainable; we lived amid filth. From Mechile to Tripoli, through Derna and Benghazi we travelled in ten-ton lorries, thirty-five of us in each lorry. It was very uncomfortable.

The best part of our trip to Italy was the voyage from Tripoli to Naples in the s.s. Victoria. We travelled first-class, with a bathroom to each cabin—a very different experience to those who were captured later. How we revelled in those baths! We managed to buy razors and off came our beards. The stewards could not do enough for us. We bought cigarettes, cards, and started bridge. On leaving the ship at Naples we were handed a nice haversack ration, and money for the journey. On the station we were forbidden to buy alcohol, but opposite our carriage was a restaurant car, the attendant of which sold us some Chianti and brandy.

Several young Germans, reinforcements for the Panzer divisions in Lybia, were on the platform. They asked us where we had been captured. We told them we had only just been taken prisoner in the Allied reoccupation of Benghazi, and that Rommel had been pushed back. We didn't know the situation any more than they did—and why cheer them up?

After an all-night journey we arrived at Piacenza, continuing the journey by bus through the lovely, rich and fertile country of the Plain of Lombardy. Fifteen kilometres further on we turned south towards the hills, and soon we saw some large houses near a village called Aggazano, above which was a castle.

There were a lot of bets as to which of these houses or the castle was to be our future home from home. It wasn't long before we knew. We went up a very steep hill and turned into the castle. One officer remarked that he had always wanted to live in a castle. He doesn't any longer!

We debussed and entered a small courtyard. During the six hours we were kept waiting there we were searched. Our Brigadier, E. W. D. Vaughan, Colonel George Fanshawe, and Colonel Godding, R.A.M.C., had arrived before us, and with the help of some British soldiers and sailors, who were to be our batmen, they were getting the camp ready.

The castle was a square building, a turret at each corner, and in the centre a small courtyard, just large enough for two volley ball courts. It had been rebuilt about 1820 on a site where a fort of sorts had stood since the Bronze Age. In the basement was our dining hall and bar; bedrooms, ante-room and infirmary were on the ground floor; bedroom on the first floor; and on the second was a room for the batmen. Altogether fifteen rooms and an attic for 105 officers and 32 batmen.

In the basement were kitchens and showers, which only worked once a fortnight. There were nine lavatories and eleven basins for everyone. In summer, the water was only turned on for two hours a day. We bought wooden tubs to store water to ease the "flushing" situation. Beds were comfortable, and we had a sufficiency of blankets. Furniture consisted of a cupboard and bedside table per officer, and a large mirror in each room. This scale was arrived at after some six months' fighting. The canteen was well run with a certain amount of beer, cigarettes, and Chianti.

Camps were reorganized in May, 1942. A senior officers camp was opened at Viano (N. 29), near Piacenza, where Colonel George Fanshawe was the Senior British Officer. A punishment camp was opened near Alessandria, to which were sent all officers who were considered dangerous, *i.e.*, who had committed crimes from smoking on roll-call to attempting to escape. Australians and Indians were sent to Sulmona. The remainder of us went to Padula (N. 35), the southernmost camp in Italy, about 250 kilometres south of Naples.

Padula was an old Carthusian monastery, and is now a national monument. It is still a magnificent building architecturally. The French under Napoleon sacked the monastery, removing all paintings to the Louvre, and melting down the silver floor to the Treasure Chamber. The building was restored in 1870.

Our portion was in the part where the monks used to live. It was a large courtyard, each side 100 yards long. Round this were 26 quarters, one for each monk. Each quarter has two rooms, a lavatory and a wash basin with running water. Round the courtyard were the cloisters, above which are enclosed cloisters used as dormitories.

Only sixteen of the quarters were habitable, each housing ten to fifteen officers. During August, 1942, the Italians closed ten of the rooms for security reasons, and the occupants then had to go upstairs to the already crowded dormitories. Each quarter had a garden which we used to try to cultivate but were so often put out of bounds that the effort was not worth while.

In the dormitories 400 officers lived herded together, with one weak electric light to every twenty beds. Reading at night was impossible unless one's bed was directly under a light. Furniture

consisted of one small cupboard of three shelves to two officers; one small table to two, and one wooden chair or stool each. Beds were comfortable; sheets were only changed once a month; blankets were on the scale of two per person.

The Mess was the old Refectory, a magnificent half-panelled room seething with rats: sleek, bold, well-fed impudent rats. On the north side was a paddock, where we could take exercise. About 500 officers and 138 batmen lived in this camp. In the courtyard were three huts, one for recreation and two for batmen, who slept in wooden bunks in tiers of three.

Food was on the "Unemployed civilian scale." In addition, P.O.W.'s according to the Geneva Convention, were allowed to purchase whatever food was available in the open market—and it was surprising how little was available when a P.O.W. was the purchaser. P.O.W.'s ran their messes in two ways. The first, adopted at Rezzanello (N. 17) was to put the whole feeding out to contract. There, our contractor was the local innkeeper. According to the rule, no messing was to be less than Lire 13.00 a day, and what he brought in was checked strictly by the commandant and the local Caribanieri. In addition, the whole of the Red Cross parcel went into the mess with the exception of the cheese, biscuits, jam, pastes, and margarine. In this way we managed to eat three meals a day.

In Padula (N. 35), a different system had to be adopted. The mess (the monks' Refectory) was too small to seat more than 250 at a time, and in any case there were only enough plates, knives, forks, etc., for 250. We therefore messed in two sittings, which cut out breakfast. Our Messing member had great catering experience. He was an expert in smuggling in forbidden vegetables. He could even make pumpkin pie palatable! As the mess could not provide breakfast, whole Red Cross parcels were issued individually. To cook our breakfasts and brew tea we made stoves out of the Red Cross food tins, and cups out of biscuit tins.

These stoves were marvellous. Some were made on the "Aga" principle; others had forced draughts; others were just plain tins with gratings on the top. Mine had an oven made out of a 500 Players tin, two holes for the saucepans. There was an eternal struggle for wood; we sometimes managed to buy some, but it was never enough; we were always on the scrounge. As an example, one day the Italians opened up two of the more ruinous rooms, and in a few hours all doors, shelves, window jambs were removed; even some floor and ceiling beams were extracted.

Our official breakfast consisted of *ersatz* coffee, but we always had some extra dish, cooked out of Red Cross food. Lunch was always oiled macaroni, with tomato essence and either onions or cabbage. Dinner was usually pumpkin pies, or soup and baked parmesan cheese. Tea was sent round the rooms in buckets.

Our mainstay in life was Red Cross parcels. These were issued twice a week, *i.e.*, we worked in pairs, one receiving his parcel on Wednesdays and the other on Saturdays. All tins had to be punctured before issue. To avoid waste and to keep a supply for a rainy day, a Private Tin Store was set up. Tins there were put under the individual's name, and could be indented for

and issued on "non-parcel" days. We kept one key to this store, and the Italians the other, so that neither party could enter without the other.

From this it can be seen that food, especially Red Cross food, was the prisoner of war's God. Our life seemed to be spent queuing up for food. The struggle for fuel, planning of breakfasts, and making out indents, always kept food uppermost in our minds. We asked friends in to "elevenses." In my room there were nine of us, and we seldom had less than twenty in to morning tea. Others had breakfast and tea parties at which Red Cross food was eaten. Truly, the British Red Cross Society keeps prisoners alive in Europe.

Education and entertainments kept prisoners of war minds alert. In Padula entertainments were magnificently run. A different play, concert or band was put on every fortnight. The stage was made out of mess tables; we bought a curtain, paints for the scenery, a jazz band of six saxophones, as many clarionets, trombones, two pianos and a piano accordion; we also had a string band of violins, cellos, etc. The scenery was painted by an advertisement artist on Red Cross packing material.

A first-class musical comedy was written and produced; a team played the "Aldwych Farces," one member shaving his head every time to represent Robertson Hare. The camp choir was first-class, and gave operatic recitals, Gilbert and Sullivan, etc. The standard of acting, production and scenery was better than in many English provincial theatres.

There was a lot of talent in the camp, including some who had trained professionally. The productions were advertised in the entrance to the mess by an electric sign on the Piccadilly-Circus pattern. The existence of this machine, which was made from Red Cross tins and worked by running water, was endangered when the Commandant thought it was a machine to be used for signalling to aircraft. All properties had to be kept on the Italian side of the camp for fear of escapes.

Every production had three performances, the first of which was for the batmen. This was always a big night, because the food, in the shape of sweet rice, one of the more palatable dishes, was sent round the room in buckets. This gave us the opportunity to cook up a five-course dinner on our home-made stoves. Curfew was raised till 11-30, so we could ask guests to dinner and play cards afterwards. It was then that we sat down to dinner and tried to imagine ourselves at home.

As to education, we had courses on almost every subject under the sun. Law, Accountancy, Medicine, Engineering and Agriculture were among them. We had religious discussions every Sunday evening, a "Post-war Ideals Circle" each Saturday. Thanks to the Red Cross, the library was most adequate. Bridge was our greatest standby; a Duplicate Bridge league was started of five divisions, and a weekly American Tournament was held in the Mess. It was amusing to see about forty tables of bridge on one side of the room, and a hundred rats playing ten feet off! (One got used to rats, even when they ran over one's bed at night.)

Most camps, particularly the troops' camps, did not have much exercising space. Rezzanello (N. 17) had a small courtyard just big enough for two volleyball courts, and a narrow strip round the wall about 100 yards long by 10 yards. Padula (N. 35) had a very large central courtyard, in which we played basketball, and a large outside paddock, where we had inter-wing football tournaments and leagues, baseball, and single wicket cricket. At N. 17 there were daily walks at first, but these were soon cut down to two a week. At N. 35 the average number of walks per officer was three in a year.

We were allowed to write one letter of 24 lines and one half post-card of ten lines a week. Mails from England and India were regular and quick; but only an average of one letter a month reached England during 1942, and letters to India took five to eight months. An air mail service was introduced from Italy to all other countries just before I left.

Discipline was not harsh; merely annoying and petty. Roll Calls took place on an average twice a day, except when a "hate" was on or someone had tried to escape; then we sat for the whole day while a real check was made. There were always patrols going through the camp. At N. 17, a small camp, the Caribanieri were in the whole day with patrols of soldiers, every few hours. At night we were looked at five times. At N. 35 this close patrolling was not possible. We were seldom visited in our rooms during the day, and only once at night.

"Lights Out" was at 22-30 hours at N. 17, but at N. 35 they could stay on as long as we liked. At intervals of every two months a "hate" would take place, when restrictions were imposed, such as having to be in bed by 22-30 hours. The "hate" would last one day, and things would go back to normal. At N. 17 we had to be at roll call on time, but at N. 35, by a tacit arrangement, we had ten minutes' grace, which usually extended to 20 minutes. I have seen the officer of the day waiting to count us, and only about fifty out of the five hundred present.

Officers would have to undergo rigorous imprisonment in the cells for any type of offence, ranging from smoking on roll call to either escaping or aiding an escapee. When an officer was in the cells we would send him extra good food. Then there was fortress imprisonment for those considered dangerous, or who had written some remark about our captors in their letters.

Every camp had an infirmary and an Italian doctor. Most of the work, however, fell on the British M.O. The Italians provided very few drugs or medicines, the supply of which depended on the Red Cross and on our pockets.

Each camp had a canteen, but the stocking depended entirely on the local Commandant. At N. 17 our canteen was well stocked, and we could buy articles twice a month from the local town. We were lucky there, in that the Italian interpreter had been born in England, and had worked for a long time in the Bank of Italy in Lombard Street. He knew what we wanted, and would go to great pains to get it for us.

Payment for all goods in the canteen had to be made by "Buono's." These were different coloured chits representing varying amounts from Lire 100 to centesimi 50. No money was allowed in our hands. To finance the camp, we had to institute a bank, into which our credits went every month. This was instituted by us alone, so that the Italians never knew for certain what the purchasing power of the camp was. The bank would finance different funds, such as the Mess last summer, when we were laying in a store of vegetables for the winter. Canteen profits went to the welfare of B.O.R.'s in the camp.

P.O.W.'s pay ranged from Lire 650 a month for 2nd Lieutenants to Lire 1,500 for Lieutenant-Colonels, these amounts being taken off our pay in England and India at the rate of Lire 72 to the pound sterling. For the past year this rate of exchange has been rather unfair because the purchasing power of the lira in Italy has dropped to at least 400 to the pound.

All camps were illuminated at night. N. 35 had large searchlights round the perimeter to prevent escapes. We used to joke that perhaps some light-hearted "Free Solomon Islander" might see the searchlights and drop an egg. We used to see the British and American bombers go over to bomb Naples—a very heartening sight after two years of set-backs.

We obtained all our news from Italian papers and could get a pretty true picture by reading between the lines. Some camps had wireless; that is to say there was a loud speaker on our side, from which we heard the Italian daily news bulletin. The daily papers were translated by an Italian-speaking British Officer, written out, and pinned on the wall. That was my job. In addition, there was the Italian Foreign Office organ, *Relazione Internazionale,* which published many interesting items of news, such as Churchill's speeches in full, that were not included in the daily papers.

Propaganda was not rammed down our throats. However, there was a "P.O.W. News," printed in English and sent round to all camps. It was not good propaganda, and we did not issue it, though we had one copy per officer. They remained in the Orderly Room, and were used for the proper purpose when paper ran short. Another publication that was sent round, which was also used for fire lighting, was a series of articles on art, etc.

How did we spend our days? The best answer is a brief word-picture of our daily life. At 07-30 hours the first person stirred in the room; he rushed off to wash because it is his turn to cook the breakfast. 08-00 hours saw him on his face, blowing the fire of his home-made stove, on which were two pots of water. Ten minutes later there was a yell of "Breakfast Up" and the rest of the mess rolled out of bed.

Everyone had half the day's bread ration (75 grams or 1½ ounces), a tin of Red Cross jam, and a tin of margarine. Outside there was heard the clank of a bucket, and some yells. "No *ersatz* coffee wanted to-day" and off went the Mess Waiter. After breakfast another "duty man" washed up—an unenviable job washing greasy plates in cold water.

About 08-45 hours Roll Call sounded. Fifteen minutes later everyone was on parade and we were counted. On the Dismiss daily life started in earnest. Everyone scattered to his work; education, wood cutting fatigue, lining up to collect Red Cross tins or private parcels; and some to a late breakfast. The S.B.O. held Orderly Room, discussed the latest developments, wrote to the Red Cross, saw batmen, and discussed matters with the A.O. and P.M.C. Wood collected was cut up and distributed by room syndicates.

Eleven o'clock came and tea parties got into swing. Books were changed at the library. Twelve o'clock—and the bugle sounded for the first lunch sitting; half an hour later the papers arrived and discussions started on how the war was developing. News was good to-day: "Our troops are withdrawing to prepared positions and facing overwhelming odds." We knew that meant the Axis troops were on the run; the phraseology was always the same.

After lunch occupations varied. Most had a short lie down, followed by a shower. If the sun was out, the courtyard was covered with naked corpses. At 16-00 hours tea was brought round in buckets; some gave tea parties, others just ate half their bread ration. Roll Call usually followed tea, and football, baseball or single wicket cricket. Then bridge to fill the time until dinner, after which we brewed up Red Cross cocoa.

This picture shows the standard of life reached after many discussions with the Commandant, fights for privileges and many committee meetings. One did not just walk into it. It did not go on smoothly; there were always setbacks and confiscations. Indeed, much more could have been described, such as Christmas parties, and the Batmen's Saturnalia, when for one day officers waited on the batmen and cooked their food.

Finally, the Red Cross. The International Red Cross does yeoman work in notifying relatives, forwarding parcels, and visiting camps, which work they share with representatives of the Protecting Power. We thought they worked under a great handicap, because it did not appear that the Detaining Power took much notice of their suggestions. The one good thing they did in this respect was that, when notification was received of their impending visit, all repairs and improvements for which we had been howling were carried out.

Of the work of the British Red Cross Society no praise can be too high. Their work kept prisoners alive, in good health, and mentally and physically active. Their parcels were just magnificent, and every prisoner of war is grateful to the Society, its subscribers, and its voluntary workers. P.O.W.'s owe them a deep debt of gratitude, for if it were not for their work, not many of them would now be in a state fit to carry on. May the Society be given the support and help to enable it to carry on until peace comes, and our kinsmen now prisoners in other countries are free!

"THE SHINY—DAMMEGAD"

By W. G. H.

THE GREAT BRITISH public knows everything of importance about India. How else could it be qualified to vote on the future of the country? It knows, as well as anyone who has spent a lifetime out in India, that it is a land of gold, rajahs and elephants, that jute comes from Calcutta, that you can always get what you want in Kashmir, and that all Indians are brilliant cricketers with marvellous wrists.

It does not, however, bother itself with matters of such secondary importance as the monsoon, rural uplift, the depressed classes and the north-west frontier. Why should it? After all are not highly-paid officials and soldiers sent out to deal with those and kindred problems? Provided that these invariably inefficient officials do not escape income-tax when visiting England, not much interest is taken in them or their work.

There is now a large British Army in India, and many are anxious to know all about the country in which they are serving. It is rarely possible to obtain information and advice in England, but occasionally someone can be found who is only too glad to help. The following conversation was overheard not long ago in a military club in London. The speaker was an ancient major of artillery, while the listener was a youngster going out to join his unit in India.

"So you're off to India, are you? Well, my boy, you're doing a very wise thing. Damn fine life! Spent some years in the Shiny myself more years ago than I like to think. Of course it's probably changed a bit since my day, and the war may have made a spot of difference. But India never changes. Not so as you'd notice it anyway.

"There's quick promotion in the Indian Army. Unless he's a complete dud everyone gets command of his Regiment. And before he's too old to enjoy it! Of course I was different. Gunner, you know. No pukka gunners in India. Always getting in new blood. Keeps them efficient.

"Know anything about the push you're going to? A Punjab Regiment, eh? Can't say I've ever heard of 'em. Pity you're not going to the Gurkhas. Backbone of the Indian Army. Intelligent little chaps. March like the devil. Slice you up as soon as look at you. Always say that Calcutta's their sphere of influence! Ha!

"Now the Sikhs, too. They're a damn fine crowd. Tall, big, silent fellows with long black beards. If you see photographs of the Indian Army they're always Sikhs. That shows, doesn't it? Not that I don't expect your Regiment's all right, my boy. Damn fine lot, no doubt. Wish I could remember something about the Punjabis. Were they in those shows in the Middle East? Can't remember, but I shouldn't think so.

"Then you'll meet the Pathan. Wily old devil! Steal the sheet from under you without waking you up. Better for you if you don't wake up. If you do, you won't do so again. Ha! Damn fine fighters. They enlist them in the Piffers. What're they? Oh, sort of irregular troops on the Frontier. Locally known as Khassadars. If you want to see service you ought to join them. Never sent down-country like ordinary regiments.

"Ever thought of going to Cavalry? Damn fine life they have. Not expensive like British Cavalry. Polo? Plenty of it. Pig-sticking. If you want to get on you must join the Indian Cavalry. Ever heard of a general who wasn't a Hindu Horseman? Auchinleck? Never heard of the fellow.

"Of course, you've got to be careful with Indian troops. Caste prejudice, you know. Mustn't tell a sepoy to pick anything up off the floor. Send for a sweeper and make him pick it up. Another point. Don't let your shadow fall on their food when they are eating. They'll chuck the whole lot away if you do. *Chupatti* is what they eat. The normal sepoy never smokes or drinks. The Sikhs, thank God, they're all right. Drink like fishes and smoke like chimneys. No nonsense about the old Sikh. But you'll pick up all these wrinkles when once you're out there.

