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Photo: Australian War Memorial, Canberra.

LAGNICOURT

Early in 1917 the German armies on the Western front suddenly withdrew to a strongly fortified line of entrenchments known as the Hindenburg Line. Following up rapidly, 1 Australian Corps, for the first time since its arrival in France in the previous year, found itself engaged in a brief period of relatively open warfare. Their advance was checked at Lagincourt, a strong outpost of the new German system of defences. Nearly a month of hard fighting followed before this place was finally taken.

The picture shows a battery of 12 (Army) Brigade, Australian Field Artillery, moving into position at Vaulx-Vraucourt on 20 March 1917 to register its 18-pounder guns on Lagincourt.

REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE

Colonel M. P. O'Hare, OBE
Australian Staff Corps

When you've scattered the last of the farmers' bands,
And the war for a while seems over;
You'll hold the cities and hold some ground —
The ground that your rifles cover.

Till your gold has levelled each mountain range.
Where a wounded man can hide;
Till your gold has lighted the moonless plains
On the nights the rebels ride.

Henry Lawson.

FEAR of reciprocal devastation has made the armies and the weapon systems maintained by the major powers increasingly less practical instruments of national policy. These vast and enormously costly service organisations have not been fully employed since 1945. One might say that Korea, with 2,000,000 casualties was fairly full employment, but the US technically batted with a second eleven and Russia had a bye.

Indo-China cost the French 172,000 casualties and in the end the French lost the greatest pitched battle they had fought since 1918. France had more casualties in the Diem Bien Phu campaign that she had at Waterloo. France, however, was using a 1945 type army; a very good army; an army as well trained and as well equipped as ours.

So since 1945 there has been no employment of modern strategic weapons; but, since 1945 the aggressor has gained control, body and soul, of a billion people, control of millions of square miles of territory and control of perhaps one quarter of the world's natural resources.

How! !

Who defeated Chiang Kai Shek? He was sold to us by our newspapers for years as a modern Alexander. Who defeated France in Indo-China? Who defeated Batista in Cuba? The US provided Batista with more modern equipment than Australia owns and Castro now has the lot. What means did these revolutionaries use? What weapons did they have? How did they do it? How are ancient and civilised countries like Poland, Hungary and Germany kept in subjection? How is control exercised

over all these nations where the altar lamps have been put out or rationed with Communist oil?

The Age of Revolution

This unique process, this subjection of a billion people, is the result of Revolutionary War. This is a new dimension of war, it succeeds without inviting atomic retaliation; to it there does not seem to be yet an effective reply.

Revolutionary war commenced with the total wars ushered in by the French Revolution, improved with the efforts of Hitler, given status and philosophy by the Russians, and brought to perfection by the Chinese.

Guerillas

The issue has been confused for us by the use of the term "Guerilla". "Guerilla" is a Spanish word meaning "little war", the people who take part in it should be called "guerrilleros". We can define guerilla warfare as —

"Armed fighting by light troops, detached from or organised separately from, a national army whose operations they support by harrassing a common enemy".

This is the classical pattern as used by the Spanish in support of Wellington, by the Russians and Yugoslavs against the Nazis or by our own troops in Timor against the Japanese.

The subject of this paper is not Guerilla Warfare. It is Revolutionary Warfare and it is new and different.

Revolutionaries

Revolutionary Warfare is a deliberate military effort inspired by international Communism using local supporters to weaken the military, economic, social and political unity of an area so that it will fall under Communist control. The aim is not to take over an existing government but to destroy it completely.

Force of custom makes it hard to avoid referring to the handful of fanatics who start this process as "guerillas", we must refer to them as revolutionaries. We can use the term "guerilla" for the type of fighting. We must equate every Communist as a revolutionary.

The Age of Semasiology

Most of us have been mazed at the Communist gobbledegook with words like "freedom", "democracy", "peoples' governments" and "peace". We should be clear that they are not being humorous with this apparent negation of logic. They mean it. A policeman in East Berlin tells a visitor to take the film out of his camera. "You can't take photos here, this is Free Germany". He is serious, he means East Germany is free to stop anyone getting any information. The same thing goes for Peace. When all the world is Communist there will be no war, therefore if they attack anyone who is not a Communist they are working towards peace, so, their wars are peaceful, war is peace. Anyone who resists them, in thought, word or deed, is resisting peace, so he's an aggressor. Crazy isn't it, but that gem

is out of a Russian text book and a billion people believe that sort of reasoning.

Inevitable Communism — Russian Style

The Russians believed that Communism was inevitable because Capitalism was inherently unstable. They based their intellectual approach on the Industrial Revolution, on the premise that the urban proletariat became poorer, and the rich, who owned the means of production, became richer. Finally the lid blows off and violent revolution enables Communism to be established. But it has not worked out that way.

In the dyed-in-the-wool Capitalist countries like Australia the urban proletariat have never had it so good and it's getting better. Those who keep away from the grog and greyhounds own their own houses and cars and can buy shares in all the means of production. It is their bosses who get the ulcers, and dream of Utopia.

There can be no doubt that the failure of Communism to be inevitable in the industrially developed communities has led to a change in the schwerpunkt of Russian policy. Their intermediate plan would appear to involve attempts to weaken internally the western countries. This involves slowing down transportation, ridiculing religion, shortening working hours, bringing the government and judiciary into contempt, fostering drug addiction, lowering the standards of education and in general any activity which weakens our cohesion, determination, confidence and our national power. There are many signs that they are not unsuccessful.

Russian Policy in the Long Term

The geopolitical story of this world has given little factual proof to the starry-eyed idealists who support unilateral disarmament and a belief that it can't happen here. But the unprecedented change in the balance of world power in the past 20 years has had and must have a significant effect on international relationships, as China awakens spiritually and industrially and more ominously boasts of her intention to go it alone.

After all, technicians, whatever their race and language, have much in common; they deduce the same formulae, they test the same metals, they probe the same natural phenomena. Military technicians also must tend to think alike. They deploy similarly organised armies, with effectively similar wireless sets to manoeuvre within the ranges of similar-performance guns. They feed and move these armies with corresponding capacity load-carrying vehicles and aircraft, they can only shift the same rate of daily tonnage over the same sort of railway. At their military schools and colleges they examine the same principles of war and pore over maps of the same battles. From given data they must tend to reach the same conclusions.

Consequently, now that the Russians have so much more to lose, their soldiers must be looking again at the boundary with

their predatory neighbour, a boundary which equivalently starts at Rockhampton, sweeps out past Bourke, down past Alice Springs towards Port Augusta, turns towards Kalgoorlie and thence beyond Bunbury far into the Indian Ocean. There can be no doubt that, for example, when the Cuban crisis was being processed by the Russian Higher Defence Machinery, the General Staff planners would have spoken clearly and forcefully to the M.G.G.S. — or the local equivalent — about political adventures in the Caribbean while seven hundred million people who want an atomic war were entrenched behind them. The upshot of the remarks in the map-lined offices of the Chief Administration for Operations would be "Now is the time to do something about the railways in the south and south east; we can't fight a war by camel-pack. It's up to you, Sir, to stop the politicians babbling about sending a boy on a man's errand to Cuba".

International relationships change, the enemy of today is the ally of tomorrow. If peace can be kept between the West and Russia for the remainder of this decade there is still hope. If not China inherits the earth.

Of late the Russian Communists have been peculiarly reluctant to make the most of their opportunities; they seem to be relying on industrial unrest and economic warfare instead of on fomenting revolution in Algeria, the Congo, North Japan, Syria and Kashmir, and other places where there is good fishing in troubled waters. However, Russian confidence in labour strife and cunning diplomacy is more than offset by Chinese mastery of the new system.

Chinese Style

The Chinese also believe that Communism is inevitable but they don't believe in standing round waiting for it. Mao Tse-Tung is now the world apostle of Revolutionary Warfare. His lieutenant, Liu Shao-Chi, at the Australasian Trade Union Conference in Peking in 1949, said that there were going to be more revolutions in Asia, Africa and South America on the Chinese pattern. He was right.

Let us look for a moment at the Chinese pattern.

Mao Tse-Tung started off as a conventional Communist in 1920 and followed the Russian party line. In 1930, on orders from the Central Committee, he commenced to attack and organise the cities. This process, in 18 months, brought Chinese Communism to the edge of the abyss. The Long March, 8,000 miles, resulted. This long march from Kiangsi to Yenan, is little known and is poorly documented in English. In fact it is one of the most stupendous feats of arms in the long saga of military courage, skill and endurance. In the years of mobile battle, Mao had also time to think about methods. Mao Tse-Tung abandoned the Russian theory for one of his own devising. He stated that the Chinese Revolution could not be based on the urban proletariat as Marxist dogma prescribed. They were too few, too apathetic, too greedy.

He based the Chinese revolution on the downtrodden peasant. Events proved him right, and that is why Kremlin infallibility is so often challenged by Peking.

Whether we like it or not Mao Tse-Tung is one of the greatest and most powerful men of recorded history. He is a profound scholar and has a vast and detailed knowledge of men and war. The two writers whose work he is reputed to have studied most carefully were T. E. Lawrence, who wrote "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" and Sun Tzu who wrote the "Book of War" in about 500 B.C. (2,400 years ago). From these two experts as well as from Clausewitz and a few others, Mao wrote the first text book on Revolutionary War in 1937. This book is called Yu Chi Chan and it is to Communists what Field Service Regulations, Volume 2, and the Bible are to us. The basis of the theory of Revolutionary War is Sun Tzu's statement that speed, surprise and deception are the primary essentials, and Lawrence of Arabia's relation of Force to Space. The fundamental principle is Sheng Tung Chi Hsi which means "Uproar in the East, Strike in the West". That is Revolutionary Warfare. Uproar in the East, strike in the West; endless confusion and deception without end.

The Stages of Revolutionary Warfare

The Revolutionary War is fought in four stages:—

1. The inception, with political preparation of the people.
2. The guerilla stage, with the existing government making increasing effort at increasing cost to bring the revolutionaries to battle but getting only frustration, demoralisation and heavy casualties.
3. The static stage where the existing government fortifies its so-called important centres, and the revolutionaries range the country and control the people.
4. The formal warfare stage where the revolutionaries, in organised regular armies, win the final victory.

The Age of Deception

Mao Tse-Tung regards the first stage as the hardest; he started with a thousand men and conquered China. Fidel Castro and Ernesto Guevara had about 50 to conquer Cuba. Ho Chi-Minh went into business with about 1500. In Malaya the enemy rarely had more than 4,000 some estimates are as low as 2,500. None of them got much help from outside. The Government was always vastly superior in numbers and equipment. The Revolutionaries make the most of their opportunities in four ways:—

1. They have learned to control the population by the positive indoctrination of an acceptable political doctrine and the negative application of terrorism to those who will not conform.
2. They have mastered the art and technique of guerilla warfare.
3. They have concentrated their attacks on countries which are adjacent to their own sanctuaries.

4. They have exploited the pent-up jealousy and hatred of the former colonial powers and the envy and frustration caused by the relative material advancement of the western peoples. They associate all white people with colonialism (including Russians).

Sanctuary seems a vital factor. In Malaya and Greece where they failed they did not have sanctuary.

