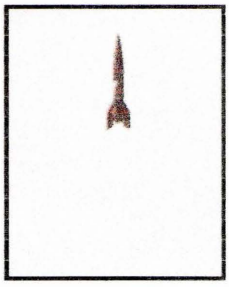


The Story of Antwerp X — page 33

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and determine that the men involved had the necessary equipment and knew their jobs. The first job was Plan A.

PLAN A

In order to control the fire of the 90 mm guns in their ground role of interdiction fire, the 150 AAA Operations Room was set up to function as a fire control center. Battalions had their choice of operating fire direction centers or having their batteries prepare gridded fire control maps and precalculate firing data to critical points within range of their guns.

Each battalion would receive its firing mission from the 150 AAA Operations Room through normal early warning channels. So that firing could be "seen", each battalion organized a mobile spotting team equipped with a two-way radio to insure the battalion fire direction center knew how accurate was the fire.

A list of points to be brought under bombardment was given the battery, enabling the computation of data for all such points within range of the guns. However, only one primary target was assigned per battalion in order to bring the greatest amount of fire power to bear on the most important places. See Chart N°3

Upon reception of the alert, "registration" and "zero height of burst" fire problems were to be initiated, using the mobile spotting teams for sensings. Meteorological conditions for computation in these problems were to be sent to battalions through the AAA Operations Room from the Antwerp X Meteorological Section.

Further, Plan A called for each battalion to set up and defend a road block at a given point (See chart N°3) utilizing sufficient bazookas, molotov cocktails, machine guns and small arms to do the job. Road block detachments were to be composed of squads generally organized as typical infantry squads. Battalion commanders fixed the number of squads in their detachments according to the number of men and weapons needed to adequately defend the obstacle.

Plans for the demolition of bridges, et al., were prepared from a list of critical points selected by Headquarters Antwerp X, but, only Headquarters Antwerp X could authorize actual demolition.

The next and more difficult job to be undertaken was Plan B—a straight infantry role for the artillerymen.

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Previous Page Next Page Main Page

dedicated to the 22,000 artillerymen from the U.S., Britain, and Poland that comprised Antwerp X

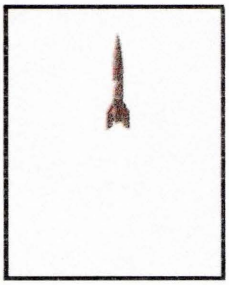




The Story of Antwerp X — page 38

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Appendix "B"

THE BATTLE OF MATERIEL

The defenders of Antwerp against the flying bomb were ready to face an attack twenty-four hours a day for over 154 days.

In that statement is implied problems of materiel maintenance and tests of materiel stamina never before faced by American antiaircraft equipment and personnel.

How did the guns and fire control equipment stand up?

Were maintenance problems overwhelming?

Were T/O personnel adequate?

Was the equipment able to function properly at all times?

What broke down and why?

Those are but a few of the many questions that come to mind which should be answered from this battle field proving ground... this deadly "Aberdeen" where men's lives were at stake when equipment failed.

The nature of this operation, the defense of Antwerp against the V-1, made it possible to keep accurate and comprehensive records of all phases of operation over a long period of time. The results and tendencies evidenced by these records are condensed in the following pages to generalities which should be of interest to every member of the far-flung AA Command.

The most effective and therefore, the most used weapon in these defenses, was the 90 mm gun. 90 mm operation may be divided for convenience into five broad and sometimes overlapping categories: personnel, guns, fire control and related equipment, communications equipment, and tactics. Each category will be discussed in that order.

The twenty-four hours a day, 7 days a week, high alert status demanded in the flying bomb defense, proved an extremely severe test for those men involved. And while the T/O personnel did manage to keep going day after day after day, it was proved beyond a doubt that T/O personnel alone are not sufficient to operate a battery efficiently under these conditions. For example, T/O's 44-17 and 44-117 provide six men as fire control operators. In order to operate 24 hours a day, it becomes mandatory that a substantial number of additional operators be provided. The same situation is encountered with power plant operators; T/O's provide only two

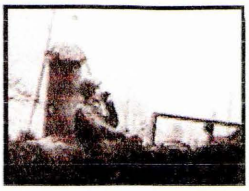
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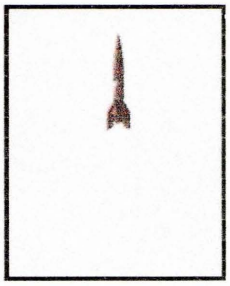
Previous Page Next Page Main Page

dedicated to the 22,000 artillerymen from the U.S., Britain, and Poland that comprised Antwerp X





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The Story of Antwerp X — page 39

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which proved insufficient. Generally, T/O's do not provide for full scale manning of equipment throughout the 24 hours of the day. They do not allow for such necessary items as establishment of local security or the manning of battery plotting boards now needed in all AA units. These extra-curricular activities were accomplished only through the most economical use of man-power and skillful scheduling of duty which, at best, required that each men be at his assigned position 12 hours a day. In many cases, longer tours were necessary when no substitute for a particular man was available. Briefly then, T/O's 44-17 and 44-117 are inadequate for 24 hour sustained operation.

The general opinion throughout using personnel in the defense of Antwerp was that the 90 mm gun is unquestionably a superior piece of equipment. The recoil mechanism, recoil throttling valve, equilibrator, and tubes have stood the strain beyond that believed possible. Except for a few malfunctions, the maintenance and repair of the 90 mm gun consisted of simple, routine and minor items that are to be expected with any piece of mechanical equipment.

Many batteries shot through three and four sets of gun tubes and it was found that the life expectancy of these tubes was between 1500 and 2000 rounds. Tubes were used with as high as 2500 rounds, however, with this amount of wear MV was usually erratic and lands tended to peel. Several instances showed that after three changes of tubes, it was necessary to change worn gun slides or the gun would whip in elevation. The recoil system proved more than satisfactory and is one of the best features of the gun. However, a Fuze Setter, M-13, was a constant source of worry and error. A detailed study of this piece of equipment has been recommended, with a view towards improving or replacing it. The present cartridge rammer did not prove to be a very efficient mechanism and was disconnected and rounds rammed by hand. Many minor modifications could be made on the 90 mm gun to improve ease of operation, but fundamentally, and generally, it remains the most efficient comparable piece of equipment in the world to-day.

Fire control equipment used with the 90 mm gun also proved itself of a superior nature as the record testifies. Many field modifications were made during the five months of continuous operation, but, as with the gun itself, fire control equipment was basically sound. One of the greatest problems was maintenance, as the equipment was operated 22 hours a day, leaving only two hours for accomplishing all of the many checks needed. However, with practice, the

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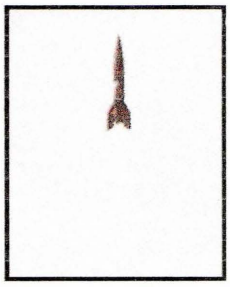
Previous Page Next Page Main Page

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The Story of Antwerp X — page 40

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maintenance men learned to make this two hour period adequate. To better utilize the fire control equipment and to give more time for this maintenance, experiments were conducted with an "8 gun battery", that is, eight guns using one set of fire control equipment with one set being serviced while standing by. This method also cut down on the required personnel. However, adjustment of fire on fast V-1's being impossible it was felt that the saving in personnel and providing a longer maintenance time did not justify halving the chance of making a kill by depending on but one set of fire control equipment. The equipment stood the strain better than anyone had dared hope for and breakdowns were rare. Data was accurate and, as much as any one thing, this equipment made the defeat of the buzz-bomb possible. Detailed reports on operation of this equipment are available.

The installation and maintenance of communications in the Antwerp defense was a gigantic undertaking made possible by the efforts of all communication men and officers. Early Warning and administration lines comprised a network of over 6000 miles of line. And parallel with every wire line was a radio link. The early warning system, whereby gun sites had as high as 8 and 9 minutes warning of an approaching buzz-bomb, was the greatest problem of communications. In many cases, these lines were commercial circuits... in fact, over 4000 miles of commercial circuits were used... but much of this system had to be laid by army personnel. Where army cable was used, "spiral four" proved the most reliable over a long period of time. W-110-B, loaded and on poles, produced a good talking circuit only up to about 15 miles. Repeaters and amplifiers, non-T/E equipment, were constantly needed and it has been recommended that these be added to the T/E of all brigades and groups. Generally speaking, the communications sections provided by the T/O's were the most undermanned sections and had to be augmented more than double their original strength. In fact, only through augmenting of personnel, procuring of non-T/E equipment, extensive use of commercial circuits and constant work by all involved, was it possible to maintain communications at the necessary peak of efficiency.

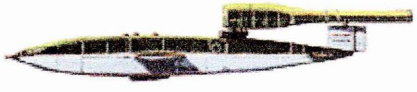
The tactics of meeting the threat of the V-1's was an unusual and completely new application and disposition of AA units. The form of these tactics constantly improved during the campaign. The overall plan of defense was to place belts of gun batteries astride the alleys of approach. These belts varied from 10,000 to 12,000 yards apart, with the inner belt approximately 10,000 yards from the outer edge of the vital

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area. Three belts per alley were used in the Antwerp defense. Effectiveness was increased with the addition of each belt which established the "defense in depth." The "belt" disposition was used for many reasons... a few being successive engagement of targets, elimination of flak clutter in fire control equipment, and better engagement of multiple attacks. The final proof of this method of defense is in the record of "kills" which reached unparalleled heights.