"Waiter. Two chota pegs. Oh, I haven't said anything about the language. That's easy. Any fool could learn that in a month. Just get hold of a good munshi—stand no nonsense from him, mark you—and you'll be chatting away in no time. Of course you won't find it necessary to talk the lingo like the Civil Service wallahs. They're so high falutin' that the Indians just don't know what they're talking about.

"Plenty of polo out there. The whole life of the station revolves round the polo ground. You do play, don't you? No! Well, you'll soon learn. It's not expensive. I used to keep three ponies on my pay. The great thing is to get hold of some good ponies to start with. Pay your two thousand chips down and get 'em good. How much is that, eh? Oh, about £160. You can't afford that? Oh, I expect you'll be able to raise the money somewhere. But don't go to the moneylenders. Everyone's in debt in India.

"Know where you're going? Bengal, eh? Wonder why they've got troops there? Must be something to do with the war. Peshawar's the best station. Good climate, good polo, no work, plenty of memsahibs. Also if there's any trouble, you'll be in it. The frontier's the vital place. But I mustn't get drawn into a discussion on politics. But mark my words. Watch the frontier!

"The curse of India is the box-wallahs. All of 'em rich as Crœsus. They expect you to live up to their style. And no one is going to say that a soldier can't stand his whack of drinks with the best of 'em. Good chaps, too. Calcutta's the place for them. You won't find them in places like Lahore. Not gay enough for them.

"Then the memsahibs, God bless 'em! Where would we be without them? Keep clear of widows, grass or pukka. Always on the chance to run off with a young subaltern. You aren't married, are you? Well, a wife's a good thing in India. Runs the house. Keeps the khidmatgar in order. Sees that the soda's

cold, and generally makes life worth living. Of course, she has to go to the hills for the hot weather, so you don't see her for six months. And you'll spend most of the cold weather in camp. Anyhow you'll get leave sometimes. Children? They're a different kettle of fish, but you don't want to bother your head about them yet awhile.

"Things are not what they used to be. Forty, fifty years ago, those were the days. But it's done me a lot of good talking about the old Shiny. Takes one back a bit. I've forgotten to mention my own branch of the service. Gunners, you know. Men? Magnificent. Nothing to touch 'em. But it's not for me to try to tell you what the Gunners are like in India. Kipling has done that for me! How does the old song go?

"Tum titty tum titty tum tum, Wheels on the edge of a pit."

"Tum titty tum titty tum tum, As far as a fellow can spit."

A LESSON IN ENGLISH*

By Major L. A. Pollock

Dearest creature in creation,
Study English pronunciation.
I will teach you in my verse
Sounds like corpse, corps, horse and worse.
It will make you, Susy, busy,
Make your head with heat grow dizzy;
Tear in eye your dress you'll tear,
Pray don't swear but hear my prayer.
So console your loving poet,
Make my coat look new, dear, sew it!
Just compare heart, beard and heard,
Dies and diet, lord and word.
Sword and sward, retain and Britain
(Mind the latter how its written!),
Now I surely will not plague you
With such words as vague and ague.
But be careful how you speak,
Say break, steak, but bleak and streak,
Previous, precious; fuchsia, via;
Pipe, snipe, recipe and choir.
Cloven, ŏven; how and low;
Script, receipt; shoe, poem, toe.
Hear me say devoid of trickery:
Daughter, laughter and terpsichore.
Typhoid, measles, topsails, aisles;
Exiles, simile, reviles.
Wholly, holly; signal, signing;
Thames, examining, combining;
Scholar, vicar and cigar
(Do you now know where you are?),
Desire—desirable; admirable—admire;
Lumber, plumber; bier but brier.
Chatham, brougham; renown but own,
Only, done, but gone and tone,

* Babu's English is often a source of amusement, but it is only fair to admit that our language must present many problems, as will be seen by these couplets compiled by Major Pollock.

One, anemone; Balmoral;
Kitchen, lichen; laundry, laurel.
Gertrude, German; wind and mind;
Scene, Melpomene, mankind.
Tortoise, turquoise, chamois-leather,
Reading, reading, heathen, heather.
This phonetic labyrinth
Gives moss, gross, brook, brooch, ninth, plinth.
Billet does not end like ballet;
Bouquet, wallet, mallet, chalet.
Blood and flood are not like food,
Nor is mould like should and would.
Banquet is not nearly parquet
Which is said to rhyme with 'darky.'
Viscious, viscount; load and broad;
Toward, to forward, to reward.
Your pronunciation is O.K.
When you say correctly croquet.
Rounded, wounded; grieve and sieve;
Friend and fiend; alive and live.
Liberty, library; heave and heaven;
Rachel, ache, moustache; eleven.
We say hollowed, but allowed;
People, leopard; towed but yowed.
Mark the difference, moreover
Between mover, cover, Dover,
Leeches, breeches; wise, precise,
Chalice, but police and lice
Camel; constable, unstable;
Principle, disciple; label;
Petel, penal and canal;
Wait, surmise, plait, promise; pal.
Suit, suite, ruin; circuit, conduit
Rhyme with 'shirk it' and 'beyond it.
But it is not hard to tell
Why it's pall mall, but Pall Mall.
Muscle, muscular; irony, iron;
Timber, climber; bullion, lion.
Worm and storm; chaise, chaos, chair;
Senator, spectator and mayor.
Ivy, privy; famous, clamour

And enamour rhymes with 'hammer'.
Pussy, hussy and possess,
Desert, but dessert, address.
Golf, wolf; countenance; lieutenants
Hoist, in lieu of flags, left pennants.
River, rival; tomb, bomb, comb;
Doll and roll, and some and home.
Stranger does not rhyme with anger,
Neither does devour with clangour.
Soul, but foul, and gaunt but aunt;
Font, front, wont; want, fraud and grant.
Shoes, goes, does*, now, first say finger
And then, ginger, singer, linger.
Sea, sweat; chaste, cast; leigh, eight, height;
Put, but; granite then unite.
Psalm; Maria but malaria;
Mosquito is quite a carrier!
Compare alien with Italian.
Dandelion with battalion,
Sally with ally; yea, ye,
Eye, I, ay, aye, whey, key, quay!
Say aver, but ever fever;
Neither, leisure, skein, receiver.
Never guess—it is not safe:
We say calves, valves; half but Ralf!
Heron; granary, canary;
Crevice and device and eyrie;
Face, but preface, yet efface,
Phlegm, phlegmatic; ass, glass, bass;
Monkey, donkey; clerk and jerk;
Asp, grasp, wasp, and cork and work.
Pronunciation—think of Psyche—
Is a paling stout and spikey;
Don't you think so, reader, rather,
Saying lather, bather, father?
Finally: which rhymes with 'enough',
Though, through, plough, cough, hough or tough?
Hiccough has the sound of 'cup'....
My advice is—give it up!

* No, you are wrong. This is the plural of 'doe'.

INDIA'S LONGEST MARCH

By "Nimis"

THE FIRST quarter of 1942 was an unhappy time for India. The atmosphere bore comparison with that of England in June, 1940, at least so far as concerned the Army.

Madras was directly threatened, and it was with more pleasure than surprise that the 2nd Battalion (King Edward VII's Own) 4th Bombay Grenadiers received the order to go there by road. We were in war hutments in the desert near Karachi, nearing the end of the task of converting ourselves into motor infantry. Equipment was by no means complete; we had just received the last of our essential vehicles, of which 15 per cent. had been with us a bare week; weapons were about 50 per cent. short, but training was fairly complete.

Driving training had been going on some nine months, as witness the devastated area of wrecked culverts and broken-down signposts left behind us somewhere in the Punjab, where two of our battalions had had their baptism of M.T. None of the O.R's. had had any longer mechanical experience; many had had a good deal less, as "milking" had gone on during the training period.

With the possibility of arriving to plunge straight into a battle in Madras, or to embark there for another place, the prospect for the future was not without its uncertainties; but we had only three days' notice. Scrupulous maintenance of weapons, stores, vehicles, clothing and men; ransacking of Karachi garages by the more cunning for private hoards of minor spares; issuing of war scales of ammunition; final checking of documents, identity discs and pay books; packing of the last relics we had kept out of our peace-time Mess and personal gear; all these ensured that no officers were left idle, while the troops were either exceedingly busy, or sat waiting for their turn at making allotments, with equal contentment. It takes a great deal to disturb the poise of a Jat really seriously, or that of his Mussalman cousin from Rajputana, the two classes that filled our ranks.

So came the 18th of April—our starting day. It has been one of our battalion's peace-time habits that orders for parade are put back a quarter of an hour by everyone from C.O. to sepoy; the latter was then generally ready to the last hair a couple of hours before time; what time he started to prepare himself must remain a matter between him and his Maker. Sure enough, four o'clock brought the noise of starting engines that morning. Sharp at 7-30 a.m. the leading column set out, companies passing the starting point at fifteen-minute intervals, and the several miles of columns cleared the camp with the Brigadier to bid us Godspeed.

This perhaps is where the services of our attached workshops section I.A.O.C. should be mentioned. It will receive no further separate mention; its cheerful participation in all our later

troubles identified it so fully with the battalion, that we came to forget its officers and men did not wear the same badges as our own.

The night's stop was at Hyderabad, 110 miles along a road varying from excellent to what we then thought poor. But it brought out many sins of the past, in filling petrol tanks without filtering the petrol (it's so much quicker); and, too, Mr. Ford's choice of a position for his petrol-pump came in for a lot of acrid criticism; most of his products had to stop every twenty miles or so to cool off that part of their make-up. Weather had heated up considerably, and loads were heavier than they had ever been before. There were also, of course, a largish number of brand-new vehicles with less than two hundred miles on their speedometers.

The net result was that mechanically-minded officers spent much of their time visible only as to their hinder parts, the rest of them deep inside bonnets. One three-tonner, injudiciously loaded with cooks and their gear, overturned in a diversion, but the sand was soft, and being righted on the spot, it finished the whole march without further incident. The tail of the column drew in, except for the unfortunate Technical Officer with a couple of lame ducks, by 1900 hours, to find a very reasonable billet for the night in disused stables.

Another bad habit was indulged in for the last time on this night—that of not leaving well alone on a vehicle. A great deal of unnecessary tinkering went on after needed maintenance was done; but the next two days sufficed to confine work on vehicles to really necessary matters, and tinkering died, to the great benefit of all.

The morning saw a start through a countryside full of military history, all too rarely visited nowadays. Having had the forethought to provide oneself with the account of Napier's activities in these parts provided a great deal of interest, marred only, as will be seen, by very limited leisure in which to read it.

We now entered on two days of what must quite literally have been among the worst going ever traversed by more than an odd motor vehicle or two. There was—or had been—a road all the way, a brick surface with no foundations, but by no means impassable; but for almost the whole of the next 165 miles the road was being rebuilt. The local idea of a diversion appeared to be to set up an arrow and spin it round to see which way it stopped. It was then left to indicate the side on which passing traffic was invited to beat itself a path through the virgin countryside. At the best there were eighteen inches of dust—the worst is best left unmentioned.

The fact that a complete armoured car regiment had gone through the previous day must have made it very near hell for our last driver. This may well be the place for some mention of the hero—the Provost-Havildar—who rode a motor cycle all the way from Karachi to Madras—probably the only man in the world who has done so! One's spirits were not raised in all this by the thought that we had our backs turned completely on our destination; actually, by the route we had to take, we were only pointing at Madras for three days on the whole run.

Camp for the night was at a pleasant rest-house at Moro, which had once been General Napier's headquarters, and the last column pulled in at 23-30 hours; stragglers were still coming in throughout the night, and the Technical Officer and his merry men had not turned up by starting time in the morning. The best speed for the run had been six miles in the hour for the ninety miles.

That the manners of the officers left little to be desired was shown when a local notable called on the Mess that night, and informed us he was the civil engineer in charge of the roads for miles around. He was received with complete courtesy, and even given a drink; but roads did not form one of the subjects of conversation.

Next day's march was of about the same length, but the going descended to even worse levels. A gentle following wind kept every vehicle in a cloud of dust, and every radiator near boiling-point; while mid-Sind's temperature in the latter half of April compares with that of most places in Northern India a month later. Fortunately, the countryside was not waterless, and drinking water did not have to go into radiators. Seven miles of beautiful concrete road in the middle of the day's march raised great hopes that our troubles were over, hopes all the more severely dashed when one turned a sharpish corner, and ran at speed into a couple of feet of dust again.

However, all things come to an end, and just before Khairpur a moderately good road was reached. No road for the remaining 2,500 odd miles seemed to us other than excellent. The night's stop was at Rohri, a railway town across the river from Sukkur, which seems to have no interest in life apart from the permanent way. A day's halt had to be called here for recuperation of man and machine; the battalion closed up every vehicle in the course of the day and night, though two which, not surprisingly, had burned out clutches, had to be placed on the train for repair elsewhere. For those who could be spared, a bathe in the Indus and a tour of Sukkur made a diversion.

Next day was uneventful; roads were good, weather much pleasanter, with vehicles moving fast enough to make a breeze. Khanpur was the destination—a place of pleasant memories, if the diversion may be permitted for one *ex* R.A.F. officer of the battalion.

In the days when aeroplanes carried 150 miles of fuel, Khanpur was a refuelling place on the journey from Karachi upcountry and the landing ground was two miles down line from the station. The station master would come out on his trolley with very much needed cold beer; and on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion he held up the Karachi Mail for well over an hour while we had our beer. It is feared he had to find employment elsewhere, but surely never was a job lost in a better cause.

The road does not agree with the map in these parts, and the camping ground at Khanpur was missed, the battalion going on another forty miles to a pleasant camp at Uch, a name of some little fame in connection with Napier. Here one of the old camping grounds has been revived. The technical officer finally caught

us up at this camp, and never left us again. Next day we had only ninety miles left to Multan, and the magnificent Panjnad Barrage was one of the sights of the road: as also were greenish fields and trees after 450 miles of desert and near-desert.

Multan was not, of course, uncomfortably cold, but good going followed through Montgomery, the outskirts of Lahore, and on to Ferozepore. From Multan to Montgomery a little controlled speeding was indulged in, to give the men some fast-driving practice, and fifty-six miles were covered in two hours without incident.

Lahore marked our farthest northern point, and thereafter one did feel one was not actually going away from Madras, though we still had to describe some Mae West curves over the face of India. At Ferozepore we had completed our first thousand miles, and the drivers were showing great improvement. One would come up to a stopped vehicle and, whereas at the start one would have found a woe-begone crew sitting about in dejected attitudes, now the seat of a pair of shorts would be seen sticking out of the bonnet, and one would be waved past with a cheery "*Thik hai*, Sahib." At this stage one was not too trusting, and it was not till another thousand miles were on the clock that one took such announcements at their face value; but they indicated growing self-confidence.

At Ferozepore men worked twenty-four hours a day rectifying every fault we could find on our vehicles. They replaced four engines, dealt with three vehicles which had been railed on to them, and put right small matters beyond count. They sent us on our way 100 per cent. serviceable—a very fine piece of work indeed.

After leaving Ferozepore, Ambala and Delhi were the next night halts. Delhi being well inside our recruiting area, there was a good attendance of greybeard fathers, sheepish brothers and coy womenfolk to meet us and exclaim upon things in general around the camp. In Delhi and Agra, it is to be noted with regret, some few *jawans* found the call of home too strong, and were not seen again for a while.

At Ferozepore, too, we were joined by our late formation's chaplain, who had sacrificed some days of leave to come with us on a part of our journey, as far as Mhow. For one at least of the battalion, his company did much to while away long stretches of the Grand Trunk Road with good talk on every conceivable subject, from theology to the prospects of beer at the next stop. The compliment was a graceful one, and it is to be hoped the Padre benefited from his experience as much as we did from his company.

On May 2 came a great and welcome change in the weather; going through Agra and Gwalior was about as hot as one could wish, and the relief when we mounted the Deccan plateau some twelve miles north of Shivpuri was great. From now on, we were in temperate weather till a day-and-a-half out of Madras.

And so the journey went on, at a steady 150 miles a day average now; at Mhow our old commanding officer was Brigadier,

and received a very warm welcome when he came to see us in. On, down the Grand Trunk Road which has seen so many marching troops, as far as Nasik, where the Hindus among us gained merit at the holy places; then over the hills to Poona, by which we completed our second thousand miles, and where we had our first meeting with public hospitality, the W.V.S. making much of the troops, to their great content. Here we stayed four days, the longest rest of the trip, and the last.

The last 700 miles were the best of the whole run; vehicles generally going well; everyone knowing what to do on the rare breakdowns; routine for camping grown automatic, pleasant weather, and fresh and attractive country. The piquancy of the unknown end to the journey added to its savour. And so, down through Kolhapur, where we were very hospitably treated; through Belgaum to Hubli for the night, where the city fire engine left its charge to give us our water; the very interesting fort of Tippoo Sahib at Chitaldroog, to Bangalore for the night of May 14.

Here we camped next to the Convent's Home for Abandoned Women (not in the Army sense), to the Reverend Mother's undisguised alarm. Had our predecessors on the road given her good reason for her qualms?—it was not the sort of question one liked to press. And, the next day, on to Chittoor, a hundred miles from Madras, for our last night's camp. On this day, we had our only serious accident, when a carrier went through a badly kept culvert and rolled down the embankment. Unfortunately it killed one man and injured another, but it finished upright, and was driven straight off. Next day's drive was a very dull one, through Madras's belt of satellite towns, and our destination was reached without event.

Battalion Headquarters were allotted an XVIIIth Century Burra Sahib's country-house and its grounds for their area, while companies were dispersed in gardens and orchards within a three-mile radius. The war was still distant.

The march had been 2,730 miles, about the longest ever done between points in India, always excepting the cavalry regiment which came down two days ahead, and was now encamped next door.

Comparisons with marching on foot are not easy to make, but the writer's view, from a good deal of both, is that for a number of heavy vehicles moving as a unit, one mile on foot is equal to not more than five on wheels. This march might therefore be compared with 550 miles or so on foot; of our elapsed 28 days, four were spent in halts not within our control, and were not needed for essential maintenance. Disregarding these, perhaps a fair comparison is with 550 miles on foot in 24 days.

Casualties to vehicles were low; actually, only one was not brought in with us owing to mechanical trouble, while tyre trouble originating in Sind delayed four more, which came in later when tyres had been sent back to them by train. Four had done parts of the journey by train, being sent ahead for repair at workshops en route.

Undoubtedly, the stretch from Hyderabad to Khairpur was such, at the time, that it should never have been traversed, had there been any possibility at all of railing vehicles over it; but it had an enormous effect in helping the battalion to find itself in its new role, and the shortened life of most of the vehicles must be set off against the very real experience we gained.

A march of this nature (with perhaps the worst of the bad going cut out) is the finest possible form of post-graduate training for drivers. The difference in the whole bearing and conduct of the men, before and after, was almost unbelievable; before, the best friend of the troops would have had to admit they were not really out of the bullock-cart stage of mentality, while, mechanically, their capacity for self-help was still mainly theoretical. After, they looked, and were real and alert drivers in the fullest sense of the word, and literally years of ordinary training had been compressed into less than a month.

A final word on Indian roads. The route was, to put it mildly, an indirect one, resembling nothing so much as a fourteen hundred mile high question mark splashed across India. From Hyderabad to Agra it followed almost exactly the circumference of a semicircle, centred at Jodhpur and with a radius of three hundred miles; then comes a zigzag of some fifteen hundred miles, such as G.K.C. might have imagined for his "reeling English drunkard" in a more spacious land. We staggered out of the middle of India, nearly ran into the sea on the Western shores, and swerved off, stopping just in time on the East coast. Speedometers read 2,730 in Madras; the distance, could one go close round the head of the Rann of Cutch, is a bare 1,200.