The Age of Propaganda

The main activity of a revolutionary is propaganda. Mao stresses it over and over again. One of his most quoted statements is —

"The people are the sea and the guerillas are the fish, if the sea is not kept at the correct temperature the fish will die".

His tactical and operational doctrine is expressed in a table, a square of 16 Chinese characters:

"The enemy advances we retreat
The enemy stops we harrass
The enemy concentrates we disperse
The enemy retreats we follow".

It is often said that this Revolutionary Warfare is primitive This is dangerously misleading. The apparently primitive form is technological only; the concept is more sophisticated than orthodox war. There is less stress on machines and computers but there is more stress on men. We go to a lot of trouble to keep soldiers out of politics and politics out of soldiers. But the Revolutionary is first and foremost a missionary, a politician rather than a soldier, propaganda is as important as is fighting. The main purpose is to keep the water at the right temperature for the fish, the real battle is for the souls of the people not the bodies of the enemy.

Examples

Let us look again at two Revolutionary Wars. First Indo-China; France fought in Indo-China for eight years, she deployed 1½ million men, she had 172,000 casualties, she was decisively defeated by an enemy who never had more than 200,000 soldiers and that many only in the last few months.

Second: Malaya: The Emergency lasted 10 years and it is still not over. Britain maintained in action over 30,000 regular troops, 150,000 regular police, 250,000 Home Guards. Australia has for years had 1,500 Army and Air Force in Malaya and it has cost us over the total cost of the emergency at £450,000,000. That is £30,000 for every revolutionary killed or captured. This despite the facts that in Malaya the enemy did not have sanctuary and that they were mostly Chinese, not indigenous Malays.

The Future

What does the future hold, have we reached a status quo or are the revolutionaries on a good thing they are going to stick to?

Not only the pessimists could feel reasonably certain that we are going to lose more of Asia, New Guinea, New Britain, Africa,

the Middle East and South America. In so many countries the west is forbidden by an international treaty to support the local Governments with actual armed forces. The borders of some of these vulnerable countries are almost indefensible, the neighbours are hostile or indifferent, the mountains, jungles and swamps, together with poor communications and bad flying weather are ideal for revolutionary activity and for the terrorisation of isolated communities. The people are poor, divided, ignorant, susceptible to propaganda, duped and deceived on the actual issues and at best apathetic to the Government. The Government troops are often unskilled, unenthusiastic and underpaid. The enemy is fanatic, highly trained, omnipresent and subtle. These conditions apply to vast areas of Africa, South America and Asia.

Now For Us

The German military philosopher, Clausewitz, said:— "The most decisive act of judgment a statesman can exercise is rightly to understand the war in which he engages". After what happened, for example, at the Yalta and Teheran Conferences, it is clear that they rarely do. In the same way soldiers tend to fight the next war with the mental attitude of the society in which they live, irrespective of weapons and men, unless their minds are flexible. Flexibility is rarely cultivated in war except by the odd genius. The average soldier cannot change if he is weighed down by dogma or cowed or ossified by bureaucratic procedures. The only way to prevent this rigidity is to accept nothing as fixed, to know that the circumstances of war are forever changing and that organisation, strategy and tactics must change also. If in peace we cannot make changes in fact, against the dead opposition of the purblind politician and his not always clear-sighted voters, we must at least alter the theory and be mentally prepared when circumstances change for the worse, as they usually do.

So the soldier must occasionally lift his eyes to the far horizons of war as he labours at some unexalted desk. In a democracy, military problems cannot be solved by the inspired thinking of one or even of a few. An idea must pass from the one to the many before a breakthrough occurs. For our future that means thousands of men and women thinking harder about the safety of our country and the nature of military power in the modern world than they ever have before. This is no mean requirement, for the very advance of our wealth and materialism and the ever increasing rise in luxury and the ownership of goods makes each person more loathe to give time or money to moral issues, to the degree indeed where the easiest way out is to avoid thinking of them at all.

The Age of Hate

To our north are millions who have nothing. They have no wealth to occupy their thoughts. They think of war, politics, conquest and ideology with single-

minded fanatical purpose and with increasing conviction that might is right. Many of their leaders coldly and cynically believe that war is the only solution to their social and economic problems.

Acknowledgements

This paper is based on many books and articles but extracts from the works of Dennis Warner and Major General Fuller have been paraphrased in several places.

One does not study with an idea of crystallising his ideas along one line, but to train his thought so as to be able to change rapidly in accordance with the changes that war brings on. In other words, not only must one have a precise and accurate knowledge of up-to-date military matters, but he must likewise have a general development of his brain; in fact, a general culture exceedingly vast.

—Marshal Foch.

VERTICAL COUNTER ATTACK

Major Boyd T. Bashore, U.S. Army

BURNING off the filmy morning mists, the sun climbs high in the sky. It is about 0930, 28 March 1961. We are in the Plaine des Joncs — the Plain of Reeds — South Vietnam's great alkali marsh that stretches from the paddies of the fertile Mekong Delta northeast to the Cambodian border. Flat, and criss-crossed by a straight-ruled network of drainage ditches and canals which supplement the meandering streams, the plain is relatively waterless now under the brooding heat of the dry season.

Stretching endlessly to the horizon, the unvarying tropical marsh reeds, shimmering silver-green in the sun, are often all that meets the eye. The sunken watercourses and the reeds, which grow chest-high, offer considerable concealment Where the area is bare of vegetation, or where it borders many of the cultivated paddies or the now half-dry bottoms, visibility sometimes pushes out to half a kilometre or more. Fields of fire are excellent, and the diked ditches and creeks, in places overgrown with graceful bamboo thickets or marsh bushes, are ideal cover for firing positions. Foot movement across country is relatively easy during this time of year, although the creeks and ditches themselves remain obstacles. These drainage ditches and canals are really the roads and highways for people of the area.

The leader of the Viet Cong guerillas impassively estimates his situation as the fire fight rages. Messengers clad in the peasant's black, pyjama-like calico noir, pad breathlessly out of the reeds. An automatic weapon opens from the guerilla left-flank company. Seconds later the crump of 81 mm mortar shells, much louder than hand-thrown grenades, can be heard out of sight somewhere among the reeds to the front.

The leader is fairly satisfied. From all indications his battalion has concluded the initial stage of a successful ambush. He turns to his messengers with orders to pull the string — to tighten the noose around the South Vietnamese Army unit. The messengers move out, rustling bent-legged at a dog tro\

through the swamp grass, heading back toward the sound of their unit's guns.

The unfurling of the Viet Cong's reserve banners, fluttering brightly in the sunlight, is the signal that they have the order from the messengers, and are ready. Fixed to extra-long bamboo poles, the red-and-blue fields of these flags with the yellow star of Communism often are all that can be seen of the well-camouflaged guerilla units, except for occasional agitation in the bush. These guidons are a primary means of control.

At the megaphoned command "Tien - len!" (F o r d w a r d !), screaming and shouting, the reserves spring up and follow the guidons. In human sea-waves, they try to overrun the enemy. Some are armed only with two-handed bolos, some with spears.

Their assault is met by withering fire and hard infighting from the defenders of the surrounded position. A thin grey haze of acrid smoke rises. The guidons waver. One goes down and is quickly snatched up again, but the forward movement of the wave is arrested. The attack has lost its momentum.

Despite his failure to overrun the defenders, the guerilla leader has accomplished part of his attack's objective. Now the Viet Cong banners flutter on all sides. The troops of the "Diem-US imperialist clique" are completely surrounded, cut off. Now for the annihilation, the final mopping-up. The goal is weapons and ammunition, and the scarcer medical supplies and radios of the well-equipped enemy. Such ambushes are a source of supply preferred by the guerilla in the hard-to-reach Mekong Delta-Plaine des Joncs zone. More megaphone-shouted commands, more bugles, and the firing becomes furious as the final stages of the siege begin.

The understrength (270 officers and men) 2nd Battalion of a South Vietnamese infantry regiment has been engaged for over 24 hours. Its mission: an area sweep, to find and fix a rumoured Viet Cong build-up north of Cao Lanh, a village in Kien Phong Province. The battalion had jumped off from its mosquito-ridden overnight perimeter at 0700 on the 28th, moving generally north through the unfamiliar swamp. Local peasants, afraid of Communist reprisals or apathetic toward the troops, furnished no guides. In the growing light the soldiers moved through damp, foul-smelling fog that clung low to the dry gullies, ditches and canals. They passed out of the rice-growing, populated areas along the main canals where there were blocking positions of the Civil Guard, and moved into the desolate beginning of the plain proper. By 0900 they had reached the head of the Canal Thay Coi, where it joins the sluggish Rach Can Lo (a dry gully. The battalion was deployed, weapons ready, two rifle companies up, followed by the headquarters and the third rifle company centred. Although they back-packed their mortars, there was no centrally located artillery to support them as they

moved ever deeper into the morass.

The Viet Cong build-up proved stronger than suspected. For some days the guerillas had moved stealthily by boat and on foot into their safe area. They had assembled two well-armed regular companies, about 500 men, from their 502nd Battalion. In addition to personal weapons, the Communist force had machine guns, automatic rifles, and 60 mm and 81 mm mortars. Trainee and village militia units, organised by forced local levies, fleshed out these regulars. In addition there were believed to be in the general area over a thousand civilians poorly armed but sympathetic to the Communists. Most had only knives or spears. These troops were concentrating for a raid on Cao Lanh. It was rumoured that the guerillas had their own herd of buffalo from which they slaughtered two a day for rations. This was the "small" build-up which had started the South Vietnamese 2nd Battalion on its sweep mission.

Viet Cong informers reported details about the 2nd Battalion's advance as it zigzagged closer throughout the day of the 27th. The Communist leader possessed that timeless advantage of the guerilla: the choice, with infinite care, of the time and place of action — if he decides to fight at all. He combined this advantage with his spies' estimate that the Communist concentration greatly outnumbered the South Vietnamese unit, and decided accordingly. For his raid mission he substituted an ambush of opportunity. (Usually, the guerilla is reluctant to fight well-trained regular forces except under most ideal conditions.) During the night the guerillas went into position, and on the morning of the 28th were patiently waiting in ambush as the 2nd Battalion walked into the killing zone.

The action began with incredible violence. Rapid bursts of automatic weapons were interspersed with the heavy thump of mortars. The first short-range exchange killed the platoon leader of the advance guard and wiped out the point squad of the left company. This company's commander was wounded trying desperately to aid his advance guard. In spite of covering fire from their company's mortars and small arms, the remaining platoons were pinned down. Warily they returned the fire at the invisible enemy hidden in the marsh foliage and hoped for a counter-attack or support from the rest of the battalion.

By now, however, the entire battalion was under fire from both flanks, and the men began instinctively to form a defensive perimeter. The other companies tried but could not move, and while the fight raged to the front and flanks the hearts of the rear guard sank. Screaming and shouting, the black-clad human sea closed the ring. Although the attack from the rear was stopped, fluttering red-and-blue guidons completely encircled them. The 2nd Battalion was surrounded.

Success in combat against insurgents depends on wresting

the over-all initiative from the guerilla. If this can be done at the tactical level, then the foundation is set for winning the strategic campaign, with all its political, economic, sociological and psychological implications. Overall strategy demands that a battle be fought for the mind of the civilian; this includes a variety of requirements far more comprehensive than mere military success.

