

0.120002094

UNCLASSIFIED

Australian Army History Unit
16 July 2014

AUSTRALIAN ARMY JOURNAL



No 143

APRIL

1961

Notified in AAOs for 30th April, 1961.

MILITARY BOARD

Army Headquarters
Canberra

1/4/61

Issued by Command of the Military Board

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'B. W. Smith', is written across the bottom of the rectangular box.

Distribution:

The Journal is issued through Base Ordnance Depots on the scale of One per Officer, Officer of Cadets, and Cadet Under Officer

FRONTISPIECE

When World War 1 broke out on 4 August, 1914, the Commonwealth Government raised an expeditionary force, which became known as the Australian Imperial Force, for service abroad. On November 1, 1 Division, 4 Brigade, 1, 2 and 3 Light Horse Brigades, and a contingent of New Zealand troops sailed for Egypt in a great convoy.

While the troops were training in Egypt the British Government decided upon an attempt to open the Dardanelles with the objects of eliminating Turkey and opening up direct communications with Russia. The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC) was organised under the command of Lieut. General Sir William Birdwood to participate in the operation.

The leading elements of ANZAC Corps landed at a place on the western shore of the Gallipoli peninsula, which later became known as Anzac Cove, on the morning of 25 April, 1915. Stiff opposition developed at a very early stage, and by nightfall the leading troops had made little progress over the extremely rough and difficult country. Nevertheless they succeeded in consolidating a beachhead for the landing of the supporting troops.

Although Australian troops had fought overseas before 1914, 25 April, will always be remembered as the day on which Australia's military history began, for it was the first occasion on which a full scale expeditionary force raised by the Commonwealth went into action.

The picture, which is reproduced from a painting by George Crozier in the possession of the Australian War Memorial, shows stores being landed at Anzac.

AUSTRALIAN ARMY JOURNAL

A Periodical Review of Military Literature

Number 143

April, 1961

CONTENTS

	Page
Infiltration Major Gordon Sumner Jr.	5
Chaos in the Congo—Strategic Review	9
Action in New Britain 1944 Lieutenant Colonel J. V. Mather	13
Cambodia—A Country Reborn Captain V. C. Hotchkiss	23
The Ubiquitous Infantry Colonel M. Austin	30
Royal Institute of Public Administration Essay Competition 1961 . .	43
Book Reviews	44

The information given in this document is not to be communicated either directly or indirectly to the Press or to any person not authorized to receive it.

UNCLASSIFIED



ANZAC

—From the painting by George Crozier in the Australian War Memorial, Canberra.

AUSTRALIAN ARMY JOURNAL

Editor:

COLONEL E. G. KEOGH, MBE, ED (RL)

Assistant Editor:

MAJOR W. C. NEWMAN, ED.

Staff Artist:

MR. G. M. CAPPER

The AUSTRALIAN ARMY JOURNAL is printed and published for the Directorate of Military Training by Wilke & Co. Ltd. The contents are derived from various acknowledged official and unofficial sources and do not necessarily represent General Staff Policy.

Contributions, which should be addressed to The Editor, Australian Army Journal, Army Headquarters, Albert Park Barracks, Melbourne, are invited from all ranks of the Army, Cadet Corps and Reserve of Officers. £5 will be paid to the author of the best article published in each issue. In addition, annual prizes of £30 and £10 respectively to the authors gaining first and second places for the year.

INFILTRATION

Major Gordon Sumner, Jr,
United States Army

Reprinted with permission from the August-September 1960 issue of
"Infantry," USA

**Pain makes one think. Thought makes one wise.
Wisdom makes life bearable.**

—Okinawan Proverb.

DURING my brief sojourn as a Chinese prisoner and later while recuperating from wounds, frostbite and pneumonia, I gave serious thought to this bitter and painful experience. Frequently my thoughts returned to the night of my capture and how it happened. And in retrospect, much of my thinking centred on the infiltration tactics which made this capture possible.

It was these same tactics—infiltration in strength—which later found wide use against other United Nations forces in the late fall and early winter of 1950.

As I now look back I realize that some of my observations of that night have jelled into several conclusions regarding these tactics. I would not presume to consider these conclusions as wisdom, but perhaps they will contribute somewhat to the body of professional thought on the subject of infiltration as it applies to the future battlefield.

My experience with infiltration began on the 29th of November 1950. It was another cold night in Korea and my unit, the 7th Cavalry

Regiment, was blocking the southward advance of the Chinese Communists in the Sinchang-Ni area north of Pyongyang. It was the Regiment's mission to block the Communists for at least 72 hours in order to permit other United Nations forces to withdraw over the area's limited system of roads.

The Communists' avenue of approach in this particular area was a north-south valley with a single road running along its eastern edge. The 7th Cavalry guarded the southern end of the valley, with its units disposed to either side in the wooded hills and ridges which rimmed the south end of the valley. I was the artillery liaison officer with the 7th Cavalry's First Battalion, which protected the Regiment's right flank along the eastern side of the valley.

We had occupied our rather extended positions around 1600 hours. Our intelligence reports indicated that the Chinese would launch a coordinated attack the following morning. However, at about 2200 hours that same evening, the Communists attacked in force, overwhelming our

advance roadblocks and threatening our main positions. We retaliated with a heavy concentration of fire which seemed to cause a breakup of Chinese forces and a cessation of the attack.

A short time later, however, members of the Battalion became aware that some Chinese troops were working their way through our position, but no one seemed to know the significance or extent of their movement. Then, not quite two hours after the Chinese had launched their original attack, whistles sounded to our rear. About 20 minutes later, bugles sounded. These were evidently signals for the Chinese to reassemble into tactical units. Their assembly was apparently accomplished on a ridge to our rear which could be easily identified by the Chinese. A short time thereafter they attacked with such force from the front and rear that we were ultimately defeated. I was taken prisoner by the Chinese at that time.

Although my unit had lost contact with regimental headquarters, Regiment knew that we had been attacked and sent a relief force of five tanks and a number of infantrymen to our aid. Not realizing the nature of the battle which had taken place, this force was surprised to encounter a large Chinese force to the rear of our supposed position, and was completely defeated. The Chinese then drove on toward regimental headquarters, where only the most gallant hand-to-hand fighting and tube-melting massed artillery fire repulsed their attack.

From my vantage point as a prisoner of the Chinese, I observed the conduct of this attack with keen interest. I was able to discover sev-

eral of the factors which affected the outcome of this infiltration-type attack. In the first place, many of the Chinese troops were former Chinese Nationalists who had defected to the Communists. American trained and equipped, some of them spoke a smattering of English. This no doubt aided them, as they frequently intermingled with friendly troops during the progress of their attack.

Taking full advantage of the limited visibility, our extended frontage, confusion and surprise, the Chinese successfully carried out their operation and seized limited terrain objectives without prior daylight reconnaissance of the terrain and with an apparent minimum of time-consuming prior planning. Further, the enemy was rather poorly equipped by our standards. Lacking radios, they relied heavily on voice commands, bugles and whistles to co-ordinate their dispersed units. Many Chinese entered the action armed only with crude spears or knives, apparently hoping to pick up, by chance, a better weapon on the battlefield. The ensuing volume of their fire indicated that many of them were successful.

This was the end of my lesson in Chinese tactics, but I can clearly recall the timetable of how it all happened. It went something like this:

H-hour	Attack is launched by Chinese.
H + 15	Attack meets violent resistance.
H + 45	Attacking regiments infiltrate as individuals.
H + 100	Squad leaders use whistles to assemble squads.

H + 120 Platoon and company commanders assemble units using bugles.

H + 140 Chinese units isolate and attack nearest hostile units. Designated elements occupy defensive positions on ridge to protect Communist units from counter-attacks.

That was it. But what does it all prove? We know from our later experience in Korea that we *can* defend against these infiltration attacks with a well-co-ordinated, tight-knit defence.

But what about *our* use of infiltration tactics in the offence? Could one of our battle group commanders apply these same techniques in the attack? Is there, in fact, any place in our tactical scheme for use of infiltration?

Apparently, there is; however, so little is said officially about infiltration that it remains a relatively unknown tactic to American commanders. Not only that; there is still some hesitancy about how and when (and whether) infiltration tactics are to be used.

Let us therefore review some of the general principles employed by the Chinese in their offence by infiltration. In so doing, perhaps some light will be shed on how we might use this tactic in the future. At least their experience might serve as a point of departure for us.

