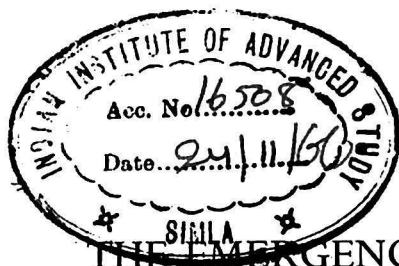


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THE EMERGENCY IN MALAYA 1948-60

By BRIGADIER SIR MARK HENNIKER, BART.

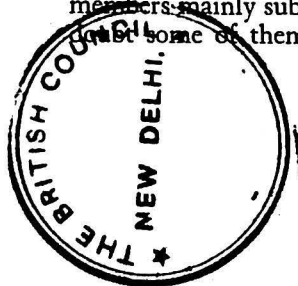
(Address given to the Royal Central Asian Society on June 25, 1963.)

ANYONE reading the newspapers in the late summer and autumn of 1951 would have read of frightful things that were taking place in Malaya. I will quote a few. *August 2*: A hundred Chinese houses burned in Malacca. *August 13*: Thirteen policemen killed in Perak. *August 14*: Village headman killed in Perak. *August 16*: Troops discovered a bandit camp consisting of twelve huts, lecture hall, printing press and parade ground; it was supposed that about 200 men were living in it. *August 17*: A planter killed in Rembaw in Negri Sembilan. *August 20*: Five soldiers killed in Malacca. *August 21*: A British police officer and two constables ambushed near Kuala Lumpur. *August 27*: A police lieutenant killed near Tampin. *August 31*: A garage, petrol pumps, etc., burned at Tanjong Malim.

Lists like these were to be seen in the newspapers continuously, and in October 1951 the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Gurney, was ambushed on his way to a hill station at Fraser's Hill. Today it is possible to drive about Malaya in perfect safety and one naturally asks: What was the cause of all this? How was it stopped, and what is going to happen in the future? I cannot prophesy about the future, but I will try to answer the first two of these questions, namely, how it all began and how it was stopped.

The cause, I think, may be attributed to the formation of the Malayan Communist Party in the early twenties. At that time its headquarters were probably in Singapore but it had branches in the Federation, and the Chinese, who form about half the population of Malaya, are particularly addicted to secret societies. They occupy the place in their private lives that village cricket does in ours. Some of them were attracted by the idea of Communism, and, under the passionate leadership which is characteristic of Communism, the Party increased its strength until at about the end of 1937 it was able to organize strikes in the rubber planting industry, in the tin mines, on the railways and so on, in Malaya.

These matters, leading to breaches of the peace, were taken to court, and some of the people concerned—the Communist leaders—were given short prison sentences. This they regarded as a satisfactory and rather creditable achievement; they made martyrs of themselves. But what they did not like—and sometimes it happened—was being sent back to China. That was not a popular move, and the Party went underground. I cannot say exactly how it went underground, but on the whole I think the members mainly submerged themselves in the towns and cities, though no doubt some of them went into the jungle. However, in 1939 the war



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started and in 1941 the Japanese invaded Malaya. Eventually, in February 1942, they captured Singapore.

Strange bedfellows were made in this way; almost at once the British found themselves with the Malayan Communist Party, both of them fighting the Japanese. The Chinese, it will be remembered, had been at war with the Japanese in Manchuria since 1933. Consequently the Chinese, who formed the greater part of the Malayan Communist Party, took up arms as best they could against the Japanese in Malaya.

Now, when the British surrender of Singapore took place, a few British officers were left behind in the jungles of Malaya, and they helped these Malayan Communists, 98 per cent. of whom, I should think, were Chinese, to organize resistance to the Japanese in the jungle.

They suffered terrible privations. Later on in the war, when things began to be a little easier for us, they received a certain amount of help in the way of reinforcements. A few men were brought in by submarine, some were parachuted into the country, there were occasional supplies of arms and ammunition. But in one way or another, as those of you who have read *The Jungle is Neutral** will know, they suffered terribly hard times. It could perhaps be said that in comparison with the active opposition put up by, for instance, the French or the Belgians to the Germans, resistance in the jungle was not very effective from the military point of view, though that would be the most ungenerous thing to say when one reflects on the frightful conditions under which the people had to work. Nevertheless, it was the only effective resistance movement of any kind that was put up against the Japanese, and when in 1945 the Japanese capitulated, for a short time it was these Communists from the jungle who assumed control before the British were able to get back. For about a fortnight, in some places theirs was the only writ that ran.