During almost any stage of the military campaign, however, even finding the guerilla is most difficult. It does little good to pop into the bush and thrash about in hopes of pushing him into a corner, because there are few corners in those swamps and jungles. Even under ideal conditions the number of troops needed for counter - guerilla operations reaches astounding and often unsupportable proportions when compared to the number of guerillas involved. Ratios of 20-to-1 are not unusual. The solution? Troops should be committed against vital guerilla bases, on offensive missions whenever possible, and not frittered away in primarily defensive or static security missions. A reasonable balance in the proportion of defensive to offensive troops, one that does not jeopardise either mission, is one of the most difficult to achieve in counter-guerilla combat.

Also, the solution to the problem of finding the guerilla lies in the effective employment of every conventional means of intelligence, psychological action, and communication. We have not the space for a detailed discussion of all these methods, but it has been found that informers planted within the Communist ranks are most effective as intelligence sources.

During the critical stage of counter - guerilla operations, when the guerilla retains freedom of movement, it is virtually impossible to prevent him from massing and seizing tactical superiority in areas of his own choosing. But a gold-lined windfall occurs during the guerilla's offensive. When he attacks, he has accomplished one of our most difficult jobs: he has permitted himself to be found. The opportunity must be exploited.

Offensive action is vital. All our available combat power must be ruthlessly directed against the guerilla. A most important technique for seizing, maintaining, and exploiting the tactical initiative, while still on the strategic defensive, is to have a combat force capable of day or night operations that can be quickly committed to meet the guerillas' attacks. A significant portion of this reserve should include specially trained air-mobile or airborne troops.

During the final stages of a counter-guerilla campaign, when the enemy begins to lose the initiative, an airborne force is highly useful. This last phase begins when a greater number of contacts with the enemy occurs through the initiative of the anti-guerilla forces; provided of course, that more victories than defeats are scored. In such circumstances airborne troops can

be used to exploit success, or to pursue and block an escaping enemy force. Used in this fashion, airborne troops sometimes afford the means of establishing that hard-to-find corner in the jungle.

The basic tactical objectives of both airborne or air-mobile reserves are the same, although the technical capabilities and limitations of parachute operations are such that they are more difficult to conduct effectively. In spite of this drawback, certain distinct advantages accrue from parachute operations.

In South Vietnam the airborne strategic reserve is called the Instant Ready Force (IRF), which consists of a balanced airborne task unit from the Brigade Airborne Alert Force (BAAF). The strength and composition of these forces, of course, vary with the insurgency situation. In any event, the IRF has the combat power required to accomplish any mission assigned it, and is beefed up by such administrative support as parachute recovery details, extra communications personnel, and paramedics. Units and men have their basic loads.

Using standardised methods, the IRF is kept on an around-the-clock alert. A troop-carrier unit that can lift the entire IRF in one flight, composed of either fixed-wing aircraft or helicopters, is immediately available. Also on standby must be a certain percentage of reserve aircraft, crews, and ground troops, based on factors of deadline and operational experience.

Now back to the combat example in South Vietnam.

Once the Viet Cong snapped shut their trap on 28 March, the importance of communications in operations against insurgents became clearly manifest. Without responsive communications nothing could have helped the trapped unit. No one would have known of their plight. Fortunately, the 2nd Battalion still had radio contact with the next higher headquarters. Their urgent call for help was received, and action started. A request was forwarded immediately to bring in close air support against the ambushers. At approximately the same time the air was dispatched, the airborne Instant Ready Force was given a warning order: stand by; you may be needed.

Within 10 minutes after receiving their orders, two AD-6 Skyraiders — superb close-air machines — were on the way. After a 30-minute flight they arrived over target accompanied by an L-19 director Mosquito. It was now approximately 1050.

Without hesitation the Skyraiders attacked, swooping down viciously and accurately against the enemy positions, directing their fire against the Viet Cong's raised banners. During the initial part of the strike the guidons remained erect, which proved immeasurably helpful in identifying enemy units to shoot up. On the first passes some of these banners went down. After a few strikes the bearers finally realised they were drawing fire and pulled down their flags.

The air strikes seemed to be inflicting heavy casualties on the guerillas. The enemy alternately hugged the ground or directed ineffective fire against the aircraft. While the air was present much of the pressure was off the 2nd Battalion. During the respite the battalion took stock, reorganised positions, and made plans. Soon the Skyraiders ran low on ammunition and warned the surrounded unit that they must leave.

Timed with the final expend-all-ammo strike by the aircraft, the 2nd Battalion commander hopefully initiated a two-company breakout attack. For the last time the Skyraiders slowly wheeled on their noses and whined down out of the bright tropic sky. Now the battalion began to step up its fire, and again the cordite smell and haze of close combat rose over the swamp. By the time the Skyraiders had their tails to the ground and were heading for home, the battalion assaulted.

Unfortunately, the Viet Cong position held, although the guerillas had suffered losses from the air. Quickly their red-and-blue banners were raised in defiance. Now that the aircraft had gone, the still overwhelming superiority of Viet Cong fire and numbers stopped the breakout attack in its tracks. The soldiers of the out-gunned 2nd Battalion, fairly secure in their reorganised and improved defensive perimeter, settled down to beat off more human-wave assaults and hold out until more decisive help could arrive. That they were pitted against a professional, battle-trained enemy now was obvious from the way he had clung to his position during the punishing air attack. Most "village militia" would have broken under the pressure. During the lull the Viet Cong began evacuating their wounded by ox cart and along the canals in small boats.

By this time the dry-season sun was burning hot. It was past 1100 and noon was fast approaching. After the depressing failure of the 2nd Battalion to break out, it now became almost necessary to commit the airborne reserve. The realities of time and space in the Plaine des Joncs made problematical the timely arrival of the ground reserves. Troop-carrier aircraft were placed on a one-hour alert. At 1120 an airborne battalion was alerted for the BAAF and its IRF marshalled for immediate deployment. Finally, at 1145 the decision was made and the order given: send in the anti-guerilla airborne. The airborne IRF began moving toward the departure airfield, and soon was ready to board planes. Meanwhile, more combat-loaded AD-6s were on the way.

What happened next points up the necessity for assigning the troop-carrier aircraft exclusively, whenever possible, to the IRF. Because of a mix-up in the alert status of the troop-carrier squadron, a hard-to-find duty officer, and the fact that more aircraft were needed than initially had been alerted, the first wave was delayed in takeoff. Administrative mix-ups lost almost two valuable hours. Dur-

ing this time the most effective support committed against the Viet Cong consisted of those splendid ADs. They returned over the 2nd Battalion's position and continued to inflict heavy casualties on the enemy, and kept the guerillas under fire for the rest of the afternoon. (In all, 10 sorties were flown by the ADs which continued to operate until 1700).

At 1415 the airborne force was finally on the way. When the first wave of C-47s approached, the pathfinder aircraft swooped down and marked the DZ of opportunity. Because of a defective smoke grenade, the DZ was only partially marked, and the planes circled again. At 1450 the first wave of paratroopers dropped into the area. Immediately the C-47s turned back to the Saigon area to pick up the second.

The reaction time of the second wave is a much better example of the potential for committing a well-co-ordinated airborne reserve. Including the round-trip flight of approximately one hour, the second wave jumped into the combat zone after one hour twenty minutes. Based on experience, had there been no administrative foul-ups, the first wave should have dropped probably around 1300. Such timing would have allowed the drop to occur a little more than an hour after the time of decision — an excellent reaction time considering the time-and-space factors of this situation. Thus it follows that had the decision been made to commit the IRF at the same time it was decided to send in the close air, the airborne troops could have been in to the rescue by 1100.

When the airborne troops first arrived, the Viet Cong, harassed constantly from above by the close air, partially broke their ring, still leaving some units in contact to pin down the 2nd Battalion. Scattering northwest toward the Cambodian border, the withdrawing enemy frustrated pursuit by breaking up into small bands.

When the second wave of airborne troops arrived, the scales of combat superiority were tipped in favour of the South Vietnamese. Now a frenzied retreat began, the Viet Cong breaking contact altogether. In typical guerilla fashion, the enemy withdrew rather than slug it out.

Next came pursuit of the escaping forces. During this phase the AD-6s again were extremely effective. Their naphalm and machine guns downed at least 20 Viet Cong trying to escape and wounded an unknown number. On the ground the relatively fresh airborne troops (they had just come from another mission) and the battle weary 2nd Battalion immediately followed in an attempt to maintain a relentless pressure. Now the evening sun was a red ball on the horizon. Soon it became dark.

The pursuit continued throughout the night, illuminated by the eerie wavering light of aerial flares over the entire area of combat. Only scattered contacts were made. By dawn the battle had ended; the elusive enemy, moving in small par-

ties over his own familiar territory, had either been killed, wounded, or made good his escape. The operation ended on 30 March.

Was this operation a success? Certainly; the mission was accomplished. The ambushed 2nd Battalion was saved and the enemy badly bloodied. Viet Cong casualties were estimated at around 200. Ninety dead were left on the field. Panic must have overtaken many of them during the latter stages of the fight, because usually they carry off their casualties. More than a hundred small boats, covered with the blood of enemy casualties, were captured. Friendly losses were less than one third the enemy's The South Vietnamese learned much about the tactical use of anti-guerilla airborne forces.

Led by an imaginative, aggressive commander, anti-guerilla airborne troops can well turn a potential defeat into victory in operations against insurgents.

When you haven't lived among the troops and haven't felt the anguish and intense nervous tension of men who are going out to attack and probably die, when you haven't seen with your own eyes the ranks around you mown down by machine-guns which the artillery preparation hasn't silenced; it's easy to telephone from some comfortable HQ in the rear "Attack, whatever the cost" and then go off to dinner.

—French Infantry Colonel, 1917.

THE SINO-INDIAN CLASH

WHATEVER the recent Chinese aggression on the Indian frontier may have done, it has at least demonstrated a number of truths which many of our well-meaning brethren are apt to treat far too lightly, if not to ignore them altogether. Mao Tse-Tung has now shown us quite clearly that for him his oft-repeated dictum "Power grows out of the mouth of a gun" is no mere play on words. He means it. In fact his whole career shows that he means most things that he says. The trouble is that many people, including presumably Mr. Nehru, have not been taking him seriously. Mr. Nehru no doubt has now absorbed the lesson; it is to be hoped that others have done so too.

The superficially puzzling feature of the incident is the sudden Chinese cessation of hostilites and withdrawal when they could, apparently, have swept on into Assam and Burma. To those who have taken the trouble to study Mao's political and military philosophy it is not so puzzling. Mao's fundamental strategic principle is to avoid any action in which full success is not practically assured. When Mao fights he has at least a 90 per cent. prospect of victory.

There are two points at issue on the Sino-Indian frontier. One is the demarcation of the frontier itself. The other is the underlying contest between China and India for the leadership of Asia, a contest in which Russia also has a stake. How has Mao furthered his interests in both these spheres?