Recall first of all that emphasis was placed by the Chinese on rapid movement of individuals through the area of contact to seize shallow objectives which isolated hostile units. There was also an apparent minimum of prior planning and fire

support, with emphasis being placed on surprise and team play. Maximum dependence was also placed by the Chinese on the individual and small unit leader. Security from massed fire-power was effectively gained through maximum dispersion.

It was apparent that when the Chinese encountered resistance which would require a heavy co-ordinated attack, the unit literally moved as by osmosis through the opposing forces. Dependence was placed upon the original direction of attack and the immediate terrain features to the rear of the area of contact to furnish direction. And, of course, speed in the attack was essential.

In adding them up, the principles of attack by infiltration in strength, as illustrated here, were relatively simple. The decision as to when the tactic may be used is apparently not quite so simple, however. As the Chinese showed us in Korea, this type of infiltration is optimized under certain conditions, some of which are listed below:

- Limited or reduced visibility exists.
- Trained professional troops and troop leaders are available.
- Intelligence reports are adequate.
- The terrain is compatible.
- The enemy is widely dispersed, with gaps between his defensive positions.
- The enemy is not alert, or lacks the means of detecting movement of individual troops.

(Of course, it should be noted that the Chinese frequently used this type of manoeuvre even when less than optimum conditions existed.)

Having discussed how and when the Chinese used this tactic, it would seem appropriate at this point to consider how infiltration may fit on the battlefield of the future. It is apparent that the porosity of the nuclear battlefield will invite a manoeuvre of this type. Since infiltration carries out dispersion to the maximum degree, the offensive unit can present a minimal nuclear target. In fact, when the target is eventually formed, it is so far within the hostile position as to make the use of nuclear weapons hazardous.

Certainly the wide dispersion between (and within) defending units will invite frequent use of the infiltration in strength manoeuvre. Moreover, defence against this movement will continue to be difficult since the individual target is difficult to identify and engage. And since infiltration has built-in psy-

chological effects, it would seem to be particularly usable on a dispersed nuclear battlefield.

From all of this it is evident that infiltration tactics will find wide use on the battlefield of the future. This being the case, it would seem wise for us to review and emphasize this tactic in our offensive training. And certainly this training should not be limited to small units but should include infiltration in strength by battle groups or even larger units. We should not allow this manoeuvre to stay on the shelf, but should instead add it to the bag of tactical tricks available to the infantry commander.

If, as the Okinawan proverb says, "Pain makes one think. Though makes one wise . . ." then we would do well to recall our painful experience in Korea and gain wisdom from this experience.

In issue No. 142, March 1961, in the figure for the illustration of the Shooting Gallery on page 21 of the article "Shoot to Kill," the maximum distance between the firing point and the standing figure targets should read "50 yards max." and not "150 yards max."

Strategic Review

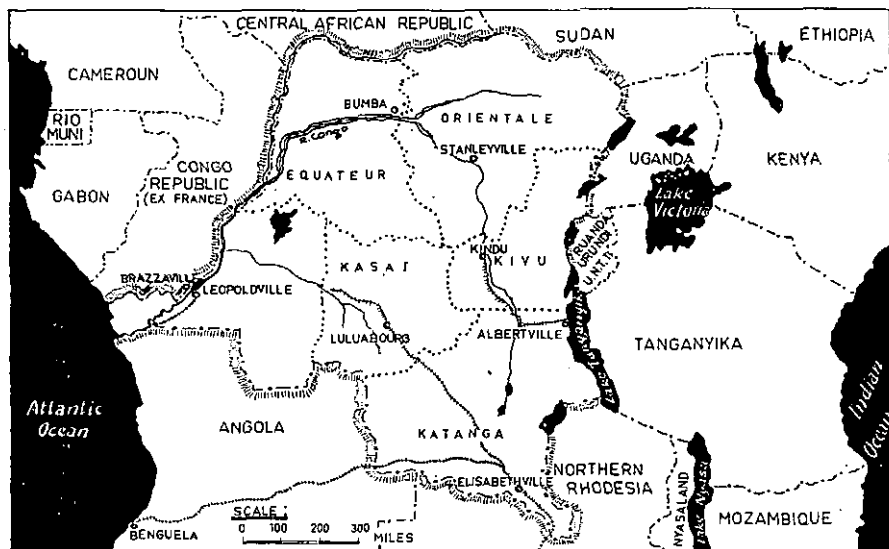
CHAOS IN THE CONGO

CYNICS have been heard to remark that more nice things are said about a man at his funeral than were ever said of him during his life. If this is true it merely points to the inherent charity of human nature, an estimable trait when kept within reasonable bounds. When, however, the charity in men's hearts is played upon by our enemies and our friends to convert a semi-educated tribal politician into an international martyr, the game is being carried far beyond the limits of reason in any circumstances, and in present circumstances dangerously far. We badly need to sit still for a while and take a good hard look at the circumstances surrounding the death of the late Patrice Lumumba, lest the welter of words mislead us into seeing behind that event an international conspiracy that never existed. Already far too many well-meaning people, who never heard of Lumumba until a few months ago, are half inclined to believe that there might be something in the communist accusations against the Western Powers and the Secretary General of the United Nations.

To get the situation into true per-

spective it is necessary to see the area of Africa now known as "The Congo" as it really is, not as it might appear to be from the press reports of the last six months. To many people the way in which the expression "The Congo" is being used suggests a definite geographical area inhabited by a people with some common characteristics. It suggests something to which our thinking is accustomed—a country like Australia, or France or Canada. Except for the geography, this picture is completely false and is the primary cause of the distorted opinions now being bandied about.

The Congo comprises an area of some 900,000 square miles of jungle and forest. Before the Belgians went there, there were no communications at all and not even a sign of any social organization higher than that of the tribe. There was no intercourse between the tribes, though they spent a good deal of time fighting and hating each other. As they gradually extended their authority inland, the Belgians organized the administration very roughly along the rather hazy boundaries of the great tribes. They created six



provinces—Leopoldville in the west, Equateur in the north-west, Orientale in the north, Kivu in the north-east, Kasai in the centre, and Katanga in the south. Ethnologically each of these provinces was a country whose inhabitants differed in tribal culture from the inhabitants of all the other provinces. The only thing the inhabitants of the six areas had in common was mutual distrust and enmity.

In order to run the whole area efficiently the Belgians created a central administration. To the outside world this setup gave the impression of political unity. But political unity never existed among the Congolese. Ninety-nine per cent of the people never even caught a glimpse of it. They continued to nurse their mutual antipathies, but their propensities for making tribal war upon each other were kept in check by the Belgians.

When the Belgians began to seri-

ously consider withdrawal they had the utmost difficulty in persuading the various antagonistic factions to even look at a constitution which would preserve and carry on the central administration they had created. The tribal leaders were all for the creation of six separate countries which could, perhaps, discuss the possibility of federation after independence had been achieved. The situation was complicated by the fact that the Belgians had failed to create an indigenous public service, either civil or military, capable of carrying on the administration after they departed. While some measure of blame devolves upon the Belgians for this failure, in common justice we should take note of the difficulties they encountered in the field of education. Throughout the whole territory the people generally regarded education with suspicion and declined to have anything to do with it. Schools were built and remained empty.

When education officers visited the area, children were hidden away in the jungle. As late as 1948 tribespeople were willing enough to accept the material handouts provided by missionaries, but kept away from their schools. It is only within the last decade that any real response to the Belgian educational effort has become manifest. And even then it has been chiefly confined to the rather more sophisticated people living in the big cities. The worst that can justly be said against the Belgians in this matter is that they did not try hard enough, or try in the right way.

At any rate time ran out for the Belgians—and for the Congolese. Forced on by an ill-informed public opinion on the one hand and a very well-informed Communist intention on the other, the Belgians withdrew long before the Congolese were in any way ready to provide the merest semblance of a stable political and administrative organization for themselves. The scenes at the hand-over ceremonies, when Mr. Patrice Lumumba behaved more like a bodgie than a Prime Minister, gave some indication of the chaos that was bound to follow.

Lumumba never enjoyed much Congolese support outside his native province of Orientale. The President regarded him with contempt, while Mr. Tshombe, the head of the Provincial Government of Katanga, declined absolutely to recognize the authority of Lumumba's government. The army, led by corporals suddenly promoted colonels, went on a looting rampage, while north, south, east and west the tribesmen got out their assagais and knobkerries and proceeded to slaughter

each other in the manner to which they were accustomed before the Belgians put a stop to such pleasantries.