And there is a moral here for the legislators, whoever they may be, who control India's destinies in the time to come. Roads must always be the arteries of the land: supplementary, certainly, to the railways in times of peace, but liable at any moment to become vital in days of war or disturbance, and by no means to be neglected to the railways' benefit. It needs little imagination to picture the unmade road round the Rann, or even across the Desert, as the nail that, missing from the horse's hoof, lost the rider, the battle and the kingdom.

The importance of the reinforcements is, perhaps, exaggerated in this flight of fancy, but the point remains. . . .

THE SPHINX AND "EGYPT"

By Major N. P. Dawnay

IN HIS article, "Regimental Badges and their Meanings," (Journal, Vol. LXXIII, No. 311), "T.H.B." raises the question, why, when there is a recognised species of Sphinx styled "Egyptian," should there be such a diversity of design in the Badges depicting this Beast?

The answer is, I think, Evolution. It may, therefore, be of interest to trace briefly the changes which this Badge has undergone in my own Regiment (The Lincolnshire Regiment) during the last 140 years.

The Tenth (or North Lincolnshire) Regiment of Foot, as The Lincolnshire Regiment was formerly styled, gained the distinction of the "Sphinx and 'EGYPT'" under unique circumstances. In Cannon's "Historical Record of the 10th Foot" (1847) it is stated:

"In this service, (the Siege of Alexandria, 1801), although the Tenth had not been brought into contact with the enemy, their conduct had been exemplary, and they had sustained a loss of thirty men from the climate, and other casualties incident to the service in which they were employed. They received, in common with the other regiments the expression of the high approbation of their Sovereign, the thanks of Parliament, and the royal authority to bear on their colours the "SPHYNX," with the word "EGYPT," to commemorate this splendid event."

This Badge was what we would nowadays call "an Ordnance Issue." It was issued in pairs, to be affixed to each face of the King's and the Regimental Colours. In its original form, it was embroidered on crimson silk and consisted of an oval Wreath of golden Laurels with scarlet Berries surrounding a silver Sphinx on a Plinth. On the Plinth, were representations of Egyptian Hieroglyphs, while above the Sphinx, in the opening of the Wreath, was the word "EGYPT," in ceriphed letters of gold. (Fig. 1).

Fig. 1.

It is noteworthy that this badge was the first Battle Honour ever granted, Honours for earlier battles having been given at later dates.

In the Officers' Mess of the First Battalion, there is a cup, which was, almost certainly, presented by the Officers to com-

memorate the award of this Distinction. It bears, in relief, a representation of the Sphinx Badge in its original form.

The Badge quickly underwent modification and on the Regimental Colour of the Stand of Colours presented to the Regiment in 1826 (the Second Battalion, raised in 1804, was incorporated with the First in 1816), we find that the device is embroidered into the body of the Colour, immediately below the Union Wreath. The Sphinx, on on a smaller Plinth, is worked in white silk, while the Wreath, in the form of an expanded "V," is worked in green silk. Above the Sphinx, is a blue Scroll edged and inscribed "EGYPT" in yellow. This Stand of Colours was carried at the Battle of Sobraon (1846) and was finally laid up in Lincoln Cathedral in about 1863. (Fig. 2)

Fig. 2.

In 1858, the Second Battalion was again constituted as a separate entity and a Stand of Colours was presented. In 1863, a new Stand was presented to the First Battalion. Both these Stands are still carried and on the Regimental Colour of each of them, the Sphinx Badge is practically the same as on the "Sobraon" Colour.

The Mess of the First Battalion also possesses a number of chalice-shaped goblets presented in the 1860's. On these we find yet another variety of Sphinx, with a very long neck and a tail to match. Instead of the close fitting head-dress worn by the animal on the Colour, it is wearing a pagri of the type usually associated with mid-Victorian female missionaries. On its back is a saddle.

Towards the end of the reign of the Shako (abolished in about 1878), the cap badge worn by the Officers had, at the bottom where the branches of the Wreath united (it was somewhat similar in appearance to the present day Naval Officers' Cap Badge), a small silver Sphinx almost exactly the same in design as that which now forms part of the Collar Badge of the Officers of The South Wales Borderers. (Fig. 3).

Fig. 3.

The Sphinx worn in The Lincolnshire Regiment to-day was introduced in about 1878 and differs considerably from the original beast. There are two forms, the one, which occurs only in the Star Badge, worn on the Patrol and Service Dress Caps by the Officers, Warrant Officers and Drum Majors, and on the Collar of the Full Dress and Mess Dress, has a headdress similar to a Judge's wig and has its tail lying across its haunches, but not passing between its legs. (Fig. 4).

Fig. 4.

The other form, worn on all the other appointments, wears a very full-bottomed wig, coming right down over the torso, and has its tail between its legs and lying on its flank. (Fig. 5). Both forms of Sphinx are set upon a Plinth inscribed "EGYPT," the lettering having two forms. On the Cap Badge worn by Other Ranks, it is in Gothic script, while in all other cases, it is in Roman sanserif.

Fig. 5.

There is one interesting survival of the Sphinx worn on the Shako Badge. On the salver, which, in the First Battalion in peace-time, it was customary to present to an Officer on the occasion of his marriage, the Sphinx still has her tail in the air and is unmistakably female.

THE GERMAN ARMY

By Captain J. C. Gonella.*

THE GROWTH of the present German army dates from the moment on January 30, 1933, when Field-Marshal Paul Von Hindenburg summoned Nazi party leader Adolf Hitler to the President's palace. They talked for six hours; at the end of the conversation, Hitler left the palace as Chancellor of Germany in place of General Von Schleicher who, incidentally, was the first Chancellor ever to come from the army.

Before the army, very powerful in the disturbed Germany, would agree to being controlled by ex-corporal Hitler, it made two conditions:

(1) Hitler must carry out the proposals laid out in Secret Blueprints lying in the army ministry office in Berlin for the complete reorganization of the army.

(2) He must guarantee that no foreign power would interfere politically inside Germany until this agreed reorganization was complete, and expansion an actual fact.

Hitler agreed to these conditions but, mutual trust being then—as it is now—very insecure between army and party, the army planted on Hitler a number of ministers, such as Von Neurath, Hugenberg and Franz Seldte, who were powerful men and little more than army stooges. With this political set-up in full swing, the army started on its expansion programme. Tanks began rolling off secret assembly lines, tens of thousands of recruits were trained, secret aircraft production was stepped up and, gradually, the German Army, for centuries in Europe an all-powerful war machine, began to assume its pre-1914 magnificence.

Hitler did not disturb these nation-wide preparations; be Hitler what he may, it is certain that he is a man who is eminently capable of calculating what is or will be of any value to him in furthering his aims; and he knew that his dreams for a Greater Germany would be so much wasted time without a military machine colossal in its strength. He must also have recognised that, as the forces grew stronger, so, too, would the power of the generals. But he was content to wait; he was confident that, when the time came, he could sweep away any power in Germany which dared to oppose him.

Unfortunately, many of Hitler's senior Nazi-party leaders were not so patient. Men like Ernst Roehm, leader of the S.S., wished to take over control of the army without further delay. Goering, however, supported Hitler and urged the less patient to wait, pointing out that the alliance between army and party hung on a very thin thread and that to start trouble so early would be fatal to the future.

In the army, however, suspicion as to the real reason for the Nazi Party's quiet attitude began to dawn. Lieutenant-General

* In a lecture.

von Hammerstein, the Field Commander of the Army, asked for his pension, and retired from active participation in this colossal game of bluff. In his place, the army chiefs managed to appoint General von Fritsch, who was, to Hitler, a bigger nuisance than any other army man. Whereas von Hammerstein had only disagreed with the Nazis, Fritsch actively plotted against them.

Hitler was under no delusions regarding Fritsch's activities, but he also knew him to be the most able strategist in Germany, so he closed his eyes to the army chief's anti-Nazi workings, and used his skill in building up the modern army, confident that, with time, Von Fritsch could be dealt with. The Nazis at this time were playing a deep and clever game, and Von Neurath and Fritsch dreamed their dreams, little knowing that they were merely being skilfully used as a means to an end.

From all these points, it will be obvious that a state of extreme tension existed between the two great forces inside Germany—the National Socialists or Nazis and the Army. You might, then, ask quite reasonably: (*a*) How did Hitler manage to retain power? (*b*) How did army expansion proceed so smoothly?

The answer to one is the answer to the other. As already mentioned Hitler has always had an eye for the main chance, and he demonstrated this clearly in the constant bickering between the followers of his own creed, whose faith was so important to him, and the army, whose power was so necessary to his territorial aims.

An excellent example of this was the Roehm—von Brauchitsch incident in East Prussia. Roehm, leader of the fanatically pro-Nazi elements in the army, the S.A. and S.S. battalions, had, for some time, been attempting to gain control of the entire army.

One day, during manœuvres, battalions of S.S. troops from Brandenburg and Pomerania were detrained at a new manœuvre field which had been specially prepared for the use of the regular army. The officer commanding this party, on Roehm's orders, informed the army colonel in charge of the field that his troops were going to use it whether the army liked it or not. On hearing this, General Von Brauchitsch, officer commanding East Prussia, sent a strong flying column, fully armed, with orders to prevent the Nazis from setting one foot on the training ground. When this column arrived, the Nazi-party commander, realising that they meant business, ordered his forces to entrain again, and left the area.

This incident caused an uproar in regular-army headquarters and, next day, Hitler was presented with an ultimatum that he must choose between the army and the party. Hitler, astute man that he is, chose the army, and ordered Roehm to be shot; and this man, mark you, had for years been one of Hitler's most devoted followers. With Roehm were shot no fewer than three thousand Nazis of different positions and importance. Thus, to placate the regular army, Hitler had his first "Purge"—known as the "Munich Blood Bath."

Being no fool, Hitler realised that this action might considerably dim his popularity with the organization he himself had created, and upon whose allegiance he depended so much. So to balance this action, Hitler looked around in high army circles for a victim. After much deliberation, he chose no less a personage than one of his greatest opponents—a powerful man—much respected in Germany and a very able soldier, General Kurt on Schleicher.

The method of killing him was ruthless, cold-blooded and simple. The general was having breakfast with his wife one morning when four Gestapo officers walked into his villa, asked him politely if he was Von Schleicher. They received the reply that he was, and what the hell had it to do with them? They did not reply to this—they merely drew revolvers and shot the General and his wife.

Details of this outrage, slow to seep out, when learned by the army caused a near mutiny. Never was Hitler's power so near to being challenged and broken as at that time. Army officers openly cursed the Füehrer and ignored all efforts of Nazi-party chiefs to mollify them. Just when civil war seemed inevitable, Hitler's ruthless cunning saved the situation. He called a meeting of German Army officers in Berlin and swore to them that Von Schleicher's death had been a terrible mistake and he would punish those responsible.

He accordingly ordered the four Gestapo officials who had shot the General, to appear before the C. in C. of the Reichswehr. They were, of course, found guilty and, seven days later, were shot at dawn in Spandau barracks. Thus, very cleverly, the head of Nazi Germany placated the wrath of the army and rid himself of an able man whom he feared while he lived.

In 1935 came the first real move by Germany backed by her now quite formidable army—the re-occupation of the Rhineland. With it came the revelation of the extent to which the German Army had increased its power in two short years. Even in this operation there was harmony between army and party only on the surface. Hitler guessed—and rightly—that France and Britain would not oppose him; the generals knew that if they did, the army would be Germany's only hope and, if intervention by the army became necessary, so would the power in the country pass to the army—and Hitler's influence would wane to almost nothing. France and Britain did not act, and once again Hitler had scored over the army and tremendously increased his hold on the government.

All this time General Von Fritsch was still at the head of affairs in the army and still a thorn in the side of the Nazis. So Hitler evolved a plan to rid himself of this powerful nuisance and, on the pretext that Von Fritsch had been heard to utter words which were more than mere criticisms of Nazi-ism—in other words, treason—the General was arrested by the Gestapo's Chief, Heydrich, and imprisoned in a villa in Potsdam. A short time after this news leaked out, army cadets from the Potsdam Military Academy rescued the General by force.

At this point, all the pent-up feelings between army and party broke, and the chief of staff at Army H.Q. gave the order to units in East Prussia and Pomerania to prepare for civil war against Hitler. Trouble did actually start among cavalry units and S.S. troops, but the matter was hushed up and the outside world knew little of how near Germany had been to using her brand-new army against its own countrymen.

The sequel to this incident was that Von Fritsch was tried before a Court of Honour, presided over by Goering and, although acquitted on the treason charges, was forced to resign. With him went several high-ranking army officers and in their places were appointed men whose Nazi leanings were very strong. Thus the German Army became more and more Nazified, and this influence at the top, coupled with the influence in the rank and file, which I will later explain, gradually made the army an integral part and all-powerful arm of the National Socialists.

At this time, a minor General, Von Keitel, who had wormed his way into Hitler's confidence, became Chief of Staff and the Nazification of the army was almost complete.

All this plotting and planning, move and counter-move had not materially affected the now tremendous expansion of the German Army and, at the beginning of 1939, after his bloodless victories in Czecho-Slovakia and Austria, Hitler, backed not only by his people, but also by the most powerful military machine the world has ever seen, made the final plans for yet another attempt by Germany for domination of the world.

The part planned out for the army was a tremendously important one—without its unstinted support, nothing could be accomplished. But Hitler was confident—he knew, just as we now know, that the German Army of 1939 was more than the German Army of 1914. It was bigger, more powerfully armed, less independent and, most important of all, intoxicated with the doctrines of invincibility which had been pumped into every recruit every moment of every day from his first day of conscription.

This, then, was the German Army which faced us in September, 1939—an army flushed with victory and imbued with a fanatical desire to illustrate that they, above all armies of history, were capable of carrying out the age-old Prussian policy of ruthless extermination. That they have failed is now no longer a hope, but a reality. Events in Russia and North Africa have proved conclusively that the invincibility taught to the Germans and, moreover, believed by many outside Germany, is a myth. We have now assumed the rôle of destruction, they, the destroyed.

I have mentioned how Hitler ensured support of his Nazi doctrine in the high places of the army; how he achieved it in the lower ranks is a story of clever and insidious propaganda and recruiting methods which left little or no chance of opposition, even if the average German had wished to oppose methods which promised him the dream of every son of the Fatherland—power over all men.

In 1935, two years after his accession to power, Hitler introduced conscription to Germany. All able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 are made liable for military service, with a proviso that the service period could be extended in war-time. Service was considered an honour, and was not open to criminals or those who had offended the National Socialist regime. It recognised men having one Jewish parent, but they could not become officers or N.C.Os.

Normally in peace-time, terms of service are—at the age of eighteen men are registered, but they are not called up till twenty-one. Those found fit serve in the regular army for two years. On completion of the two years they may remain in the army or go on to reserve, in which they continue until reaching the age of thirty-five. From thirty-five to forty-five they form the Landwehr reserve, which is not called upon to form first-line units.

Candidates for commissions must pass through the ranks. The great majority of these youths are of good families, and are enlisted as officer-cadets. It is interesting to note that before acceptance each one is thoroughly tested in the army psychology centre. Expert psychiatrists judge whether a youth is mentally capable of bearing the responsibilities of an officer. After two years' service with the colours they become second-lieutenants.

This period is split into three phases—one year's regimental service, ten months at military college and two months' special training with the particular branch of the army for which he has been earmarked. Before being commissioned, the prospective officer must agree to serve for twenty-five years. Owing to the rapid expansion of the army, other types of officers are accepted, such as regular army reserve, ex-officers too old for the ranks, and N.C.Os. promoted during the war.

The pre-1939 German-army recruit was of a high standard. This was due to the fact that his whole life up to the age of eighteen had been a preparation for the time when he could bear arms. At the age of ten he starts off in the *Jungvolk*. This organization, equivalent to the Boy Scouts, is compulsory to all boys having no Jewish-blood. At the age of fourteen he graduates to the *Jungend*, in which he trains in close co-operation with the army; in the later stages the regular army train selected numbers of these youths actually in the army exercises.

This training which, of course, is not whole-time, but intensive, keeps the youth in constant contact with the army and, by the time he is twenty, his mind can expand in practically no other but a military direction. All this time, too, Nazi doctrine, so very similar in effect to German thought, is being steadily pumped into him; he is taught to understand and apply the rigid discipline for which the German Army is noted; he is taught that the Reich is the only true leader of the world; he is taught the invincibility of the German Army, and he is taught unswerving devotion to the Fatherland.

All this teaching, impressed on minds at their most receptive age, makes eventually a hard, well-trained, faithful soldier; it also makes an obedient automaton, with absolute confidence in his

leaders, and practically no initiative or powers of leadership. A German, well-led and victorious, is a formidable enemy; poorly led and in defence, his morale and ability are surprisingly low.

When a conscript soldier goes on the reserve, an annual training of two months is carried out; this training is entirely in the hands of the Nazi Party. Both the army and the party benefit from this system. The army has a constant, fit reserve keeping in touch with current military training and the party is assured that every physically fit man must join it, whether he likes it or not.

The great weakness of the German system of training is that it deprives the ranks of potential leaders. Physical initiative is high, but mental initiative is not encouraged: only implicit and unquestioning obedience to leaders on whom the soldier entirely depends. The policy has been also to concentrate the best in a few formations—the "crack divisions" and consequently, this weakness of leadership among the poorer types of troops is evident.

This tradition of invincibility built up by concentrated propaganda and strengthened by initial success, due entirely to weight of material, is a boomerang which is now hitting the Germans hard. They, who have been taught that they cannot be beaten, *are* being beaten—and they are asking why. When they start asking questions is the first sign of a cracking morale—and a morale built up by propaganda and iron discipline cracks very quickly when it starts. It would be undue optimism to say that the German Army is cracking—but it is an absolute certainty that its polish is very badly scratched.

In these four years of war, we should once and for all time have learned a lesson. This lesson, unfortunately, is one too easily forgotten—one which stares us in the face through every minute of bloody war—one which beats itself into our brains with every crash and thud of every German bomb or shell—one which dominates our minds with every sight of a torn, twisted body in the rubble of Lambeth, Coventry or Clydebank—and one which fades in the sparkling bubbles of the champagne with which we intoxicate ourselves on the night of the Armistice.

For this post-war amnesia we may try to blame many things. Our puerile politicians, whose pathetic utterances and short-sighted sympathies clog the inspired machinery kept working by the ceaseless efforts of our real statesmen, Churchill and Eden who, thank God, more than balance all of their lesser impedimenta; our Press, who persistently refer to Nazis, and seldom to Germans; to influential dear old souls who are mentally incapable in their dotage; and pseudo-intellectuals whose brains and minds are too small to absorb the useless superfluity which they continually try to cram into them. Any or all of these may be responsible; that fact is unimportant. What *does* matter, and matter vitally, to the future security of our people, is that the combined effect of their impressive futility is a cancer at the heart of peace.

Let us, all of us who love Freedom and Security and to whom patriotism is a glowing virtue and not a bourgeois weak-

ness—remember the next few lines when once again regimental buglers sound off "Cease Fire." I hope that even some, if not all, of the young men now serving their country as soldiers and after the war to be enlightened citizens, will agree with it and direct whatever efforts they can to ensuring that its implications are stamped into the minds of all free-thinking men.