In the first place he has inflicted a very severe military defeat on India. Press reports of the fighting are somewhat confused, but it is clear that quite large forces were engaged. It is equally clear that in the north-eastern sector at any rate the Chinese smashed clean through the Indian defences, cut off several thousand men, and stopped advancing entirely of their own volition. Beyond any doubt they won the battle in impressive style. Their success was big enough to shake the Indian Government and bring about the dismissal of the Defence Minister. To an Asia long-accustomed to dictatorial rule, where power

connotes prestige, that victory must carry much significance. Throughout Asia it must increase respect for Chinese might, and at the same time diminish faith in India's military capability. Politically it must heighten respect for Chinese Communism and lower respect for Indian democracy. Mao is entitled to chalk up a resounding success in the contest for leadership.

But why stop when further victories were within his grasp? Mao simply stuck to his principle of not engaging in a battle he was not sure of winning. To have continued his advance might well have forced India to accept massive Western military support. Mao would then have been faced with a military problem of quite a different kind at the existing points of contact. In addition the Western nations might well have elected to fight in other places as well. China might have become engaged in a war which the present shaky state of her economy could not sustain, and it is by no means certain that support on the necessary scale would be forthcoming from a Russia whose current policy aims at the avoidance of major conflicts.

To take all these risks would have jeopardised the fruits of the victory already won. Mao is a patient man; he has played the game of a little at a time too long and too successfully to engage in an adventure the outcome of which he could not foresee.

By withdrawing voluntarily in the full flush of victory, and before anyone else had publicly suggested that they might send direct military aid to India, Mao probably hopes to demonstrate two things; firstly that he is being sweetly reasonable about the whole affair, secondly that he can beat India any time he wants to. In addition he throws the onus for a resumption of the fighting on India.

Actually the withdrawal is not so reasonable as Mao intends it to look, for it still leaves him in possession of much disputed territory in the north-western sector. What is India going to do about that if he simply sits pat? All the talk in the world won't shift Mao. If India wants that territory back she will have to fight for it. Mao probably believes that his armies can hold any Indian attack in the frontier regions, and that he will reap a bonus in the economic sphere. Certainly a military effort of the required magnitude would seriously retard India's economic development. And that, to some extent at any rate, would serve to balance the economic miscalculations and failures of Communist China.

India would, of course, be in a much stronger position if her long-standing dispute with Pakistan over Kashmir could be speedily and satisfactorily settled. Here the chickens have come home to roost with a vengeance. It would be very difficult, if not impossible, for any Pakistani Government to agree to forego its claims to the territory seized by India some years ago. Reports from Pakistan suggest that the Government is under pressure to seize the opportunity created by India's mili-

tary involvement with China. It would appear that British and American statesmen are trying to persuade Pakistan to agree to maintain the status quo for the time being, and thus permit India to withdraw her forces for employment elsewhere. The very least that the Pakistan Government could agree to would be the holding of a plebiscite to enable the people of the disputed area to decide which country they wish to join. So far Mr. Nehru has declined to agree, probably because he knows that a plebiscite would almost certainly favour union with Pakistan. In most things there comes a time when one cannot have it both ways.

In assessing the nature of the stakes at issue in the Sino-Indian conflict, it must be remembered that India is the only country except Japan in eastern Asia which has made a real attempt to establish genuine democratic government and institutions. China follows the ancient way of dictatorial rule. India aims at the maximum attainable measure of economic, social and personal freedom. China is endeavouring to establish Communism in its extreme form. All Asia is watching the rival experiments with great interest. It is to be hoped that the West does more than watch, for the outcome could be decisively important.

—E.G.K.

Nothing has ever been made until the soldier has made safe the field where the building shall be built and the soldier is the scaffolding until it has been built, and the soldier gets no reward but honour.

— Eric Linklater.

CEYLON
UNDER
MRS. BANDARANAIKE

A brief review of the current economic and political situation in Ceylon

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WHEN we pause and think of what is happening in Asia and South East Asia today, we are inclined to think solely in "male" terms. For instance with no apparent difficulty we can remember and name the military leaders in Burma, Pakistan, and Korea. In our daily Press we read an enormous amount of news covering Nehru and Menon of India, President Diem of Vietnam, Tunku Abdul Rahman of Malaya, Chiang Kai-shek of Formosa and Mao Tse-Tung of China. We hear and read of "all male" conferences dealing with practically every subject under the sun, from nuclear disarmament to economic aid; and if a census were taken at least 75 per cent. of visitors to Australia from Asia and South East Asia would be males. It would seem then, that on the surface at least, neither the female nor the female point of view is very important in international affairs. This statement of course, as well as being completely untrue, is completely ridiculous.

The women of the world — and particularly the women of Asia and South East Asia — can, and do, play an extremely important part in both national and international affairs. At no time should the power of women — and, perhaps more important, the ability to use that power — be underestimated.

During the past three years, for example, it has fallen to Ceylon — where women still kneel in homage to their men — to produce the world's first woman Prime Minister. She is Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, a 46-year-old home-loving mother and widow of assassinated Prime Minister, Mr. Solomon Banaranaike.

Brief Biographical Notes

Born into one of Ceylon's oldest and wealthiest landowning families, Mrs. Bandaranaike went to St. Bridget's Roman Catholic Convent School in Colombo, but remained a devout Buddhist. Her marriage in 1940 to the Oxford-educated Bandaranaike, 25 years her senior, was

"arranged". Before the wedding she had spent only minutes in his presence; and then never alone! But as often happens in the East, love flowered after the marriage. She gave her husband two daughters; Sunethra, now 18, and Chandra, 16, and a son, Anura, 12.

She helped her husband's political career with money from her rich paddy fields; she talked politics with him; she even privately opposed him when as Prime Minister, he tried to appease a Marxist Food Minister who wanted radical land reform. Faithful to the ancient ways of the women of Ceylon, she stayed in the background, spurning for example, cosmetics and other Western customs.

Then on 26th September 1959, a Buddhist monk calmly fired a bullet into Mr. Bandaranaike's stomach. Two days later he was dead and Ceylon thrown into political confusion and civil unrest.

Within months Mrs. Bandaranaike had taken over the leadership of his Freedom Party. She stumped the island nation, weeping as she told and retold the story of her husband's death.

Two Governments were elected only to collapse through insufficient control. Mrs. Bandaranaike formed a political alliance with the active Communist and Trotskyite Parties, and her opponents promptly claimed she and her Freedom Party would be but a pawn in their hands. But when the votes rolled in, her Party had 75 of the 151 seats — the Communists won five and the Trotskyites 12. The "Weeping Widow", as she had come to be called, did not need Communist support to remain in office.

Victorious, she acknowledged her inexperience, and said she would "lean heavily" on her husband's 29-year-old cousin, Felix Bandaranaike, the Party Secretary. Then, weeping again, she told newsmen she had won because of "the people's love and respect for my dead husband". She became then, the first woman Prime Minister of Ceylon, and the first in the world.

Outline of Political Events Under Mrs. Bandaranaike

Sometimes wrong, but never in doubt — this seems to sum up Mrs. Bandaranaike who has just completed her second year in office. The two years have seen one internal crisis after another — but she has not faltered. Her outstanding traits are determination and unwillingness to be swayed by any pressure. The woman who was once in the background, discreetly serving tea to her husband's visitors, now is driving Ceylon towards a Socialist Republic.

No nation in Asia was given independence more readily than Ceylon some 14 years ago. The British left behind friendship and goodwill, a buoyant economy, a well trained civil service, and what looked like a solid base for Parliamentary democracy.

Perhaps independence came a little too easily. For the first eight years, until 1956, Ceylon was ruled by Conservative Governments which, honest as they were, seemed to many people more or less a continuation of the British Raj. But all

this changed when the Socialist Freedom Party, led by Solomon Bandaranaike, swept to power six years ago. All the force of emotional nationalism was suddenly released.

The years since have seen intrigue and treachery, which climaxed in Bandaranaike's assassination. They have been years too, of unstable government, rising prices, wave after wave of strikes, racial unrest that has tragically divided the Sinhalese and Tamils, and a gradual drift from democratic principals towards the dictatorial use of power.

Now, since Mrs. Bandaranaike has been Prime Minister, the Government has taken over religious schools — without payment of compensation — has taken over the Bank of Ceylon, fixed a ceiling on personal income, instituted a 4 per cent. development tax, taken over life insurance companies, and, after preparing the way in May 1961, has seized the Western oil companies installations and properties, the value of such installations totalling well over £400,000. Horse racing, which she considers immoral, is scheduled to end in about 18 months' time, and already newspapers are forbidden to carry racing news. She has decided — against strong pressure from the inflammable Tamil community—to make Sinhalese the island's official language.

Freedom of the Press — which for some time has been under heavy censorship — is just about defunct. In May 1962 the Government drafted a bill aimed at taking over the two largest newspaper combines. The Minister of the Press, together with his committee, has laid down conditions under which newspapers may be run. He may prohibit, or suspend, any publication which violates those conditions. Furthermore, newspaper editors must, if required, vouch for the accuracy and truth of the news relating to any activity past or present or to any official act proposed to be done by the Cabinet, or any Minister, or any Government Department. They must disclose to the Minster, or his Press Committee, the source of information on which the item is based and the names of people through whom the information was received.

A Republic within the Commonwealth may be declared soon. Politicians in Ceylon have talked of ending the present Dominion status for years, but Mrs. Bandaranaike is the first to think of action.

Ceylon has become a more outspoken member of the Afro-Asian block, and many trade agreements have been negotiated with European Communist countries. Russia, increasing her aid, will build a steel rolling mill, a flour mill, a grain elevator, and a tyre factory. Ceylonese engineers will train in the Soviet. In May 1962 Russia was invited to supply fuel for the Port of Colombo's strategically placed oil bunkering facilities. Russia accepted, supplying oil from the Baku oil field at Dollars American 1.27 compared with the American and British price of 1.59 a barrel. A Caltex Oil Company spokesman, after the oil

installation seizure, stated "We welcome competition, but not through the seizure of our property to put the Russians in business".

Mrs. Bandaranaike's opponents in Ceylon claim that many of her policies have a strong Marxist twist, and in the light of evidence above, this claim seems justified. However, her reply is that her Cabinet is following a policy of democratic Socialism.

The Influence of Felix Bandaranaike

Much of the Government's policy making is inspired by Mrs. Bandaranaike's energetic nephew, Felix Bandaranaike, Finance Minister, virtually Deputy Prime Minister, and often described as "Ceylon's Trouble Shooter".

The influence of Mr. Bandaranaike, a blunt-spoken lawyer, ranges far beyond his portfolio as Minister of Finance. He is also the Prime Minister's Parliamentary Secretary, and often her official spokesman as well. In March 1961 he accompanied her to the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference in London, and later flew to Moscow for economic negotiations.

No one knows just how deep Mrs. Bandaranaike's confidence in her nephew goes, or how effectively she rules her Cabinet, but one thing is certain, under her leadership Ceylon is changing. When she became Prime Minister she said that her sex would help her get more co-operation than a man. So far she has been right.

Communism in Ceylon

In April 1962 came the following statement from the leader of Ceylon's Communist Party, Pieter Keuneman: "Of course Communism will come to Ceylon. If I didn't believe that I wouldn't be a Communist".