When the United Nations were called upon to restore order their first difficulty was to determine which of the various contending groups and individuals was in fact the central government. The decision to accept the President looked fair enough on paper, but was not much help to the officers on the spot. These unfortunate officers were in the position of trying to restore order in a territory in which there were neither an established central authority nor established local authorities, where everybody was fighting everybody else. The only area with any semblance of order was Katanga where Mr. Tshombe, realising that he could not find indigenous officials with the necessary training and experience, employed Belgians to assist him with the task of administering the province. The general situation became further complicated when some of the African contingents with the United Nations forces took sides in the all-round argument.

As has already been pointed out in these notes, the northern portion of the African continent is a primary strategic target of the Communist bloc. The more widespread the chaos, the better their chances of extending their influence and power throughout the area. To keep the pot boiling they are supplying arms to pretty well everyone except the central government of Mr. Kasavubu and the Katanga government of Mr. Tshombe, the only Congolese authorities making any attempt to maintain public order. Mr. Tshombe

might manage with his Belgian employees, but Mr. Kasavubu has no hope without United Nations assistance. If that assistance is to be effective the Secretary General, as the executive officer of the organization, must be able to take promptly such decisions as the changing situation demands. Hence the Russian campaign to convert the office of secretary general into a triumvirate quite incapable of arriving at any decision at all, a campaign conducted by means of the most violent personal abuse. And hence the widespread communist-inspired outrages against Belgian establishments which followed the death of Lumumba. The newspapers are full of the anguish of Lumumba's non-Congolese admirers; they never give us a line about the whoops of satisfaction of his very numerous opponents in the land of his birth. The charge that Lumumba was killed by agents of the UN Secretary General is fantastically absurd, but the charge that he was killed by his political opponents could be right on the mark—if by political opponents we accept the Congolese interpretation of rival tribesmen. Whether he escaped or not, Lumumba was in hostile tribal territory, and it would

not be at all surprising if some devotee of the good old days simply knocked him on the head.

Somehow or other order must be restored in the Congo if the whole strategically important area is not to fall into Communist hands. The restoration of order means a great deal more than merely compelling people to behave themselves. It means the restoration to working order of public facilities of all kinds, the establishment of stable administration, both central and local, and the placing of the economy on a sound basis. The Congolese cannot do any of these things themselves, they require outside assistance both in personnel and money. The Western Powers are endeavouring to organize the provision of this assistance through the agency of the United Nations. The Communist bloc is trying to prevent Western assistance reaching the Congolese, and is ready to wreck the United Nations to accomplish its aim. With the exception of a few enlightened souls, the Congolese are blithely unaware of this struggle. In the final analysis they will only be aware of, and will only respond to, the actual assistance they receive.

—E.G.K.

ACTION IN NEW BRITAIN 1944

SOME PRACTICAL LESSONS IN THE NEED FOR TRAINING

Lieutenant Colonel J. V. Mather, ED (RL)

IN 1943 preparations were made for the landing on Cape Gloucester at the western end of New Britain.

One US Marine Division was allocated by 6 US Army to the task and an appreciation was made by 1 Marine Division that the whole Division would be required. However, 6 Army considered a Reinforced Regiment (Brigade) sufficient and explanations were required as to the differences of opinion. This all hinged on the estimate of enemy troops ashore at Cape Gloucester. 6 Army said 2500 and 1 Marine Division 9000. Where had 1 Marine Division got its information? Had it got additional information not to hand at 6 Army HQ, etc., etc.? No—the estimate had been compiled from the enemy order of battle supplied by 6 Army.

It so happened that in Melbourne one officer of the G2 (Intelligence Section) staff had taken an interest in "Order of Battle" as supplied from Australian Army HQ, and when staging in Buna the opportunity was taken to attach this officer to the Intelligence Section 2 Aust Corps (Lt Col Mander-Jones) for further

coaching in this vital subject. As a result, when he returned to 1 Marine Division and dissected the information supplied by 6 US Army, he was able to convince his CO (the G2) that the Japs had far more troops ashore at Cape Gloucester than the 6 Army estimate.

Fortunately his estimate was accepted and when this landing took place on 26 December 1943 it was found that there had been undoubtedly 9000 Jap troops ashore there. So much so that within five days of the initial landing of two Regimental task forces, the third, in reserve, was called in to save the situation.

Reconnaissance

The GOC 1 Marine Division had told his G2 (Intelligence Officer) that he intended to land a diversionary reinforced battalion on the west coast of Cape Gloucester whilst the main attack would be on the north coast. The G2 ordered photos—overhead and oblique—from the Air Force and, using every other aid available, he was still unable to give the General an assurance that it was possible to land a reinforced bat-

talion (including field guns, etc.) on the hostile coast without coming up against 20-50 ft. cliffs within 10 yards of the beach. Owing to the very heavy overgrowth this could not be defined by photos, so it was decided to land a party to find out. The G2 knew that the coast was occupied in some places but had not had the enemy positions pin-pointed. He also had a clear idea of how much land he required to be reasonably flat to get the force ashore, but he was still very unsure that the choice of a landing place was a good one topographically, however good it might be tactically in theory.

A party was therefore organized, trained for this special job, and later when the moon was right, ie, it was pitch dark after 2200 hours, a landing was carried out. The report from the OC of the party on his return was: (1) The whole area was infested with Japs, and (2) once ashore and under the trees, there was a coral rock cliff 20 ft. high and at no place could heavy equipment be got ashore beyond the high water mark!

A fortnight later this party was again landed at another beach on which it was found to be possible to land troops and fortunately (at the time) it was undefended.

The enormous value of these two direct answers to the planners' queries saved many lives when the operation was carried out.

The above synopsis covers up a tale which would bring grey hairs (if nothing else) to the unfortunate person given the job of getting the answer. To start with it was necessary to have the co-operation of the Navy, as we wanted a PT boat or something to take us from the main-

land of New Guinea to the area under discussion. On making application to the CO PT boats, I found an ex-submarine commander with a reputation second to none. After putting my proposition to him I was turned down flat, as it was too dangerous.

When I pointed out that we only wanted transport to get us there and after that we would land on the enemy shore, he was still uninterested, and said, "Major, that is that!" So I sent a secret signal in clear to my boss (the G2), who was a lieutenant colonel, saying, "Not enough rank over here, come over." He was there next day—so convenient when all he had to do was borrow the GOC's plane—and I had to explain that majors had no chance against Navy commanders. Well, off we went, and the G2 put over a beautiful sales talk about what the Marines were prepared to do and how the Navy always helped. However, the Commander was adamant, "There's no need for you to sell the Marines to me, Colonel, but . . ." So off went my boss to see the Admiral and in no time I was ordered to go back to the CO PT boats and make the detailed arrangements. "Mirabile dictu," the CO PT boats was now a very good friend of mine whom I had met when he was Signals Officer Fleet Marine Force (Noumea), USS MacCaulay in 1942. I now found a completely different atmosphere and the pilot of this PT force was an Australian (Lieut RANR), 2nd Officer in a Burns Philp boat pre-war, whom I had know in the Solomon Islands! And could he pilot—in the pitch dark, no lights, no noise, but we arrived on the beach we intended to land on.

Meanwhile the landing party had

to be trained. One of the personnel was a butterfly hunter with an unspellable Polish name, at least when it was spelled out on paper it was unpronounceable. Unfortunately, he was rather more interested in butterflies than the job in hand—even in the dark—and nearly got the whole party settled by being late at the rendezvous and getting lost ashore in amongst the Japs. However, the real job was to get the OC party to give his orders to his party so that everyone, including himself, knew exactly what to do when ashore. He had been given his orders by the G2 in the most correct manner—in fact it was so good it was like a text book, but it wasn't quite as easy as that for the OC landing party.

On my asking him what he intended to do, he said he would just tell the boys "what the score was." "Just a minute," I said. "There are two things to remember. Firstly, that the boys don't know a thing about it yet, whereas we have been discussing it on and off the record for a few days, and, secondly, that in order to be absolutely sure they understand everything perfectly you have got to be sure in your own mind what you want yourself. Now, just to make it easy, and you have plenty of time, write down on paper all you are going to tell the boys."

The result was that at lunch time on the second day after this talk he came to me and asked for help. We then sat down and from the G2's order we made a complete order, including the movements of each member of the party. By the time this had been written up it was easy for him to be able to answer questions from the individual members of the party, so that we were quite satisfied they really did know what it

was all about and what was required of them before we started.

Of course these operations always have an element of luck as well as those things gloriously described as "unforeseen circumstances."

We left in two PT boats early one evening as the moon was setting. Radar was working perfectly and we had no trouble finding our way to the coastline. There we were guided in by the RANVR pilot, and I was able to pin-point our position by an outcrop of rock on the reef which was the only one of its kind on that particular coast, so I knew I was on the correct beach, regardless of being told by someone else.