"Germany, under any kind or condition of rule which has any connection whatever with German philosophy or tradition, is a menace to lasting peace, and should accordingly be suppressed by any means, forceful, or if it is possible, otherwise, which will ensure that she will never again be even potential for war."

I am no philosopher, no historian, nor even do I claim to be possessed of a more acute sense of perception than that of my fellow officers or soldiers, but I fail to see how reputedly sensible men of any country cannot recognize how the German Army and nation in 1943 is not one whit different to their counterparts of 1870 and 1914; and how, if we do not take steps to stop it, they will be the same in 1971.

There are many political side issues which have no place in the minds of serving soldiers; many treaties and obligations and economic responsibilities which have a certain bearing on the conduct of strategy; but to us, whose job it is to actually fight this war, there must be only one aim—one object for which to strive and attain—to destroy ruthlessly and unmercifully every possible influence, human, material or ethical, which has the minutest connection with the belligerent ambitions of the German nation.

If, after the medicine of the mind has been administered and has proved effective, a building-up process of the body is considered safe to the future well-being of the doctors, then, and only very cautiously, may we allow Germany the chance of taking her place in the world as an independent and uncontrolled power.

To you, who have all suffered in some degree from this present display of German frightfulness, I make the appeal to cast aside false sentiment and post-war complacency, and strive as others will do, to make the utter subjugation of Germany an accomplished fact. Then, and then only, can we say with any real conviction, "THANK GOD, I HAVE DONE MY DUTY."

A NEW METHOD OF SELECTING ARMY PERSONNEL

By "Gideon"

SINCE THIS WAR began, there has developed in Britain an entirely new method of allocating men within the army, and of selecting soldiers for training for special jobs. The work, which was started early in the second year of the war as an attempt to select personnel by scientific methods, is now firmly established as being one of the greatest advances that has been made towards the goal of economic use of manpower, abolition of human wastage, and making the best use of resources. India is now to have the advantage of this method of selecting its Army Personnel.

It is a truism to say that the last two wars in which Great Britain has been involved have differed from all her other wars in being truly national, and in which her army has become a peoples' army, representing the whole male population of military age. In each there has been a tremendous expansion, organised under great pressure.

In both wars, there has been much talk about "square pegs in round holes." That many soldiers have been hopelessly unsuitable for their army jobs no one has doubted, but public complaints of the existence of a situation known to all have not helped towards a solution. We all have our pet atrocity story of wastage of human talent. The writer's favourite story, referring to the last war, is of a highly intelligent man of 30 with a first-class public-school education and good athletic record, who was already directing a flourishing business concern of his own, and who during his four years' volunteer service rose from a private to a corporal in the same Mule Remount Depot in England, where he stayed during his whole army service, in spite of vigorous protests on his part.

The traditional army method of selection based on peace-time requirements is to allow recruits to find their own level. When there is no pressure of time, and the recruits are all from the same age-group and practically all with similar school and civil backgrounds, this method has proved good enough to meet requirements for many generations. Or perhaps the reason is that no one has supplied an alternative method.

In the last war, the American Army was the pioneer in providing such an alternative in the celebrated Army Alpha test, which was a test of intelligence. On this rough grading, a recruit was allocated to skilled or unskilled army employment. This test, though rude, was universally admitted to be a great success, and a handsome tribute was paid to it in the official American History of the War. Unfortunately, neither in Britain nor America was work maintained on these projects, and we started the war

of 1939 no further forward than the American army was at the end of 1918.

Fortunately, although the military development of personnel selection was allowed to lapse, psychologists (who were responsible for producing the early intelligence tests) were far from idle in civil life, with the result that the basic scientific equipment of 1939 was well in advance of that of 1918, and when the Army in its great need decided to turn to a scientific method once more, the psychologists were in a position to advance rapidly.

The standing army in Great Britain was called upon to expand itself tenfold in the shortest possible time. Only those responsible for arranging training programmes can have a really adequate conception of what this means. It is not as if every regular soldier is fit to become an instructor to his civilian comrades. This, we know to our cost, is not so. Moreover, war commitments of the army meant that only a small proportion was able to stay at home to help with the training of the others.

Thus the chief need has been to provide junior officers and N.C.Os. The shortage of these has, in the past, been most acute, and it has had to be filled up from the ranks of the Conscript Army. It was, therefore, a matter of vital urgency to select the right men for training for special jobs in the greatest possible numbers, and at the earliest possible phase of their training compatible with sound military practice.

The problem resolves itself into two main divisions:

1. The selection of suitable fully trained recruits for training to become officers.

2. The selection of suitable raw recruits for early training as N.C.Os. tradesmen, and the earmarking of potential officers.

It is with the first section that this article is mainly concerned, but a short description of methods of other rank selection will be appended.

Modern Methods of Officer Cadet Selection.—By tradition, the British Army Officer is born rather than made. For many generations during periods of peace, candidates for the King's Commission have come forward at their own request, their choice of profession following personal liking and family tradition. The majority have come from within narrow social limits, and have been educated at a particular type of school.

The task of selecting suitable applicants has, therefore, been relatively easy, and has depended on social and educational qualifications. The period spent under training was sufficiently long to enable an intimate study of the candidate to be made, and if he proved unsatisfactory and had to be rejected, the national need was not so urgent that any great harm resulted. In spite of all this, the Regular Army has generally been short of its full quota of officers.

On the outbreak of a national war, the situation changes. The increased demands come nowhere so heavy as for junior officers, relatively large numbers of whom must be selected, trained and commissioned, under conditions of urgency. During the peak

year of wartime expansion in Britain, approximately one hundred times as many officers have been trained as in a corresponding peacetime period, and the training has taken on the average one-third of the time.

Early Measures to meet the Need.—The various categories of Reserves were, of course, the first to be called, and then Emergency Commissions were thrown open to soldiers in the ranks. Machinery was set up whereby unit commanders nominated suitable candidates, who were then interviewed by the divisional commander and finally by a Board of three senior officers. At each stage the method of selection was by means of an interview lasting some ten minutes.

It is common knowledge that the first successful applicants under this new scheme conformed closely to the traditional officer type, and although this limited social group has, generally speaking, done its duty to the community nobly, yet its numbers are but small, and it could not possibly meet the need by itself. There was, moreover, a large body of opinion which held potential leadership was not a prerogative of any one social group.

Unit commanders would naturally only nominate men they thought were likely to be accepted. It also remained a rule that applications for cadetship would be entirely voluntary, with the result that large numbers of men were too diffident to apply. Tradition dies hard.

Not only were numbers falling short, but also there was great dissatisfaction at the unreliability of the selections made. The percentage of unsuitable cadets at training units varied from 5 per cent. to 70 per cent., and the all-over rejection rate of 33 per cent. was found to have a disturbing effect on the cadet morale at Training Units. Battalion Commanders complained constantly of the variable standard of the subalterns joining their battalions. The men were also critical, especially those who felt that their antecedents were socially inferior; candidates felt that with a ten-minute interview, the Board's judgment was unreliable, being at the mercy of chance and of the individual predilections of Board members.

The supply of officer-cadets was at one period of the war a matter of major concern to the War Office, who resisted (and all honour is due) the temptation to try to solve the problem by issuing a direction lowering standards.

There were two alternatives: (*a*) To select candidates as a result of battle experience; (*b*) The complete re-modelling of the selection system.

The Test of Battle.—The idea that soldiers who have distinguished themselves on the battlefield should be recommended for commissions is one with an immediate appeal. But quite apart from any consideration of the chanciness of this method, *i.e.*, of any responsible officer being present at the moment when Thomas Atkins distinguished himself, it was inapplicable. Up to the recent Tunisian campaign, only the B.E.F. and the 8th Army had been in action on any large scale. The former's experience was very brief and very disastrous—large numbers of

those actually in action became prisoners of war, and the vast majority of the remainder found little opportunity to display their mettle.

The 8th Army, of course, is different, but the total number of officers required up to the present is considerably in excess of the entire strength of the 8th Army. In the event of 10 per cent. of that Army (a very high proportion) proving suitable, we should still be left with a gap of some 90 per cent. of our officer requirements. However attractive the trial by ordeal be, it could not possibly supply the need.

Entire Re-organisation of the Selection Procedure.—The interview as a method of human selection was by now under great suspicion. It was abandoned as the result of an experiment, when twelve senior officers responsible for Selection Boards in Britain met, and held a secret ballot on 60 ordinary cadidates. In not one single case was there unanimous vote for either acceptance or rejection. This result could only be described as ludicrous. Surely at least one candidate out of 60 would appeal to all as being worth a trial at an Officer Training School?

Information came to light as to current German and Russian methods. The former, particularly, had gone in for a very detailed procedure, in which prospective officers remained under observation for a period of years, with the more specific phase of selection spread over several weeks. This work was carefully examined. The principle adopted in Britain was that of a residence with a specially constituted Board, during which time tests are administered aiming at showing up qualities of personality and leadership.

New Officer Selection Boards.—These Boards started from humble beginnings, but from the outset were based on established scientific principles. There has been a steady development; unreliable test elements have been discarded, and new ones are being tried out all the time. The candidates stay with the Boards for three days, subsequently reduced in Britain to 48 hours, the intake at Board averaging about 40 candidates at a time.

There are three main types of tests now in use, the so-called non-verbal, verbal and reasoning. Non-verbal tests are independent of language, and the main one used in the army consists of a series of patterns cunningly drawn to show a definite logical relationship with each other. The candidate's task is to appreciate this relationship. All the education required is to be able to write single figures. Exhaustive experiments with hundreds of thousands of men has shown beyond doubt that this test is a remarkably reliable gauge of native mother-wit or "nous" or whatever you like to call it.

The ability to manipulate language successfully and quickly is also an important aspect of "teachability," and "verbal" tests have been devised in which simple problems are set and directions of varying degrees of complexity have to be followed. This test is a race against time, as also is the "Reasoning Test" which consists of a battle of wits between tester and candidate, in which, all the time, the candidate has to detect the underlying principles of a series of statements and propositions.

The above tests require answering in writing, and are given in groups of 50. As a further check, there are individual performance tests, in which candidates are given problems to solve in designs and 3-dimensional patterns which require the ability to size up a situation quickly, and a reasonable degree of manual dexterity.

The intelligence that is measured has many aspects, and the final voting is a combination of the results of all the above, due attention being paid to individual idiosyncracies, special abilities and special disabilities. An all-round estimate is desired, and since many hundreds of thousands of soldiers and over 30,000 officer-cadets and officers have sat these tests, we are able to compare each man's result with the results of thousands of his comrades similarly employed in the army. It is a cardinal principle of army intelligence-testing that the standards used are not those of abstract theory, but of the actual performances of an equivalent group of men. We therefore measure a candidate against the performance of the average British officer, or against any other military group with whom he is likely to be associated.

Tests of Personality.—Of these there are two types in use, respectively the province of:

(*a*) *The Psychiatrist.*—Possibly because of his difficult title and the unfamiliar character of his work, this officer has achieved a certain notoriety in the modern army, but he is a very useful person. The Psychiatrist is a medical man who has devoted himself to the study of the human mind, and who is experienced in discerning the various types of human beings. In applying himself to this work he uses three main methods: Written tests of a novel type where candidates' imagination is given a free run; observation of behaviour in a group; and his own special type of interview based on professional training.

He sets out to assess the essential soundness of a man's nature, and by paying attention to his past history, he finds out how the candidate stands in relation to his endowments and opportunities. He takes a long and comprehensive view, and uses his experience to indicate to the Board likely developments of character.

(*b*) *Group Testing Officer.*—The opinion of a junior officer of known efficiency is considered to be valuable. Accordingly, the technique was devised to give the Group Testing Officer, who is normally a 30-year-old Captain or junior Major, opportunities to observe candidates, and to see their practical capacity for living with, and influencing, their fellows. When candidates arrive at a Board, they are divided into groups of ten, each group being the responsibility of a Group Testing Officer. He lives in close contact with them, takes meals with them, observes them in the camp and in the ante-room, and also puts them through a series of tests.

There are two types of tests, group and individual. They are of the nature of commonsense problems requiring no particular military training, but most of them need some form of physical work for their effective solution. There is no set form laid down nor any apparatus, use being made of surrounding country and any material on the Board premises.

It is not possible, for reasons of space and of publicity, to do more than indicate the procedure in general terms. A typical group test is one where five men are given a heavy object, which they are told is valuable and fragile and they must get it and their party across a 20—30-foot ravine. A collection of useful material is lying about—poles and ropes—and the candidates have to devise a method of bridging the gap. It is a matter of simple common-sense, requiring sane ingenuity, persistence and a certain amount of guts. A training in engineering helps very little, as the problem is a scratch one and not at all orthodox, nor is it essentially difficult. There are several other problems set which are not dissimilar, but vary in the type of qualities required to solve them.

The individual tests place each candidate in the limelight in turn. For instance, every man in succession is given one of a series of simple problems to solve of the Boy Scout or Home Guard type, and has to act as the leader of the group during the solution. The problems set are ingenious, but so devised that military training and knowledge of infantry tactics do not give an advantage. Probably the outdoor man is better placed than the bookworm or indoor clerk during this part of the test, but a certain familiarity with outdoor life is not entirely a disadvantage in a junior officer!

The actual solution of the problem is of no great interest. Group Testing Officers are trained to give their attention to the behaviour of the individuals comprising the group. The tests are devised to vary as much as possible, and on them he forms a judgment on each individual on his initiative and resourcefulness, his capacity to command, his guts, and also whether he has the necessary agility and physique to succeed at a Cadet Training School.

Military suitability.—The President of the Board is a senior officer with a wide experience of the many aspects of army life. Apart from his general function as the commanding officer of a military unit, he also sees candidates about the camp, and talks to each of them individually.

The President is also in possession of information about current needs of the army, arm by arm, and is kept up to date about O.T.S.U. policy. His most valuable contribution lies in the allocation of the candidate, based on one hand on information supplied him by Board members, and on the other on the needs of the army.

The Board Conference.—On the last day of the Board's sitting, decisions are made about candidates by means of a Conference of Board members with the President in the chair. Each member gives his grading in turn, and if, as frequently happens, gradings agree, a man is passed or failed without further discussion.

In the event of a disagreement (and it is one of the striking features of this work that competent observers will differ in their conclusions about the same individual), each member of the Board gives an account of the evidence supporting his grading. The various aspects of a man's personality are thus shown up, and the conference becomes able to arrive at a decision which does full justice to the candidate.

Maintenance of Standards.—By a system of careful recording, and with the mass of evidence available, we are able to keep a careful watch on the quality of candidates. Previously any such estimate has had to be based on individual likes and dislikes and on a President's ability to carry a memory over a period of months. In this new system we have a record of the performance of each candidate in each test item. We are, therefore, in a position to publish figures on the ratio between rejections and acceptances and the respective performances of different communities, races and creeds. An elaborate follow-up of successful candidates has been organised for comparison with their grading at Training Schools and with their records as fighting soldiers. Taking the long view, the grading system becomes both self-correcting, and also an indication of social fluctuations.

Early Results of Selective Testing.—The first year's work on the new system in Britain has given striking results. For instance: there has been an enormous increase in the supply of candidates, the rate of volunteering having increased eight times. This is considered a measure of public confidence in the new methods. Complaints about Board results through Members of Parliament, which at one time kept a section at the War Office fully employed, have now virtually disappeared.

The failure rate at O.C.T.U's. has fallen from 25 per cent. to 2 per cent. and of Cadets commissioned there has been an increase of 50 per cent. among those considered above average standard. This very satisfactory start has moved the War Cabinet to set up a scientific Committee to enquire into possible wide applications of the technique. With suitable modifications it is claimed that the Selective System could be devised to meet any type of need.

We have in mind particularly replacement of the present scholarship system and entrance examinations to colleges and universities by a Selection procedure based on intelligence, standard of technical knowledge, of educational attainment and suitability by personality for the proposed line of work. It would be perfectly possible to devise suitable selection methods for civil service and local government service candidates, for entry into professions and trades and for big business houses.

The essential thing in each case is to enquire in a careful scientific way into the actual requirements of the intended occupation, the demands that it makes upon individuals and the specific qualities required to be successful in the type of life envisaged.

Although interest and desire to follow a certain line is the accepted reason for selecting an occupation, yet all people connected with training will be aware of the numbers of unsuitable people who put themselves up, and the amount of wastage of effort, time, money and human hopes involved. Also, of course, a rich man's son is at an advantage all the way; the whole world is open to him. By this procedure, it will be possible to sponsor vastly improved scholarship schemes of state aid for suitable candidates.

Application to India.—The needs of the Indian army are essentially similar to those of the British Army. After all, it is the

same war and the same enemy which is being fought by both, with the same weapons. The expansion problems in India are very similar, although the absence of conscription makes some difference. However, the need remains the same, namely, to expand existing establishment in the most rapid and most efficient manner.

A start has already been made in the selection of officer-cadets by methods comparable to those described. It has been accepted as a principle, and will shortly be in force throughout India. The results of application of these new methods to Indian cadets are very encouraging up to now, and have met with wide approval from all who have investigated the matter. It is quite obvious that many alterations in detail will have to be made from the British procedure in respect of differences caused by varying languages, cultures and religions. Technical problems are certainly numerous, but by no means insoluble. Much progress has already been made towards their solution.

Similarly, in the wider application to the needs of society, India's need appears to be even more urgent than of Britain. Any careful student of newspaper advertisements must have been appalled at the depressed economic condition of the educated classes of India. After three years' full university training, a young man is extremely fortunate if he can command a salary of eighty rupees per month; he is more likely to be paid at about the same rate as a personal bearer, without the pickings of the latter.

This is only one aspect of a state of affairs which cannot but harm the internal social structure of a country. What could be more wasteful than to educate minds and then to find no contribution for them to make to the good of society? Could any procedure be better designed to breed discontent and destructive thinking among the best brains of the community?

The industrial system of India is growing apace and, after the war, will undoubtedly develop much more rapidly. How are the newcomers to industry to be selected? By chance, by money, by social influence, by passing an examination or by a planned method of selection? Again, it is often stated that even if a man has spent three years at a university, his education is of little practical use to him. This is surely a pity. But who selected the teachers, and who arranged the courses and why is there such an unbridgeable gap between university training and economic need?

All these questions are of tremendous and wide social significance. Modern selection methods provide both a careful scientific investigation of the needs and peculiar qualities required in various occupations, and the ability to define the endowments of individual beings. It does not require a strong imagination to see what way scientific selection could be of help in reconstruction of post-war society.

2. *Other Ranks' Selection.*—To complete the description of the application of selective testing to the modern army, brief attention must be paid to recruits, although this is more properly

a subject for an article of equal length. In Britain at the outbreak of this war, the time-honoured procedure of mass allocation of recruits, by districts and by local service needs, was followed. It has since been entirely abandoned because of its wasteful results and the unfortunate effect on morale.

It has been stated above that a conscript army is a cross-section of the "Great British Public." Each village, therefore, contributes its tall men and its short men, its fat men and its thin men, its clever men and its stupid men. Mass allocation can pay no attention to individual differences, and yet every day we pay lip service to the idea of judging intelligence and personality in our social contacts.

The introduction of the General Service Corps in Britain has been a great advance in military training methods. Under this scheme recruits go to Primary Training Centres which belong to no specific arm of the service. They remain there for the first six weeks of their training, during which time they undergo all the routine procedure of the first few weeks of military service; medical examinations, inoculations, issue of clothing and equipment and elementary instruction in army life and procedure, basic infantry training, square drill and elementary weapon training.