Because of the small number of Automatic Weapons battalions used in the defense of Antwerp, experience with this weapon has been limited. However, in general, the performance of AW was satisfactory. But due to the comparative ineffectiveness of both the 40 mm and M-51 against the V-1, the opportunity of a conclusive field test was not given.

Complete and comprehensive record of all phases of operation of the defense of Antwerp against the V-1's is available to anyone interested and brings to light many sidelights not possible to mention here. However, an expression of commendation and admiration is given to the many and unnamed heroes responsible for conceiving the equipment used in this defense... the scientists, the inventors, the laboratory technicians, the manufacturing men and many others, who did their work truly and well, and without whose efforts, the successful defense of the port of Antwerp would not have been possible.

2. Belgium Abroad

In the United States

"We, The People," said a Belgian — Malcolm Davis, executive officer for the First Commission of the Conference at San Francisco and Associate Director in the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, was interviewed recently over the networks in the "Beyond Victory" radio program which is given each week by the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation in collaboration with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Asked about the opening words of the charter, Mr. Davis said that it was a Belgian delegate, *Senator Rolin,* who first suggested using the words : "We the People" to express the idea that this is an agreement with popular support and not just a diplomatic document. Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve of Bernard College, New York, the only woman member of the United States delegation, developed the suggestion and emphasized its connection with the Preamble to our own Constitution. The Soviets strongly urged the use of the words, "We the People."



Going to Market **Albert van Dijck**

ANTWERP WAR DAMAGE

A final report made out by the British military commander to the Burgomaster of Antwerp gave the following details about the damage wrought in the city by the German robot bombs from October 7, 1944 to March 30, 1945.

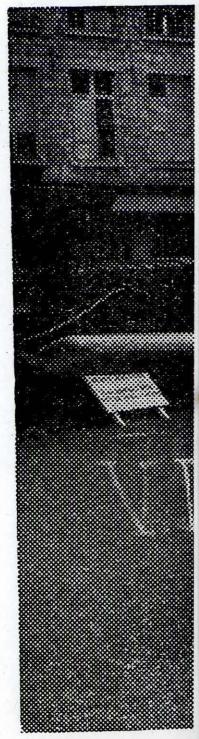
There were a grand total of 5,960 bombs, the daily average in the 175 days being 34,06 of which 24,28 were V-1 bombs and 9,78 were V-2 bombs. The average number of bombs per square mile which fell in greater Antwerp was 18,67, and the average for the whole Antwerp district was 9,48. The largest number of bombs fell on March 8, 1945 when in one day a total of 120 bombs were aimed at Antwerp. The largest number of V-1 bombs fell on the same day, 111 of them falling in the Antwerp district, whereas the largest number of V-2 bombs fell on December 22, 1944 and numbered 27.

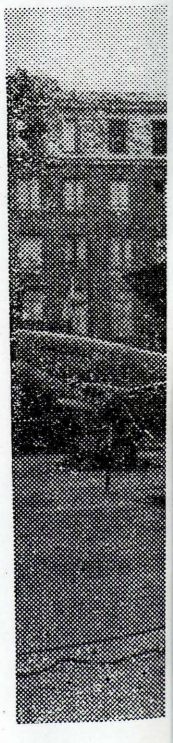
Of the 8 municipalities which form greater Antwerp, that of Deurne received the largest number of bombs: 111 in an acreage of only 5,11 square miles. Of the 50 municipalities comprising the district of Antwerp those upon which the greatest number of bombs fell were Westwezel which received 218 bombs in an acreage of 23,43 square miles with Brasschaet a close second with 215 bombs in an acreage of 15,11 square miles.

In greater Antwerp the total number of civilian dead during these robot bomb attacks was 2,862 men, women and children while 55 persons are missing. There were, moreover, 7,778 persons injured.

The material damage comprises 1,639 buildings destroyed, 4,684 buildings beyond repair, 14,095 buildings badly damaged and 45,709 buildings slightly damaged. These figures do not include, of course, those buildings which simply had their windows broken because of blasts or whose damage was insignificant.

The military casualties, mostly British and American, are not for publication but it can be said that the total casualties were nearly 2,000 of which about 2/5 were killed.



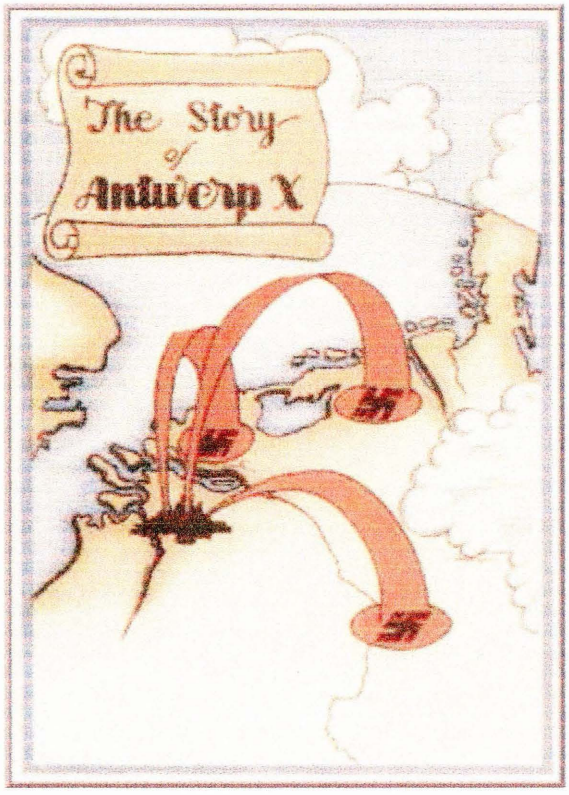


Above a V-1 their impact.



History

This page last updated on December 4, 2001



Antwerp X: The AAA War Against the Buzz Bombs

Protecting Antwerp

In Summer 1944, the Americans introduced two new wonders of technology to the battle against the buzz bombs that proved to be particularly effective. The first was was the "SCR-548" gun-laying radar, which was used in conjunction with an analog computer to automatically track and fire on aerial intruders.The second was the radio proximity fuze, which allowed a shell to explode when it came to within a certain distance from a target, rather than being detonated by a time fuze set before firing. The V-1s straight and level path made it a relatively easy target for the new automated antiaircraft gun system that utilized these new inventions,and as gun crews became more experience with their new tools, the number of kills

over England and the Channel rose steadily.

Soon, the Allies were overrunning V-1 launch sites in the Pas de Calais and the number of flying bomb attacks dropped dramatically.

A total of about 10,000 flying bombs had been launched against London to that time. The Germans had been setting up launch sites near Cherbourg to launch flying bombs against Plymouth and Bristol, but these sites were captured before they became operational.

Even though the launch sites were overrun, flying bombs continued to hit England, if in reduced numbers. In January 1945, however, the Germans developed a new version of the V-1 with a range of 400 kilometers (250 miles) by reducing the size of the warhead and increasing the size of the fuel tank.

They launched about 275 of these long-range flying bombs against Britain from the Netherlands in March 1945. British defenses were able to adjust to these last-gasp attacks, and the looming defeat of the Reich ended the campaign for good at the end of March. V-2 rocket attacks against England, which had begun the previous September, also slowly fizzled out.

During this last phase of the flying-bomb battle, however, the Germans also began launching the first of thousands of V-1s against continental European targets, particularly the Belgian port city of Antwerp and the neighboring city of Liege, in hopes of interrupting the flow of Allied supplies to their advancing armies. But it was the aerial assault on Antwerp, so important to the Allied advance, that was so relentless (it raged on from October 1944 to April 1945) that it demanded extraordinary countermeasures on the part of the British and Americans.

The British Army had liberated Antwerp in September 1944. Soon thereafter, it became the most crucial linchpin in the supply line for the continuing Allied campaign in eastern France. Once the world-class port facilities were put into operation again, the Germans recognized its importance to British and American plans to assault the Reich, and they tried desperately to destroy it. In order to damage or destroy the vital dock facilities, the Nazis used waves of V-1 flying bombs, changing the launch points often to prevent the Allies pinpointing the missile sites. The destruction was dreadful when the so-called "doodlebugs" struck. Anyone in the south of England could confirm that (in June 1944, for example, at the end of the first week of V-1s raids on London, the Guards' Chapel was hit by one V-1, killing 189 people). They had to be stopped.

The assignment to keep the Port of Antwerp open fell to Brigadier General Clare Hibbs Armstrong. He'd commanded an antiaircraft brigade in defending Paris from air attack, and in early 1945 was given the top-secret job to protect Antwerp, code-named "Antwerp X." This new mission was so hush-

hush at the time that many years were to pass before it became publicly known how critical it was to the final outcome of the war.