What chance has Keuneman of bringing Communism to Ceylon? Party membership is only about 19,000 out of a population of some 10,000,000, with only four members (including Keuneman) in the House of Representatives. Progress cannot be spectacular because, although 85 per cent. of Ceylon's people live in rural areas, Keuneman has not imitated Mao Tse-Tung's successful Communist policy of building mass peasant support. Most of his followers are city workers.

Another handicap is the split in Ceylon's left wing. A dissident Marxist Party and a strong Trotskyite group both compete with the official Communist Party. In elections two years ago, the three parties totalled only a quarter of the vote. While there is no immediate likelihood of left wing unity, such sizeable potential may have future significance in an island with a stagnating economy and an unstable political record.

Keuneman has said recently, "Victory will come with an advancing consciousness of the people's strength and in a moment of political crisis when all other alteratives have failed". The Communists are hoping that one alternative, the Conservative United National Party, will be weakened by the abortive coup planned by right wing

police and army officers in January this year (1962). While there is no evidence to connect the United National Party with the plot, Keuneman has been suggesting a link, and is calling on Mrs. Bandaranaike's Socialist Freedom Party government to take strong action against conservative groups.

If the conservatives were driven from the political arena, as he hopes, the only remaining alternative to left wing extremism would be the Freedom Party itself. And with its record of Press censorship and intolerance, the Freedom Party hardly appears an ideal champion for parliamentary democracy.

The Coup of January 1962

Events since January 1962 have increased fears that Parliamentary democracy will not survive in Ceylon. In that month, all the discontent came to a head in a palace revolution, staged by policemen, soldiers, and senior civil servants in Colombo. All of them were males — and all of them failed — Mrs. Bandaranaike not only maintained governmental control, but consolidated that control by harsh repressive measures against the plotters.

The attempted coup, at least on the face of it, appears to have been childishly conceived, absurdly organised, and certain to be uncovered and crushed. Since its failure, press censorship has been even more vigorously enforced, the Governor-General, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, resigned, after first offering himself for investigation and questioning, phone tapping by government police agents has occurred more and more frequently, legal aid has been banned for the plotters, plain clothes police spies have increased, and the judges for the plotters' trial have been chosen, not by the Chief Justice, but by Mrs. Bandaranaike's Minister for Justice. Furthermore the Government is asking Parliament to approve a new Bill under which the coup suspects will be tried without a jury and possibly without a right to appeal.

According to the police, the plotters' intentions were to force Mrs. Bandaranaike to sign certain declarations, kidnap her Cabinet, and generally take over the government of Ceylon. The ringleaders were dragged out to Mrs. Bandaranaike's residence, "Temple Trees", and were personally interrogated by her before being marched off to jail. So much for any mere male who would challenge the power of the mistress of Ceylon.

The Economic Situation

Ceylon has needed a strong government for years, and now it seems, on the surface at least, to have it. But internal development is slow, and unless more of the numerous plans are put into action, Socialism under Mrs. Bandaranaike will be merely the distribution of poverty.

During the past ten years, some £40,000,000 of the money invested in Ceylon has been taken out of the country and put into "safer" investments, and only £6,000,000 has been added to the Ceylon investments.

Ceylon has been a beneficiary under the Colombo Plan for many years and today the need is not for technical aid but for capital assistance.

The inclusion of Britain in the Common Market could affect Ceylon's tea exports. At present, tea from Ceylon enters the United Kingdom duty free, but once Britain joined the Common Market, Ceylon might have to carry an import duty of 18 per cent. This would increase the price considerably and lower the sales of Ceylon tea in England.

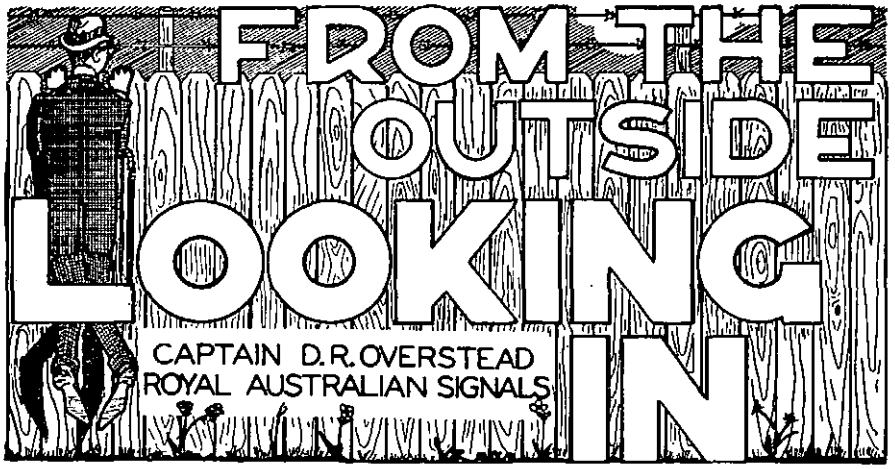
Australia could improve its unfavourable trade balance with Ceylon by greater sales promotion of Australian-made goods. The trade balance at present is some £3,000,000 in Ceylon's favour. The United Kingdom is Ceylon's main supplier of manufactured goods, but because of its relative close position Australia should be the main shopping centre, not only for Ceylon but many other Asian nations.

Ceylon's desperately sagging economy certainly needs a boost, but whilst Mrs. Bandaranaike's government follows its present policy, there appears little or no chance of improvement.

Conclusion

For about the fourth time in three years, Ceylon is battened down in a state of emergency, and prospects for peace and harmony on that beautiful island have rarely looked worse.

In late 1958 demands for language rights by the Ceylon Tamil minority erupted into riots. In 1959 Prime Minister Solomon Bandaranaike was shot down, because he planned concessions to the Tamils. In April 1961 there were further racial riots. Again there followed harsh repressive measures. In January 1962 came the abortive coup against the Government. So far during this year racial unrest has been pushed into the background by the Government's socialisation plans, but there can be no doubt at all, that sooner or later the Sinhalese-Tamil dispute will again raise its ugly head. When it does, will Mrs. Bandaranaike be strong enough to settle it to the satisfaction of both parties and still remain in power?



DICK WAINE had been neigbours with Colonel Jason for some time; on and off that is. The Jasons were Army people and shifted around considerably. Now they were back next door, and the Colonel had an Infantry unit some few miles out of town.

It was to this same unit that Dick drove today. 0900 hours found him at the main entrance to the camp, still wondering why Bert Jason had asked for his services. There was no money in it for him, but he liked Bert, and time did hang on holidays with the family away. Perhaps that was why old Bert was a colonel . . . he knew exactly when to make a request.

Dick had an interesting job. He was always keen on methods, systems, advertising . . . you know, the kind of stuff that keeps a man busy, running around and using a bit of imagination. Well, here he was today, "The Busy Bee" as his wife Margaret called him: the BEE stemming from Business Efficiency Expert. He would hardly admit the "expert" portion of his business title, but he had certainly received a few juicy payments and plenty of thanks from a large number of commercial concerns.

And here he was again, driving up to an Army establishment. No money this time, but it could prove interesting.

No-one at the sentry box, so he slipped the car up a gear and drove into the camp proper. Cross-roads ahead . . . which way? Try straight up; more buildings up there. Looks like the HQ over there: no . . . they look unused. Keep going. That could be a car park. Leave the car near that other one and it should be OK.

He left the car and enquired his way to the unit HQ. On arrival he found a long thin building with several pot-plants clustered around the central entrance. As he walked up the few steps and through the door, he noticed a black and white sign which announced "Regimental HQ" to all who approached

directly at right-angles to the entrance. Inside, he was greeted by a counter, behind which were two soldiers, obviously the Orderly Room clerks.

0915 hours

Shuffling his feet brought no attention, so he used his well-tried "cough". Still nothing doing. It was an interesting room though. His careful eye took it all in: grey counter, grey chairs, grey tables, grey cupboards . . . why all the grey? Pity about all those boot-marks on the counter . . . too many loungers, or too many people waiting for attention? Those files look rather untidy. That one looks as though it will overbalance and fall on the floor. Must be kept busy here. Wonder why they keep their hats on the desks? Getting ready for the lunch-time rush? No, surely that's someone's lunch over there in the "In Tray". Should call it his "Tuck-in Tray". Can't see any ash-trays. Ah yes, that explains the squashed bumpers on the floor.

0925 hours.

"Excuse me". He was getting impatient.

A clerk looked up. "Oh, sorry . . . I thought it was a Dig".

Dick looked whimsical as he asked: "I was to see Colonel Jason this morning; how do I get to him?"

"Have you been to the guard room?" asked the clerk slouching across to the counter.

"Er . . . No. I came to see Colonel Jason".

"Yes, but all visitors must report to the guard room. It's in Standing Orders you know. Part 5, para 235. You'll have to go to the guard room".

The clerk was firm so Dick accepted his demand and swung out of the building following the former's advice on how to find the place of reporting. He thought afterwards that it was well he had those precise directions. The required building could be distinguished merely by parallel bars across a small window at one end. This then was the place for visitors to report.

A large bulk of soldier barred his entrance.

"Yeah?"

"I'm a visitor to see Colonel Jason and was told to report here".

"I'll get the Guard Corporal".

0935 hours.

Dick had an uninterrupted view of the drill-square, and didn't mind the wait while a search went on for the missing corporal. Some of the drill was very cleanly executed.

0945 hours.

"You are a visitor?" The voice had come from an authoritative little corporal, announced by the sound of hobnailed boots crunching on gravel.

"Yes".

"Who for?"

"Colonel Jason".

"All right then . . .do you know your way to HQ?"

"Yes, but I was told to report here".

"Correct. You have just reported. Now will you see the orderly room? They will arrange for you to see the CO".

Dick made his way back to the HQ. He didn't go through the previous routine, but walked firmly to the counter and said: "I'm back from the guard room. May I see Colonel Jason?"

The same clerk raised his head, thought for a second or two, then addressed his associate, a sergeant: "Hey, there's a fellow here to see the CO".

The associate looked up, picked up the telephone, buzzed and said: Sir; there's a man here to see the CO".

Sir" evidently said: "Well why the hell do you tell me. . . ."

The sergeant was stunned as Dick heard the audible "click" of the other party's receiver cutting off the line.

The sergeant tried again: "Excuse me Sir, but there's a gentleman to see you . . . yes Sir . . . coming now Sir".

0955 hours.

Dick found Colonel Jason in quite a pleasant office looking very different from the old Bert that he knew over the back fence. It was unmistakably Bert, but a Bert who had stepped into a different plane with the donning of that smart uniform. Dick had a ridiculous notion to salute until he felt that familiar hand-shake and saw the familiar grin.

It appeared that Bert, or rather, Colonel Jason, was dissatisfied with his unit generally. It had picked up after he had assumed command, but was settling back into the doldrums. Nothing was wrong mind you; but there was nothing "vital" about the place and a mood of unconcern hung over the men. Could Dick as an outsider, a rank outsider, together with his professional knowledge poke about for a day or two It would be an interesting experiment from the Army's point of view, and Dick should enjoy it. . . . Oh yes, Bert knew what it was like to have too much time on one's hands, and had seen Dick's mounting apathy at home without the family. . . .

"Pop over tomorrow night and we'll discuss anything you may find. Let's have a few arguments over as many beers . . . For now, come and meet our adjutant. I'll leave you with him. Go where you wish, most people will know who you are . . . oh, and just walk in on me if you need any help".