During their first fortnight, each recruit undergoes a standard programme consisting of various tests of intelligence and special aptitudes. He is also interviewed by the Personnel Selection Officer, whose job it is to assess a man's civil experience in relation to its value to the army. Difficult and peculiar cases are referred to the Psychiatrist for an added opinion. By means of intelligence tests, a man is graded according to his ability to be trained for a military trade. The special aptitude tests make it possible to say whether the man has a flair for engineering, clerical work or for one of the manual trades. It should be reiterated that in all these tests the standards required are those of the actual achievements of recruits and in no case is the man measured against a theoretical ideal.

At the end of the six weeks' training the record of each soldier is completed and contains a recommendation for type of employment (usually three per man) in order of priority. These recommendations are couched in general terms and refer to suitability for a trade rather than for a specific military role. By means of an automatic filing device, when the War Office require, say, 10,000 blacksmiths to be posted, only the names of those with the required qualifications are thrown up by the machines.

As a result of the Primary Training Centre's recommendation, recruits are posted to Corps Training Centres where, for the first time, they become identified with a definite military unit. This change of procedure has given widespread satisfaction, on account of the reduction of training time and of lessened wastage by unsuitable recruits, and in the higher general level of efficiency obtained at Corps Training Centres.

India and Other Ranks' Selection.—It is admitted that since recruitment for the Indian Army is voluntary, the above scheme presents great difficulty in introduction. Recruits usually express preference for one arm or another, and frequently refuse to accept a transfer. However, it is very little use spending time and trouble

on training recruits who will never make good and, therefore, any scheme which can undertake to pick out the unsuitables in the first few days of training will save the country time, trouble and expense.

Further, to pick out a recruit with special aptitude will allow training programmes to be devised to suit a man's ability rather than to go at the pace of the slowest which is the only possibility at present.

Technical difficulties are of the same order as found in officer selection, with a main additional one of the high illiteracy rate. Modern science, however, is far from powerless in the face of such problems, and it is claimed that a very valuable contribution can be made by selective testing to the problems of allocation and training of Indian recruits.

Conclusion.—The scheme outlined above shows that in Britain it is possible that out of a war-time emergency measure, a project of great future social benefit is developing. The same possibilities apply to India, in that there is being developed a scheme for the assessment of human potentialities at both a high intellectual level and at the lowest.

India, for example, is committed to an expansion of educational facilities. During such an expansion we claim that one of the main needs is to know to which children to apply which sort of education. These tests are perfectly applicable to children down to Infant-School age, and years of experience have confirmed that intelligence remains remarkably constant throughout life, and that the clever child of seven is likely to be proportionately clever at the age of fourteen. With the perfecting of methods of gauging the mental ability and personal qualities of illiterate people, we shall be laying a firm foundation to the edifice of post-war educational expansion.

There are many other possibilities, some of which have already been described above. It is of very great importance that a project of this type should be, as far as possible, an indigenous growth. As with all scientific procedure, there is a core which is international, with a world-wide application; but any method of human assessment must vary in its actual technique with differences of culture, social custom, religion and social structure.

The pioneering work has been done almost exclusively in Europe and America, and much that has been established there will apply to an Oriental country. The adaptation to India can best be carried through by Indians, and for this reason the policy is to employ Indian scientists and less highly skilled technicians as far as opportunity offers. The small initial staff sent out from Britain will not be added to and suitable Indians are being given the necessary specific training to take over the scientific side themselves. Similarly on the Boards, Indian officers are being trained to administer these tests.

The wider application to post-war reconstruction in India is clearly a task for Indians, and it is one of the duties of the military

authorities towards the community to ensure that this project is in a sufficiently healthy state of natural growth at the end of the war for opportunities to be seized and responsibilities undertaken with the greatest possible chance of a sound and productive contribution to society.

Some readers may desire to enquire further into the matters described above. If so, it should be possible to arrange for members to visit a Board and meet personnel engaged in this work. All possible facilities will be gladly given to interested parties, but there is a limit to the number of visitors a Board can deal with at any one time. Any enquiry should be addressed to the Editor of this Journal, with the envelope marked "Selective Testing." The Editor has kindly consented to pass the enquiries on to the appropriate authority.

"THE OLD SCHOOL TIE"

By Sir Dashwood Strettell, K.C.I.E., C.B.

The General Sub-Committee of the L.C.C. Education Committee, this spring, suggested that the Council should express the view that "the independent public boarding schools are in the widest sense undesirable while present principles guiding their management and recruitment continue: in these conditions, therefore, the Council does not wish to be associated with any scheme of collaboration with them."

PHEW! Well, there's no doubt as to the colour of the ties of the gentleman who put forward that draft, which was written as a reply to the Fleming Committee's request for help in considering extension between public schools and the general education system.

For any body of responsible men to put forward a recommendation so lacking in any sense of co-operation it is obvious that, firstly, none of them could be public school men; secondly, they have a very jaundiced and inaccurate view of these institutions; and, thirdly, they are evidently envious of what they declare to be the opportunities only open to Public School Boys.

They are not interested as to whether the Public Schools have filled a valuable, or even useful, function in the State, but only that, as they assert, their clientele was restricted and privileged. If, in the future, the whole object of reformers is to "level-down" instead of to "level up", then there is little hope for that future.

Let us, however, study the question from a general point of view. Let us discover the good points of the Public School system, and see how we can make use of them. Let us lay bare its weaknesses, and see how we can eradicate them. To make this investigation we must study the part these institutions have played in the past, the background against which they worked, and then see how they can fit into the future which we envisage.

To get us into the atmosphere of the past, I can do no better than quote a distinguished American writer, Virginia Cowles who in her book *Looking for Trouble* wrote the following in 1941 about Public Schools:

"England is a puzzling nation. As John Gunter says, 'It is, at one and the same time, the world's strongest oligarchy and freest democracy.' This oligarchy is one of the phenomena of the civilised world. The 'Old School Tie' has been the butt of many jokes, but, in history, you will find the tradition it embodies has led England during her most enlightened periods and fortified her in months of peril.

"Drawn from the public schools the ruling class supplies the country with the bulk of its Statesmen, Civil Servants, Diplomats, Service Officers and Country Squires: in other words, the leaders

of the nation. It is by *no means a rigid caste*—it is constantly *refurbished by new blood.* But all those who enter its ranks, whether by way of the public schools or by outstanding merit, are bound together by the Old School Tie tradition.

"This extraordinary freemasonry which admits no symbols, tolerates no pass words and ignores the usual paraphernalia of the exclusive society is bound together by an intangible code of ethics—a code unwritten, unmentioned, but understood and accepted by all. This code is the fibre of England. Public school boys are educated to be the future leaders of the Empire and, from an early age, are taught responsibility, but, more important, they are impressed with a sense of *noblesse oblige.*

"They must set the standard for the nation: in peace time their honour must be unassailable, and in war time their courage unquestionable."

The above remarks by a member of the ultra-democratic United States are a wonderful tribute to the results, to date, of this system of education. We should be mad to throw the system away in our efforts to level, regiment and dragoon—and would be wise to build on these sure foundations an expanded and more democratic edifice.

For several years immediately before the present war, a portion of the public indulged in a series of combined attacks against the imaginary and exaggerated individual known as Colonel Blimp and against the Old School Tie. These attacks had much in common. They were wild and inaccurate, and they were made by much the same type of people suffering from inferiority complex.

Strange to say, if one looks back, one finds that the opinions attributed to the egregious Colonel, and which were so held up to scorn, have proved so often to have been right. I give one example: a cartoon published in 1934, in which the Colonel is depicted as saying:

"By Gad, Sir, Winston is right, we must have plenty of airplanes."

How little did the cartoonist realize that his sarcasm was the truth!

The attacks against these two cockshies did not end with the outbreak of war. They still continue, wild and exaggerated and often with little sense. In one of the latest against the Old School Tie, published after 12 months fighting—including the glorious deeds of the R.A.F. in the "Battle of Britain," a well-known authority concluded with what he thought was a damning charge:

"Public school boys tend to admire especially the military virtues of toughness, courage and endurance."

The four main charges which have been levelled against the Public Schools are Exclusiveness, with its corollary, privileged opportunities; Athletocracy; Lack of Christian Influence; Excessive Standardization of Output. In making these charges, that of Exclusiveness is mainly levelled against the Boarding Schools; as regards the other charges, the two types are more on level terms.

The implications of the tedious attacks against the Old School Tie were that though loyalty to your country and your Trade Union are all very well, there was something ridiculous about Loyalty to your School. Yet there must be some great virtue in them, for our great British Boarding Schools are the one British invention, in education, that has been envied and imitated all over the world. A distinguished American writes: "Few countries can boast as high a type of manhood as that produced by the public schools of England." Let us examine, therefore, on what grounds these attacks have been made and what are the supposed vices of the Public School System.

Firstly, and principally, EXCLUSIVENESS. There is some truth in this accusation, for although during the last century Public Schools have been one of the most potent and valuable instruments of social education, more valuable even than the Trades Unions, which like the Schools, have provided an admirable training for citizenship, yet like them they have tended to serve the interests of a special class. Other schools in other countries teach well, but no schools anywhere have provided so comprehensive a training of mind and character as the British Public School.

Their paramount virtue has perhaps been that they have bred CHARACTER: that boys at school learnt to take and give orders, and to admire the man who can co-operate self-sacrificingly with his fellows more than the brilliant individualist. Yet the fact remains that these institutions have been the preserve of a limited class of the comparatively prosperous. The truth is that, up to the present, at any rate the Boarding Schools, have *not* been at all "public."

In the future their facilities must be open to a much larger class, possibly to all. This will be the result, not only of pressure, and rightful pressure, but also from the fact that the loss of income of their present patrons will make it impossible for them in future to pay the present high fees.

The public schools, many of them, are not bankrupt, and will, it is hoped, be able to resist bureaucratic control, but on the other hand, it is certain they will require assistance, and in lieu the Government will insist on their accepting free, selected pupils from the State Schools; it may be that, in time, no one will be able to pay the fees, and that the percentage will rise to 100 per cent.

In making the selection of the boys from the free, "State" Schools to join the Public Schools, we must avoid stressing too much the pure examinee type. The system of selection of the Rhodes scholars has much in its favour; there scholastic brilliance is balanced with character and other prowess, with the idea of seeking for leaders. It is a fact that a very high percentage of these scholars obtain Firsts at Oxford. There is much to be said also in favour of the system of interview, which has always been the method of selecting officers in the Royal Navy and, in this war, has been adopted by the other Fighting Services.

Whatever the percentage selected may be, it will make the blending of the different classes easier. Such progressive blending will be the chief function of the new schools. As in the past

century the Public Schools were the chief agency that broke down the barriers between the old land-owning aristocracy and the new commercial and professional middle classes, so, now, they will play the leading role in the levelling of the remaining social barriers between the wage earners and the rest of the community. The day of the Huntin' and Shootin' class is over, and will only be regretted by the out-of-date "Die Hard."

Some argue that working class parents will not be prepared to have their children taken away to be educated to a different social status, breaking up the unity of their families, when there is a perfectly good day school at their doors, which, in many cases offers a better education than that at an inferior public school. Well, we must concentrate the resources of the public schools, like Haileybury and the Imperial Service College have done lately, and ensure that there are no inferior schools. If that is done I cannot believe that, even though it be against their traditions, parents will be anything but proud that their children have been selected for this type of education.

That the boys themselves mix well has been proved beyond doubt by those excellent pre-war holiday camps initiated by His Majesty, when he was Duke of York.

The attackers add that by means of this, as they state, exclusive preserve for the rich, a belief in "Privilege" is instilled into the youth of the British Upper Classes. In truth, the main belief instilled was one of "Service." In fact the public schools, as we know them, came into existence to meet the need of a nation with expanding and world-wide interests, and that need will continue for many years to come, but the tempo of the interests has changed still more to service, the service of the undeveloped peoples in our charge.

The necessity was to train a boy for the many civil and military services upon which Government depended. We needed men who could be sent to distant parts of the world to administer, unselfishly, vast territories, and to carry heavy responsibility at an absurdly early age—men who could be relied upon to act on the "Intention" of Government, rather than on inelastic rules, in any unforeseen emergency. As time went on, these schools were found to produce the type required, the demand continually increased and as it grew, more and more public schools were opened.

As regards the accusation of Privilege, Kenneth de Courcey in the April issue of "Review of World Affairs" writes: "Most of these schools were, and still are, very rough republics. Boys are not taught the advantage of privilege but the tremendous obligations of citizenship. In most of them only a handful of the boys are very rich or very highly born. Generally this small minority have a particularly rough time of it, and soon learn what a boy's democracy really means. They are trained as if they would have to work hard all their lives for very little reward."

Another complaint made is that it is very hard for a boy to rise to fame in Britain unless he has been to one of the big public schools. This, of course, is such an exaggeration as to be almost nonsense. It is astonishing to find how many famous men of the

hundred years immediately preceding this present generation were not at any public school at all.

It is only possible to suggest the names of a few: Livingstone, Kitchener, Tennyson, Disraeli, Rhodes, Lloyd George, etc. None of these went through life with a sense of frustration because they had not been educated at one of the great public schools; in our time the examples are too vividly before us to need mention.

A second criticism of the Public School is ATHLETOCRACY, the worship of beef, brawn and eye to the detriment of intelligence. Despite disclaimers, no doubt there is truth in this accusation. The seriousness of it is, *not* that it is detrimental to the athletic hero, for if he has not the guts to stand hero worship then he is no leader, but that thereby many of the specially intelligent are excluded from early training in the use of authority. Half envious, half contemptuous of what they consider the somewhat bovine school oligarchy, they tend to grow up with an inferiority complex, an exaggerated bias to criticism and opposition, and to over-value their own quick wits and under-estimate the practical experience which they have had not the opportunity to acquire.

It is this category of what we used to call "SWOTS", which has created in England a nucleus of something resembling a British Babu class, voluble, unpractical, hypersensitive and resentful—and it is largely by this class that the criticisms have been levelled against Public School tradition and moral qualities. The cure lies in the hands of the Masters, who must hold the balance evenly in their selection of Prefects.

A third criticism is the lack of Christian influence at the Public Schools. It is a sad fact that, though we all realise that we are fighting to preserve those elements of our civilization and tradition which owe their origin mainly in the Christian faith, yet we find, on every side, profound ignorance of that faith.

I am convinced that in the higher forms of Public Schools there must be some teaching of religion at a more or less adult level. Many men become Agnostics simply because they find themselves comparing a childish knowledge of religion, learnt at their mother's knee, with their adult knowledge of science.

To get a Christian background a substantial proportion of teachers must be real Christians. Can anything be more fatuous than is related of one School, where boys are prepared for confirmation by a Tutor who is a professed Communist, who frankly regards all religious belief as antiquated and dangerous superstition! It must not be a question of rigid tests, still less of official conformity. We want the best teachers, with a proportion of them real Christians—a compromise which it should not be difficult to attain—and democracy lives by compromise.

A fourth criticism is that the tendency is to turn boys out all of one pattern with consequent loss of initiative.

In answer I would say that, in addition to fusing the upper and upper middle classes into one social stratum during the last century, the Public Schools were responsible for an almost equally striking transformation. It was during the 19th century and, as

an integral part of the ascent of the middle classes and the diffusion of the ideal of a Gentleman, that the present high standard of professional integrity was evolved.

The professions developed new and exacting codes of conduct, mainly towards ensuring that their members rendered conscientious and disinterested service. Though there may be backsliders, if that pattern has been held, and in a large majority of cases, attained as an ideal, the Public Schools have done inestimable service.

The fact is that education at a Public School has never been an essential preliminary to fame, but it has proved a very satisfactory way of training a particular type of administrator and public servant. A race of men has been produced which devoted itself to "service." Not everyone need, or should, be trained in this particular way, but we should certainly make it more and more easy for boys, however poor, to have this education if they desire to enter some walk of life for which such schooling is desirable.

To tell the masses that the public schools are a preserve of a plutocracy where mystic privileges are to be obtained is to lie, and to breed the worst form of class hatred.

THE ROSE-PINK CITY

By H. C. D.

"WELL, why not try Jaipur, the City of palaces and peacocks?"

We had been discussing places to visit on a short leave.

"You'll find it chock-full of interest, will learn something of India's past, and will see an Indian city the like of which doesn't exist anywhere else. And the climate is grand during the winter months."

So spoke my colleague, and having had my holiday, let me pass on his advice to others. All he said was true—and more.

Leaving Delhi one night at 22-10 hours by the comfortable metre-gauge railway, I reached Jaipur seven hours later, and started my "rubber-necking" tour during the morning. I must confess to astonishment when I entered the City.

Streets laid out on modern lines, over 100 feet wide, pavements to walk on, picturesque rose-coloured shops and houses on each side, and grass-covered squares at each of the crossings were all set out in modern fashion. Yet these highways, indeed the whole city, was laid down 250 years ago, at a time when town planning was unheard of! Round the City is a masonry wall 20 feet high and 9 feet thick, while a landmark is a lofty tower which overlooks the whole city.

It is being improved under the guidance of its far-sighted Prime Minister, Sir Mirza Ismail. A uniform portico is being built in front of the shops throughout the City; decorative silver-painted lamp posts are at each corner of the lawns at road crossings, while a new ceremonial highway, a replica of the other streets, leads from the Museum outside the City gates to the City Palace.

Striking things as one strolled along the streets were the absence of beggars; the general air of contentment on the faces of the crowds thronging the streets; the tiny windows in the walls above the shops, with screens in the walls for the purdah ladies to look on the street scenes; and the colourful dresses of the women. Occasionally one came across a Hindu shrine set in the trunk of a tree in the centre of the road; or saw an elephant being led unconcernedly along; or stood to watch some of the peacocks proudly showing off their plumage.

One unusual building is the Hawa Mahal, the Palace of Winds. Nine storeys high, the overhanging balconies having latticed windows placed one above the other give the building a pyramidal appearance. These latticed screens actually make the whole building cool at all seasons.

Jaipur boasts of the best astronomical observatory in India. It is the largest of five built by H. H. Maharaja Sawai Jai Singhji, himself a famous astronomer, early in the 18th century, the other

five being at Delhi, Muttra, Benares, and Ujjain. The last of what may be called the stone age of astronomy, one could have spent hours learning of the objects of these peculiarly shaped instruments.

Nearby is H. H. the Maharaja's City Palace, to attempt an adequate description of which would fill many pages. Here, however, are the highlights of this fine building. Near the entrance is the Mubarak Mahal, a feature of which is the Jaipur marbles and other stones. Passing through a beautifully carved marble gate with heavy brass doors twenty feet high, the visitor sees in front the Darbar Hall, lighted by enormous crystal chandeliers, and on State occasions undoubtedly a dazzling sight.

Farther on are the State Palace gardens. Paths run each side of long canals; fountains add to the beauty of the scene; green lawns, date palms and a variety of other tropical trees add to the attractiveness of the gardens, all of which were designed and laid down when the City was first built. Overlooking the gardens is the Chandra Mahal Palace, seven storeys high, and the Maharaja's official residence.

Another fascinating building is the Albert Hall Museum, the foundation stone of which was laid by His late Majesty King Edward VII when he visited India in 1876 as Prince of Wales. Its exhibits could keep any visitor keenly interested; they include articles representative of the industrial art of the whole of India and other countries, and of course, hosts of examples of the fine craftsmanship of Jaipurians. In a lofty entrance hall, lighted by four cut glass chandeliers, are a number of huge carpets, one of which is 300 years old.