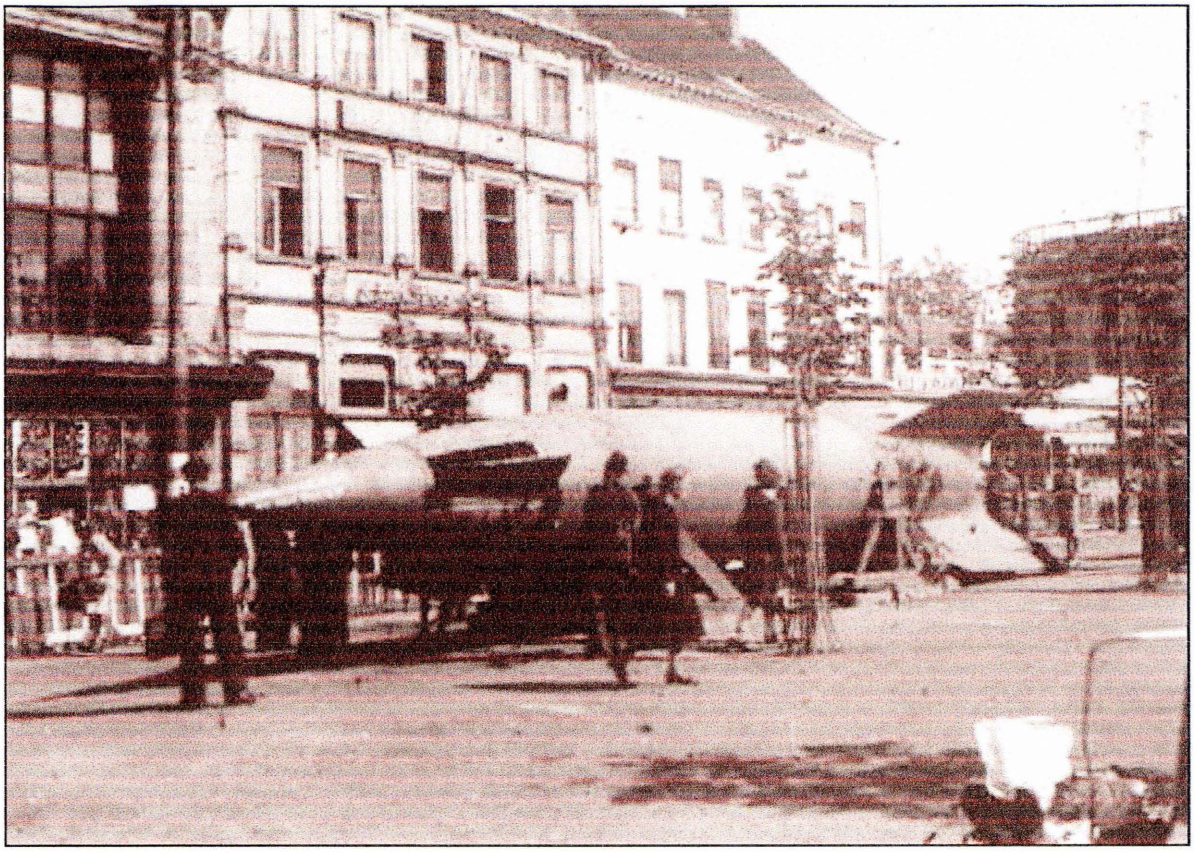
Brigadier General Armstrong had graduated from West Point in 1917, but failed to see combat in WW I when he fell victim to the great influenza pandemic. He later recovered, and remained in the military between the wars. As commander of Antwerp X, he led a joint British and American force of 22,000 antiaircraft gunners (the British forces even included a regiment of artillery of the Free Polish Army). The job of these gunners was to defend Antwerp and its docks, to ensure that food, fuel, medicine, and munitions continued to flow to the armies poised to cross the Rhine and invade Germany. Field Marshall Montgomery told Armstrong if he achieved a 50 percent success rate, he'd be doing a grand job.

But Armstrong was not a man satisfied by partial successes. He was fanatical about completing missions assigned to him and did not settle for half-measures, despite Montgomery's modest expectations. He began the Antwerp X campaign with a 60 percent kill rate, destroying six V-1s out of every 10 sent against the Belgian port. And, as tactics were refined, the V-1 kill rate increased to an incredible 98 percent by Spring 1945. At the end of the campaign, over 70% of the V-1s and V-2s had been destroyed by Antwerp X ack-ack fire and the port remained open throughout the attack. If allowed to reach their targets in mass, the missiles would have made Antwerp a smoking crater. Had it not been for those 22,000 AAA men commanded by Armstrong, Germany may have kept the Allies at bay and bought enough time for more of their wonder weapons, including the V-2, to become operational in greater numbers. (At the height of the X campaign, 26 V-2s were hitting Antwerp each day; one destroyed a cinema and killed 567 people!) This was a major victory for antiaircraft artillery, which was beginning to be disbanded in late 1944 owing to American air superiority. Combining the facts that the Luftwaffe had been pretty much vanquished from the skies over the Western Front, and that AAA men were badly needed as replacements for other units fighting in the Battle of the Bulge, Antwerp X was truly AAA's shining hour in World War II.

The official book *Antwerpen 50 Jaar Bevrijd* reports that 12,000 V-1s were launched at Antwerp during WW II; Allied records indicate that only 2,448 got through, with 211 striking military targets. In addition, 1,341 V-2s were fired at the city, but few of them actually struck their targets. The docks that supplied 80% of the Allies' supplies were saved. Many Belgians, however, died, and the world got its first taste of the terror of the ballistic missile.

- 740th AAA Gun Battalion (Semi-Mobile)
- 787th AAA Automatic Weapons Battalion — shuttled between Steenburgen, Holland and Antwerp to cover several of the so-called "buzz-bomb lanes" leading to the port. At Steenburgen the 787th was situated to shoot down V-1s as they headed across the North Sea to French targets. Their weapons were the 40-mm Bofors gun and quad-50 machine guns.
- 789th AAA Automatic Weapons Battalion

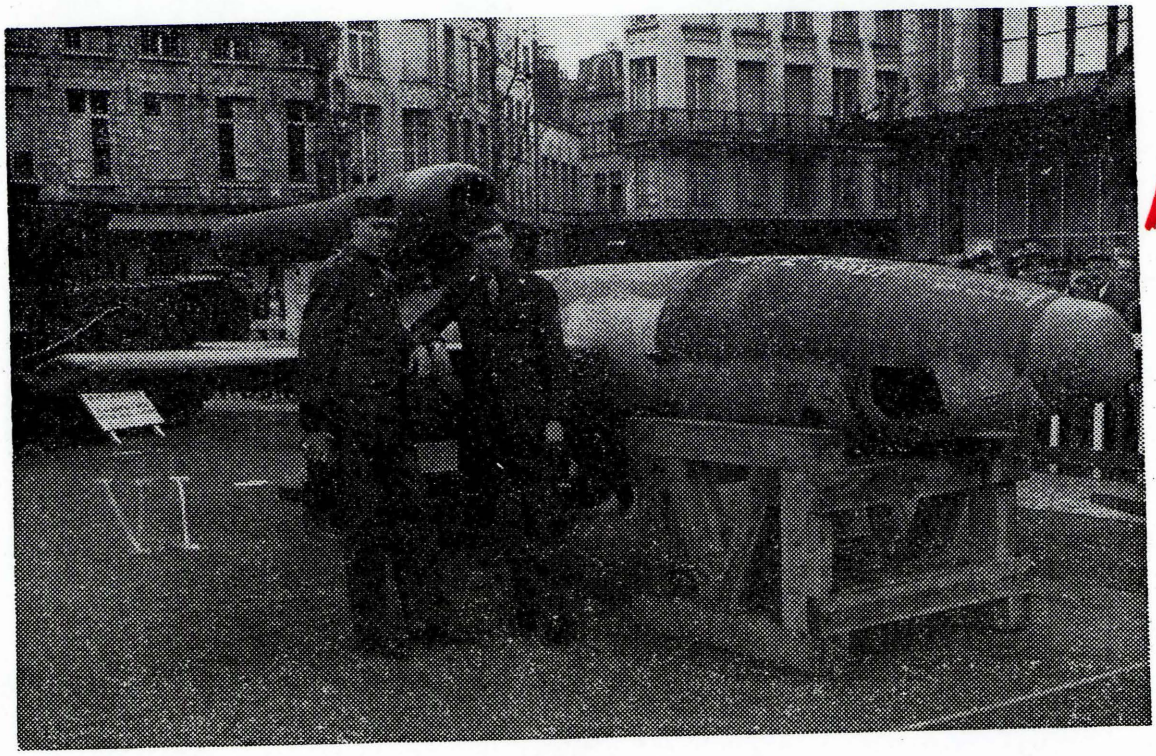
Members of these units received a campaign streamer embroidered Antwerp X that is a rare and mysterious artifact today. Veterans of the campaign still recall the eerie path scratched by the jet-propelled "monsters" across the fog-laden Belgian sky that winter. The sight, they say, gave many an otherwise brave man a peculiar feeling of helplessness. Every quarter-hour a flying bomb lumbered across the sky, identified by a sound not unlike that of a heavily-laden truck struggling up a steep incline. When the occasional robot bomb seemed to be nearing the end of its fuel supply, soldiers' hearts skipped a beat in tune with the laboring engine until the lethal sky rider had passed on — they breathed easily only after the bomb disappeared from sight (when the motor cut out from lack of fuel, it would drop from the sky and detonate). The bombs were not capable of hitting miltary targets with precision, but collateral damage resulted in the deaths of more than 7,000 citizens of Antwerp. Occassionally, almost accidentally, they did strike targets of military significance, once hitting an oil depot and starting a fire that burned for a whole month, and, on another occasion, sinking several ships in the harbor.



A V-2 rocket on display in downtown Antwerp. Photo courtesy U.S. Signal Corps.