The engines made no noise, the rubber boats were landed and a horrible period of waiting then commenced. My job was to stay with the PT boats so as to be quite sure they stayed for the returning party. Except for one skipper letting his craft turn sideways on to the shore, I had nothing to do but wait. It was necessary to keep the PT boats head-on to the shore, as their motors had to be kept going and the exhausts at the stern, although muffled, still made a rumbling sound which carried over the water on a still night like this one.

Everything went well. The party returned, in this case our second trip, and this vital information obtained: "The beach was suitable for landing." In my opinion this information was so important that nothing should stop its reaching the General in the shortest possible time.

However, I was in a PT boat. We hadn't gone more than about fifteen minutes of our return trip of three hours when I heard the Captain break the wireless silence: "Can you

see what I see?" This of course was to his friend in the other PT boat and the reference was to their radar screen, as it was pitch dark outside.

"Sure, looks like a couple of barges."

"I agree; I think we will give them the works. We will approach with a portside bearing. Follow me."

Now the engines roared and we were off! These Jap barges were the means of supplying stores to outlying positions under cover of darkness, as the Air Force had made things too uncomfortable for any daylight operations.

We attacked with every gun roaring, a most appalling noise, as we were at very close quarters and these PT boats had more weapons for their size than anything afloat, including two twin 50's MG, a 20 mm and a 4-pounder, as well as each man of the crew, except the engine driver, firing either a Tommy gun or a Bren!

In a few minutes it was all over. The Captain had been shot in the hand and one engine was knocked out, so we had to go home at reduced speed. In all we were very thankful for so few casualties and I was the only person aboard both boats who was "not amused." In fact I was furious. Our whole operation's purpose was only known to me and the OC of the landing party, and we hadn't communicated to anyone up to that time. If we had been knocked out, the whole operation would have been useless and the GOC would still not have the information he wanted.

By the time I arrived back on shore I was more or less resigned to delays, so it was no surprise to me

to get on the airfield in time to see the plane that was to have taken us back to our divisional HQ just leaving the ground. The pilot had got "browned off" at the delay and left empty!

Fortunately the Air Force General arrived soon after on a quick visit. He knew all about our very secret operation and asked why we were waiting and had not gone back with our information to our own General. On being told the answer, he sent me and my G2 over to his own plane and told us to wait for him, as he would only be half an hour at the most, and then arranged for the rest of the team to get other transport.

It is interesting to note that two months later, amongst some captured Jap documents, there was a report from a barge captain to the effect that on the night of 11-12 December they were attacked by enemy PT boats and had sunk two and the third had been damaged by their gunfire!

For our part I must admit that the PT boys hadn't expected to be delayed by this little diversion, as up till then the barges hadn't been armed, so it was really most unexpected, unsporting and really unfair that these barges should fire back at all.

I was very exhausted when I got back finally to my own tent. I thought how foresighted the British were when they inaugurated the rum issue. However, the USN is "dry," so I reported to the MO, told him how exhausted I was; in fact it was such a harrowing tale that the tears were almost coursing out of my own eyes. My expectation of an issue of a cute little bottle of 2 oz. of medicinal brandy was rudely upset

when the doctor, in a most sympathetic voice, said, "I have been most interested in your expedition, but now it is not a pill you want, but a good sleep." I really believe he must have been a total abstainer as well as a doctor in the USN.

The Mountain-top Court Martial

The Admiralty (Manus) Group of Islands have a tribe of natives with a lot of Polynesian blood in their make-up and are generally more intelligent than the average New Britain islander. Because of this, they are used quite often as boss-boys or foremen on plantations. The Japs did this too, as of course their advisors on native affairs had had many years' experience in British and Australian territories.

I picked up one of these fellows amongst the first lot of natives we contacted after landing at Cape Gloucester. He was bright and willing to act as a guide to our forward scouts, whereas most of the others were unco-operative in any job other than as carriers at the rear of any force. He had acted as a boss-boy when the Japs had used forced labour carriers but only because he had to, and now that we had again arrived to fight the Japs he was very definitely on our side.

Imagine my surprise one day after we had been on patrol for about a week when my assistant (a missionary pre-war but now a Sub-Lieut RANR) asked me if I knew that this boy had been sent back under arrest and they were waiting to talk to me. It appeared that this boy had been sent on a patrol as a forward scout along a track where Japs had been reported. The party was ambushed, one man was killed and two

wounded, and my native, who had hidden behind a log, had taken to the bush, waited for dark and made his way back to his base.

Meanwhile, another force had been sent in at right angles to our original patrol with orders to meet us at a certain track junction about 3000 ft. up on a saddle between two volcanoes. With this force was a team of native carriers in charge of an ANGAU sergeant. They arrived at our forward HQ just as the patrol returned with their wounded. The natives knew my native scout but had no love for him as he had been a boss. The Australian sergeant wanted to shoot my boy there and then for having led the patrol into a trap, but fortunately the Marine officer in charge thought it would be better to refer the whole matter back to base HQ and his own CO.

This then was my problem. It was vital to the success of the patrol that we use native carriers, it was also vital to our morale that the US Marines themselves were perfectly confident that the natives (to whom they could not communicate, as none of them knew "pidgin") were loyal and that there was no possibility of them being traitors or even fellow travellers of the Japs.

I sent for the ANGAU sergeant and soon realized that he didn't know much about the boy but thought that if he was a traitor it would be best to shoot him. I told him that this was not thought but imagination, and that before he started shooting natives within his own lines he should realize that they were just as entitled to British justice as he was.

I then had to set about restoring

faith in native carriers, etc., as by that time there were some very ugly mutterings in the ranks.

Accordingly, I set up a type of court of inquiry—a preliminary procedure prior to a court martial. The OC of the patrol was president, I and my assistant acted as interpreters, and actually did all the talking! My native was there under escort as prisoner, the ANGAU sergeant as witness for the prosecution, the patrol as first line listeners and available as witnesses if required, and every officer and sergeant of the whole force in the background as audience. There was no more room in the hut but I worked as many in there as possible. In my opening address of explanation I asked them all to take particular notice of the whole proceedings and report the lot back to their own troops, as it was essential that every marine throughout the Division should have the utmost confidence in the natives helping the campaign.

The whole thing took about three hours and at the end I asked the sergeant of the patrol what he thought about it all. He said he was quite prepared to go on another patrol next day with my native as his guide! Thank goodness for that, as we could now continue our patrol in confidence with one exception. The ANGAU sergeant didn't continue with us!

The Supply Problem

We had been on patrol for about a week, and were well up in the hills about ten miles from the coast when we got orders to proceed inland towards the centre of the island in order to join up with a larger patrol of battalion strength proceed-

ing across the island from north to south.

We had now been joined by the patrol from the north of the volcano. As there were now two companies involved, a senior major was sent out to take charge. On his arrival we had a conference at which I explained that the main problem of the patrol was supply. The Japs were retiring, but if we chased too strongly and deeply after them we would extend our supply line to such an extent that there would be no hope of feeding troops or re-supply of ammunition. The reason for this was that the whole force was being supplied by native carriers. If the natives went forward initially with ammunition and supplies there could be no re-supply until they had come back and carried forward a fresh load. The forward troops must therefore wait until the natives had time to return before proceeding further.

I explained that in this country five hours' forward loading was a day's work for a native as he then had three hours to get back unloaded. As a general rule this was a good guide, and multiples could be worked out on this original basis. This officer had been a signals officer but was very keen to make a success of his patrol, so I impressed on him that this problem, in this area, was more important than killing Japs for souvenirs. Nor must he forget land telephone communications, as the volcanoes were interfering with our radios.

Off he went with his troops—whilst I remained at the base camp to organize the native carriers. He took these with him on the first leg of the patrol, but they had to be

sent back to me that night, and the next day I would send them off to the coast for more supplies. This would take the natives about half a day unloaded downhill to the coast and about a day and a half uphill and loaded to come back, and then a day onwards to the forward troops. That night I waited for my native carriers—all the next day and finally about midday on the day after that I contacted my major. He was very sorry communication was so bad and he was out of food and could I get him some, as they were all very hungry. "Where are my natives?" "Oh! They're here and hungry too." "Well, you had better feed them before they run away. At least your marines will stay put." "But the natives haven't any chow either." "Well, send them back to me and I will load them up for you." "How long before we get a feed?" "Oh, about three days." "God! We haven't got anything for breakfast tomorrow!" "Well, you will be a lot more ready for your breakfast in three days' time. I can't do a thing until you send me my natives." "Well, do your best as we are going to be mighty hungry." "All right; seen any Japs?" "No, they are getting out faster than we can catch up with them, but hurry up with that chow." "Three days—if you send my natives back immediately."