Eventually, however (I am afraid I am having to over-simplify a great deal), the British occupation forces returned to Malaya and a form of civil government was again started. It was started by the British Military Authority, and they did all they could to co-operate with the Chinese Communist Party, which during the fighting had changed its name to "The Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army", the MPAJA. It had fought very doggedly for the same cause as ourselves—the defeat of the Japanese, and co-operation after that defeat was the least that could be done.

This co-operation was not entirely reciprocated and the MPAJA was disbanded. Many of them handed in their weapons and many of them, I dare say, made caches of weapons in the jungle. Some of the members reappeared in society; but some, no doubt, went back to live in the jungle. Great efforts at goodwill had been made by both sides; but fundamentally, of course, real co-operation was impossible, because the object of the Malayan Communist Party was to create a Communist Republic in Malaya, which the British authorities were not prepared to allow. Little by little the Malayan Communist Party became more and more trouble-

* *The Jungle is Neutral*. By F. Spencer Chapman. London, Chatto and Windus. 1949.

some until eventually it was pronounced an illegal organization and its members vanished into the jungle again.

I ought perhaps to amplify the expression "going into the jungle". During the war, when the Japanese occupied Malaya, they subjected all the Asian people there to a pretty rigorous régime, in spite of their protestations to the contrary. At that time Malaya's population was about five and a half million, of whom about two and a half million were Malays, just over two million were Chinese, and the rest were Indians (most of them from South India), Eurasians and others. The Malay people are mostly fishermen and agriculturalists, and they were able very largely to return to their villages or kampongs, to their paddy fields and their fishing boats, and to avoid the Japanese. Not all of them could do this, of course; many of them suffered very considerable hardships. But on the whole their way of life was such that they were not brought into contact with their Japanese masters in the same way that the Chinese were. Nearly all the shopkeepers were Chinese. A tremendous amount of business is done by the Chinese; they are in almost every walk of life where money-making is concerned, and they more or less inevitably clashed with the Japanese garrison in every village. The officer commanding would require something for the soldiers; the Chinese were the shopkeepers, so at once contact between the two races occurred, and the Chinese did not like it. A good number of them went off to the jungle fringes and became squatters—who are a very important element in the whole matter. They went to the jungle fringes, where they staked out a claim, planted tapioca and vegetables, and lived with their families. Again, there must have been very severe hardship here—at least for the first season and probably later as well.

The death rate among the squatters must have been very high; but somehow or other a great number of these Chinese squatters, living dotted about on the jungle fringes, found themselves reasonably safe from Japanese interference. They survived, and became the principal source of food supplies for the MPAJA members living in the jungle itself. The latter could not cultivate gardens of their own in the jungle, because their business was soldiering; they had to get rations from somewhere, and it was largely from the squatters that they did so. This is not to say that the squatters themselves were all Communists; I don't suppose they were. But they were all anti-Japanese; they saw that here were their kinsmen, fighting in the jungle, and they were prepared to help by giving them food. They may also to some extent have given them food under duress. The important fact was, however, that when, after the war, the Malayan Communist Party (having turned itself into the "Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army Old Comrades' Association") had gone back into the jungle their troops had a ready-made source of food supplies—from the squatters.

During the war, as I have said, the MPAJA had been given arms, and after the war no doubt some of them had put by some stocks of arms in the jungle. They had also been very well trained—by our officers—and they were quite formidable in minor tactics.

In 1948 these people decided to try to overthrow the government by force of arms and institute a Chinese Communist Republic of Malaya. (I

keep emphasizing that it was Chinese because most of them *were* Chinese, although they were careful to call themselves the *Malayan* Communist Party, the *Malayan* Races' Liberation Army, and so on.) Had they been competently organized they would probably have succeeded, because hardly any of the Europeans in Malaya after the war had any firearms. A few had shotguns, but after the war it wasn't very easy to get even shotguns, if you remember. There were very few troops; the police were not armed, and in Malaya the whole attitude towards life is against violence. The Malays are a very attractive, artistic, light-hearted, pleasant, friendly people, and it has always been a friendly country. The climate is friendly—never unbearably hot, never cold. There, one really feels that the best thing to do is to have a sleep. You don't have to worry about the fact that winter will soon be upon you and the vegetables won't grow, or that it will soon be spring and there will be weeds all over the place, because it is very near the Equator. More or less, the sun rises at six in the morning and sets again at six in the evening the whole year round. The temperature is nearly always equable; it rains most days, but never very much, and there could hardly be a nicer place in which to do nothing. It really does sap one's vitality in the most extraordinary way. These factors together with the peaceful, happy outlook of the indigenous population made everyone rather prone to inertia; and I repeat, if the Communist plot had been effectively organized it is difficult to see how it could have done anything *but* succeed. But it misfired, and the government of Malaya declared a State of Emergency and decided to weather the storm.