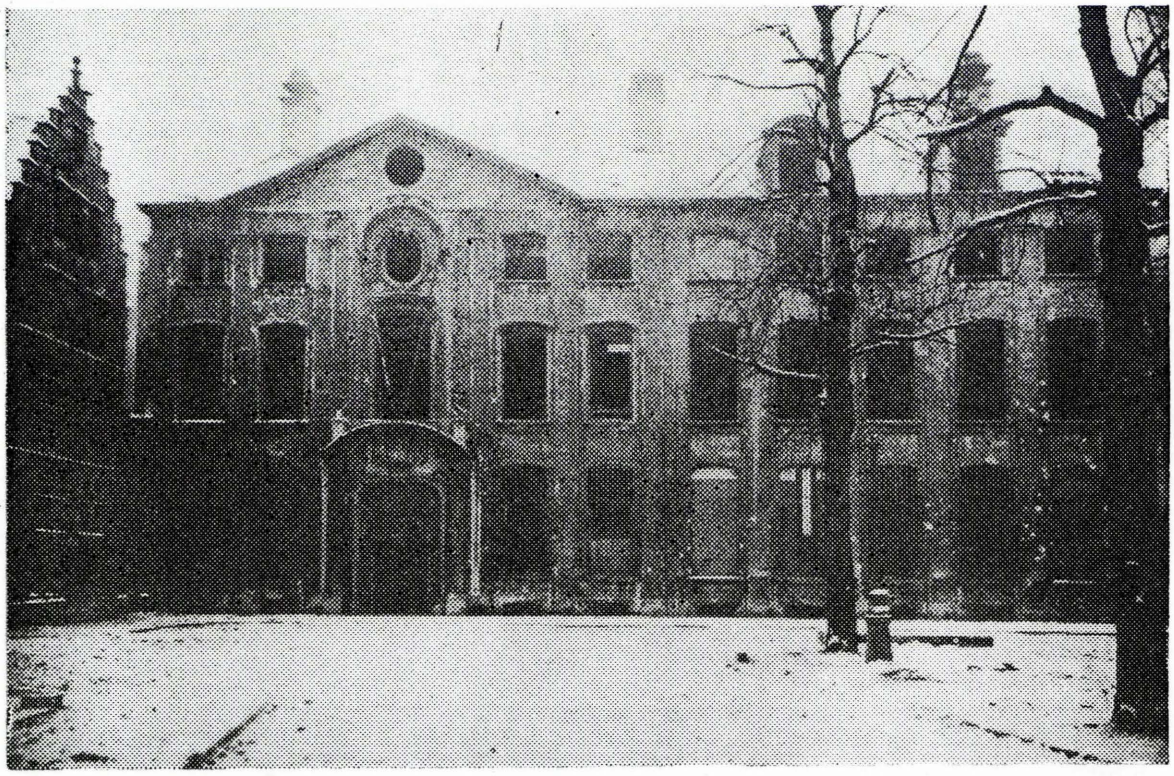
Other veterans recall that in early 1945, in nearly every large open field around Antwerp, scores of AAA units began to set up batteries of antiaircraft guns along with advanced radar units, gun directors, and searchlights. They had 90-mm guns, 40-mm guns, and machine guns at their disposal, and often used all at the same time to literally raise a curtain of steel as each V-1 came within range. "How we loved to shoot down the relatively slow-moving buzz bombs," recalled one gunner. (But when the Germans began launching their new V-2 rockets, there was literally no defense because of their high velocity. The Germans would launch them at about a 30 degree angle and they would rise to a high altitude before plunging earthward at supersonic speed. AAA men could often see their vapor trails, but seldom were they able to see the actual missile.) Many of the bombs that hit the Antwerp area were launched from a site near a POW camp in the Netherlands. For most of the Fall of '44 and Winter of '44-'45, the rockets just kept coming until the AAA command's Antwerp X tactics began to have greater and greater effect. Eventually, Germany's ability to produce the weapons in great numbers was finally eroded by bombing and the lack of resources.

After the end of the war in Europe, Armstrong received a citation from General George S. Patton, Jr. and he also was the recipient of a personal note of thanks from 'Monty', Field Marshall Bernard Montgomery, the overall commander of X, "for hard thinking and hard fighting." It was his decisions as to where to place the Allied guns each day and night to out-guess the enemy that saved Antwerp and contributed to the victory. Had Antwerp X failed, well ...





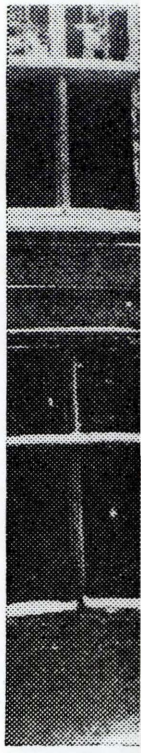
Above a V-1 bomb, below a V-2, both on exhibition in Antwerp, which suffered so much from their impact.



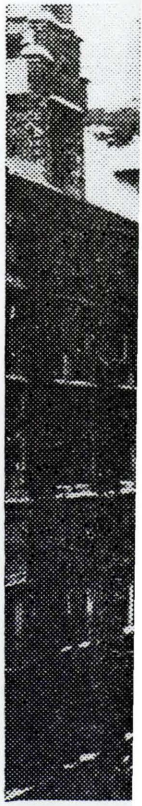
The Facade of the Plantin Museum.—All windows and doors blown out by the blast, the old building stands desolate in the terrible winter of 1944-1945.



The Vrijdagsmarkt.—The old houses on three sides of the square were either destroyed by the blast or gutted by fire.



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600,000. He is hoping for a large number of our half-round portable galvanized iron cottages before winter. He stated that Germany created Hitler and it was not Hitler that created the present Germany. He wants every German expelled from Belgium and stated that he would not have them even as slave labor.

He believes Germany should be divided up and destroyed as a nation. . . .

We also saw 800 sections of boats that could be coupled together one ahead of the other in groups of two to five with a driving unit in the rear like a sea mule. These were constructed to cross the Channel to invade England. We captured many of them in good condition and used them in crossing the Rhine.

May 1 and 2

Flew at a height of 1500 feet over Liége, where we saw a large oil refinery blown up, also large slag piles but no factories left.

American Merchant Seaman Buried in Antwerp Theater — "The greatest damage caused by a single bomb" in Antwerp, referred to in the above article, when 540 persons were killed and 400 wounded in a theater, was an experience lived through by Lorenzo Noto, a 22-year-old merchant seaman from Brooklyn, New York. He is one of the few seamen who have been decorated by the Army with the Purple Heart.

Mr. Noto had a shore pass from his Liberty Ship in Antwerp. It was December 16—the day the Germans made their Ardennes breakthrough. He and two Navy friends went into the Rex Theater to see *The Plainsman*, with Gary Cooper.

In Mr. Noto's own words, as reported in *PM* of June 3:

"The three of us found seats together in the center of the orchestra . . . A GI came along with his girl and the three of us moved over one seat so they could sit together. . . .

"I couldn't get absorbed in the picture, somehow. I guess nobody else could, either. People kept shifting around in their seats. They were restless. I found I was sweating. . . . It wasn't natural because it was pretty cold in that theater.

"Then came a scene in the movie I'll never forget for the rest of my life. The picture was about three-quarters of the way gone. This Indian is telling Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickock the story of Custer's last stand. There was a flashback to the Custer fight—the screen was blazing away with gunfire. And just as that scene was fading away and you could see the Indian again, the Indian raised his hand.

"That's when it hit!

"The screen seemed to disappear, and somehow the top of the theater seemed to be tearing off and something hit me in the gut. All at once it flashed through my mind that the movie was hit and I was dead. I don't know how to say it in sequence, because it didn't happen in sequence. It seemed as though it happened all at once.

"Then my mind began to say, 'The building got hit and you're *not* dead. . . . Wake up. Wake up.' Then, like a thousand miles away, I could hear screams. . . . I opened my eyes but I couldn't see anything. I began to choke and suffocate. I tried to move. I figured, if I'm dead I won't be able to move. I couldn't move. . .

"Then I found I could move my left arm. . . . I felt my face and then I began to get conscious. . . . I knew I was on my stomach with my head twisted to the side. . . . I moved my left arm around and I could feel pieces of bodies with my hand. I thought maybe they were pieces of my own body.

"Then I became aware of a moving around my face. I put my hand to my face again, and I felt two faces this time—mine and another one. I touched the other one and it was moving slightly. I touched it again and it started to scream.

"That scream must have awakened me, because all at once . . . I knew I was pinned down by the wreckage under the balcony and roof of the theater. Again I heard screaming and I realized it was a suffocating screaming. . . . There was no air. There was dust. . . .

"Something in me kept me alive and awake. . . . It seemed like I was there for days. I knew . . . all the people on top of me would have to be dragged out before they got me. . . . I tried to think—about anything—so I could stay awake. . . . I thought about how people back home hadn't felt the war. I was bitter that I was there dying.

"Then I realized that I had asked for it—that I had volunteered. I thought about all the other guys who died just so the people back home could live in peace. . . .

"The first inkling I had that I would be saved was a commotion of voices with a joyous note in them. . . . I heard a British voice say, 'It's all right, lad. We'll be with you. Take it easy.' . . .

"I expected to be pulled upward. Instead they began to drag me down. Then I realized they had tunnelled under the debris. They dragged me through narrow tunnels that were lit up with lanterns. We passed smashed bodies and pieces of bodies and clothing.

"A GI came over, slapped me on the shoulder and offered me a cigaret. Then suddenly I remembered—my friends. They were still back there. I grabbed the soldier and told him. He said, 'Don't worry—we'll get them out soon.'

"They got my friends out all right—both dead. And then I thought, Gosh if we hadn't moved over for that GI and his gal, I probably would be dead, too."

U. S. Air Mail to Europe Resumed — Postmaster Albert Goldman has received notice from Washington of resumption of air mail service to Belgium, Denmark, France, Luxemburg, the Netherlands, Norway and Switzerland.

The postage rate is 30 cents a half ounce. Air mail letters to all European countries where air mail service is in effect are limited to two ounces, except to the Netherlands, which is limited to one ounce. Besides the countries listed above, air mail may be sent to Great Britain and Eire, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, the U. S. S. R., Turkey and Malta.