So there was the problem. Two hundred men to feed, twelve hours ahead of me and the food dump at the beach—another twelve hours or more away in the other direction! I couldn't let them wait three days, but how?

Fortunately by this time the natives had come back to their villages and I had almost 600 men, women and children in the area. So

the word went out and every available woman and child able to walk was recruited. The men were already the carriers, so it was their own menfolk they were going to help as well as ours. Down to the beach, where the loads were broken down for children according to size and age to carry something—tiny tots with four small tins of bully beef on their heads. And then off back up the hill—3000 ft. of it!

Meanwhile I knew that the carriers would be taking a dim view of their treatment—at least they got a feed once a day when working for the Japs! So I arranged to send forward enough food and cooks to a point on the road where I expected them to arrive back that evening. It was just as well I did. They were in a very mutinous mood and certainly had "had" carrying! However, when they saw the cooked food all ready for them by the side of the track it was a different story. Next day they were back at my base and they all volunteered to take double loads downhill to the then-starving troops. With the help of their women and kids we got down to them by midday on the second day, thus saving $1\frac{1}{2}$ days on the original estimate!

Field Marshal Sir William Slim had the same problem at Dier Ez Zor in the Syrian campaign, only he was a divisional commander and his supply officer didn't make mistakes!

The Intelligence Officer

On arrival at the base camp at the junction of our routes about five miles inland from our perimeter, I was greeted almost on the Stanley and Livingstone "set." The CO, a

very experienced and highly-decorated Marine officer of the old school, was really very grateful for the supplies I brought in—not only were my own forward troops out of rations but the other half of his command, which had come in from the north instead of the west, were out of rations too. His orders had been quite explicit—nothing but “jeeps” were to travel over the light track from the main base to his HQ. However, some enthusiastic quartermaster had supplied a ten-ton truck to carry the stores, as it would be easier than using all those jeeps for one simple truck load. When the ten-ton truck got stuck the base people sent a D6 tractor to extricate the 10-tonner and it got stuck too. Well, the answer is obvious—no rations unless carried on someone's back, as by that time there was no track even for jeeps.

The foregoing is really nothing to do with the story but it gives a background to the amount of training these junior officers needed before they could be considered useful in a campaign where the elements, let alone the enemy, needed all of a trained man's ingenuity to overcome.

On leaving the CO to make a place to lay my forty-year-old body (too old for this sort of nonsense), I met up with the Intelligence Section attached to this force. A couple of very bright juniors led by a major who was in civil life a reporter on a New York newspaper. He had been most actively patrolling the area—every day for five days he had led one if not two patrols beyond the camp confines outwards and in different directions, and he was pleased to report no Japs had been sighted, although some tracks had been observed.

I was naturally most concerned to know where these Jap tracks led from and to. Also what area was still unpatrolled. Could he show me on a map where he had been each day? No. He had made no record of his daily walks, nor had he checked with a compass in what direction he had been!

It then occurred to me that we ought to agree as to our present location. When this came up I was shown the map with native names and tracks leading in various directions superimposed on a very good topographical and well-contoured map, 1 inch to 1 mile. The name of a village was given to me as that in which we were now camped. However, I happened to have a couple of local natives in my carrier force and I knew we were not in that village at all. The name of the village had been changed and the old name used for a place two miles away. This did not matter much—but what did matter was the map reference of our immediate position. I was scared of the accurate gunfire of the Marines, who were really good. If we told base HQ our position on the map incorrectly by 1000 yards there was absolutely no good reason why we could expect the Marines not to land shells right where we were. After all, the air observers in a Piper Cub plane (part of the Artillery set-up within the division and all well-trained Marines) had only to report troops active in a certain area. Then if they knew that their own troops could only be in another area, these reported movements must be enemy!

My friend from New York had not got a compass, but he soon borrowed one from one of his assistants.

However, he really couldn't see what all the fuss was about. I tried to point out that we were in a gully at the junction of two small rivers and that the contours on the map clearly indicated this position. But not where the so-called village was marked on the map—halfway up a high spur!

Having got that settled, we then sent out a couple of small patrols and found that the Japs were moving along an escape route generally from west to east towards Rabaul, but were not likely to stumble into our bivouac area.

From then onwards reports to Division HQ always included our own map reference and the general direction of any patrols operating in the area.

Reliability of Information

Orders came through that the whole force — about battalion strength—was to proceed across the island in a southerly direction.

We moved off and a few days later and two-thirds of the way across we came upon obvious signs of a recently occupied Jap area.

However, my native scouts were quite satisfied that the Japs had gone and showed me the route taken, which led off in a north-easterly direction towards Rabaul. In fact, they estimated that the Japs had been gone two weeks.

However, base HQ sent an immediate order to halt, as their information was to the effect that strong Jap forces were occupying the area in front of us, especially on the eastern side of the river we were intending to cross.

Our wireless silence only permitted messages by Piper Cub plane, which were dropped and picked up in a small clearing once or twice daily. However, we asked that the information be disregarded as we knew we were right. "How did we know?" The army at Arawe had given the information only yesterday as being most up-to-date and it was being investigated personally by the G2 (who had gone off post-haste in a PT boat to find out how true it was).

Our reply was to the effect that no other information could be as accurate as ours. We were on the spot, had made a reconnaissance of the area supposedly held by Japs, but found it empty and, what was really definite, my natives had volunteered to go forward into the supposedly occupied area.

Now this was really final, as I knew these natives. They were not the slightest bit courageous—not like certain other natives from places like the Sepik in New Guinea or a Malaitaman from the Solomon Islands.

Even if their pidgin English and mine had not been exactly translated, even if they for any reason weren't keen on the job in hand, they still wouldn't have volunteered to go forward into a Jap area if they didn't know absolutely for sure that there were no Japs there! Needless to say, the natives were correct.

Finale

It was as well. We stopped one evening on the banks of a mountain stream running cold fresh water. A bright thought that a bass or pike would be a change from K-ration

caused me to ask for a couple of grenades. Imagine my surprise when I only found eight among a hundred men (so I borrowed two!). They apparently had been very heavy to carry and the easiest to discard!

However, the bass tasted the best ever, although there weren't so many to go around, and at least

those two grenades returned a dividend to the Marines who had not left them behind.

The patrol returned and on arrival inside our lines I sat down next to the CO and offered him my flask! It was only small—half-pint—but it was full of Johnny Walker, just as I had filled it prior to setting out on the patrol 30 days before.

COMPETITION FOR AUTHORS

The Board of Review has awarded first place and the prize of £5 for the best original article in the February issue to "Communist Subversive Activities in Asia and the Pacific" by Staff Sergeant P. G. Gittins, RAE.

CAMBODIA

A COUNTRY REBORN

Captain V. C. Hotchkiss
Australian Intelligence Corps

"It is my aim to ensure that these powers of political organisation will be exercised by the people themselves, to give them the means of removing injustices, corruption, and exploitation which they have so long suffered. It is my belief that such a task cannot be fulfilled by a reigning sovereign . . . by renouncing the throne I desire, therefore, to serve my people in order to achieve these aims."

—Prince Sihanouk, at his abdication in 1955.

CAMBODIA'S relations with its neighbours and the world at large in the past year has caused the international spotlight to become focussed upon this tiny independent kingdom.

Situated in the area loosely termed Indo-China, with a monsoon climate and alternating areas of great fertility and absolute sterility and watered by the Mekong River, this country contains 4,740,000 people living in an area of approximately 67,000 square miles.

As the above figures indicate, Cambodia is one of the few Asian nations at the moment without a population problem, and this alone merits attention from its neighbours, Thailand, South Vietnam and China.

Ninety per cent of the population consists of members of the Khmer race, ethnically different from the populations of Thailand, Laos and South Vietnam. The remaining ten per cent are Chinese and Annamese. This minority wields a disproportionate influence in the life of the whole community.

At the moment, as a result of ten years of political intrigue and international vacillation, Cambodia is emerging from a hibernation, conservatively estimated to have lasted for five hundred years.

Early History

Present day Cambodia is a heritage of the ancient and once great kingdom of Khmer, which extended from Ayuthia in modern Thailand to Saigon in South Vietnam and Pakse in Laos.