It will be recalled that in the summer of 1948 there was trouble in Hong Kong. Nor was the Korean war very far away. There was trouble everywhere, and it wasn't easy to find troops for Malaya. An almost unprecedented step was taken by sending a brigade from London; and planters, who lead a terribly lonely life on their estates, were authorized to raise Special Constabulary forces and equip them as best they could with rifles. The training was done mainly by planters as well as they could do it, but there were many difficulties and as the catalogue of happenings I read out earlier shows, it could hardly be said, at the end of 1951, that the outlook was very happy.

That, I think, shows broadly the cause of the Emergency and how it began. The next question is, How was it put right? This, as it happens, was something I saw for myself, for I was lucky enough to go out there, in command of a brigade of Gurkhas (the 63rd Gurkha Infantry Brigade), arriving there in January 1952.

There were floods at the time, which made it impossible for me to get to the place where my brigade was stationed, and I had to spend a few days in Singapore. One of these I occupied in going to see the Commander-in-Chief, who mentioned among other things that as there was no High Commissioner just then the government was being administered temporarily by an officer of the Civil Service. I told him that I hadn't been to the country before, and asked what in his opinion were the one or two vitally important things for me to do. (In every walk of life there are always a million things to be done, but if you make a mess of any single one of them you always discover afterwards that it was precisely this

particular one that you shouldn't have made a mess of. So I thought I would try to be one jump ahead of that.) I said, "What are the one or two really important things that I just can't afford to take a chance on?" And he replied, "Well, there are two things. Don't get a VIP killed in your area, and don't get killed yourself." He said that, not because I was a VIP or of particular importance, but because it would have been excellent propaganda for the opposition if they had achieved the slaughter of a VIP. Even a Brigadier wouldn't have been bad value, I suppose, from their point of view.

I went one further than that, though, in my heart. I said, "I am not going to have a planter slaughtered in my area, either." I wasn't quite sure how I was going to manage it, but I made it a private resolution which I am glad to say was not broken by the event.

Another day I drove across the causeway that separates Singapore from the Federation of Malaya in a car loaned to me by the military authorities. I went to see the Brigade in Johore, which is the most southerly State of Malaya. Just across the causeway—as we left Singapore for the Federation of Malaya—the Chinese driver said, "This very dangerous place, sir; I think we better not go any further." I thought of the C-in-C.'s warning of the previous day and wondered what I ought to do; but fortunately two lorries came along full of soldiers; so we put ourselves between them and motored happily onwards and nothing untoward occurred.

I wanted to learn how the organization for coping with all this trouble functioned; but in order to explain it I must first say a little about the general arrangement of the government of the Federation. I think the level to begin on is the State, or Settlement, level.

The Federation consisted of a number of States and Settlements, each of them to a very large degree self-managing, with a Sultan at the head of each State and his Prime Minister, or *Mentri Besar*, as he was called, as the head of the State Government. At the State Government's headquarters there was also a British adviser, to help in some of the technical functions of government which it was thought the Malays might perhaps not be able to operate for themselves. (Many of them, of course, could easily do so.) The level below the State was the District; each District having its own District Officer and a policeman. By the time I arrived more troops had been brought in and there was very often a battalion of infantry at each district too. There would thus be a District Officer, a policeman and a soldier. In many districts there were a good number of planters or miners, with generally a Planters' Association or a Tin Mining Association; so there was no difficulty about finding a prominent planter or tin miner to represent those interests. In this way each district found four people, who formed themselves into what was known as the District War Executive Committee.

Above that, at State level, was the same thing again. There was the *Mentri Besar* or the Malayan Prime Minister; there was the British Adviser (both on the administrative side); there was a Chief Police Officer; a Brigadier, and often as not a planter or a tin miner. That was called the State War Executive Committee. Above that again, at the centre, was the

High Commissioner (who at that time was non-existent), a Director of Operations (Sir Rob Lockhart), a Commissioner of Police and an Army Commander.