Lt. Colonel Henri Rolin of Belgium

The following impressions of one of the personalities at the San Francisco Conference, by CAROLYN ANSPACHER, ***appeared in the*** San Francisco Chronicle ***of June*** 20, 1945.

Lieutenant Colonel Henri Rolin, Socialist member of the Belgian Senate, president of its Commission of Justice, professor of international law at the University of Brussels and a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, is, in one respect at least, the Eddie Cantor of the United Nations Conference.

He has five daughters.

This automatically makes the 54-year-old soldier-diplomat a specialist in feminine psychology, although he is astute enough not to admit it and certainly not to a woman.

What he does acknowledge, under some pressure, is that he is a specialist in feminine education, although precisely what he means by this is a trifle nebulous, even to himself.

Colonel Rolin, who on many occasions acts as spokesman for the Belgian delegation to the Conference, treats chit-chat as if it were a black market commodity.

He is intense. He is serious. And his thinking has the measured albeit somewhat impatient quality of a tuba solo.

This may, in part, be due to the fact that Colonel Rolin was, in his own words, "born a lawyer."

Colonel Rolin comes from a long, long line of lawyers, and international lawyers, at that. An uncle founded the International Institute of International Law. His father was secretary general and honorary president of the organization. And now—the Colonel is carrying on this fine tradition.

The tradition is manifestly so important to Colonel Rolin that he wears his uniform only when protocol demands, discarding it in favor of herring bone tweeds, bow ties and white shirts. During warm weather he does not wear an undershirt.

It should be added that the Colonel expects to be mustered out of the army in a matter of weeks, which apparently doesn't hurt his feelings at all.

He is, he says, an army man only in time of war, and therefore was quite a busy cup of tea during the first world war when he was a private and a rank individualist to boot.

This means that he was not entirely en rapport with his superior officers who considered him "hard to handle."

He was, however, extremely pleasant to those

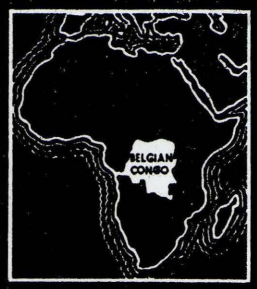
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V-Weapons Over Antwerp

An Eyewitness Account

By GEORGE CARAKER

This article is written by an American who went to Antwerp during the V-bomb siege. As a writer and lecturer, Mr. Caraker has had first hand experience of the war. He is at present connected with radio station WRUL, which did such excellent work before and during the war.

Several months ago, while the Germans were still fighting for their lives, I returned from robot-bombed Antwerp, Belgium, one time supply port for six Allied armies and possessor of the third largest dock area in the world. Since my return, Anglo-American anti-aircraft commanders have revealed that the city and port were the target for 5960 V-1 bombs and undisclosed hundreds of V-2 rockets. The siege by Nazi rocket weapons lasted for 175 days, and in the report the Allied authorities state that 3777 of the V-bombs were headed directly for the vital port area. Of this number, 2183 were shot down or destroyed in the air. This means then that 211 buzz-bombs got through the anti-bomb defenses and killed a previously estimated number of three thousand persons and caused millions of dollars of damage. Little is known of the magnificent job done by the American and British anti-buzz bomb crews, and one might even be so bold as to inquire how many people here at home, in America, know and realize that more V-bombs fell on Antwerp than on London! The successful offensive of Allied gun crews against Hitler's new weapon was an important factor, especially since Antwerp was the vital gateway to Western Europe and the target of von Runstedt's ill-fated offensive last year.

One thing impressed me immensely about the port of Antwerp. This was the fact that the Germans had failed to completely destroy any of the large locks. It is felt that history will write this down as one of the enemy's greatest faux pas. British and American officers informed me that if the Germans had destroyed the important facilities of the port the European war might have been prolonged for a considerable time. But we found these facilities almost

intact. All the Germans were able to do was to damage two of the locks dominating the Scheldt River tide. These were slightly damaged and the third lock was put out of action temporarily when Jerry sent specially trained sabotage swimmers, including a former Olympic swimming champion, to place dynamite charges under the lock in the middle of the night. The fourth lock was untouched. If it had been destroyed, Antwerp with its many square miles of docks and warehouses would have been of little use to the Allies for many months.

Before the Allies were in the position to use the port of Antwerp, the majority of supplies for our armies on the Western front, from Holland to the Swiss Alps, were being landed on the beach-heads of Normandy and from there were being transported hundreds of miles by what was known as the "Red Ball" route. This supply line was quite inadequate, as a quick build-up of supplies of thousands of tons was necessary behind the fighting front. Eisenhower urgently needed Antwerp, in order to mount his offensive which later carried the Allied armies across many miles of German soil to help deliver the final blow to Nazi military strength.

A few days after my arrival in Antwerp, I visited the ruins of the famous Rex Theatre, just a few blocks away from the Central Station. Hundreds of people died in this place of amusement when a German V-2 rocket scored a direct hit, causing more damage than any other single bomb had done in Antwerp. Five hundred and forty people lost their lives with an additional four hundred injured. I was able to get the story from two American boys who gave me accurate details. An American film, "The Plainsman," with Gary Cooper, was slated for the screen. The seating capacity was twelve hundred, and the manager reported a "full house." The tragedy happened while the show was well on the way. It is estimated that only two hundred people came out of that hell untouched. Eighty per cent of the victims killed had their heads chopped off by the blast. It took eight days to clear the human debris. Today the ruins stand as a monument to the indiscriminate slaughter of innocent people by the Nazis.

Later I inspected the damaged areas of the residential sections where destruction was almost complete. As I wandered along the scenes of desolation, I was drawn to a group of people digging among rubble that had once been their all. Speaking Flemish, I was able to converse with a man who appeared to be supervising the work. "No one," he said, "was killed. We were away at our jobs in the center of the city when all this happened." Others however, are not so lucky. Whole families have been wiped out. While I stood talking with these gallant people we heard and felt a heavy explosion of a V-1 about four blocks away. We did not hear the warning throb of the robot motor, for these sounds are lost in the ceaseless clatter of street cars and the constant rumbling of tanks and convoys. After recovering from the blast of the explosion, we hurried to the scene of this latest disaster. We all helped. I found myself performing gruesome tasks which to these people of Belgium had become an almost daily duty: prying beams from mangled bodies, rushing to assist another who had found a victim still alive. Once, at this scene, I picked up only the bits of what had so very recently been the whole body of a child of about eight years of age. Seventeen people were killed. Again I marvelled at the useless slaughter. In a very short time, trucks rolled up with workers to clear the sidewalks; military authorities appeared on the scene to record facts; other officials examined houses in the area to determine whether or not the explosion had rendered these dwelling houses safe for further occupancy.

I didn't ever have to look for destruction. It was everywhere. Once, while strolling through a scene of indescribable damage, I came across an American Military Policeman casually chewing gum as though he

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were standing on a street corner at home—he was a refreshing sight. He was standing guard over a team of German prisoners who were busy clearing away the ruins of a large apartment house. Said the Yank, "Why use bulldozers when the people responsible for this damage are right here to clean up their own dirty work?" The verdict was unanimous.

During my stay in Antwerp, V-1 and V-2 bombs fell day and night. Lulls were never very long and real sleep was quite out of the question. When these attacks first started they were generally regarded as nuisance raids, but as the toll of damage mounted, it became evident that the Germans were capable of destroying both civilian and military objectives. I am of the opinion that the enemy realized eventually that he couldn't destroy the third largest port in the world. With this thought in mind he had to make a choice to destroy the port or the city. The enemy chose the latter, that is, he chose for his principal target the city of Antwerp. It will take some time to erase the impression ground deep into the minds of the people of Antwerp. The psychological damage is so great that, if Germany had achieved victory, the citizenry, already cowed not only by starvation but also by the deadly pressure of repeated bombings, would have been easy subjects for Nazi rule for many years to come. The plain fact is just this: that if it were not for the fine work performed by the anti-buzz-bomb crews, the port would have been seriously damaged, the city of Antwerp destroyed and the population wiped out.

Often have I watched the drama of guns against enemy bombs from the deck of our ship. Puffs of blue smoke on the air, followed by loud explosions, usually served as an adequate warning that the V-1's were on the way. When a bomb approached, one was able to distinguish the loud motor-boat throbbing against that of the defense guns. I remember seeing my first V-bomb, and I shall never forget that sight. We had just docked and we were all hanging over the side when the guns began their solemn warning. I strained my eyes toward the direction of the explosions. After a moment or two I discerned the buzz-bombs in clusters at an altitude of about 3000 feet and clipping along at about 400 miles per hour. I watched some of them explode in mid-air after being hit by our flak, while others roared overhead to cut off and crash into the city, sending up large flashes of orange-colored flame followed by loud explosions. As silence settled again, I felt a sense of incredulity that the whole thing could have happened.

Night after night, the Germans would send over these missiles at intermittent intervals—just enough to prevent sleep. But the really deadly barrage began when dozens were fired before dawn. I found it impossible to remain below decks at these times. Fear brought about the uncontrollable urge to see what was going on. I would rouse from my bed to watch these monstrous machines riding the sky beyond all human control. As I waited I would keep my eyes on the flame spurting from the exhaust in the tail, praying that the fire would continue, for the first indication that the bomb has found its target is the disappearance of this flame. This also indicates that the engine has stopped and that the bomb will commence its ominous drop.