In the twelfth century the Khmer Empire formed one of the countries in the chain of Indic Kingdoms which existed from Southern Arabia to the chain of islands now known as Indonesia. Must of the data about this era in Cambodia's history has been rediscovered, thanks to the persistent efforts of France's Ecole de L'Extreme Orient, as, due to the climate and passage of time very little evidence was readily available and much sifting of local legends had to be done to reveal hidden truths. However, the ruins of the capital of this ancient kingdom have

been exhumed at Angkor Wat and are a well known and much visited tourist attraction of today.

Decline and Fall

The citizens of ancient Cambodia, originally followers of "Mahayana" — or Greater Vehicle Buddhism — were gradually converted to Hinayana — or Little Vehicle Buddhism — in the 12th century.

This gradual change was accompanied by a series of royal assassinations and much royal skullduggery which managed to seat three monarchs upon the Cambodian throne in the space of five years. Ironically enough, this variation of Buddhism, with its emphasis on peace and submissiveness, was propagated initially in the wake of invading Siamese armies among whom this variation had gained great popular support.

Succeeding generations of Cambodian rulers failed to divert the pincer movement of expansion on eastern and western flanks of this kingdom, and the situation eased only slightly in the 18th century. At this period Thailand had annexed the western portion of Cambodia and the Annamese from Vietnam had colonized Cochin China, over-running the Cham Kingdom in the process. Thus Cambodia found itself a country perilously close to being divided up between the Annamese and the Thais.

In 1846 a temporary solution to this dilemma was conceived by the then Cambodian ruler, and he proceeded to claim dual allegiance to Thailand and Vietnam.

As a result of this shrewd tactical move Cambodia preserved her identity and gained time in which to cast about for a strong protector. The

choice fell on France who at that time appeared to be the only strong European nation without territorial ambitions in South East Asia.

Thus, in 1864, the era of the French protectorate began in Cambodia.

The French Protectorate 1864-1949

Under the terms of the protectorate, France was given exclusive control of Cambodian foreign affairs and the responsibility of defending Cambodia against internal and external aggression. Widespread political, economic and social powers were granted to France, and, while maintaining the fiction of rule by the royal family, all real power was vested in the hands of the French Resident General who was represented as being the King's adviser in Chief.

In 1884, France demanded more widespread powers. These were granted under the threat of French military action, and a parallel French administration was organized to control Cambodia.

In 1887, Cambodia became part of the Indo-Chinese Union, and with the establishment of a central government in Saigon the powers of local Cambodian officials were further reduced. On the credit side France did not interfere with Cambodian culture, and regained the provinces of Battambang and Siem Reap in 1904 from Thailand, who had annexed them earlier in the 19th century.

Until World War II Cambodia was a quiet little backwater; however, under the impact of Japanese occupation and the "Greater South East Asia Co-prosperity sphere" plan, nationalist leaders like Son Ngoc Thanh came into their element.

Following the Japanese removal of

the Vichy French administration on March 9, 1945, they authorized the independence of Cambodia and Son Ngoc Thanh was appointed Prime Minister on March 12, 1945. The reigning sovereign was King Sihanouk, and in the next decade the future of Cambodia was to be resolved by the interplay between these two intensely nationalistic leaders.

Son Ngoc Thanh was arrested by the French occupation force in Cambodia after VJ day, and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment for collaboration, only to have his sentence commuted to house arrest in France.

Admiral Argenlieu, the post-war French High Commissioner for Indo-China, in October 1945 requested Cambodia to send a delegation to Saigon in order to negotiate a new set of rules to govern France's relationship with Cambodia.

In reply to this proposal King Sihanouk informed the High Commissioner that he would send a delegation only if the delegates were to be considered as representatives of an independent country, as full independence had become the primary Cambodian aim.

Cambodia was recognised by France as an autonomous kingdom within the French Union on January 7, 1946. However, control remained largely in French hands until November 9, 1949 when a treaty between France and Cambodia gave Cambodia the first prerogatives of internal sovereignty. Limitations remained in the fields of defence, economy and justice, in particular the extra territorial status of non-Cambodian residents, until July 4, 1953 when full independence was attained.

Growth of Representative Government

After World War II Cambodian leaders sought to establish a system of representative government, and, with the grant of autonomous status, a constituent assembly was elected in 1946 and a constitution was promulgated on May 6, 1947. Lower and Upper Houses of the Cambodian Legislature were convened in February 1948 and heralded the beginning of parliamentary government in Cambodia.

During the first elections in December 1947 a basic issue was opposition to France. However, in the process of establishing a Cambodian civil service, it became quite clear that the French would have to remain during the transitional stages to train local citizens. The same was true in other spheres.

Although King Sihanouk favoured the retention of French advisers, the predominantly Democratic assembly, led by disciples of Son Ngoc Thanh, rejected these policies and even went so far as to accuse King Sihanouk of being a puppet king, dominated by France.

After many such disagreements between the assembly and the King, with the resultant collapse of one administration after another, King Sihanouk dismissed the assembly in 1949 and ruled for two years with the assistance of a council of advisers.

Elections were held in 1951 resulting once again in a Democratic victory but, due to a continuing lack of a firm programme, the assembly provided an ineffective government.

In June 1952 a Royal Mandate was

issued, conferring full powers of rule on King Sihanouk. The King dissolved the National Assembly in January 1953 after repeated wrangling and evidence of political factionalism within the Assembly. At this point it must be emphasized that nowhere in the constitution was there any provision designed to give the King power in an emergency.

The Royal Mandate lasted from June 1952 to February 1955 and apart from an Advisory Council, the King ruled directly and succeeded in establishing a semblance of order in the kingdom.

An alleged pleasure trip was undertaken by Sihanouk in March 1953 to Europe and the United States, during which he issued several statements highly critical of the French refusal to grant his country full independence. In June 1953, realizing the stage had been set, Sihanouk returned to Bangkok and in a typical grandiose gesture announced his intention of staying away from Cambodia until it was fully independent.

Staggering under the burden of the war against Vietminh insurgents and faced by political pressures from allies and foes on the international scene, France granted independence on July 4, 1953. On September 1, 1953 Cambodian military forces assumed control of Cambodia and King Sihanouk returned to Phnom Penh in triumph. By December 1954 Cambodia was territorially, socially and economically independent, and had elected to remain within the French Union.

Political Parties

Sangkum Party

On February 7, 1955, by a referendum, the country decided that the

King had fulfilled his mandate, and soon afterwards the King abdicated in favour of his father. King Sihanouk had become Prince Sihanouk, the leader of the Sangkum.

This has since become the most efficient political machine that Cambodia has known. In the September 1955 elections, the Sangkum party won all seats of the 91 member Assembly. Since then the party has never lost control and, realizing that opposition stems from the young, Sihanouk has formed a movement designed to secure the active support and participation of youth in the party. Members of this movement are called the Young Khmer Socialists.

Pracheathipatey (Democratic) Party

Only one man has rivalled Sihanouk as a leader in the last fifteen years; his name is Son Ngoc Thanh, the erstwhile guiding light of the Democratic party. A peculiarity of Cambodian politics is that the electorate will vote for a personality rather than the programme for which he stands.

As has been previously mentioned, in 1946 Son was under house arrest in France. In 1951 King Sihanouk requested France to release Son and allow him to return to Cambodia. This measure was undertaken by Sihanouk to counter Communist propaganda, appease the Democrats, and to gain popularity. Son Ngoc Thanh founded a paper in October 1951 and in February 1952, following months of anti-Sihanouk statements published in the paper, King Sihanouk expelled Son and ordered the paper to be closed down. However, much of the opposition to Prince Sihanouk is still centred around the exiled Son Ngoc Thanh.

Pracheachom (Peoples) Party

Occidentals have difficulty in differentiating between Communist, Socialist and left wing extremist parties in South East Asia. In this case, bearing in mind that the Communist Party is illegal in Cambodia, it would be quite safe to assume that this party, while not openly communist in its policies, is very left wing socialist.

General

Possible future polarization in Cambodian politics may be noticed in the following startling statistics related to the September 1955 election.

Of the candidates who presented themselves—50 per cent of the Democrats and 66 per cent of the Peoples party candidates were under 35 years of age whereas approximately 35 per cent of the Sangkum candidates were over 56 years of age.

Social Problems

Cambodia's present difficulties lie in the fields of health and education, due to the sudden need to fill vacancies in government positions and expanding business firms. In the field of health it is significant to note that five hundred years ago Cambodia had over one hundred and twenty hospitals, whereas now there are only sixteen in the whole country.