I said to the Brigadier in Johore, "This seems to me rather like War by Committee," and he said, "It is. And the main thing you have to do in your State War Executive Committee is to try to keep all the members on speaking terms with one another." That, it seemed, was a fairly difficult assignment.

Operations were conducted by the State and District Committees according to what was known as the "Briggs Plan", which had been devised by General Briggs, a distinguished Indian Army general who had been sent out when the Emergency began. The Briggs Plan, roughly, was this: to collect the squatters together from the little enclaves they had taken from the jungle into what were called "new villages"; to put wire round these villages; to raise a Home Guard in them (or put policemen there) or in some way make it difficult for the new village to supply food to the Communists outside in the jungle. Food rationing was to do the rest. That was the basis of the idea. The various committees all struggled with the same aim; but the District Committee was the operative one, organizing operations as best it could on a local basis. It ensured supplies being denied to the enemy by the new villages; it rationed the people, too; it imposed curfews; it cut back the jungle on each side of the roads, and by operations in the jungle itself it hunted the Communists. At a higher level—the State level—we tried to do the same sort of thing. But always we would come up against a stone-wall difficulty. The Administrator, whoever he was, regarded all the people in his parish as his children. His people were always the best sort of people; he couldn't possibly imagine any of them helping the Communists. That was always the Administrator's attitude. The policeman of course would be suspicious by nature. He had seen people from the very best homes seized for petty larceny, for shoplifting and so on; he was quite sure that anybody could descend to anything. That is his philosophy. The soldiers were temperamentally impatient; they simply wanted to say, "We are all for having their heads cut off; kill the lot of them." So immediately, at District level, there were three different points of view. Very often there was no agreement at all, and matters would then be passed to the State War Executive Committee above. Here the individual chief of each of these men would be sitting around a bigger, more ponderous table but thinking in exactly the same way. The State Committee would not agree. Matters would eventually be referred to Kuala Lumpur, where they would be studied at the summit—and exactly the same sort of thing would happen again. Most problems, it seemed, were incapable of solution. They proliferated into more and more administrative mazes and the files got thicker and thicker—that was all.

This was the state of affairs as it must have appeared to Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, as he then was, when he came round as Colonial Secretary and looked at it all in 1951.

Now, morale was pretty low in Malaya in January 1952. It was almost exactly ten years after the surrender of Singapore, and people said quite

openly, "The Japanese chastised us with whips, but the Chinese will chastise us with scorpions." Everyone had tried their best to get things put right. They had planned hard, they had worked hard, they had done all that was asked of them; and yet, things such as I read out to you continued to take place. On January 10th the Commissioner General for South-east Asia, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, made a broadcast in which he said that the fate which befell our possessions in the Far East during the war in 1942 was not going to be allowed to be repeated. I quote that only because I am often challenged by people who say that morale in Malaya was not low, and I reply that if it had not been low there would have been no need for that broadcast.

No doubt Mr. Lyttelton came back and reported all this to his colleagues in the Cabinet, some of whom may have read Macaulay's Lay on "The Battle of the Lake Regillus", where he says:

"In seasons of great peril
'Tis good that one bear sway;
Then choose we a Dictator,
Whom all men shall obey."

For that, of course, is what was lacking. When things go wrong, very often there is nothing wrong with the organization. The machinery may be all right, the ideas may be all right, but what is needed is the right man at the top. A dictator was needed in Malaya at that time, and General Templar was sent out. It is not for me to say whether he did a good job or not; but I can say this: within a very short time of his arrival, any quarrels among the committees that reached the top were resolved *at once*. A white-hot message would come telling us to do what was necessary, and let there be no more minutes, reports or files. In my opinion the success of this enterprise in the end—because it *is* a success, and today one can go anywhere one likes in Malaya in perfect safety—the success came, not from new measures, but from the heart and mind and spirit of a single man.

General Templar had only been in Malaya about three weeks when a particularly outrageous act was committed. The water supply at Tanjong Malim had been cut, and the District Officer with one of his engineers from the P.W.D. and a few policemen went up the mountainside into the jungle to try to discover the cause. The whole group was ambushed and killed. Everyone waited to see what General Templar would do. What he did was to sweep up to the village in a column of armoured cars, send for all the people and address them in their own language through an interpreter. He told them that they must have been feeding the Communists in the jungle, and that they *must* have known of the plot. Then he himself imposed some pretty drastic measures, including a curfew. When that happened, people said, "That sort of thing can't be done in a democracy these days. It won't be long before that General will be sent back to England." But the point was that General Templar did these things himself. He did not send some underling to do it. He shouldered the entire responsibility and this had a tremendous effect on morale. People said, "Here is a man who is prepared to take risks with his own career. He is prepared to *do* things. We must now get a move on, because

the man at the top is prepared to do so." That, in my opinion, was the turning-point in Malaya—the Tanjong Malim episode.