The people of Antwerp were not only the victims of V-1's, but hundreds of the V-2 rockets have also added to the destruction. Bomb-weary citizens say ironically that there is some consolation about the rocket. And that is that the only people who know that a V-2 has struck are those who survive the attack. There is no warning sound, no whistle of descent, and no sirens. And there are no instructions to follow about how to behave to keep safe. You just carry on with your business, praying and hoping until either you are hit or you wake up next morning to find that mercifully you have escaped once more. Life was not worth much with V-bombs overhead.

From what I saw in Antwerp, I think that

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the V-1 did more damage than the V-2. The former exploded immediately on contact, with a resultant fierce explosion levelling buildings in a large area. Whereas the V-2, reported to have traveled faster than sound, buries itself thirty or forty feet into the ground before it explodes, thus forcing the explosion upwards without so widespread a destruction.

Prior to my departure from Antwerp for other parts of the continent, I was fortunate enough to inspect an unexploded V-1 bomb. Allied officers explained the construction and mechanics of the weapon.

The buzz-bomb is jet-propelled and in front of the fuselage is a gasoline tank holding about 140 gallons of fuel and two globular bottles. These bottles are closely wrapped with wire and filled with compressed air. These work as the control system and feed the engine by applying pressure to the gasoline tank. The rear fuselage contains an automatic pilot and carries a tail plane and fin to guide the craft. The engine is a long tube of mild steel, open behind, but closed in front by a grill with holes covered with tiny spring shutters. Gasoline vapor is injected into the tube and there it is ignited. The resulting hot gases are blown out of the rear end of the tube to supply the thrust, by the same principle of reaction as Hero's wheel demonstrated to the ancient Greeks thousands of years ago. At the speed of three hundred and sixty miles per hour the power unit is equivalent to an ordinary aero engine of approximately 600 horse power. It is, I am informed, infinitely cheaper to built than an aircraft, yet extremely expensive to run, since the flying bomb consumes eight times the fuel of a normal aero engine.

The distance the buzz-bomb travels is controlled by a tiny windmill affair on the nose, the revolutions of which are set in such a way that when the bomb has covered a certain distance it is pushed over into a sharp dive. The diving throws the fuel to the top of the gasoline tank, thus starving the engine of gas and therefore stopping it. The aim of the bomb is determined by setting the auto pilot before launching takes place.

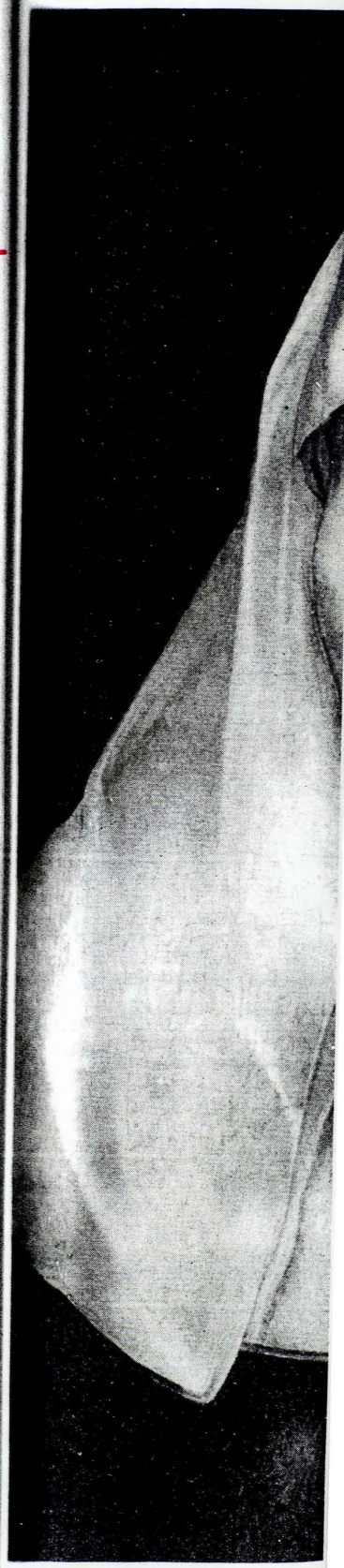
The flying height is also set on the auto pilot which is governed by an aneroid barometer. Heights of over ten thousand feet are possible for the robot bomb, but only a few have been seen at a height of five thousand feet. The usual operating height is between three and four thousand feet.

The weight of the missile is four thousand seven hundred pounds when full with fuel and ready for the take-off. This includes the war head of two thousand pounds, composed wholly of explosives in a thin walled case. When I left the place where this explanation took place about the robot bomb, I realized several things: one, how very fortunate the people in America are to have escaped this menace, and, two, how these bombs could again threaten our security if we have no organization to control warlike nations.

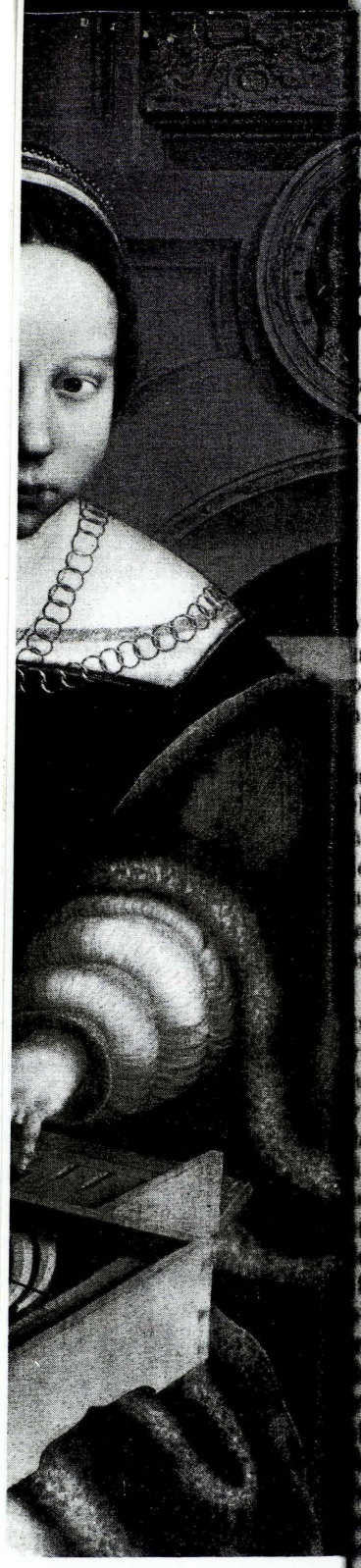
Before returning to America, I had one last look at Antwerp. I strolled again down the Victorie Plein, and paid one more visit to some friends who were part of the gallant people braving Hitler's deadliest weapon. My friends served a meal of the best they had—popcorn, cookies, and weak tea. It was miserable fare, but they shared it with me generously, for as an American I was their friend. I symbolized our great country to them.

As for the V-1 and V-2 attacks, they have had an immeasurable effect on the morale of the people. That is inevitable. But any fears they may have had were not for the precarious moments in which they were living, but rather for the future. Not only are the people of Antwerp thinking of that future, but the people of the world are thinking of that time in which the robot may play a disastrous role. The robot is the portent of a new kind of warfare. We have barely controlled it this time, and if it is allowed to again spring into use in possible future wars, then there will be no years of grace for frantic preparations for defense,—

Flemish Art



Hans Memling (1430–14
An unusually forceful psycho



Worcester Art Museum, Worceste
to profane subjects and attaine

here will hardly be hours of grace. Either the Charter molded in San Francisco will control future wars or these diabolic devices brought to light by German minds will not only end war but end human civilization.

As we glided down the River Scheldt I saw the flooded lands of the Netherlands pass by, and a little later, the Island of Walcheren, which can be thought of as Britain's Tarawa. But that is another story, and yet I was convinced that the German aggressors have left behind a monstrous heritage—a heritage of suspicion that will grow as stricken people work to rebuild the wasted fruits of generations of labor and creative thought.

Natives Act as Solomons in Leopoldville

It is well known that the natives in the Congo love nothing better than a Court session. As a rule, they are very eloquent and able to argue for a considerable time. By tradition and habit they have legalistic minds.

One of the results of colonization, however, has been that entirely new situations have arisen which confront the natives with problems so intricate and delicate that the Belgian authorities have very wisely preferred to leave the solutions to those who are able to think as the natives do and to understand the Congolese relations.

The main cause of difficulties is the fact that for a few decades members of entirely different tribes have come to live together and have frequently intermarried. Laws and customs are widely differentiated from one tribe to another, thus creating, in case of a conflict, the strangest situations. Add to all this that the Belgians by necessity try to familiarize the natives with the principles at least of the Belgian code which is derived from the Napoleonic Code. On July 9, 1926, the Belgians installed at Leopoldville, where at present 80,000 natives live together, a tribunal composed of native judges. In 1944, they rendered 928 sentences. They deal mainly with two kinds of cases: those regarding money affairs and those concerning marital troubles. All these cases or nearly all, result from the fact that the appearers are isolated from their natural surroundings and lack the supervision of the oldest men of their village who used to guide them and protect them against themselves.

One of the cases most frequently submitted to the Court results from a custom called "Ikelemba." This was the name of one of the very first corporations in the Congo, located on the river Ikelemba. The "Ikelemba" is a rather unusual practice which may be considered a crude form of gambling. For instance, two "boys" make a contract between themselves to the effect that, for a limited time, one of the two gets the salary and the rations of both. Thus the lucky one lives in abundance while the other one starves. This system works by the month and can, of course, result in disaster for the party who has not put up provisions or saved money to help him through the lean weeks.