Bert guided him to another door, introduced him to Captain Bill North, the adjutant, then left in a hurry to keep some appointment.

The adjutant was a man of about 30, thin, but very erect and possessed of a black bristling moustache. He was jerky in his speech, but his cold piercing eyes commanded any listener, and overrode any hesitant words. This man was not used to being crossed. He seemed decidedly less friendly with the departure of the CO, and his manner intimated that he should be left to pore over his copious papers. Indeed it was clear, if unsaid, that he disliked any interruption from his work.

Dick opened his campaign with an unusual request: "I know you're very busy. May I sit here and watch what goes on for a

while. I believe you know about my visit?"

The answer came back abruptly: "Yes I know. Suits me fine".

As Captain North quickly assumed a deeper frown and settled back to his work, Dick, who had been standing, relaxed into an easy chair and lit a cigarette.

The minutes passed. The adjutant's pen went on and on. Papers came and went from the orderly room. Scraps of constant conversations drifted in from the same office: "Not a bad picture" . . . "Made 6 not out" . . . "Got a dozen in for tomorrow night"....

Suddenly the adjutant sat up: "Sergeant Stevens".

The Orderly Room Sergeant came in warily: "Yes Sir?"

"I said six copies and there are only five in this lot. Where is the sixth copy?"

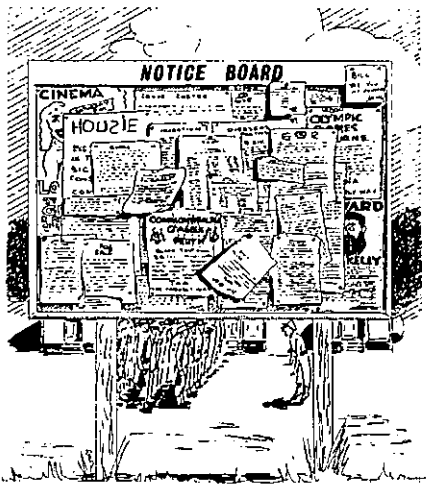
"Sorry Sir: we only did five".

"I distinctly told you six, six, six,six,six, six. Why the hell don't you listen? Don't you remember?"

The sergeant had paled noticeably: "Yes Sir".

The adjutant screwed what papers he had into a ball and threw them forcibly into a waste-paper basket. He then exploded with: "Well get out and do them all again. When I say six I mean six"

Dick felt sorry for the man as the sergeant left sheepishly He forgot his sympathy a few minutes later when he heard the self-same sergeant dressing down a soldier visitor to the counter



A typewriter tapped into action. Conversations recommenced and the adjutant's pen once more flew over the pages.

The sergeant returned: "Morning tea, Sir".

"Uumph".

A cup of tea was placed on Captain North's desk. The man did not appear to notice this, nor the bearer.

"Sergeant Stevens". The adjutant was looking up again.

"Sir?"

"Get me McDonald's file".

"Yes Sir . . . excuse me Sir, but Private Harris would like to see you. He tried to see you yesterday but you were with the CO both times".

"Well I'm busy. Tell him to come back when I'm not busy".

"Yes Sir".

Sergeant Stevens passed this message on. His meek voice changed to a roar with: "Don't you know the adjutant is a busy

man and got enough to do without you worrying him? You'll have to come back when he's not busy".

Dick wondered what Harris had to tell the adjutant.

"Where's that file?"

"Coming Sir".

"Well hurry it up".

The seconds passed. The adjutant gulped his tea: "I thought you said that file was coming?"

"Sorry Sir, it's lost for the moment".

"Lost?"

"We can't find it with the others".

Captain North thought for a moment: "You had it out yesterday. Haven't you got around to putting it back yet?"

"No Sir, but it should be in the pending tray".

"Find it quickly, and don't lose any more. It's always happening".

"Yes Sir . . . ah here it is under these pay books".

"I want it here: and what is the date? We should have two calendars . . . wasn't the QM to see me today about daily strength returns? . . . and get my wastepaper basket emptied".

Dick had had enough. He left his chair and walked quietly out with a quick: "Thanks" thrown to North. The latter apparently was too busy to register his departure.

As he walked through the camp, Dick paused to read a series of notices on the Area notice board. The papers were typical of what he had expected: picquets, sports programmes, general orders. He was rather surprised to find the sports programme and also an Army Picture Theatre programme two and four months out of date respectively.

He met the Colonel for lunch in the Mess, then returned to his wanderings.

In one sleeping hut he found a young soldier cleaning his boots. He gave the soldier an explanation of sorts for his presence in the unit area, then asked many questions of a general nature by way of conversation and hidden examination.

Yes, the lad liked the Army, but it got him down at times. The food was all right he supposed, and he had made plenty of good mates. Officers and

NCOs? Ah, they made him sick on occasions. Yes, he would like to be an officer or an NCO one day, then he too could live it up, and "take it out on the boys".

Dick pressed the point of superiors in rank: "Do you ever go to them for advice or personal help?"

"What's the use?"

"Why?"

"Well, take my platoon sergeant. He always tries to help I guess, but you know darned well that he doesn't really know what he's talking about. He thinks he knows everything too. Then there is my platoon commander Lieutenant Blake. And the adjutant too. They always say they 'will find out for you', and they never quite get around to it. See what I mean?"

Dick did see. He also saw several broken pieces of furniture as he gazed thoughtfully down the barrack room: "How long have those pieces of furniture been broken?"

"About three months".

"Have you or your mates reminded anyone of their condition?"

"What's the use?"

"Uuumm. Thanks very much".

His next visit was to the unit 2ic, a term and person he was introduced to by Colonel Jason. Thank heavens Bert took him. It would have been an expedition otherwise.

Major Wilson was a charming man, if a little evasive. He had a long talk principally about training methods. It was all of interest to Dick, but he found himself growing restless as the Major went on and on with 40 minutes of this and 40 minutes of that as he traced out the troops' training time. Little watertight compartments Wilson had called these lessons.

Dick finally asked: "But surely a soldier is taught to live on the land, march long distances, erect shelters, and so on?"

"Oh yes, we have three days in the bush now and then, but we are more scientific these days with our planned programme. They do drill, have a lecture, do PT, have a lecture and by so doing, incorporate all phases of training into small parcels, thereby maintaining interest through variety. We also supplement all training with sports which keep us fit, and teach us to work as a team".

Dick felt shut in: "I can see all that, but to my civilian mind a soldier must be practised in living the life he would experience under war-time conditions. Can't you imagine that this country was being defended and have your men act accordingly?"

"We do. We have those three days, or sometimes four in the bush from time to time".

"But that's not real. Surely you could send them out for two or three weeks at a time and let them undergo a more realistic set of circumstances. Let them ford rivers, march many miles, dig-in, climb steep slopes. . . ."

The Major was aghast: "What about picquet rosters, mess duties, camp programmes?"

"Send them out portions at a time . . . platoons or companies aren't they?"

"Yes, but there are other things too. What about their wives. Can we risk such things as sickness and accidents?"

"They are soldiers aren't they? And another thing . . . do you ever have exercises not on purely Army lines? Something of a competition perhaps which will give them a good laugh as well as unknowingly train them?"

"Our sport caters for. . . ."

"No it doesn't altogether. Imagine something like . . . oh, some mad-cap competition carried out at night whereby a man has to sneak up on his mate, or do something under the nose of patrolling sentries. He may very well enjoy this and unconsciously learn how to take the life of a hostile sentry. Would playing basketball all the time help this?"

"I think you are seeing the Army through non-military eyes".

"Thank the Lord for our CMF then if the Regulars get into a rut. . . ."

Dick took his leave of the major, called in on Colonel Jason, then drove home. The day had proved interesting and he would have plenty of material to discuss with Bert over a few drinks. No doubt tomorrow would bring forth even more. Yes, it all followed the same pattern . . . the Army was no different from the commercial world. It was simply another big firm.

He chuckled as he drove out the main gate. There was one point about his job that always made him laugh . . . a "BEE" was nothing but a high-flying name for a dispenser of common-sense. When would his clients realise this? Not for a few years yet he hoped. But he did wonder why Old Bert had asked him out. Bert knew about this "common-sense angle" . . . Wily old Bert . . . did he realise that one of his own people couldn't see for looking? Yes that was it . . . he wanted someone . . . on the outside looking in.

May I suggest to the reader that occasionally he should become the outsider and take a look in? For example do any such things occur in your unit? no? NO? **NO?**

And just what did Dick discuss with Bert over those beers?

As simple as they may be, here are some of his jottings chronologically:

Questions To Ask And Discuss With Bert

General

Why was I asked to have a look? Are the officers lacking in some way? What is that something? Imagination? Too much pride? Are small things too lowly for them

Arrival

Should I have been stopped at the main gate? Why no signpost with instructions for visitors? How about a few clear signs directing the way to a car park, guard room and HQ?

Orderly Room

Just how much courtesy and initiative were used here. Do all visitors wait so long for

attention? Do soldiers wait even longer? "I thought you were a Dig" is a poor attitude. Why not "Courtesy, Attention and Efficiency" as a motto for the orderly room? Why no ashtrays? Hats on table? Lunch in correspondence tray? Bumpers on floor? Boot marks on counter? Are the clerks lazy? Do their supervisors/superiors lack the moral strength to censure them? Do all soldiers quote detail and forget how to use common sense? Should I have been sent back to the guard room?

Guard Room

Could the first soldier have acted on his own initiative and saved the wait? As a visitor was I treated courteously and efficiently?

Adjutant

Does a frown or harsh temper aid a person's work? Are Army people above good manners? Despite the bad-tempered adjutant, did the orderly room receive system discipline? Why treat a lower rank poorly? Does such treatment lead to "chain reaction" down the ranks. Did the sergeant lack initiative or manners when he brought in only one cup of tea? Should the adjutant have offered me a cup? Should he acknowledge his tea when it arrives? How is Private Harris to know when the adjutant is not busy? Should Sergeant Stevens have suggested a time for the adjutant? Was this an acceptance of discipline, or was it moral weakness? What was that file doing under the pay books? Have they no simple filing or office procedure?

Notice Board

How many men read the notices? Are all of these, including officers and NCOs, unobservant? Disinterested? Lazy? They must be not to do something about it themselves. Surely the men themselves aren't too lazy to feed complaints and suggestions up the system?

Sleeping Hut

Haven't the NCOs access to instructions, rules, orders? Are the officers too lazy, disinterested or proud to follow up the requests? Have they enough brains to remember the requests? Do your officers and NCOs know the importance of such requests?

2ic

Is the "scientifically balanced" programme really effective? Does it bore by its sheer variety? Is it realistic? Do your officers lack imagination? Should the Army use more imagination? Do you get into an "Army Rut" with too much detail? Are you afraid to try something a little different?

Bert

What about those beers????

MILITARY BANDS

Cft. J. P. Brennock, Scoil Ceoil an Airm.