Now for the operations themselves. The way in which these were conducted was more or less of one pattern the whole way through. In the early stages they had to be entirely defensive, of course; but later on attempts were made to seek out the bandits, and this was done in one of three ways. One way was to go out on patrol. Ingenious young officers and N.C.O.s got to know the jungle pretty well. They knew the kind of place the bandits went to and they went to those places too, just as a hunter goes to a waterhole, and occasionally they produced a contact in that way. Another way was "on information". Every police force has a Special Branch, whose job is to watch subversive movements and so on. In Malaya the Special Branch of the Police had built up a very good picture of the enemy opposition. They had many agents in the opposition, and no doubt the opposition had their agents in our side of the camp too. Now, agents are often not the very highest type of human being and an agent of the Special Branch could only get promotion among the Communists by giving away good information about us. While the opposition were gradually promoting him for doing this he was also trading back information from them. Sometimes it would happen that an agent would know that a number of Communists were to go to an appointed place to collect money or food, and he would report that to the Special Branch. The Special Branch would tell the Chief Police Officer, and he and the local soldiers would try to have soldiers concealed at the meeting point too. That very often happened.

Sometimes one got a bandit by sheer luck, and I am reminded of an Intelligence officer of the Cameronians who had been told to meet his commanding officer at eight o'clock in the morning at a place some miles away. But he overslept, and as he hastily dressed he wondered how he could possibly get to the meeting place on time. There were two roads to it, one classified as very dangerous indeed; no one was supposed to go along it without an escort of six armoured cars. If he took that road he would be all right for time, supposing that he were not ambushed on the way. The other road was the safe one, but it went all round the foot of the mountains and he certainly would be very late if he took that way. Reasoning also that, being a very bad driver, he might equally be killed if he took either road, he decided to take a chance on the shorter one. He threw his haversack, containing his lunch, into the back of his Landrover, and then remembered that he had not warned his driver. However, he had a key to the vehicle in his pocket, so he set off. He dashed along this dangerous road up a mountain pass with jungle around him on every side, wondering if anything would happen, because he had also forgotten to take his carbine. Here he was, unarmed, on a dangerous road and without a driving licence; it was all very awkward. However, he drove on over the top of the pass and came down the other side. Here the road widened a little and the surface was tarmac. He found himself in an area with tall grass on both sides. The grass waved, and out of it came a man dressed in khaki, wearing a khaki hat with a red star and badge in the middle of it. To the officer's intense joy he put up his hands and surrendered. Luckily

there was a tarpaulin in the back of the Landrover and the officer pushed the bandit under it, for two reasons. If you have a bandit surrender, he may turn traitor to his friends and lead you to a bandit camp; on the other hand, if his people know he has surrendered they will move camp. So you hide away your surrender. Also, it would make it more difficult for the bandit to play tricks if he were under the tarpaulin.

The officer then looked at his watch and saw that he had a good chance of getting to his appointment on time, but at that moment to his horror the grass waved again and this time two men came out, both armed. The first bandit hadn't had a rifle, and the officer thought that this time he was in for the real thing. But they put their rifles on the ground, and their hands up—and he bundled them into the back under the tarpaulin as well, and went on. When he reached the meeting place his commanding officer had that look that C.O.s have when young officers are late. He was somewhat cheered by the sight of the three bandits, but he said, nevertheless, "You are late, and I expect you have forgotten to bring your sandwiches for lunch." "No, sir," said the young officer, and he pulled his haversack from under the tarpaulin. But the bandits had eaten his lunch.