The same principle is applied in business. Here the results may be of even greater consequence. It often happens that one of the associates has to face expenses for reparations or taxes or an act of God, while next month his partner enjoys the benefits of a boom season. A European judge would be tempted to liquidate the enterprise and send the parties home with an equal share; the Negro judges, however, feel differently about it and wherever the contract has been faithfully fulfilled, they respect it as a form of financial gambling.

The cases about conjugal troubles are even more frequent. Here, very often the customs conflict: in the lower Congo, for instance, the mother has a nearly absolute right over the children, while in the upper Congo, the husband is entitled to them. In those cases, it is up to the judges to decide which law will prevail.

With regard to adultery, however, the women and their accomplices are always punished according to the customs prevailing in the Leopoldville region, regardless of the native customs of the culprits.

This tribunal has already been active for 19 years, and the wisdom and sagacity of the native judges, who are often confronted with cases requiring the juridical imagination of Solomon, is highly praised by all concerned.

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NEWS FROM BELGIUM
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PAMPHLET

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"IN DESE STAD SIJN ALLE MENSCHEN VRIJ"

To the dear memory of Lode Zielens, killed by a robot bomb, Antwerp, November 28, 1944.

A few weeks ago the first Allied ships sailed into the harbor of Antwerp; a few days ago the first Belgian vessel, a Liberty ship built in the U. S. A., entered the liberated port. Antwerp was taking up its function in the battle of Germany, after four years of agony it was assuming again its role in international trade.

What kind of a town is this port that thus has become the gangway to Berlin? Let me remind you of that delightful cartoon representing a gob at attention before the admiral and asking if he could be allowed to shoot the big gun of the flagship on account of it being his birthday. The rebirth to freedom of his hometown should grant the Editor, just for once, the same privilege. Let him speak fervently, lovingly, of the town every Antwerpenaar exalts above all others, cherishes with violent partiality and considers the hub, the navel of the universe, the town thousands of writers have praised with a fantastic display of wonderful adjectives, which poets have sung rhapsodically,



Drawing by Laura Turner

painters have hundreds of times used as a background, and composers have chanted in oratorio's in which they used the heaviest bells of the cathedral as the voice of the anonymous crowd of happy people who were born and lived in "moneyed Antwerp", Antverpia numis as the Latin poet admiringly and perhaps a trifle critically called it.

The origin of the town is lost in the mist of the ages, but since its appearance on the map, it has been a commercial center. It came rather late in the Middle Ages and developed to a first rate trading town only when Brugge (Bruges) went down the ladder on account of technical reverses but essentially because of a bigoted attitude in economic and religious matters. In the XVth century, Antwerp was for many decades the economic center of Western Europe, it surpassed by far the importance of cities like London and Paris. Thousands of utterances of the contemporaries of all countries pay it that tribute. The rulers of the city knew it; on one occasion when quarrelling with the English merchants, the mayor said to them "If Englishmen's fathers were hanged in the gates of Antwerp, their children would creep between their legs to get back in the same city." Which offers an explanation for the future greatness of British trade and at the same time stresses the attraction exerted by Antwerp on all trading nations.

For sixty years, the city sabotaged the policy of intolerance launched by Charles V and rigidly enforced by his son Philips II. Antwerp did little care about the faith professed by the merchants who were nearly all Lutherans or Calvinists: the city fathers wanted complete liberty of opinion, complete liberty of trade. On the walls of their town hall they inscribed the first article of their municipal law: "In dese stad sijn alle menschen vrij ende gheen slaven" — In this city all men are free and no one will be a slave. — When the state authorities wanted to enslave their conscience, they rebelled. It took all the power and brutality of mighty Spain to enslave them. For two centuries their harbor remained closed, their commerce was ruined. By conquering Belgium from the Austrians, the French revolutionists reopened it to world trade, gave it back its international role. Napoleon inspected it and understood its significance. In soldiery language he said: "Antwerp is a gun pointed at the heart of England". He wanted to use that gun and had an Armada built on the wharves to launch that invasion of Great Britain. It did not sail, but splendid engravings show thousands of galley slaves — the members of Napoleon's Todt organization — working at the construction of the huge vessels that would knock out Britannia's might.

In independent Belgium, Antwerp became anew the great port it had been centuries before. The tremendous industrial development of the country which grew to be — although diminutive in size — one of the great importing and exporting nations of the world, brought to Antwerp more riches than it had ever known. It soon ranked third or fourth among the continental ports, it competed closely with Hamburg and Rotterdam, leaving the French ports far behind it. In 1928 more than 50,000 ships entered its harbor. It has about 30 miles of quays, more than 700 hoisting apparatus of modern design, it has five freight stations and was visited by more than 200 regular shipping lines. It is a first class port, well equipped, skilled labor is abundant and excellently organized.

Such is Antwerp from the businessman's standpoint which, for the moment, coincides with the strategists' requirements and with the exigencies of logistics.

But who is behind all this. Who are the men and women of this great city and port?

They are a proud and industrious lot, sure of themselves, conscious of their ability in trade and shipping, masters of life. A poor joke says that the Antwerpenaar is always "envers-soi" (anversois) "in favor of them-

selves". As a rule he does not like the people of the capital. Why should he, after all? They represent the administration, taxes, regulations, red tape and so on. Although he reaches Brussels by electric train in 29 minutes, he looks at the people of Brussels much like the New Yorker looks at Washington, with a slight dose of contempt.

He is a bourgeois, a glorified bourgeois for he calls himself with a translated Spanish word a "Sinjoor," a señor: that means a man of means, a man of the world, a man who understands "grandezza." Therefore, he delights in the ornamental barrocco: he ornates everything, his town, his home, his wife, everything he can lay hands on. Simple things are repugnant to him, he is vividly allergic to straight lines.

He is extremely industrious and thrifty, but he is egocentric. He may not be a likable fellow at first sight. His speech is not mellifluous, he is an abrupt person, always on the alert, on the defensive. He works hard at the port, in the banks, in the export and import business. Don't forget he has to stand the rain for 275 days a year.

Every tenth Antwerpenaar is a Jew, for there were about 40,000 Jews in Antwerp. Most of them were active in the diamond business, doing the buying and selling and the delicate cleaving operations, the less important work being done by Gentiles.

There never was any anti-semitic feeling, although the old chronicles in the Town archives dryly recall the fact that "In 1398 the Jews were killed." The people of Antwerp are still ashamed of this and therefore they defend the Jews whenever they can.

There is no doubt that the women of Antwerp are extremely beautiful: some are blonde, but the Spanish occupation contributed a great number of dark brunettes with fiery black eyes. It's a pity the Spanish didn't stay any longer in Flanders. The ladies of Antwerp don't compare with the slender Diana's who parade on Fifth Avenue, but they have a majestic beauty of their own, a solemn beauty that has been interpreted and glorified by all the Flemish artists. As to their qualities of mind and heart, they may lack brilliancy but they are extremely kind-hearted, which makes up a great deal for their defaults. As a rule, they are not gay, sometimes even dull, but they are examplary housewives and very good mothers. They are only reasonably sentimental which makes life rather easy with them. Their backbiters say that although they seldom kill their husbands they may sometimes bore them to death.

To discover what a man is really after in life, one should look at him when he is at leisure. What do the people of Antwerp do when they are idle? They first of all dress up, the women put on a lot of diamonds their husbands gave them and then go right to a café. They drink beer but they don't get drunk: they don't want to get drunk. In the café they talk politics, sports, and analyze their own and other people's amours.

They also have a very intense social life; they wine and dine a great deal in small circles and food is wonderful in Antwerp homes. They are very fond of good music and they know the family tree of Wagner's heroes by heart. They love the river and they go in for yachting and swimming. Their theatres are good and their movie houses are five times as numerous as in Dutch cities of the same importance. Among the sports, they prefer soccer and bicycling, two peaceful and colorful occupations.

Feeling extremely fortunate to be born in Antwerp, they walk around the city and go straight to the port: port traffic fascinates them at all times. They love the nostalgic elements of the foreign ships, of the strange merchandise on the docks, the romance of the beachcombers, the colorful pageant of the oriental crews. How they love the Cathedral! It has the tallest spire in Europe, a lace-like affair, translucent, a magnificent example of the late gothic, nearly acrobatic architecture. Victor Hugo made a very ridiculous but colorful statement about it: "It is at the same time a gigantic structure and a marvelous jewel! A titan could live in it

and a woman would want to wear it as a jewel." Hugo must be excused for this poor image. When he made it, he was "épuisé d'admiration et de fatigue" — exhausted by admiration and fatigue.

A great number of churches in Antwerp are very rich and of beautiful architecture. In St. Carolus Borromeus church Rubens acted as decorator. In St. James' church he was buried.

One place among many deserves a prolonged visit: the Plantin Museum. Plantin was a French bookbinder who came to Antwerp around 1549 and who started the biggest and best printing office in Northern Europe.He was the first to print the polyglot Bible and his name is as famous as that of Elsevier. His house and printing office became a museum: it is a lovely place, an artistic and intellectual shrine unique in its kind. The printing presses are still there, the books are there, the copper plates, the foundry, everything, and the spirit of the old masters seems to hover over the lovely corrector's rooms.

All this explains why the Antwerp-born when he has to live elsewhere is just on a visit, there is no place for him to live but Antwerp.