Reprinted from the July 1961 issue of
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THE armies of the world have no more special claim to the military band than they have to the military moustache. In fact the earlier recognised bands of musicians attached to armies were civilians. On one famous occasion during one of Marlborough's campaigns when the bandsmen were called upon to cheer the fighting men into battle it was discovered that they had decamped, apparently enjoying the "pomp" rather than the "circumstances of glorious war". The first bands of enlisted men only came about 1749, in England at any rate, and even the band of John Philip Sousa which took Europe by storm in 1893 was not formed until he had left the Navy. In a nutshell the words "Military Band" express only a combination of woodwind, brass and percussion instruments with good resonance for out-doors and reasonable portability for transport. It is not a distinctly army unit.

Of course, music has always been associated with wars and men of war, from the use of trumpets as an instrument of offence at Jericho, to Chaucer's

"Pypes, trompes, nakers,
clariounes
That in the bataille blown
bloody sounes",

and Shakespeare's

"Shrill trump, spirit-stirring
drum and ear-piercing
fife".

At the beginning of the 16th century, the cadenced step engendered by a repetitive side-drum phrase, was a feature of the Emperor Maximilian's Swabian infantry, and in England a longer phrase was in use, the difference between being, no doubt, the reason for the Marechal Biron's remark on an occasion to Sir Roger Williamson, that "the English march being beaten by the drum was slow, heavy and sluggish". Each country had its own drum-march at this time, and it was considered as significant as the blazonry on standards until the addition of other instruments playing a melodic line lost it its importance. We are left with a relic of this period in our familiar "with the rolls, quick march" and the four-bar drum solo that acts as a prelude to most Military-Band marches.

A significant date in the history of British Military Bands is 1678, when the first band other

than drum and fife was officially recognised. On that date "Hautboys" were appointed to the strength of the Troops of Horse Grenadier Guards. These were *not* enlisted personnel. A few years later according to the Guards records, twelve "Hautboys" were authorised as part of the companies of the King's Regiment of Foot Guards at London, each company carrying one fictitious name on its rolls with the purpose of getting more money for the musicians!! Battle had been joined with His Majesty's Treasury.

The "Hautboys" mentioned above were a primitive version of the modern oboe with the reed placed in the mouth rather than between the lips. The sound may not have been very loud but the tone must have been pretty coarse and raucous.

Frederick the Great

The instruments used and their numbers varied considerably at this period, but an excellent landmark is the standardisation of the Prussian bands in 1763 by Frederick the Great, as, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets, 2 Horns and 2 Bassoons. This was undoubtedly a very small group by our standards, for outdoor work and marching, but as one might expect from a man who was musician as well as soldier, and who enjoyed the friendship of Johann Sebastian Bach, artistically it was very satisfactory, and was used as a medium for composition by the greatest composers of the period including Mozart and Beethoven. An interesting fact is that Haydn wrote some military marches while in England for the then Prince of Wales, and two for the Volunteer Cavalry of Derbyshire.

Generally speaking, the music played by the bands of this period was very limited. The main purpose of the band, of course, was marching, and the march had three forms, the Slow-march or "Parade-marsch" of the Prussians, the Quick-March or "Pas Redouble" of the French, and the Double-Quick-March or "Pas de Charge". The first was taken at about 80 paces a minute, the second about 100 paces a minute and the last quicker still.

The following table of march tempi over a century and a half may have some interest. They are all British with the exception of the third and fourth which are Bavarian and French respectively. The table is taken from Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" (1954).

	1788.MM=	1804.MM=	1828.MM=	1831.MM=	1870.MM=	1935.MM=
Quick March	120	108	100	100	116	120
Slow March	80	75	88	76	75	70

Frederick the Great's standard band most notably lacked trumpets and percussion of any kind, without which a modern Military Band would hardly be said to exist at all. Trumpets were a gradual arrival over a long period, but percussion came with a bang so to speak, as the result of a craze that swept fashionable Europe in the last half of the 18th century for all sorts of

oriental exotica of a musical nature. Cymbals, triangles and drums and coloured performers to play them became the rage, and no band was complete without its set of bells on crossbeams called "Jingling Johnnies". We are left with our glockenspiel to remind us of these colourful features of late 18th century music, and the tiger-skins and leopard-skins so beloved of bass-drummers had their origin among the coloured performers of the period. Our "drum-major" was at one period something of a dancing dervish in the centre of a tremendous percussive din.

The increase in size of the wind sections of the Military Band was in part due to the need to provide a counterblast to the racket created by his over-swollen percussion department.

French Revolution

The real fillip to size, however, was provided by the French Revolution. The effort to make all men equally aristocratic demanded public parks instead of private gardens, and public music instead of private music to replace the matinees and soirees musicales of the "Ancien Regime". Hence, the development of Military Bands of tremendous size — often larger than we are used to, and hence also the creation of the "public recital" idea which is still a feature of Military Band life. This period was not entirely a period of luxuriant growth however, and in "General Regulations and Orders for H.M. Forces of 1786" there is definite discouragement of the use of bands on the march, and Napoleon suppressed the French Cavalry bands because he said he could raise four regiments of horse with the animals he would save by sacking the bandsmen.

After the Napoleonic Wars there came a splendid period of expansion in England with a renewed accent on ceremonial and tradition and the use of music for parade-ground manoeuvring. The British band was always largely subsidised out of regimental funds with the result that the Commanding Officers, on the principle that he who pays the piper calls the tune, used the bands very much as they pleased, hiring them out for all sorts of occasions including non-military functions. These bands must have been a rich asset to garrison towns, and must have been the basis on which many town military-bands were formed later.

The outbreak of the Crimean War in 1854 provided a providential crisis for the British Military Band. When war came, a large number of musicians and foreign conductors apparently having no stomach for it, asked for their discharges. The upshot was that at a famous review of troops at Varna, before embarking for the Crimea, the English bands made a very poor showing as against the French. It is said that on that occasion the British massed bands played "God Save the Queen" not alone from independent arrangements but in different keys! To remedy this state of affairs the Royal Military School of Music was established in 1857. "Kneller Hall", as it is called, has since been the

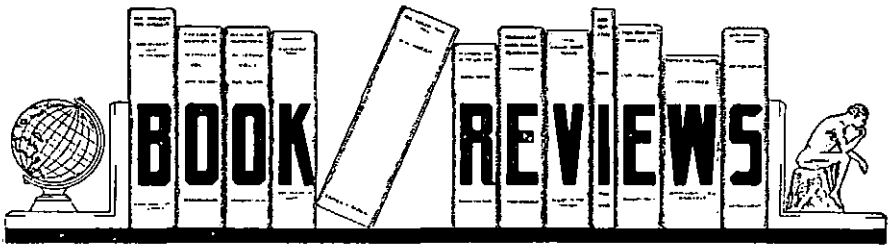
cradle of British bands, and probably the most potent single factor in raising them to the wonderful position of eminence which they hold.

Two curricula were established, one for "students" and one for "pupils". Nowadays the "students" must be non-commissioned officers, have a first class certificate of education and pass an entrance examination. This is followed by a six-month probationary period, and all going well, by a two to three year course in music generally, with instrumental teaching particularly in view. The "pupils" are promising performers, have second - class certificates of education and follow a course up to 18 months' duration to produce first-class instrumentalists. This is really taking band music seriously.

The 20th century has seen wonderful developments in the military band, both as a medium of artistic expression and as a distinctly army organisation. The development of wind-instrument technique, and the unique quality of band tone as distinct from the string orchestra, has excited the interest and imagination of composers, and led them to use the band as a medium for original composition. Up to now, of course, marches and arrangements of operatic potpourrii had been the mainstay of the Military Band repertoire. Both Stravinsky and Hindemith have written symphonies for wind-instruments, Rimsky-Korsakoff has a concerto for clarinet and Military Band and both Albert Roussel and Florent Shmitt have written for it along with many others.

In the field that immediately concerns us, two world-wars have proved the continuing value of the Military Band as a morale booster. No doubt the idea of a band playing troops into battle would now be considered impracticable to say the least of it, though it might contain a valuable element of surprise! However, the work done by the British and American Bands in World Wars I and II is sufficient proof of their usefulness. One band diary records a two-month tour of duty in 1914-18 War with a journey of a 1,000 miles, 96 different "stands" and 209 performances. In World War II the Royal Artillery Band toured the African Desert for 15,000 miles, and played at Caserta and Lanciano, and at Arnhem within a few days of D-day.

Music and War have had a peculiar partnership. The lion has lain down with the lamb without the incompatability of temperament one might have expected, but rather providing astonishingly complementary qualities. The techniques of fighting have changed, and the techniques of military music have evolved accordingly. In the future there is no reason to expect a dissolution of the partnership. It seems in the very nature of things that while a fighting man remains to fight there will be music among the camp-followers.



MAO TSE-TUNG — Emperor of the Blue Ants, by George Paloczi-Horvath. (Martin Secker and Warburg Ltd., London, and William Heinemann Ltd., 317 Collins Street, Melbourne).

From the early Caesars to the present day many great dictators have worked their will upon humanity. Some of them changed the current of history and left behind indelible imprints of their reign. Some enjoyed but a brief spell of power and their influence on the subsequent course of events was insignificant. Some were actuated by the highest motives, some by naked greed and the lust for power.

Until recently Mao Tse-Tung remained something of a mystery. Until the middle fifties the man who ruled in the Kremlin occupied the centre of the stage; Mao was regarded as a mere henchman doing his master's bidding. Slowly the scene changed. Mao emerged from the shadowy wings to assume the proportions of the most ruthless, the most fanatical and the most dangerous of the latter day dictators. All over the free world men began to search for information about the new colossus.

In this book Mr. Paloczi-Horvath has written an absorbing biography of Mao, from his early childhood to the present day. A Hungarian by birth, and a lifelong historian and student of Communist affairs, Mr. Paloczi-Horvath has derived most of his data from Communist sources. This "inside" view has the ring of authenticity, and is at once fascinating and frightening.

Mao Tse-Tung was born on 26 December 1893 in the village of Shao Shan in Hunan Province. His father, a hard-working peasant of the money-grubbing type, looked with marked disfavour upon his son's studious habits. In the end Mao, hungering for the "new" (Western) learning then creeping into China, left home to make his own way in the world. Although always extremely poor, he managed to study for varying periods at one or other of the schools which taught something more than the ancient Chinese classics.

From the beginning Mao was attracted towards the life of the social reformer, partly to improve the lot of the poverty-stricken millions, partly to break the wall of ignorance which locked China in unquestioning devotion to the ancient ways. Like many men of this type, Mao took some time to find his faith. From the day he found it in Communism he has never hesitated, never turned aside. With

undeviating singleness of purpose, he has carried the dreadful dogma far further along the road to fulfilment than even the mighty Stalin dared to venture.

Unlike its Russian counterpart, the Communist revolution in China did not achieve power at one bold stroke. For twenty years the Party fought a bitter, desperate war with Chiang Kai-shek and his Kuomintang. Throughout this long struggle Mao was the heart and soul, the unshakeable inspiring genius of his cause. During this period he developed a form of revolutionary warfare which is fundamentally different from any of the forms to which western man has long been accustomed. Forced temporarily by the Party hierarchy into formal warfare, he was defeated and forced off his territory into the Long March. This tremendous feat was not simply the retreat of a beaten army. It was a community on the move, men, women and children, printing presses, factories, machinery. For months the column, harrassed on front, flanks and rear by the Kuomintang armies, marched across deserts and swamps, crossed wide rivers and climbed wild mountain ranges, until at last Mao brought it to an unassailable sanctuary. Then, from the firm base once more established, Mao set out again to spread Communist revolution throughout the length and breadth of China. And this time he succeeded.