Economics

Economic control of Cambodia rests largely in the hands of the Chinese minority who form the merchant class, and not a few of whom look to the Chinese People's Republic for leadership and guidance. The Cambodian government, realizing the danger of this situation, has been attempting to encourage the formation of Cambodian owned and

operated businesses, and local businesses are offered privileges and favourable conditions compared to those offered to Chinese businessmen.

The Vietnamese in Cambodia are another minority who form the market vendor and small trader class. The language most commonly used in Cambodia's market places is Vietnamese.

This will serve to demonstrate that the growth of the Cambodian economy has been dependent on a 10 per cent minority and, where their goodwill is lacking, the Cambodian authorities are not loath to introduce repressive discriminatory measures.

Exports

Cambodia's major exports are rice, rubber and corn. Total value of rice and associated products exported has risen steadily since 1955-56. Exports of corn have declined, but exports of rubber, after an initial drop in 1957-58, are now rising steadily.

Other exports in order of importance are: fish, pepper, soya, kapok, livestock, leather and hides, beans and timber. Meat, beans, timber, fish and corn are bought mainly by South Vietnam.

The main customers of Cambodia's export industry, in order of importance are: France and French Union, Malaya, USA, Hong Kong, South Vietnam, Philippines and Japan. Rice is exported to Malaya, France, Hong Kong, Philippines and Japan; rubber is exported to USA and France. At present Cambodia is attempting to expand its export trade to include members of the Soviet bloc.

Imports

The following are the major imports: automobiles and parts, machinery, mechanical equipment, cotton goods, textiles, iron and steel, electrical equipment, pharmaceutical and chemical products.

The total amount of imports is growing yearly and as a result of foreign aid agreements with USA, less imports come from France and more from West Germany and USA. The main suppliers at present are France, Japan, Hong Kong, USA, West Germany, Malaya, Chinese Peoples Republic, North Vietnam, USSR, Czechoslovakia and Rumania.

At present, although Cambodia has unfavourable balances outside the dollar and sterling zone countries, the position is normal for a developing country and is being closely watched by the government who cannot afford to allow the position to deteriorate. This would provide a political feast for the ever eager Democrats.

Soviet bloc countries with commercial agreements with Cambodia include Chinese Peoples Republic, Czechoslovakia, USSR, Poland, and North Vietnam. These agreements were signed in 1957-58.

Foreign Aid

Cambodia has accepted aid from the USA, France, Japan, CPR, USSR, Colombo Plan nations, UNESCO, and WHO.

Fully aware of the dangers of accepting aid from opposing blocs in the present "cold war," Sihanouk has constantly re-affirmed his policy of neutrality and independence. Walking this diplomatic tight-rope can be extremely exhausting but

Sihanouk has been doing so for the last four years, with every indication of success.

Australian Contribution

On December 31, 1959 total contributions to Cambodia under the Colombo Plan amounted to £378,202. As a further contribution during 1960, it has been planned to donate 75 railway goods wagons to the Cambodian railways. These wagons were to be shipped from Australia and the cost of this rolling stock is estimated at £475,000. The first wagon arrived in Cambodia in April 1960.

United States Aid

Dredging, road construction equipment and machinery, health supplies, military equipment and finance; total aid from 1955-1959 has amounted to 5,500 million riels (approx. 47 riels to US \$1).

CPR Aid

This aid has been promised in the field of factory construction, development of water resources, communications, transport and electric power—hospitals, schools and research centres; total promised=800 million riels.

USSR Aid

In addition to technical co-operation agreements, a 500 bed hospital in Phnom Penh is almost completed at a cost of over 400 million riels.

Other Aid

France, Canada, India and New Zealand have also been the donors of aid to Cambodia. At present negotiations are also under way between Cambodia, S. Vietnam and Thailand concerned with joint development of the Mekong Basin, and Cambodia has also been represented at discussions on international agricultural credit facilities.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION ESSAY COMPETITION 1961

THE A.C.T. Group of the Royal Institute of Public Administration invites entries for an Essay Competition to be decided in 1961. Subject to the rules of the Competition there will be a First Prize of £40, a Second Prize of £20, and two further prizes of £10 each.

Subject

Entrants may choose any subject relating to the development, improvement or critical appraisal of some specific contemporary or historical aspect or problem of public administration in Australia.

Rules

The competition is open to any person. Prizes will not be awarded, or lesser prizes will be awarded, if, in the opinion of the Group Council, the standard of essay submitted does not merit award, or does not merit a full award. The Council may also amalgamate and divide prizes.

Essays must be submitted in triplicate, typed double space on one side of the paper only. They should be prefaced by a precis not exceeding 150 words in length. Where authorities and sources are cited in the essay they should be precisely identified in footnotes or notes at the end of the text. No precise length of essay is prescribed but, since publication is proposed, the essay should not be less than 3,500 words.

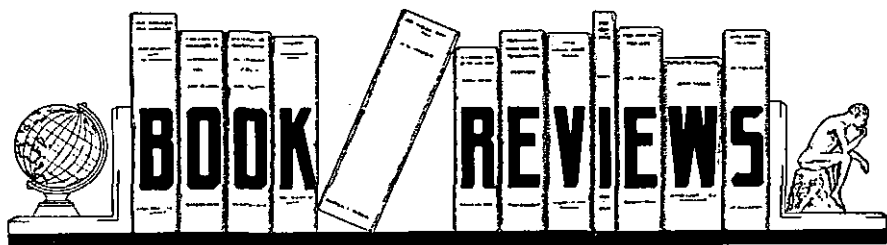
The essay must be original and unpublished, and should show evidence of personal research and/or

original thinking. Essays should not merely reproduce or summarize material in standard text books, nor should they be confined to broad generalizations or universal topics. Essays should be based on the actual facts of the situation in the Public Service or other organisation which is examined, and issues raised should be considered "in the round" with particular attention to balance of argument and self-critical appraisal. Contrary cases or awkward considerations should receive due attention and be given the weight they deserve. The judges will have particular regard to the organisation of the material and the orderly and economical development of the theme. Attention is drawn to the importance of original collation and/or analysis of material.

Entrants shall not place their names on the essay. Essays shall be identified by a nom-de-plume only, but shall be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the entrant's name and address. The outside of the envelope must bear the nom-de-plume only.

The Group Council shall have the right to publish in the Australian journal "Public Administration," or elsewhere, an essay entered in the competition.

Entries are to be in the hands of the Hon. Secretary of the A.C.T. Group, C/- Public Service Board, Canberra, A.C.T., not later than August 31, 1961.



GHOST SHIP OF THE POLE by Wilbur Cross. (William Heinmann Ltd., 317 Collins Street, Melbourne.)

In this age of huge supersonic jets, intercontinental missiles and space vehicles, it requires an effort to recall that less than forty years ago many aeronautical experts believed that the future of air travel lay, not with the aeroplane, but with the gas filled derigible. One such expert was General Umberto Nobile, an Italian engineer and aircraft designer.

In 1925 the celebrated Norwegian Arctic explorer, Roald Amundsen, conceived the idea of flying over the North Pole. Since the aeroplanes of those days did not have the range for the project, Amundsen and his supporters secured Nobile's latest derigible, the *Norge*. With Nobile as pilot, the voyage was completely successful. Starting from Spitzbergen the *Norge* flew over the Pole and continued on to Alaska. Although spectacular, the trip accomplished little of scientific value.

Nobile then conceived the idea of another expedition with the primary object of gathering scientific data about the polar regions, and began the construction of another derigible, the *Italia*. From the beginning, the project was opposed by a group of Fascist airmen and engineers with personal ambitions of their own to

further. Mussolini, anxious for the glory of success yet fearful of the failure predicted by Nobile's detractors, steered a middle and utterly futile course. Despite all difficulties, Nobile built his derigible, and flew her to his base at Kings Bay. On May 23, 1928 the *Italia* started for the Pole, two days later she crashed into an ice pack in a storm. In the subsequent rescue operations several men lost their lives, including the Arctic veteran Roald Amundsen. A Commission appointed by the Italian Government laid the blame for the disaster on Nobile, a verdict generally accepted by a world struggling in the economic blizzard of the Great Depression.

And so the matter rested until Mr. Cross, in consequence of some other work he was doing, began to suspect that Nobile had been unjustly treated. Research confirmed his suspicions, and led him on to compile the account of the ill-fated project, in fact the only complete account so far produced.

From an immense amount of material painstakingly collected in several countries, Mr. Cross has written a book which throws into bold relief two sharply contrasting facets of human nature. On the one hand is the shining courage and resolution of the many men who staked their lives against the hazards

of the Arctic, on the other is the mean mendacity of those who intrigued behind the scenes.