Things didn't always happen like that, of course. Generally, getting a bandit was the result of tremendous personal labour by soldiers who had worked in the jungle for days and weeks on end. They suffered a considerable amount of privation too, but whenever one visited them, as I often did by helicopter, and asked if there was anything one could do for them, they only had one request: Find us some bandits. They never asked for favours of any kind, except perhaps to have a few letters posted occasionally. Even then they were reluctant to ask if they hadn't the stamps to put on the letters. The keenness and enthusiasm of these men, who in the British battalions were nearly all National Servicemen, was almost unbelievable. In most British battalions the proportion of National Servicemen was over half. Nearly all the young officers were National Servicemen; but I don't think I ever saw a platoon in which arrangements went wrong through carelessness or neglect. Lack of training, youth and inexperience were the only causes. These were the people—and when I say young officers I mean young police officers too—who bore the brunt of our operations. When I hear complaints about the young people of this country I feel there must be something wrong about the complaints, because there was nothing at all wrong with the young men I myself had dealings with not so many years ago. They were the people who brought about the cure of this Emergency.

I would like now to say a little about the planters, who of course had a fearful time, particularly when everything was going wrong. A planter is responsible for a large acreage of rubber trees. He is like a farmer on a huge scale—employing labour, gathering rubber, running a latex factory. A planter is quite a big chief in a very big area. He has to go about and see what is happening, or nothing will happen. In those days, if he had the slightest disagreement with his labour—and on the whole this didn't happen very often—the labourer could say, "I will tell the bandits about you".

Now it was very difficult for a planter to go out into his rubber to meet

somebody without making some preliminary arrangements. These could be seen and noted, and preparations could be made by the bandits to ambush the planter. Later, most of the rubber companies, who owned the estates, provided their planters with armoured cars; but even so it was a pretty hazardous business being a planter. Although the proportion who were actually shot was not perhaps very high, the proportion who stood a chance of getting shot amounted to one hundred per cent. Their wives led difficult lives as well. One planter we knew had in his drawing-room a kind of pulpit made of armoured plate, surrounding the telephone. When we asked about it his wife said that when their friends came to see them, in the early days of the Emergency, and bullets came singing in through the windows, they would put the lights out, crawl across the floor and telephone the police from within the pulpit. The planters had a hard time, and I am glad to think that they can now lead reasonable and useful lives without this sort of thing going on.

Time is running short and I will end my talk merely by saying that this is the view of the Emergency I got at Brigade H.Q. level. It might be said that there would be a different and more elevated view at the summit; but the real view of the emergency I take to be the one obtained at the lowest level—the level of the private soldier, the planter, the policeman, the administrator down in the Districts. These were the people—by no means all British, many of them Malays and Chinese—who by their staunchness, their steadiness, their fellowship, and their co-operation, set to right the state of affairs which I described at the beginning of my talk; a state of affairs which was very bad indeed.

REPORT OF DISCUSSION

A member enquired about the possible future of the Gurkha Brigade. The lecturer answered that he could only guess at this, but it was his view that the brigade would continue to be used for a long time to come, for they were superb infantry soldiers.

Another member asked about the part played by the Navy in this emergency. The lecturer replied that the Navy took a large part in operating helicopters over the jungle, and he remembered being told on one occasion at least that the ships of the fleet were off Malacca and wanted to be included in any operations that were pending. It happened that the officer commanding the police had been a petty officer in the Navy during the war, and it was he who with a wireless set directed the guns of the fleet at the bombardment of a bandit camp. Mainly, however, the ships were concerned with affairs in Korea, which were going on at the same time.

Lt.-Col. F. SPENCER CHAPMAN, who had been one of the British officers left in the jungle, said he believed that the MPAJA had given back all the weapons it had ever received. The lecturer said he could not be positive on that point, but the MPAJA had certainly received no help from Russia or China in the form of arms. Of the large quantity of weapons that had been handed in, as well as others subsequently captured, all could be traced back to American or British sources.

Air Chief Marshall Sir JOHN WHITWORTH-JONES said he had seen some-

thing of what was going on in Malaya during the war when it was occupied by the Japanese, and something of the situation in Malaya after the war, when he was in command of the R.A.F. there before 1948. It was his opinion that the last speaker and others who had operated in the Malayan jungle during the Japanese war had carried out functions far more valuable than anything they might have done in the way of simply killing Japanese. If they had not been there, and operated as they did, we should not have had the information that proved essential for later phases. The fact that they led and trained Chinese who were Communists was, he submitted, the right and proper thing to do at the time. After the re-occupation of Malaya by the British it was the function of subsequent generations of soldiers, sailors and airmen to take stock of the situation as they found it and correct it. The lecturer agreed, adding that there was no doubt that the Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army had been of the very greatest help to the British during the war and immediately after it. It was only with the beginning of the Emergency that it had been necessary to take a different attitude towards it.