Mr. Paloczi-Horvath shows the Western view of Mao as a loyal follower of the Moscow line is totally incorrect. It would appear that ideological differences developed between Mao and Stalin at an early stage. Stalin held fast to Lenin's teaching that the Communist revolution must be based on the urban proletariat. Mao maintained that, while this could be true of European conditions, it was impracticable in Asia where the urban proletariat is very small in comparison to vast multitudes of peasants. And he proved his point by his sweeping success.

More recently other ideological differences have arisen. Moscow holds that the transition from Socialism to Communism must be a gradual process. Mao not only disagrees, but he is attempting to drive China from Capitalism straight into Communism in one "Great Leap Forward". To the Western mind the methods he employs are staggering in their sheer frightfulness. Mao's terror is all embracing. Not terror on the Russian model that strikes secretly in the dead of night, but terror with a fanfare, terror that stalks the land from end to end, terror that relays mass executions by radio and television, terror that is deliberately designed to divide the family and destroy the very basis of family life. With this powerful instrument, Mao is attempting to skip the Socialism phase on the road to Communism, and to organise the Chinese masses in a pattern of immense communes.

In the sphere of international politics, the differences between Moscow and Peking are becoming increasingly evident. Moscow, faced with the nuclear stalemate, is now much more

cautious about risking military adventures and relies upon subversion to spread the Communist creed. Mao holds to a strict interpretation of Leninist dogma. He is not content to wait upon the slow eroding process of pure subversive propaganda. He has set out to extend his version of Communism by a continuous process of revolutionary warfare, working steadily outwards from one firm base to another. Mao is not afraid of provoking total nuclear war. He has said that when it is all over there will still be 300,000,000 Chinese left.

This is a very important book indeed, particularly for Australians. Its study will give us a better appreciation of the menace steadily advancing towards our northern approaches. Mao Tse-Tung may be a reprehensible character, but he is a powerful, fanatical and determined man. Since we cannot ignore him, we should endeavour to understand him. This book will enable us to do so.

—E.G.K.

MUTINY 1917, by John Williams. (William Heinemann Ltd., London, and 317 Collins Street, Melbourne).

The fact that thoughtful books on World War 1 are being produced, 44 years after the last shot was fired and 17 years after World War II ran its course, suggests that students of military affairs still find in that conflict a fruitful field of research. This is not altogether surprising for, while every war is different to a greater or lesser extent from every other war, the struggle that raged from 1914 to 1918 has marked characteristics which set it apart in a class of its own. It was the first of the total wars in which the entire population of great coalitions participated. It was the first and only occasion on which immense armies lay tight-locked in murderous stalemate for such a long period. Its casualties ran into astronomical figures, its greatest battles were fought for possession of a few yards of shell-torn ground. Its social and economic effects were far-reaching. It set the scene for the Russian Revolution which launched Communism upon the world.

In the military sphere its strategical and tactical lessons were quickly mastered. And having done that many soldiers might think that they had little more to learn from it. In this book Mr. Williams shows that the soldiers who think like that are wrong, that there are in fact several extremely important lessons we may still learn if we put aside our maps and battle plans and biographies, and look closely at the thoughts and feelings of the millions of ordinary soldiers trapped in the clumsy abattoir of the Western Front.

The literature of World War I is studded with vague references to the mutinies that shook the French armies during the second half of 1917. Usually these events are mentioned only in so far as they affected British operations. Until Mr. Williams wrote this book there was little more than passing reference to them in the English language, perhaps because at the time the

French authorities, understandably enough, did their best to conceal the extent of the trouble from friend and foe alike.

The year 1917 dawned with a sense of frustration; war-weariness began to take possession of the contending armies and the civilian populations behind them. The great battles of 1916 had produced nothing but slaughter and blighted hopes. To ordinary folk it began to seem that nothing could break that line of deadly fortifications. French statesmen, aware of the trend of public opinion, sought the solution in a change of Commanders-in-Chief. General Nivelle, who replaced "Papa" Joffre, came to GHQ with a reputation well-earned for his brilliant conduct of his part of the battle of Verdun.

Within a few weeks of assuming command, Nivelle produced a plan for a "new-model" offensive, an offensive designed to break clean through the opposing lines in one blow. From the beginning most of his Army Group and Army Commanders were dubious, while the lower echelons, which had not fully recovered from their battering at Verdun, were distinctly depressed by the prospect. When all was about ready the Germans, without surrendering any important ground, took a smart pace backwards and the whole thing had to be set up again.

The lack of security was matched only by the general lack of confidence. All the world seemed to know about the plan, including the Germans who had captured at least two complete sets of documents and maps, and who had watched the build-up proceeding without any attempt at concealment. To meet the onslaught they massed a powerful array of divisions behind a deep and dense zone of concealed machine guns in strongly built bunkers. The French Government lost all faith in the scheme but allowed Nivelle to proceed. Only the fighting troops responded with heightened morale to Nivelle's promise that with 24 hours, 48 at the most, they would be clean through into the open country beyond the trench lines.

The opening assaults went in with tremendous elan, to be cut to pieces by the hidden machine-guns. The small successes lost the support of their own artillery, and the guns could not be moved forward quickly enough through the quagmire. At the end of 48 hours the armies had sustained 100,000 casualties with nothing to show for it. Still Nivelle persisted. Depleted and shocked formations were returned to the battle without a chance of recovery. Medical arrangements were hopelessly inadequate, morale dropped to zero, to the point where units here and there refused to return to the attack. In the end the Government had to step in, stop the useless slaughter, and replace Nivelle with General Petain.

It was nearly too late, for by that time mutiny was sweeping through the French armies. Enemy agents went busily to work and fanned the fires of revolt. Petain demanded a free hand for summary executions, and got it when he showed that

only two reliable divisions stood between the enemy and Paris.

Slowly Petain restored order in his demoralised armies, partly by the liberal use of the firing squad, partly by the rectification of the numerous administrative shortcomings which had lain heavily upon the troops. But he only just managed to avert, not only the disintegration of his armies, but national revolution as well.

Mr. Williams's account of these events is no dry recording of the bare facts. He gets down to personalities, shows us the darkening scene through the eyes of many actors, from generals to privates, from harassed Ministers to bewildered civilians. He tells his story in terms of men and women, of human emotions, of basic, elemental factors that men far removed from the heat and burden and physical misery of the battle can so easily overlook. Anyone who reads this book cannot fail to be impressed with the truth of the maxim "In war it is the man that counts". Because it gives such a graphic demonstration of this truth, it should be read by all thoughtful soldiers. —E.G.K.

THE CONSPIRATORS — A STUDY OF THE COUP D'ETAT, by Major D. J. Goodspeed. (The Macmillan Company of Canada).

Reviewed in the Canadian Army Journal by Colonel C. P. Stacey, OBE, CD.

I seem to remember that the late Marshal MacMahon, Marshal and subsequently President of France, is on record as saying, "I strike instantly from the roster of promotion any officer whose name I have perceived upon the covers of a book". Let us hope that this nineteenth-century French Army principle is not operative in the Canadian Army of the twentieth century; for a Canadian Army officer has just written a book, and it is a good one. Major D. J. Goodspeed's "The Conspirators"* has been widely praised on this continent and in England, and his fellow-officers, if they have not already discovered it for themselves, will find that this volume is one that they can read with much pleasure and profit.

The book is sub-titled "A Study of the Coup d'Etat. Major Goodspeed defines a coup d'etat as "an attempt to change the government by a sudden sharp attack against the actual machinery of administration". "The Conspirators is the first complete analysis of this rather special type of military operation; and anybody who is contemplating attempting to change a government by methods less mild than those usually employed in this country, or anybody charged with protecting a government against such enterprises, will find it, if not quite a textbook, the nearest thing to a textbook on the subject that is available for his instruction.

The author's method, almost inevitably, is historical. The body of the book consists of accounts of six actual twentieth-century coups d'etat, of which three were successes and three failures. It begins with an extraordinary piece of Balkan melodrama, the

murder of King Alexander Obrenovich and Queen Draga in Belgrade in 1903, a completely successful and very barbarous performance which played a part in preparing the way for the First World War. The second example is Easter Week in Dublin, 1916 — a silly, courageous, doomed enterprise which nevertheless had in the end a good deal to do with ending English rule in Ireland; for the rebel leaders whom the British were misguided enough to execute proved to be more dangerous dead than they ever had been when alive. It is a tragic tale, very well told here. Very different is the next episode, the October Revolution in Petrograd, 1917. In it there was no high, hopeless, poetic courage of the Irish sort; it was a piece of hard-headed practical political engineering by two geniuses in that line, Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky. It was no military model, for the chiefs, with rather surprising innocence, entrusted the tactical planning to an ex-officer, one Antonov-Ovseenko, who was thoroughly incompetent. But the target government, Kerensky's, was even more inept, and although one loyal and efficient battalion could have ruined the whole coup no such unit existed. Lenin and Trotsky won an almost bloodless victory, and their heirs and successors are still enjoying the fruits of it.

The fourth episode is the Kapp Putsch of 1920 in Berlin, an example of a momentarily successful movement which nevertheless collapsed almost at once. The fifth is Mussolini's March on Rome (1922), a very unheroic affair which was however the beginning of a regime that lasted until 1943. The last is the story of the plot against Hitler which so nearly ended him on 20 July 1944. This movement was primarily the work of an idealistic young army officer, Colonel Count von Stauffenberg, who gave his life for his ideals and deserves to be remembered, it seems to me, as one of the genuine heroes of the modern world. In his preface Major Goodspeed remarks, "Perhaps it is only by accident that in the six cases presented the three successes went to the most ruthless and extreme of the factions and the three failures were suffered by those less drastic in their aims and less violent in their methods. Whether there is any lesson to be derived from this the reader must decide for himself".

Having told his six stories, the author reviews the lessons learned in a final chapter entitled "The Theory of the Coup d'Etat". There are, he concludes, three stages to a coup: the Preparatory Phase, the Attack Phase, and the Consolidation Phase; and the first is "generally by far the most difficult and dangerous". Perhaps his most fundamental point is that the absolutely vital object of a coup is "the neutralisation of government leaders". Men are what matters; the men at the head of affairs must be killed or captured. This is far more important than seizing government buildings or public utilities. Broadcasting facilities, however, are a target of the very highest significance; under modern conditions, capturing them is a

matter of necessity. Space precludes reproducing the analysis in detail. It strikes this reviewer as sound in all essentials, though Major Goodspeed might have developed more completely the vital proposition that the participation or at least the neutrality of the armed forces is utterly essential to the success of a coup in the modern world.

Though this book was written primarily as a military study, most readers will enjoy it chiefly as a piece of popular history — six twentieth-century tales of plotting and violence, all true, and all stranger than fiction. And the writing, vivid, pungent and yet literate, will widen its appeal still further; Major Goodspeed uses English with skill and effect. All told, The Conspirators is both an enlightening and an eminently readable book, one of the best Canadian books of the year.