Mr. Cross skilfully weaves the story of the two parties into which the survivors of the *Italia* split and the several rescue parties which became lost, into an absorbing story. Through this story runs the thread of the intrigues of the men who in furthering their own petty interests jeopardized the lives of those struggling in the Arctic wastes. The outstanding lesson for soldiers, who these days are not infrequently called upon to participate in search and rescue operations, is the absolute necessity for the thorough co-ordination of effort. Had any semblance of co-ordination been applied in the *Italia* rescue operations the loss of life would probably not have been so great.

This book is highly recommended in a foreward by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, greatest of all Arctic explorers. It can have no higher commendation.

—E.G.K.

THE CROWDED SKY by Hank Searls. (William Heinmann Ltd., 317 Collins Street, Melbourne.)

Scarcely a month passes without our morning newspapers announcing a transportation disaster—a railway accident, a collision at sea or, more infrequently, a collision in the air. Our first reaction is usually one of surprise that, notwithstanding all the modern and elaborate safety devices and procedures, such things can still happen. Mid-air collisions seem particularly surprising, because to the man on the ground there appears to be plenty of room in the sky for

the apparently small number of aircraft using it.

Railway and marine accidents are usually traced to mechanical failure or human error, or a combination of both. As often as not the experts are unable to determine the cause of an air accident, while most people not directly concerned shrug it off as just sheer bad luck. In this novel Mr. Searls shows that while luck may play its part, mechanical failure and human error are probably the basic causes of air disasters.

Actually the sky is becoming much more crowded than we think, so crowded in fact that the time has long since passed when airmen could be permitted complete liberty of action. Paradoxically, the improvements in the mechanical aids to safe air navigation have had the effect of concentrating aircraft in clearly defined corridors. At times of heavy traffic in "blind-flying" weather the margin for error, human and mechanical, can be smaller than the layman might think.

Mr. Searls takes a situation like this—stormy weather, low visibility and heavy traffic—as the setting for his latest novel. Since he is himself an experienced pilot we may rest assured that his description of airway organization and operation is accurate. From the moment that the first of several aircraft begins its journey through the stormy night the reader is seized with a feeling of potential disaster, a feeling that rises in intensity as we follow the actions of pilots and ground controllers, each the prisoner of his own personality and the influences that bear upon his life. In the skilful hands of Mr. Searls, the amalgam of human frailty and mechanical limitations sustains

its interest and excitement to the last line.

This is not a book with any military message, but it is a rattling good story, and one from which we may learn a lot about the organization and operation of the great airways that span the modern world.

—E.G.K.

DANGEROUS TO LEAN OUT, by Kevin Fitzgerald (William Heinmann Ltd., 317 Collins Street, Melbourne.)

This story starts when someone neatly stuck a meat skewer into a fellow at a wedding, and very nearly walked off without even being seen. From the little country church the reader is conducted through a maze of underworld dives in London, Chicago, Montreal and Athens, meeting on his way a motley throng of thugs, razor men, prostitutes, brothel keepers and gangsters' molls, competing vigorously and bloodily for possession of 2,000,000 dollars worth of loot from an old robbery. A good thriller, guaranteed to take the tedium out of the most tiresome journey.

—E.G.K.

POLITICAL MAN — The Social Bases of Politics; by Seymour Martin Lipset. (William Heinmann Ltd., 317 Collins Street, Melbourne.)

The main problem with which this book deals is democracy as a characteristic of social systems. The principle topics discussed are the conditions necessary for democracy in societies and organizations; the factors which affect men's participation in politics, particularly their behaviour as voters; and the sources of support for values and movements

which sustain or threaten democratic institutions.

In analysing the problem, Mr. Lipset arrives at conclusions which might surprise some of us — that political parties divide along class lines and always have; that the more money a man has the more likely he is to vote; that fascism springs from the centre rather than from the left or right; and that many organizations, particularly trade unions, fail the test of democracy if judged by the standards applied to nations.

Perhaps the most challenging of Mr. Lipset's findings is that democracy is in grave danger of being destroyed by its own accomplishments. Democratic stability depends primarily on the inter-play of conflict and consensus, between the political parties there must be wide and deeply-felt areas of disagreement as well as areas of tacit agreement. The most stable, and at the same time the most creative, democracies are those in which these two opposites are in constant collision. In the great democracies of the Western World social and economic equalitarianism has reached the point where the major political parties are merely shadow-sparring about details, there are few, if any passionately-felt points of disagreement between them. One result is the absence of strong, active opposition parties—indispensable elements in a democratic system. Whenever a government holds office for a long time without being threatened with dismissal and replacement by the opposition the seeds of decay take root in the system.

Mr. Lipset's exploration of human behaviour in the political sphere is by no means as dry as the theme may

suggest. While his treatment of his subject is scholarly, he somehow "gets you in." The book is perhaps not of direct interest to the soldier in that it does not touch upon the elements of his profession. But there is no doubt that its perusal will broaden his horizons and enrich his mind with an understanding of the social, economic and political factors at work within the society in which we live.

—E.G.K.

THE WAR FOR YOU IS OVER, by Jan Gerstel. (Adventure Publishing Co., Chatswood, New South Wales.)

This is an interesting account of the experiences of a young Polish regular army officer (now resident in Australia) during the years 1939-45. It deals mainly with prisoner of war camps and escapes, successful and unsuccessful.

The author, originally an infantry officer, had transferred to the Polish Air Force as a navigator just prior to the outbreak of war in 1939. Caught up by the debacle in Poland, he was captured by the Germans and sent to Oflag 11B in West Prussia.

Escape from there and subsequent re-capture was followed by removal to Oflag VI11B at Silberberg, near the Czechoslovakian border. Bad treatment there only strengthened his determination to escape.

His second attempt at escape was more successful. Together with two companions he travelled by a variety of means, mainly on foot, through occupied Czechoslovakia into free Hungary. With the help of the Polish Embassy in Budapest he travelled through Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and Syria to Palestine, hoping for transport to England

and subsequent service with the Polish Free Forces.

The author's experiences in Palestine were mostly unpleasant, although he has not allowed this to spoil his description of the country and its inhabitants, which makes interesting reading.

Apparently because of his surname, which is of Germanic origin, and the fact that he had been born in, and had lived for some time, in the western part of Poland (formerly incorporated in the German Reich prior to the 1914-1918 War) he was suspect. After some weeks in Palestine, he, together with others from the same area of Poland, was arrested by the British authorities and interned at the Masra Detention Camp. His comments on the conduct of the camp and British administration in Palestine generally are anything but complimentary.

After an organized hunger strike, of which he was the ringleader and which brought about an investigation into his bona fides, he was released and shipped to England, arriving there towards the end of 1941.

Training in England and operational service as a member of the Polish component of the Royal Air Force followed, with a brief interlude for romance and marriage.

Towards the end of 1942 Herstel had the misfortune to be the navigator of a Wellington bomber which crashed in Germany whilst taking part in a daylight raid. As a result he found himself an inmate of a prisoner of war camp once again. There he remained despite another attempt to escape, until the end of the war.

Altogether, this is an interesting,

readable book, particularly as it is possible to trace the transition of a Polish regular officer into a citizen of the Commonwealth.

—Major W. C. Newman.

MURDER OUT OF SCHOOL. by Ivan T. Ross. (William Heinemann Ltd., London.)

This book is an extremely well written crime story, of the type which holds the readers interest to the last page.

The theme is a well known one, that of the layman attempting to help the police and finding his help rejected.

A teacher of English, Ben Gordon refuses to believe that his best student would hold up a grocery

storekeeper at gun point, even though the student comes from an area that breeds some very under-privileged and tough characters. Gordon knows that he has to find out what really happened.

The police, of course, do not want his help, and his biggest jolt comes when the student rejects his help also.

It takes two deaths to convince the police that Gordon is on the right track, and even then he finds that the principle suspect is himself.

This book is very descriptive of the life of a Puerto Rican minority in a large American city, and deals sympathetically with the associated problems.

—Major W. C. Newman.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors who send photographs to illustrate their articles are requested **NOT** to staple or pin the photographs to backing sheets or to perforate them in any way. Photographs have to be removed from backing sheets, and a major retouching job is sometimes necessary to remove the staple or pin marks.

Glossy face prints are the most suitable for reproduction. It should be remembered that photographs are usually included in an article to assist the reader to follow the text. While dramatic light and shadow effects are desirable from an artistic point of view, they often obscure the detail which should be clearly visible when the photograph is used to illustrate an article.