Friends advised me not to omit going to the deserted palace of Amber—and I must confess the visit was worth every minute of the time. This palace, actually a city on a hill, is reached through three main gateways. The almost mystic silence as one goes round grips one. Built hundreds of years ago, and once the scene of colourful Oriental ceremony, it now stands, gaunt and empty, a monument to the skill of its early architects.

The first sight on entering is of the forty-pillared audience hall, with a vaulted roof supported on white marble pillars. A gateway, said to be the finest in the world, stands a short way away. A palace of purely white marble stands on the left, its walls adorned with arabesqued carved panels, its roof decorated with mirrors—work done, I believe, by Italian craftsmen who came to India around the year 1500.

Bathrooms, with arrangements for supplying hot and cold water; stained glass windows; long-ramped corridors down which the royal ladies were pushed in wheeled chairs, and a darkened room the walls and roof of which are covered with hundreds of small mirrors are other remarkable features of the building. The myriads of reflections in this room as one strikes a match are fascinating to a degree.

From the roof one gazes down on the main road from Jaipur to Delhi; on the deserted buildings built centuries ago; on the

fortifications and defence works running up the side of the hill on the far side of the valley; and in the distance, the city of Jaipur.

A visit to the Purana Ghat also took one back hundreds of years. Situate in a narrow valley overlooked by high hills on either side, you come to this fascinating place of old-world gardens. On one side of the cobbled street runs an open conduit; parallel, and some 20 feet above the road, the visitor walks along a covered pathway. From it one sees luxuriously green gardens, in which orange, *papaya* and other fruit trees are growing in profusion; a typical Rajput nobleman's houses can be visited, and not far away is a first-class swimming pool, in excellent condition despite its great age.

Jaipur craftsmen have long been famous. As painters, goldsmiths, potters and metal workers their reputation stands high, and few visitors can resist the temptation of picking up a bargain of the finely executed ornamental brassware. Their enamelling on gold and silver is exquisitely executed; it is done by engraving the metal, and filling in the grooves with fused colours, and the finished article is something to treasure.

I visited the School of Arts and Crafts to watch the young students carrying on with the crafts their ancestors have handed on H. H. the Maharaja takes a keen personal interest in this school, and visitors might well spend a short time there, watching youngsters learning to continue the work of their fathers. You see marble being chiselled into various articles; brass work being turned out; wood carving, painting and many of the other handicrafts.

These brief notes are only a fraction of what can be seen in Jaipur. I should like to have described the modern hospital, built just outside the City at a cost of 26 lakhs; it would almost be a pleasure to be ill there! And one would like to refer more extensively to the fine Maharaja's College, which has helped to give Jaipur the leading position she occupies in higher education in Rajputana.

No record of a visit to Jaipur, however, would be complete without reference to Sir Mirza Ismail, the Prime Minister, whose great work in Mysore deserves comparison with that of Kemal Ataturk in Turkey. Sir Mirza is accomplishing wonders in Jaipur, commercially, industrially and artistically. With vision and vigour, he is developing the State's resources, and raising the standard of living of the people. An already lovely city is having its many attractions added to by wise planning and the growth of a civic consciousness in its citizens.

From few places in India could the visitor derive so much pleasure, or receive so much warm-hearted hospitality. Historic associations of chivalry and romance; vivid pictures of the magnificence of an India past and gone; and a marvellous mingling of West and East are some of the memories which will remain in one's mind for many years to come.

SOLDIERING IN THE BOER WAR

By Captain N. R. Corke.*

GOOD SOLDIERS always grouse, but when one compares the thought given to the soldiers' welfare in 1943 with our experiences in the South African war one gets a clearer idea of the advances that have been made not only in weapons, but in organization and efficiency.

There are not many of us now serving who have served in the three major wars of our country. Several of our military leaders, such as Field Marshal Lord Wavell, Field Marshals Dill and Smuts, and General Macnaughten, of Canada, immediately spring to mind, but there are only a handful of more humble soldiers whose memories go back to active service in South Africa in 1899—1902.

The Boer War was the first large war in modern times where the regular army had to be reinforced with volunteers. The latter class were so plentiful in those days that, for the cavalry, each man had to pass a riding and shooting test before he was accepted. We were given practically no preliminary training. My unit, the Scottish Horse, actually sailed within about a week from the time we assembled at Aldershot and were in the field within three weeks of arriving in South Africa.

The Army of to-day, equipped with the latest mechanical transport, would gasp with amazement at our transport. It was entirely animal, of course. I served with an independent mobile column of brigade strength, *i.e.*, three mounted units, one infantry unit, and the usual supply of horse artillery. This column, under Colonel Benson, specialized in night marches and surprise attacks in the early morning, in which cases the infantry were left behind to guard the transport until the mounted troops and the gunners could return from their sortie, some 24 hours later.

Our transport consisted of about 50 per cent. G.S. waggons drawn by seven spans of mules, and about 50 per cent. of heavy South African waggons, drawn by about eight yoke of oxen. The latter were half-covered, and presented a picturesque effect, similar to the smaller American covered wagon so familiar to cinema-goers. The waggons carried ammunition, rations, and forage for all the animals, for there was practically no time for grazing, and blanket rolls for the troops. We were issued with no tents, but the men made small blanket tents, known as "bivvies," for themselves.

With this transport a column could only cover about ten to twelve miles a day. As the column remained away from the Lines of Communication for months at a stretch, we had about 350 vehicles altogether.

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*Readers may like to know that the writer of this article was a volunteer in the South African War, in the Great War, and again in the present conflict. He is now serving in India.

Vast advances in food supplies for troops have been made since 1899. Our normal daily ration consisted of five biscuits, a quarter of a pound of jam or marmalade, a mess tin of coffee in the morning, usually before daylight, and a mess tin of tea, usually at dusk or later.

Two biscuits and jam were eaten for breakfast and tea, and tiffin consisted of one dry biscuit and water, taken at any convenient halt, or while on the move. The biscuits were, if I remember rightly, about three and a half inches square and about three-eighths of an inch thick. Sugar was an issue, but little of this appeared to reach the troops via the coffee and tea. Milk, as far as I can remember, was not an issue. Most of the biscuits were made by a firm which had an "X" as a trade mark.

Variations occurred with rations. Sometimes we were given the above ration of biscuits and jam for two days instead of for one. Once every six weeks or so we had an issue, for one meal only, of either bully beef, Maconochie's ration, bacon, cheese or boiled trek-oxen. Every two or three months, when we visited the L. of C. for two days, we were issued with bread instead of biscuits. Occasionally we had a ration of rum or lime juice.

No tobacco, cigarettes, or matches were supplied, though on occasions that were few and far between a presentation issue of plug tobacco was made. It was vile stuff, commonly used for chewing, and few of us could smoke it. The common substitute for matches were two sticks of cordite, from a cartridge, ignited from another man's pipe. A very large number of cartridges must have been used up in this way; it certainly proves the advantage of issuing matches!

Men thrived on these rations. In fact, those who were not already too fat put on weight. Nevertheless, everyone was always hungry.

The 15-pounder field guns of those days were breech-loaders, but not quick firers. They had no recoil gear, and the gun had to be relaid at each shot. The only quick firers we had on the column were naval guns of about 3" or 3½" bore, mounted on makeshift carriages. We also had the famous pom-pom, which was simply a very large belt-fed Maxim gun, firing a 1-lb. contact shell. The field guns always used shrapnel. The ranging of guns on unseen targets never arose in my experience, as the enemy had lost all their guns in the early stages.

Machine guns were mostly Maxims, the forerunner of the Vickers, but we also had at least one air-cooled Colt machine gun in the column. I never saw the latter operating, but the Maxims used to jam very frequently in action. Range-finding was carried out with two optical instruments connected with a long length of cord, which formed the base for triangulation.

Our rifles were either long Lee-Metfords or long Lee-Enfields. The short cavalry carbine did not have sufficient range for the open *veldt*. These rifles were not clip-loading, but were otherwise practically as good as the more modern weapons of to-day. There were, of course, no sub-machine weapons, but some officers provided themselves with Mauser pistols.

Equipment consisted of a canvas bandolier round the waist, carrying 100 rounds of ammunition, and a bayonet; a leather bandolier, on the shoulder, carrying 50 rounds, while another 50 rounds were usually carried loose in the tunic pockets or in the haversack. A waterbottle was also carried. Nothing was carried on the saddle except the short bucket for the butt of the long rifle and the cavalry greatcoat. All fighting was done dismounted, but charges were made, after a night march, to get inside the enemy camp before he could begin to fight.

Our uniform was comfortable enough, once they had done away with the single collar on the tunic and replaced it with a double collar, which we always wore open at the neck.

The only long-distance signalling device was the heliograph by day, and the lamp by night. I cannot remember ever seeing a field telegraph or telephone in use. On the high *veldt*, some 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, with its perfectly clear atmospheric conditions, the heliograph could be worked over practically any distance where an uninterrupted air line could be obtained. A message from headquarters to a mobile column would be sent from some point on the L. of C. to another column, which would then relay it *via* other columns, as opportunity offered. It was sometimes a week before a message reached its destination.

Camouflage was, of course, completely unknown. In fact, the word was unknown. The only camouflage practised was the use of khaki tunics in place of scarlet. Metal was naturally left unpolished, as polished buttons would have acted as miniature heliographs.

Enteric and dysentery were the two diseases which gave serious trouble and caused many fatal casualties. There was no compulsory inoculation for enteric, and no specific for dysentery. Everyone suffered from *veldt* sores; the unlamented puttee was undoubtedly responsible for much of this trouble. There was no dental service of any kind, except that the M.O. might be able to pull a tooth out if it was not too difficult.

The present-day soldier does not appreciate how lucky he is in regard to mail and news. We got mail every few months, when we visited the L/C. for supplies. We could send mail at the same infrequent intervals. Very, very occasionally we got news by helio; I remember the murder of a United States President, William McKinley, being received in this way.

We were paid in gold, the sovereigns and half-sovereigns bearing the head of Kruger, the last President of the Transvaal. In those days the game of "Crown and Anchor" still flourished in the Army, and I have seen several thousand sovereigns lost at this game in an hour or so. As troops in the field could not spend their money, it was only natural that they should gamble.

It is a far cry from those days of open warfare to 1943, with its aeroplanes, tommy guns, land mines, and mechanical transport. But the British soldier remains the same—full of grouses, and equally full of courage, toughness and endurance.

A SUGGESTED REORGANIZATION OF INFANTRY

By Lieut.-Colonel T. R. Hurst

IN THE FIRST PART of this article, which appeared in the January issue of the Journal, suggestions were outlined on how battalion transport should be reorganized—15-cwt. trucks abolished, and every man in the battalion brought to the battlefield in 3 ton lorries, each towing a trailer carrying two donkeys to carry across country (inaccessible to M.T.) the essentials required by the infantry soldier. In this article the writer gives his ideas on what weapons a battalion should have; the artillery and air support required; the number of donkeys which should be provided for each battalion and the loads they would carry; the question of improvising local transport and using air supply.

The small arms weapons from which we have to choose our fire power are:

M. M. G. (Vickers).—The only advantage an M.M.G. has over an L.M.G. with tripod is that it produces more accurate fire at longer ranges, and can go on firing indefinitely. Ranges over 600 yards are, however, seldom required in jungle warfare, and it is not practical to bring up sufficient ammunition to keep the gun firing. Moreover, it has no useful place in our equipment, as it has the disadvantages of great weight, awkward loads, delay in coming into action and conspicuousness of team in action.

L.M.G.'s.—These are essential for providing bursts of accurate fire against fleeting targets at what for jungle warfare are long ranges (200—1,600 yds.). The V. B. and Bren are excellent weapons, and whichever is available should be provided on the scale of one per section. To be manhandled by Nos. 1 and 2, who must carry magazines of ammunition (they require no other weapons). Each platoon to have one L.M.G. tripod and 2,000 rounds on pack. The Support Company to have 4 L.M.G.'s with tripods.

Carbines—machine-gun.—The main advantages of these are that they are "quick on the draw" and handy weapons for "in fighting", particularly for use in thick jungle where firing from the hip or standing is almost essential owing to restricted vision at ground level. They produce fire in volume at the instant it is required, and are simple and reliable. Their disadvantage is inaccuracy at more than 200 yards. The types available are the Thompson (the Rolls model), and the Sten (the Ford or Woolworth model). Since the Sten is easier to produce and lighter—which enables the man to carry more ammunition and is in mass production—it is the obvious gun for the Indian Army. I suggest the scale of 2 per section and 1 per officer, N.C.O., M.T. driver, motor cyclist, signaller, runner orderly and all administrative personnel (who never require their weapons except quickly at short range). Each platoon to have one donkey load of reserve Sten gun ammunition. Each Sten to have short bayonet.

Rifle.—Still essential for accurate small arms fire at ranges over 200 yards, and particularly since cold steel is still most useful if not essential. Each section has, therefore, 1 L.M.G., 2 Stens, and 4 or 5 rifle men.

Pistols.—The only people who require pistols are members of mortar teams (other than Nos. 1 and 2, who require no weapons).

Mortars.—Experience has proved that mortar fire is invaluable—no amount of flat trajectory small arms fire can replace it. The 2-inch mortar, with its 2-lb. bomb, its range of 500 yards, is an excellent weapon for the Platoon Commander. Nos. 1 and 2 must manhandle the weapon and as many rounds as possible—they require no other weapons as they will be protected by the remainder of the platoon.

In extensive warfare, and particularly in thick jungle and mountainous country, when communications from forward Platoon Headquarters to Battalion Headquarters are invariably slow and normally impossible, it is considered essential to have a heavy 3-inch mortar available at Company Headquarters. Thus only can powerful fire (10-lb. shells) at ranges up to 1,600 yards be brought down accurately and quickly on the enemy holding up the forward elements. The surprise effect of fire of one heavy mortar will be great, and more likely to have decisive results than if a halt is made and four mortars are brought into action 30 minutes later.

After the fire in the hands of Company Commanders we must decide whether it is best to provide.

(*a*) More mortars or pack artillery (3.7 How.).

(*b*) Pack artillery or mechanized artillery (25 prs.), or dive bombers and fighter bombers (aerial artillery).

One mountain battery (4 guns and 120 r.p.g.) entails the provision of 4 intricate and costly weapons, their shells, their expensive carrying equipment, and the extensive training of 4 B.O.s, 3 V.C.Os. and 100 men. Also the provision of some 160 large South American mules and ponies, and approximately 160 mule drivers and followers. On the other hand a battery of four 3-inch mortars and 120 r.p.g. only requires 1 B.O., 1 V.C.O. and some 24 men; 40 large donkeys and 20 donkey boys could carry the weapons and ammunition. The weapons and ammunition are mass produced, the donkeys are in the country, and saddlery would be simple. The training required by the teams is much easier than artillery training, and would require far less time. Looked at from every point of view, it seems it consumes less war effort to have sixteen mortars than to have one mountain battery.

Now think of the strain put on the transport services in rear to deliver at the front the necessary ammunition, and the rations for men and animals, of a mountain battery, compared with the simplicity of doing the same for a mortar battery. Add to that the advantage of the Commanding Officer having the fire power "in his own pocket" rather than having to get it from someone else and I feel most C.Os. will agree that we ought to go for the 3-inch mortar (and ample ammunition for it) and sacrifice the admittedly greater shell power, greater accuracy, and greater range

of the 3.7 How., desirable characteristics but ones which we simply cannot afford.

A further great point against mountain batteries is that it is not a feasible proposition to transport the battery and its mules quickly in M.T. to accompany embussed infantry, and if they walk they will not arrive in time where they are badly wanted; they are, in fact, only suitable for special marching columns in restricted theatres of operations on the N.W.F. of India. It is therefore suggested that each battalion should have eight 3-inch mortars—four in Companies and four in support company plus one 2-inch mortar per platoon.

Pack Transport.—Based on the foregoing, the allotment of donkeys to a battalion might total 100, distributed as follows:

Support Company, four 3-inch mortars	4
" " 224 bombs or 56 r.p.m. at 14 rounds per donkey	16
" " 4,000 rounds S.A.A. per L.M.G. (4)	8
Each Company Headquarters, one 3-inch mortar ...	4
" " " 42 mortar bombs ...	12
Each Platoon H.Q. (12), one load 2" mortar bombs ...	12
" " " " " reserve ammunition for stens	12
" " " " " " S.A.A. for L.M.G. ... with tripod ...	12
Each Coy. including support company, two loads, lights and grenades	10
Sigs for rear link W/T. set (sets in coys. are man-pack)	2
Medical panniers	1
Reserve water tanks	5
Officers' reserve rations	1
Unloaded spare	1
Total	100

Small light foundation saddle of the cheap "country" variety should be provided for each donkey. All S.A.A. and mortar bombs to be packed and carried in sack rolls, with rope tabs attached to make loading and unloading quick and easy for one man to do at every halt. The present sharp-edged S.A.A. box is quite unsuitable.

Mortar Batteries.—It is further suggested that each Infantry Brigade should have two Batteries of three-inch mortars—each of sixteen mortars—as part of its composition. Each mortar transported on a special *tracked carrier* and with ammunition on similar carriers. The writer considers a tracked vehicle essential as although the Jeep or F.W.D. truck is a wonderful advance on the ordinary two-wheel drive vehicle, they have their limitations—*e.g.*, not so good in soft rice fields (including *bunds* between fields) or in mangrove swamps or on insufficiently wide jungle tracks. To increase cross-country performance and keep weight of vehicle low for rafts, boats, bridges, etc., the load to be carried must be kept down. It is, therefore, suggested that the driver is the only person lifted across country and that the mortar must be fired from the

ground (heavy reinforced floor and chassis would be essential to stand the stress of firing a mortar from the vehicle). Finally, the vehicle must be low and inconspicuous and on no account wider or higher than a Jeep. For the few occasions when these small light-tracked vehicles cannot be used for carriage of these mortar batteries, the reader is referred to the paragraph below on improvised transport.

Improvised Transport.—In moving through any country we should make use of the resources of that country. The enemy will probably have commandeered all available M.T. or destroyed it when he withdraws, and he may destroy many if not all the bullock-carts, but he cannot denude the whole country of its bullocks and/or other beasts of burden.

Therefore, the further we advance into the country, the more transport animals we will be able to commandeer for our own use to bridge the possible gap which may be created when infantry battalions are operating far afield from roadhead. It must, however, be organized improvisation, and to be able to work it, each donkey company R.I.A.S.C., should have a reserve of, say, 8 officers and 80 men available for the duty. There must be refugees now in India from Burma and Malaya or men of Burma Army who know the language and could be found for the job.

We should have no qualms about commandeering animals for transport since we are reconquering the country for the inhabitants. To cover the possibility of the Japanese destroying all bullock-carts, the writer suggests that detachable shafts should be provided for the trailers so that they could be drawn by bullocks.

If bullocks cannot be found, then we must resort to "locals" impressed to form porter companies and allot as required. The reserve of 8 officers and 80 men in the Brigade can organize and command (or escort) these porters. Details of such organization must be left to Commanders and Staffs on the spot, but it must be planned ahead, and the reserve personnel to work it provided—otherwise it will not be possible to find the controlling personnel when they are required, and uncontrolled porters will not work or will vanish in the jungle. Again we must have no qualms about conscripting "locals;" after all, there is conscription of women in the United Kingdom.

Mechanised Artillery.—Even in extensive warfare, strong defensive positions will be met, and must be overcome, by infantry supported by heavy artillery. 3.7 Hows. would not be sufficient. The 25-pr. is perhaps the gun of the war, and though it is mechanised it will always be essential. As stated in the first part of this article, every main advance will be astride a motor road, and the strong defensive positions to be overcome will be astride a motor road.

The cross-country performance of the 25-prs. will be limited by the nature of the country, but with their range of 7 miles, and with W/T. to O.Ps. they will be able to support infantry in the early stages of the advance. Since infantry will be required to operate at far longer distances from "road head" or ground traversible by mechanised artillery, some further fire support will be essential. (The Order of Battle for the whole force will, of course, include armoured formations whenever the area of operations permits of the use of A.F.Vs.)

Air Support.—Nearly 8,000 'planes a month are now being turned out in America. Add those being produced in the United Kingdom, and it is clear that when our offensive starts we will be in a strong position to shoot the Japanese out of the sky and blast them from their aerodromes and L.Gs. one after the other. When we were fighting in Malaya, East Indies and Burma, the Japanese had practically undisputed air superiority. When we return, the boot will be on the other leg, as our successes in North Africa have shown.

In a country where forward communications are bad for bringing up artillery ammunition, the substitution of dive-bombers and fighter-bombers for artillery has many obvious advantages, and it goes without saying that our infantry will get this close air support.

But in jungle country, finding the enemy, and distinguishing between friend and foe, are matters of extreme difficulty for the pilot. We must therefore button up our means of intercomm. from battalion headquarters to the nearest L.G., our means of indicating targets and calling for support (*e.g.* by using rockets, coloured smoke, coloured light signals, etc.), and, above all, we must reduce the time lag between the moment the Commanding Officer has a good target and wants air support, and the moment the first bomb falls.

It is largely a question of distance and time of flight from airfields (our own and the enemy) to target but we must reduce the number of messages we now send in code and cut out ciphers (which are the outcome of defensive policy and in support of which the so-called security-minded give the enemy credit for intercepts and for time records in translation and retransmission to their own troops which are impossible in mobile jungle warfare).

Means of direct inter-communication, ground tentacle to pilot over target, produce difficulties of R/T. equipment in aircraft and require specially-trained pilots but, if at all possible to R.A.F., this direct quickest method of support should be adopted.

Air Transport or Supply by Air.—Animal Pack 2nd Line Transport is out of the question, for any distance, for more than a Brigade. R.I.A.S.C. M.T. Coys. of Jeeps or four-wheel drive-trucks would be a great improvement on our present 2nd Line lorries and would be independent of roads to a large extent. But we would still be "track-bound" and would be dependent on an L. of C. which, throughout its whole length, would have to be guarded and kept free from obstruction by enemy guerillas, who could emerge from the jungle on either side where and when they wished. It would also require protection from the threat of being blocked by larger enemy columns. Further our Jeeps and F.W.D. vehicles would have to be protected from air attack—which includes the menace of incendiaries to their hides or harbours in dry jungle. The employment of slow, unarmoured transport aircraft is impossible in close proximity to enemy airfields unless we are in a position to build up and maintain a very favourable air situation. As pointed out in the preceding para., we, and not the Japs, will in the future be in the happy position of having air

superiority and will be able to provide the necessary fighter escort on occasions when the transport aircraft move in daylight.

To anyone who has studied modern war developments, it is clear that Supply by Air has long ago passed the stage when it was experimental and only to be tried in dire necessity—it has now been proved by enemy experience in Holland and Crete, by U.S.A. experience in S. W. Pacific, and by our own success in feeding evacuees from Burma and supporting isolated Levies and Posts as well as long-distance operations far beyond our Eastern Frontier. The delivery of supplies direct by aircraft (or gliders) is the quickest and best method (as it saves 20 per cent. wasted container load, parachutes, etc.) but need not be considered here since it presupposes at the Infantry end the existence of suitable airfields. For the jungle warfare operations envisaged in this article the dropping methods only are considered—*i.e.,* free dropping of such sacked items as *atta,* rice, grain, hay, or dropping by parachute in containers such items as cannot be free-dropped.

The advantages of Air Transport are:

(*a*) Independent of roads or natural obstacles such as mountains, jungle, rivers or sea.

(*b*) Freedom from all necessity for ground protection of L. of C. or sea escort for transport vessels.

(*c*) Bases can be further back—i.e., out of range of fighter-escorted enemy bombers.

(*d*) Extreme mobility and flexibility enabling long ranges to be covered and transport to be switched in a night from one front to another.

(*e*) In Combined Operations the use of air transport will reduce congestion (air targets) on the beaches.

(*f*) Supplies and ammunition can be dropped by day or night in the dropping zone selected by brigades or battalions.

(*g*) Finally, it is obvious that a commander who uses supply by air gains freedom of manœuvre from the absence of a L. of C. and enjoys the inestimable advantage of being able to bring off surprise as to direction, weight and time of his attack.

In view of the foregoing and the fact that in our offensive operations against the Japs we shall have to winkle them out and kill them in jungle country, inaccessible to M.T. of any sort, and carry out unlimited combined operations where the problem of putting ashore sufficient M.T. will be a serious problem, the writer considers that Air Transport (or supply dropping) *must* be a *normal link* in the set-up of our forces. Without this link, and direct air support, there is little use of talking of light divisions since they will be dependent on thousands of Jeeps, tied to one or two tracks fit for Jeeps, and incapable of hard hitting until the Jeeps can get to the forward elements or be put ashore. Moreover, supply by air will enable us to defeat the Pathan on his own ground and solve for ever the N.W. Frontier problem after the war, *i.e.,* when it will no longer be possible or sound policy to "bottle up" several divisions trans-Indus and to go on paying civil armed forces and annually increasing gold "allowances" for the maintenance of so-called peace on our borders.

Conclusion.—Jungle warfare, more than any other type of warfare, demands a very high standard of individual training, specialist training, and training of junior leaders. It is useless to expect an Indian or a Cockney unaccustomed to the jungle to function efficiently, when he is "thrown into it," no matter how much imagination he is asked to use in his training or how many T.E.W.Ts. he attends. Training must be practical, and it can only be done in country of the same nature as Burma, Malaya, etc. The Army, the Air Forces, and the Navy must train together since all operations will be "combined ops."

Finally, the campaign will only be won if everybody from Lance Naik Boop Singh to General Thruster is imbued with initiative and the offensive spirit. These combined with strict discipline and high morale, *i.e.*, a readiness to die fighting on the part of officers and soldiers—are far more important than any details of equipment.

BACKGROUND NEWS AND VIEWS

"War Medal" Questions in the House

"Lieutenant-Colonel MacNamara is to ask the Prime Minister whether he will recommend the award of a Star, on the lines of the 1939—43 Star, to include all sailors, soldiers and airmen who helped to defend Britain during the critical times, among others the anti-aircraft gunners, the divisions who manned coast and other defences and who were constantly in action against low-flying attack, the Canadians who were sent to help in the defence of Britain, and the British troops and airmen who were sent to India at a time when there was every possibility of a Japanese invasion of that country had they not been there. He is also inquiring, in view of the fact that chevrons will not be worn after the war and cannot be worn in civilian clothes, what permanent star or recognition is to be given to the sailors, soldiers and airmen, including anti-aircraft gunners and those who manned the coasts of Britain, who, through no fault of their own, were kept in the British Isles and who were told during the invasion periods that the defence of Britain was the most important duty of the war; whether the Prime Minister will also recommend the issue of a medal to Territorials who were serving when war broke out and who had been serving since."—*"The Times," September* 17, 1943.

(Mr. Churchill later stated in the House of Commons that he considered it desirable that these matters should be opened to debate when the House met later in the year. He added that he had given a great deal of attention to the subject, and would himself take charge of the debate.—*Ed., U.S.I. "Journal."*)

The 1939—43 Star

"Service in Cyprus will not qualify for the Africa Star. Malta alone of the Mediterranean islands is included in the award of this Star by reason of its heavy action and long ordeal in combination with the operations in Africa. In the Navy the 1939—43 Star takes priority of award over the Africa Star, and no one eligible for the former will receive the latter. The reason for this is that from the naval point of view service in the African campaigns cannot be accepted as ranking before the world-wide services performed by the Navy in other areas of operations.

"Sea-going personnel of the Air/Sea Rescue Service and of the barrage balloons will qualify under the same rules as the Navy. Service on land on the Home Front presents many difficult borderline cases on which opinion may well mature. When the Africa and the 1939/43 Stars are manufactured after the war they will be given as mementoes to the next-of-kin of those who have suffered death as a result of service in a theatre of operations during the periods laid down. We are going to get on with giving out the ribbons. I am very anxious that those officers and men—some of them have been fighting for three years—should put up their ribbons. We must be careful not to destroy the value of the

award by making it practically universal. On the other hand, it may well be that some expansion may be permitted from the present conception. Every one will recognise the difficulty of the problem and how easily opinions may differ upon it . . . Service in West Africa will not qualify for the 1939—43 Star, with the exception that air crews engaged in operations against the enemy from West Africa would count such service towards the qualifying period. Chevrons might certainly be worn in plain clothes. Army and Air Force service in India is to be recognised by inclusion in the award of chevrons for war service and wound stripes, and service in operations would count towards the qualifying period for the 1939—43 Star."—*The Prime Minister, speaking in the House of Commons on September 22, 1943.*

Where Dogs are Ignorant

"On the North-east coast of England there is a village which looks out on the North Sea across a line of sand dunes. The other day a man ran down the main street shouting: 'Dog on the sand dunes.' A hundred people promptly bolted from their houses and across the fields. A hundred yards away they flopped down and lay waiting. What were they waiting for? A mad dog? No, the dog was quite sane; he was merely ignorant. He had just wandered on to a minefield, and any minute the villagers knew a mine might go up and their windows with it. . . . The villagers have made the same snap evacuation thirteen times. They all keep their own dogs on leads all the time—but there are always strays!"—*Mr. Colin Wells, in a broadcast talk.*

Courage

"It was General Wavell who first set the pattern that warfare was subsequently to follow in the desert. He created a condition in which his superior armour could win the day. He had as overwhelming a superiority of armour as Marshal Graziani had of infantry, and that fact was not perhaps generally realised.

"General Auchinleck might console himself with the reflection that to him and to his decision to stand, not at Mersa Matruh but at El Alamein, was attributable the saving of the Eighth Army, the subsequent instrument of our victory. It was a great and courageous decision to make to stand at El Alamein. Had he tried to make it earlier, he might have been completely outflanked, and we should have been ousted perhaps from the whole of Africa and Asia. No general had had to face a more critical situation."—*Mr. Hore-Belisha, M.P., in the House of Commons.*

A Modern Aircraft Carrier

"The new escort-carrier BATTLER is roomy throughout, from hangar to heads. There is a most up-to-date laundry on board; steam cooking in the galley, which is run on cafeteria lines, complete with partitioned metal trays pushed along on rails in front of a counter; a soda fountain in the canteen which would make any old salt turn up his hoary and tattooed nose in derisive scorn; bunks instead of hammocks; Copeland refrigerators; West End barbers' shops and the neatest pedal flushing in the heads. The junior officers' cabins are two-berthed, about 12 ft. square,

with metal fittings and a capacious wardrobe, desk and lock-up safe for each occupant. The Captain possesses the only bath in the ship, although there are plenty of showers."—*"The Aeroplane."*

Boody Traps

"Booby traps are as old as the Trojan horse.... Some of the enemy devices discovered by our demolition experts and by soldiers who will never announce their discovery include a German grenade in which the delaying system was removed. When troops tried to use the captured grenades by pulling the igniter, the grenades exploded immediately. A German plane brought down behind our front lines had a radio set. When soldiers tried to remove the radio, the set exploded and five men were killed. Barrels have been left on the side of the road by retreating Germans. The barrels contained 3.150 shells and also an electric firing system. In one narrow pass, hand grenades were hung on steel wires and concealed. Another steel wire was stretched taut a few inches above the road. When troops stepped on the wire the grenades exploded. Wells and reservoirs in areas abandoned by the Germans have been known to be left in good order, with explosive loads left in the large wells. One large cistern contained a charge of 20 kilograms of TNT with a firing system, as the boys who tried to get a bucket of water by hauling up the rope found out. . . . One of the nicest little stunts of all was putting a heavy explosive charge under the body of a dead German. When you move the body. . . . . "—*Sergeant Milton Lehman, in "The Infantry Journal."*

Looking Back

"More impressive than anything else in the African campaigns is Alexander Clifford's description in the *Daily Mail* of the incredible victories General Wavell won in 1940, when, on paper, he was beaten before a shot was fired. Balbo had 250,000 men in Libya. The Duke of Aosta had 250,000 men in Ethiopia. And Wavell? Wavell had a few thousands of men and a mere handful of guns. He had no tanks worthy of the name of tanks, and old Bombay transport planes as bombers and Gladiator biplanes as fighters. The one hope was that the French in Syria and North Africa would be strong enough to create an effective diversion. Instead, news came that France was out of the war. And there could be no reinforcements from home, for the flower of the British Army had been captured in France or escaped without a tank or gun or lorry from Dunkirk. There was only one thing for Wavell to do—bluff the enemy into thinking he was far stronger than he was. He did it by attacking. He attacked on the Egyptian frontier, executed one of those flanking movements that Montgomery has since made so familiar; got to Sidi Barrani, to Bardia, to Tobruk and finally to Benghazi. All that ground was lost again, but if Wavell had been driven back to Suez in 1940, as by all the rules he should have been, there might have been no El Alamein, no capture of Libya, no capture of Tripolitania, no crowning victory in Tunis."—*"Janus," in "The Spectator."*

In a Few Words

"One-third of the multi-engined aircraft produced in the United States are transport 'planes."—*Mr. L. Hore-Belisha, M.P.*

"I believe we shall need half as many millions of money to mobilise against the defeat of soil erosion as we need for this war."—*Lord Portsmouth.*

"The U.S.A. is the only part of the English-speaking world which has a living tradition of expression in war song."—*Colonel Walter Elliott, M.P.*

"Co-operation which is born of stern necessity and forged by experience has the best chance to survive into the years of peace."—*Mr. Anthony Eden.*

"In 1868 Japan's population was 33 millions; to-day it is more than 73 millions. And it is increasing at the rate of about a million a year."—*Professor G. W. Keeton.*

"ENSA describes as without foundation an allegation by an actor at a British Equity meeting that members of the Forces have had to be locked in at its performances."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Calcutta increased its population by 85 per cent. between 1931 and 1941. With a population of over 2,000,000, it is now the second largest city in the British Empire."—*Sir Edward Gait.*

"The Press Division of the Admiralty consists of 90 persons; the Air Ministry employs a Public Relations Staff of 285; and the War Office of 791."—*House of Commons Committee on National Expenditure.*

"It is reasonable to anticipate a post-war average of 600 passengers by air a day in each direction between America and Europe."—*Dr. Edward P. Warner, Vice-Chairman of the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board.*

"American airmen in their Flying Fortresses now wear armoured vests. They are made by the same English firm which has made the Sword of Honour for Stalingrad."—*Harold Hobson, broadcasting from London.*

"I have been told that the B.B.C. has between 20,000,000 and 35,000,000 listeners in Europe. Even in Germany it is estimated that the B.B.C. has over 1,500,000 listeners."—*Mr. Brendan Bracken, Minister of Information.*

"Of the 3,250,000 unmarried women between the ages of 18 and 40 in Great Britain, nine out of every ten are engaged in whole-time war work, in the armed forces, in civil defence or in industry."—*The Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttleton.*

"It is on the strength of our spiritual life that the right rebuilding of our national life depends. It is the creative and dynamic power of Christianity which can help us to carry the moral responsibility which history is placing on our shoulders."—*Her Majesty The Queen, in a broadcast talk.*

"The Mosquito is the fastest aircraft of any type in service in any air force. It can fly non-stop from England to Malta in an afternoon (1,300 miles); and on one occasion a pilot flew a Mosquito to Russia, had lunch in that country, and returned non-stop to England in time for tea."—*"The Times" Aeronautical Correspondent.*

"Our final blow at Tunis was a perfect example of the value of speed. It was perhaps pardonable that German officers should be discovered by our armoured cars walking in the streets of Tunis at their ease. Four days later a detachment of Derbyshire Yeomanry, roving round Beni Khalled, caught 14 German officers enjoying a champagne supper."—*"The Times" Correspondent.*

"At present we extract no more than 30 per cent. of the energy from coal, which means that 70 per cent. (or 150,000,000 tons a year) remains to be fully utilized. Fertilizers, dyestuffs, and chemicals, plastics, synthetic rubber, soaps, lubricants, and liquid fuels and high octane spirit for aviation can and should be produced from coal."—*Parliamentary Committee on Coal Utilization Research.*

"One of our soldiers in Guadalcanal, lost from a patrol, once spent a night in a Jap bivuoac. He wandered in, and rather than try to escape, pulled his hat over his eyes and sat Jap fashion a little apart. He kept his head down and held a hand grenade, with the ring pulled. The Japs did very little talking, and assumed that he was ill. About dawn, before it was light enough to distinguish his uniform, he escaped."—*Captain Gerald H. Shea, in "The Infantry Journal."*

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY

ROOTS OF STRATEGY: *edited by Major Thos. R. Phillips.*—A collection of military classics from 500 B.C. to Napoleon. A bible for the strategist.

CORPORAL JACK: *by David Scott.*—Yet another "personal story" of the war in France, 1940, as seen by a British N.C.O.

THE RIGHTS OF NATIONS: *by C. Poznanski.*—A spirited defence of the small nations, and a creditable attempt to justify the continuance of their existence. Forcefully written, this book leaves no doubt as to the sincerity of its author in his championship of the lesser peoples of Europe, or his ability to present their case.

SWORD OF BONE: *by Anthony Rhodes.*—An amusing, interesting and often irreverent account of life with the B.E.F. in Flanders. The book is not meant to be authoritative or wholly authentic, but it is always interesting and often really funny. For the reader who likes grimness leavened with a natural humour, "Sword of Bone" will amply repay its perusal.

GRAND TURK: *by Wilfred T. F. Castle.*—The fact that Turkey occupies a position of considerable strategical importance in the present war has caused many who would otherwise have been indifferent to her existence, to study the history of the Turkish Republic. In this interesting and clearly knowledgable book, the author provides a stimulating and exhaustive record of the Republic, past and present. A valuable aid to the seeker after authoritative knowledge.

WAR WITHOUT GUNS: *by George Sava.*—Intelligently written by a master of the psychology of strategy, this book is engagingly controversial. The author's conclusions may be argued by many, but he knows his subject and offers most impressive reasons why mistakes of the past should never recur with nations and armies whose policies are controlled by commonsense and adaptability. Definitely a book to be read.

RED ENSIGN: *by Owen Rutter.*—An interesting and knowledgable survey of convoy work from the 14th century to the present day. To those who do not fully realise the vital necessity of a first-class Mercantile Marine working with an equally dependable Navy, and who sometimes fail to accord just recognition of the heroism of those whose devotion allows us to live in comparative security, this book will be a revelation. Should certainly be read.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE UNITED STATES: *by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller.*—In this comprehensive and intelligent study, the author contrives to make interesting and instructive what might easily have been dull and difficult to assimilate. He traces the causes, courses and effects of the most important military engagements fought by the soldiers of the American Republic, and has produced a book which should appeal to those who appreciate a well-written historical record as well as to the student of battle strategy and tactics.

THE YEARS OF ENDURANCE: *by Arthur Bryant.*—In these troubled years, the lessons of history should not lightly be ignored, and in this book the author has illustrated in a very able manner that our progress in the present war from desperation to near-victory is not a new experience. The style in which it is written is admirable and interest is never allowed to flag.

THE FOREIGNER IN CHINA: *by O. M. Green.*—As in his first book on China, the author writes with a sincerity and knowledge which stamps him as a man who really understands the sometimes difficult and often misunderstood Republic. This story deals mainly with the aspect of the influence of Western culture and commerce and the records of many foreigners who have made their marks in the life of China. He is often critical and often proud of what the effort of these "intruders" has meant to Chinese progress; with a rare gift for story-telling, Mr. Green has welded many events and personalities into a very readable book.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE: *by Virginia Cowles.*—Whatever conclusions the reader may draw from this book, one is certain that the writer is a lady of considerable mental and physical initiative. She traverses Europe and Scandinavia at an almost breath-taking speed, which, however, does not prevent her from seeing important people and doing out-of-the-way things. As a story, "Looking for Trouble" is excellent—the writer has the gift of making scenes live and does not make the mistake of saturating the less cheerful chapters with descriptions, the sordidness of which might lead to apparent unreality. If a criticism may be ventured, it is that here and there, personal opinion and the "women's angle" are allowed to influence judgment, but in all other respects, Miss Cowles has contributed something of definite value among the host of indifferent publications having as their motive the Europe of German fashioning.

WAR IN THE SUN: *by J. L. Hodson.*—In his book "Through the Dark Night," Mr. Hodson gained a reputation as a diarist which was placed so high as "none will ever replace this diary"—and this praise was not exaggerated. It is therefore surprising to find the author falling short of this original standard in his latest publication. He tells of experiences, interesting and often dangerous from Egypt to Rangoon, and has many critical observations of officialdom from Cairo to New Delhi. His first visit to India did not impress him, and he was rather hurt by the fact that a certain highly placed officer at G.H.Q. failed to welcome him immediately on his request by telephone. That the officer in question might have been engaged on something important was apparently not considered.

If the reader can bear in mind the fact that the Middle East and Burma campaigns and the military organization in India have not been carried through for the primary purpose of giving Mr. Hodson the opportunity of writing a diary on them, "War in the Sun" is worth reading. The style is rather more staccato than even a diary warrants, and the absence of even a semblance of continuity sometimes irritates, but a picture is drawn of conditions in six war theatres, and value may be obtained when they are interpreted from civilian to military viewpoints by even

those officers whose intelligence was judged by Mr. Hodson to be far below journalistic standard.

THE ART OF LIVING: *by Andre Maurois.*—If one were to comb the dictionaries of the world for superlatives, it would still be difficult to accord this classic its deserved value. To any who are not conversant with the previous works of M. Maurois, "The Art of Living" will certainly encourage a much wider study. To those of us who have enjoyed for years the brilliant writing of this French master, it may well be judged as the zenith of achievement. Written with admirable restraint and a full understanding of humanity and its weaknesses, the book might well serve as a perfect design for living. Though few of us can ever hope to live all the fine lessons taught in its pages, we can at least modify our short-comings from the examples portrayed. A truly great book, which must have a place in the literature of everyone who loves honest living.

THIS IS THE ENEMY: *by Frederick Oechsner.*—So many books have been written since the outbreak of the war which strive to depict the real conditions inside the Reich that the average reader finds it increasingly difficult to reconcile the different opinions and unequal facts which are therein contained. Personal opinions and hypothesis, always so apt to cloud true issues, are refreshingly absent in this new publication, a collaboration of five experienced American journalists, each of whom contributes matter about which he really knows. Despite the separate sources, the book has a continuity which enhances its reading value; it has, also, that quality without which any contemporary book is valueless, a ring of authenticity and genuine knowledge. To anyone desirous of obtaining a clear picture of the modern Germany, her aims, her way of life, her individuals ruling and ruled, and her national attitude, "This is the Enemy" provides a very satisfactory medium.

A YEAR OF BATTLE: *by Alan Moorehead.*—It appears to be inevitable that war correspondents must write books on their return from any theatre of operations and accepting the inevitability, it is refreshing to read a good one. Mr. Moorehead has presented an interesting and carefully considered record of his observations during a prolonged stay in the Middle East, and does not make the mistake, so often made by correspondents, of omitting the value of facts to make room for personal hypothesis. The author regrets that he left the scene before the march of triumph in late 1942. The fact that the book deals mainly with the less glorious phases of the Middle East campaign is largely its appeal; set-backs and trials are described fairly and impassionately; excuses are seldom sought and hard, matter-of-fact detail predominates. Too little has been written and said of the magnificence, even in adversity, of those who stopped Rommel and gave the offensive spring which smashed him its basic power; Mr. Moorehead has obviously not forgotten them.

THE GREATEST SWINDLE IN THE WORLD: *by G. Borsky.*—Many individuals who have themselves suffered grievous loss in one or other proved or alleged swindle, may, on seeing this title, consider its adjectival clause to be exaggerating. On perusal of the subject matter, however, only a person of the least acute per-

ception could fail to realise how very true the title is. Superlatives are always difficult to substantiate, but in this case the supporting and proving factors are solid unquestionable facts. It is an unfortunate and blameworthy certainty that to a disappointingly large majority of the British and Continental people, the word "Reparations" conveys practically nothing. The history and consequences of the first Great German War are subjects which provoke little or no interest. It is not surprising therefore that the dishonesty and financial defiance of Germany as a defeated enemy from 1920—1932 is a little known fact.

In this book the author proves conclusively that much of the suffering, economic and social, borne by the so-called victors in post-war years, and culminating in the present world catastrophe, has been a direct result of the failure of Germany to honour her obligations. The book is statistical in flavour, as befits its purpose, but not boringly so; it outlines undeniably the astuteness of German finance and propaganda and the incredible naivety of Allied trust in her, and deserves to be perpetuated as a monument of warning to those who find themselves responsible for the treatment of Germany in the economic and financial spheres immediately following her defeat in the present struggle.

LESSONS OF MY LIFE: *by Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.Litt., LL.D.*—It has been said of Lord Vansittart that he is "A British-bred Dutchman who looks at Germany through the eyes of a Frenchman"; his anti-German policy has been given the title of Vansittartism, and is regarded by his enemies as "just another 'ism';" and he is, in Germany, on the same level of popularity as Winston Churchill. It is this last fact which should convince the disbelieving and doubting individuals that what he says and writes has a great deal more fact than fantasy. One of the truer axioms among the many culled from Greek philosophy is that "most men would rather die than think"; in this record of a life of service to Britain, the author illustrates how very true those words are.

His criticisms are biting, but always constructive; his facts are undeniable; his hatred of Germany essentially honest and obviously the accumulation of bitter experience; and above all, the desire for British and international betterment is unquestionably sincere.

Lord Vansittart has been criticized as an extremist; those who hold this opinion would do well to study in detail the lessons which experience, the greatest of all teachers, has laid before a man who has not been slow to appreciate them. The chapters on "What do you Know?" and the "Future of Faith" should do much towards correcting the false sentiment and misplaced sympathy which too many who believe themselves just, feel towards the German race. Whatever else may be said of this book, it is certain that it is sincere and honest, and would be a valuable reference on the desk of every member of the post-war Peace Commission.

J. C. G.

A BOOK ON BURMA

"A Million Died": *By Alfred Wagg.*—Mr. Wagg has gone to considerable trouble to check the extraordinary stories of what happened in Burma which were current during and immediately after the campaign. He was too smart to be caught by what he describes as the stories "poured into the Press by fevered, panicky refugees", who were "obviously sharpening their own political axes . . . sympathy seekers" for whose purposes "truth was not a point". Mr. Wagg says "some of the tales were told so expertly that they were even believed by officialdom". He adds of the spreading of these stories: "It is one of the greatest sins we have committed against ourselves".

As a result of Mr. Wagg's efforts to discover the truth he has produced a book which might be criticised as containing a string of personal opinions, but he has at least presented the personal opinions of those best entitled to express them. Some of the opinions are novel, and some of the points raised are controversial. Thus the book does not only make interesting reading, but stimulates discussion—discussion which cannot fail to be constructive so long as it is conducted with due deference to the undoubtedly authoritative facts given by Mr. Wagg's interviewees.

Mr. Wagg has been led up the garden path by some of his informers, and one cannot but deplore his accusation against poor toddy-climbers that they were "keeping watch over lorries passing along the (Shwebo) road". If the Shwebo road was within 100 miles of the China Road, there might be some grounds for the allegation, but it is not. It also seems a pity that Burmans 600 miles behind the firing line should be accused of signalling non-existent enemy reconnaissance 'planes when they follow their normal habit of making bonfires of their stubble to procure ash manure for their fields.

It is a great pity that the true story of Rangoon's last moments has not been written for the guidance of journalists—and their informers—for it is unfair that the Last-Ditchers (who, be it noted, were civilians), should see the credit for their work going to others; the Sule Pagoda is not on Merchant Street, Rangoon; pavement shelters did not blow up into "shrapnel-like showers" (in fact they withstood blast and splinters very well and there were no direct hits); Rangoon was not without lights or telephone communications; there was no arson in Rangoon after the first bombing raid. The story of Japanese seaplanes landing on a river choc-a-bloc with British shipping to rescue Dr. Ba Maw from a Jail in which he was never incarcerated is exciting, but fiction.

But when one compares the few inaccuracies, which are not really Mr. Wagg's fault considering the vast amount of misinformation which was flying about India at the time, with the number of true facts given in a book crammed from cover to cover with factual information they are as nothing.

The book is thoroughly recommended; informative, piquant, unbiased.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

To The Editor of the U. S. I. Journal

DEAR SIR,

I write to draw the attention of readers of the *Journal* to the notice regarding the Royal Society of Arts, London, in the hope that some of them may be interested in its activities. It will be seen that it comprises several sections, including an Indian section, and it publishes a Journal fortnightly, which contains papers read before the Society on many subjects of general interest, including a considerable proportion connected with Indian problems.

If you receive any applications for election to membership, I shall be glad to forward them to the Secretary of the Society.

Yours faithfully,
CLARENCE A. BIRD,
Lieutenant-General.

New Delhi.

BASIC ENGLISH

To The Editor, U.S.I. Journal

DEAR SIR,

As the officer who, since 1935, has been pressing for the introduction of Basic English as the medium for teaching English to Indian ranks, I am more than interested in the Prime Minister's decision to set up a committee of Ministers to study and report on Basic English.

Brigadier J. Smyth, V.C., M.C., writes in the *Sunday Times* of the experiment he carried out in Chitral in 1938, when he, personally, took a class of V.C.Os. in Basic English during the winter.

Until I suggested this method to him he, as he writes, "had never heard of Basic English, but with books sent up to me from India I began to study it." He suffered under two difficulties: he knew nothing of the subject, or method, so was handicapped in getting it over, and he had decided to teach his Indian officers, who obviously "were at an age where learning a language does not come easily."

His students varied in their attendances from some 60 lessons to 40 and, as the leave season was opening, I sent up my District Education Officer to examine the results. His report to me was, as far as I remember, "the results were surprising and the men could talk good fluent *simple* English!!"

My own Warrant Officer (Education) was transferred to the K.G.R.I.M. School, Jhelum, and took on a class of boys from the beginning, and I understand that, in one year, they were equal to those approaching three years' instruction by normal means.

Since leaving Peshawar District I have been out of touch with this subject but, as the result of my agitation, an A.E.C. officer went home in 1937 and studied the system at Cambridge. I may mention that A.E.C. officers as a whole, from my experience, are against the system from a philological point of view. In fact, however, Basic English, by cutting out long and alternative words and phrases, definitely also cuts out the flowery language Indian clerks are apt to revel in, while, in method, it is actually the system which one adopts when teaching one's own children.

I believe the A.E.C. have invented a compromise between Basic English and the direct method. I had only a few minutes to read it so cannot comment on the system properly, but to my mind the compromise cannot be good, as it does away with the simplicity of using only 850 words by expanding I believe to some 1,400. Anyone who reads books in Basic English will be surprised that, by using so few words, so excellent a result can be attained, even though a few clumsy constructions are inevitable.

Yours faithfully,
DASHWOOD STRETTELL,
Major-General.

Simla.

OUR AMERICAN ALLIES

To The Editor, U.S.I. Journal

DEAR SIR,

I find your *Journal* most interesting—so much so that I am sure you will not mind my pointing out an unfortunate omission in the report of a lecture by General Money in your April issue. In a short space he touched very ably on the highlights of the past thirty years, but in his references to the Great War no mention was made of the Expeditionary Force which America sent to France in 1917. The speaker would, I am sure, be the first to admit that that fact was more than worthy of inclusion and it was doubtless a pure oversight that it was omitted.

Whilst on this subject, and in view of the presence of so many American soldiers among us, may I say with what pleasure many people must have read Mr. Churchill's words to the House of Commons recently, when referring to his recent visit to America, he said: "In the United States I was conscious of a feeling of friendliness towards Britain and the British Commonwealth such as I have never known before." Long may it continue!

Yours faithfully,
"PRO BONO PUBLICO."

Karachi.

EDUCATING OUR CHILDREN

To The Editor, U.S.I. Journal

DEAR SIR,

It is very rare to find families of more than two children among officers in India, and staticians tell us that the two-child family will not keep the race alive.

Probably one of the main reasons for this limitation of families is the cost of schooling. Can anything be done to reduce the cost of boys and girls' public schools? What changes are we parents, actual and prospective, of Public School boys and girls ready to accept in order that we may be able to increase our families, and yet give them as good a schooling as we ourselves got?

Personally, I do not want to see the Public School disappear—at least, not the Boys' Public School. I have no experience of Girls' Public Schools, and so will not venture an opinion. The Boys' Public School is one of the features of English life; it has produced many good citizens and soldiers, and not even its worst enemy probably wants to destroy it. Besides, the English way is to adapt and to grade up, and not to grade down or destroy.

As a parent (*a*) I want to see the Public Schools "diluted" up to 30 per cent. or 40 per cent. with selected boys from other strata of society. Both the new and the old classes of boys will profit greatly by the mixture, and it will enable the Public Schools to qualify for financial assistance from Government and Local Government bodies.

(*b*) I am ready to see games made less expensive and elaborate, and less time spent on them.

(*c*) I am ready to see my boys do all their own chores (they do most of them already at home!), bedmaking, tidying their room, cleaning boots, waiting at table, washing up, gardening and farm work to provide food, even cooking and kitchen work, (unless we can arrange with the girls' school to exchange cooking for some chore more suitable for boys) and groundsman's work on the playing fields. After seeing Colonels and Majors washing and ironing their sports shirts on a P. & O. steamer, I am ready to see my children do even their own laundry!

(*d*) I am ready to see clothing simplified.

(*e*) I am ready for any economy which will not affect the essentials of education—and an education better than that given now.

These simplifications will themselves improve the education. What more can be done that we parents will accept, and how much will it cheapen things? The cost now per child, excluding holidays, is about £200 a year. If three children instead of two could be educated for £400 it would make a great difference. I

fervently desire that the English Public School shall continue—and be made better than it is now.

(*f*) I am ready to see school fees graded to suit incomes and expenses, and reductions for other children, whether they are likely to come to the school concerned or not.

Yours faithfully,
F. L. BRAYNE,
Colonel.

Simla.

"MODERN" JAPAN

To The Editor, U.S.I. Journal

SIR,

Many members of the Institution must have read the article on Japan in your last number with a great deal of interest, and from a brief visit to Japan I entirely agree with the description of the country and its peoples given by the author.

We know we are fighting a ruthless enemy, but do not let us fall into the error of thinking he is years behind us in the ordinary amenities of life.

What impressed me most about Japan was the advanced state of its peoples and their environment. Their trains, for instance; comfortable cushioned seats, with arm and head rests; sliding doors, as in the District railway trains in London.

Everyone knows how easily colds are spread in railway carriages. In Japan they prevent it—by the simple expedient of ordering every traveller who has a cold to wear a respirator in the carriages!

Their Departmental Stores are astonishing. One, for instance, has an enormous floor space and seventeen floors! You make your purchases as at Woolworth's at home; the price of every article is clearly marked. Another curious thing that struck me was that if a saleswoman spoke to you in English it was with an American accent.

Osaka, the manufacturing centre and as big as Birmingham and Manchester put together, presents an amazing sight when the workers emerge after their day's work, for the roads are literally filled with thousands of cyclists on their homeward journeys.

I found a curious custom in the restaurants. Whatever you ordered for lunch—in our case we ordered only lobster and a sweet—they bring you soup and afterwards coffee and biscuits.

These few instances show that Japan is more "Westernised" than people think.

Yours faithfully,
S. L.

Lahore.

EDUCATION OF INDIAN SOLDIER'S CHILDREN

To The Editor of the U.S.I. "Journal."

SIR,

Colonel Brayne's letter in your April, 1943 issue again draws attention to the importance of Indian girls' education. There are girls' schools and colleges in Indian cities which give a good education; but few country folk can afford to send their girls there, even if they wished to do so.

In the villages, public opinion is generally averse to sending girls to village "co-ed" schools. The teaching, too, is given by very poorly paid male teachers in unattractive buildings. The teachers, except a few who are generally Scout Masters, reflect their poverty in their appearance, and there is little "uplift." There are few female teachers, except in Mission Schools. There is little incentive to a well-educated woman to teach in a village school for a wage adequate to her education.

Why should not a move be made at once, instead of waiting until after the war, to introduce war memorials in the shape of girls' schools, as suggested by Colonel Brayne? H. E. The Viceroy's and Provincial War Funds have great sums waiting to be expended after the war.

Why should they not start "Service" Girls Schools in towns or villages, or groups of villages, which have given 100 or more men to the fighting forces, and "Service" Girls Colleges to areas which have given 10,000 or more men to the fighting services?

Funds may not run to so many schools. If so, the numbers must be reduced—but after half a generation they would presumably become a popular part of normal Provincial Education schemes, and be supported by such.

Both schools and colleges should be good, modern buildings; bright, airy, and comfortable. The education in the village schools should be free; and in the colleges, children of men killed or incapacitated through the war should be given free education; children of all fighting service men should be given very cheap, if not free, education, according to their father's means; and children of civilians should be allowed to attend by payment of full fees.

The teachers must be well paid and carefully chosen. Education should be as outlined in Colonel Brayne's letter. It should be obligatory for students to be girl guides, and the teaching should include a tradition of the worthiness of the fighting services.

As the schools and colleges must have no clan or religious bias, religion should not be taught inside the school or college, but the principles of kindness, honesty, fitness and cleanliness should be drummed into the children until it becomes second nature.

Boys should not be entirely neglected for girls. The Punjab has already started service scholarships at existing schools but more schools on the lines of the K.G.R.I.M.-*cum* the Canadian "Kingston" are required. Free education must be as good if not better than any in India, and for this the masters must be the very best. It should not be a *sine qua non* that the boys will go into the fighting services.

It should be obligatory for students to be Boy Scouts, the principles mentioned above (kindness, honesty, fitness and cleanliness) inculcated into them. Thus can public opinion be formed, and thus can the children of those who have fought for the Allied Nations have a chance of competing on equal terms with the children of big business, law and politics, and themselves capture some of the seats of the mighty in India's ruling bodies.

Yours faithfully,

Lucknow. E. S. M. PRINCEP,

Colonel.

[Colonel Brayne, who has been shown the above letter, writes:

"It is, fortunately, not quite correct, to say that public opinion is generally averse to sending girls to village co-ed schools, even in North India. There are many co-ed schools of four classes, and some even of six classes. The objections to co-education often come from leaders and officials who should know better! When a teacher's wife or some other female relation comes in to help with the teaching, or where all the teaching staff is female, the parents gladly send their little girls to school with the little boys."]

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