For weeks the Germans have been attacking Antwerp with their Vergeltungswaffe 1 and 2. They avenge themselves basely, idiotically, on people they have tried to flatter into collaboration and who refused. They avenge themselves on those dockers who when required to go to Hamburg as slave laborers, replied that the climate did not agree with them and subsequently went underground. They avenge themselves on nuns praying in their chapel, on white collar workers waiting for their streetcar, on card players in the cafés and on housewifes behind their kitchen-range, on a young Flemish author of great talent, the most generous heart there ever was. They avenge themselves on the paintings millions of people have cherished dearly all over the world, on the monuments and churches of old, on the old gables and on the only skyscraper Europe can boast. On the bodies of innocent people they avenge themselves, on the relics of the past, on the city of Plantin, Rubens, and Conscience. They hit no military target, they simply murder and destroy.

Since a few months the Allies have seized this port Napoleon called a gun pointed at England's heart. They have turned it on the heart of the assassin. Antwerp pays the full price for this great honor but when the day of reckoning comes, the people of this noble town who did not parade through the streets, brawling and shouting against their democratic government, but who braced themselves for the fight and were ready to help the Allies pursue the war with all their energy and ingenuity, these people will remember the victims of the German fury as they still remember those slaughtered by the Spanish fury three centuries ago, and they will watch that justice be done on those who tried to destroy wantonly and stupidly a town that once was the pride of Christianity and that to them is the acme of beauty, force and greatness.

—THE EDITOR.



SOME PEOPLE SAY "RUBENS COULDN'T PAINT"

Since a few months an American art critic, Mr. Rogers Bordley, foreign editor of "The Art Digest" has been trying to prove that Rubens was little more than a fake and that Frans Snijders was the author of the good pictures attributed to P. P. Rubens. It is an interesting discussion which undoubtedly proves already that Snijders was a greater man than we thought, without proving, however, that Rubens was not Rubens. The reproductions of the painting recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, which represents mythical Atalanta and Meleager on the celebrated boar-hunt, seem to indicate that Rubens after all was a painter.

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Antwerp - X Operation (a pre-Battle of the Bulge
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- info on troop supply & Brig-Gen Clare H. Armstrong

Clare H. Armstrong in 50th AAA Brigade
(anti/flying bomb command)

11 Dec. '07

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Dear Abby--

Herewith is my check for $13.80, in payment for the transcript of the Charles S. Sussman oral history interview. Many thanks for your help.

Sincerely,

Wisconsin Veterans Museum
Research Center

Transcript of an

Oral History Interview with

CHARLES S. SUSSMAN

Intelligence Officer, USA, World War II

1996

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85

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Sussman, Charles S., (1919-). Oral History Interview, 1996.
User Copy: 2 sound cassettes (120 min.) analog, 1 7/8 ips, mono.
Master Copy: 1 sound cassette (120 min.) analog, 1 7/8 ips, mono.

Abstract

Charles S. Sussman, a Jersey City, New Jersey native, discusses his World War II service as an Army intelligence officer with the 50th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Brigade and later experiences with the Jewish War Veterans and the Military Order. Sussman enlisted in the New Jersey National Guard, 102nd Cavalry-Horse and as a Jewish soldier, talks about being the first minority of any kind in that unit. He describes assembling at the Montgomery Street Armory in New Jersey and receiving World War I weapons and uniforms, basic training at Fort DuPont (Delaware) and maneuvers with wooden trucks and machine guns, cardboard tanks, and broomstick rifles. Sussman tells about Army changes after Pearl Harbor, advances in intelligence technology, reaction of civilians to troop trains, and Officer Candidate School (OCS) at Camp Davis (North Carolina). He speaks of discrimination against Jewish people wanting to be officers and the way he escaped that, duties of an intelligence officer, additional training with British and Canadian forces, and Army life in England. Sussman relates his unit's participation at Normandy, combat experiences in France, interaction with the Belgian underground, and morale of German troops. Sussman details the Antwerp-X Operation (a pre-Battle of the Bulge intelligence operation) including information on troop supply and Brigadier-General Clare H. Armstrong. At the war's end, Sussman was stationed in Ludwigsburg (Germany) and mentions occupation duty in Germany and seeing a small concentration camp. Sussman provides an in-depth discussion of his feelings after the war. He talks about his lack of direction due to length of time he had been gone (1940-1947) and the death or marriage of the majority of his generation. He describes the Jewish War Veterans, a veterans group which did not attempt to pass pro-veteran legislation. He speaks at length about the Military Order, veterans reunions, and trips to Belgium to commemorate the Antwerp-X Operation.

Biographical Sketch

Sussman (b. March 29, 1919) served with the 50th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Brigade during the Antwerp-X Operation. He achieved the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and was honorable discharged from service in 1947.

Interviewed by Mark Van Ells.
Transcribed by John K. Driscoll, August 24, 2002.
Transcription edited by Abigail Miller, 2002.

Interview Transcript

Mark: Okay. Today's date is July 12, 1996. This is Mark Van Ells, Archivist, Wisconsin Veterans Museum, doing an oral history interview this morning with Col. Charles Sussman, a veteran of a very interesting operation in Belgium during World War II. Good morning and thanks for coming in.

Sussman: Good morning. Always pleased to visit my favorite city, Madison.

Mark: Mine too, I guess. Ah, let's start at the top. Why don't you tell me a little bit about where you were born and raised and what you were doing prior to your entry into the military.

Sussman: Well, I was born on March 29, 1919, in Jersey City, New Jersey. My father had come to this country in 1898, from Romania, with my mother; settled in Jersey City and he was a farrier, a horse-shoe person. So I grew up exposed to horses and everything connected with horses. It was a pleasant growing-up. I was the youngest of six siblings. Three sisters, two brothers, and myself. And as we matured, of course, the great depression soaked us all up. We were comfortable. And force of circumstance eventually took my father away from horses. When the time came for me to enter college, I did so. The depression was over the land and one thing we grew up with was pride. There were times when I, my friends, my relatives had no money but our clothes were clean and if we didn't have the money for a haircut, our mothers gave us hair cuts, and even the patches on our pants were clean. Now there is a message there but let someone else figure that out. And this pride caused me not to take any money for my college tuition for I worked for the $450 a year tuition to NYU. In the six years I attended NYU, to a degree in accounting, paying my own way. That was a matter of pride.

Mark: What did you do to earn money?

Sussman: I pumped gas in my father's gas station and I did—he was already out of the horse business. And got paid for it—I used that money to pay my tuition. So the first of the matter of pride for me and a matter—it upsets me when I read of people are very unhappy with the money they get from the government. Hey! No one gave me any money. And if they did, I wouldn't have taken it. I would have pumped gas and gone to college at night and still gotten my degree, but that is another story. I still remember very clearly Germany's invasion of Poland. I know precisely where I was. I remember very clearly the reasons I enlisted. I and my friends, and those kids I grew up with. And why we enlisted. The draft had just been started. Selective Service. And why we would not wait for Selective Service to pick us out.

Mark: Well, let's explore that a little bit. I suppose the question is, why did you join up?

Sussman: I said I was born in 1919, so the period I'm talking about, we were still exposed to the ethics, mores, and morals of World War I. The worst thing that can hang around any one's neck was that he was a draft dodger. Or there are other descriptive terms. We grew up with this. It was kitchen talk. "Don't mention his name. He was a shirker." And, in time, it got to be the worst thing. And when the news pages were full of Selective Service information, I, together with kids I grew up with, we made a decision. No one will ever hook that on our neck. Of course, it never occurred to us that we were going to war. This was an obligation due the government. They wanted us for a year, hey, here we are. But we were going to beat them to it. We would go and enlist and that is why I enlisted.

Mark: And you did?

Sussman; Yes.

Mark: You enlisted in the New Jersey National Guard.

Sussman: Well, yes. For a reason. I had to finish college. I was in my last year of college and we found out if we enlisted, they would take us immediately, but if we enlisted in the National Guard, they were due to federalize some units in four to six months. So whereas we were wearing the uniform, we would be permitted to finish our college and then be federalized and go away as a unit.

Mark: Yea. Now, when I joined the service, forty years later, when you went into the National Guard or the Reserves, you still went to basic training with the Regular military type. Was that your situation? You joined the New Jersey National Guard, what sort of training did you have?

Sussman: No, it wasn't precisely that. I joined, well, let me put it to you this way. In those days we—my generation was a romantic generation. And we still remembered reading history. As history should be taught, not as it is taught today, in many venues. And horses were—nothing was more romantic to me and Jersey had a very romantic unit that went back to the Revolution. It's called the Essex Troop, or more formally, the 102nd Cavalry-Horse. And I am going away for a year, I'll be in a romantic unit. It didn't occur to me that there never had been minorities. This was a society unit. If you were an officer, you had your own batman, you bought your own horse, and no cavalry nags—good horses. And I was probably the first of a minority to ever enlist in peacetime in the 102nd Cavalry-Horse, the Essex Troop. But they took me quick. And shortly thereafter, after I got used to

what this was all about, I ran across other friends who advised me that a new, separate battalion was being formed in Jersey City and they had all enlisted, unbeknownst to me. And wouldn't it be nice if we all went away together. I thought it was a good idea, and I got sick of cleaning out horse stables anyway. I asked my captain. He was glad to get rid of me. He signed the papers and I went away with the 122nd AAA, a separate battalion being formed, and in December 4, 1940, we were federalized and went to—

Mark: You were federalized as the—in the anti-aircraft?

Sussman: As a unit. And everyone started from scratch. The officers, the men, the non-coms. And our weapons and our uniforms were World War I, the pants I wore had 1917 on the waistband. There were no boots, there were puttees and shoes. And the old British-type tin pot helmet. And the weapons were either Lee-Enfields, 1917, or Springfields, 1903. I'll give you my serial number if you want to know it. 20283730. Suh! [laughter]

Mark: So, when it came to being federalized, I mean, where did you go to—where did you—

Sussman: We assembled at an armory in Jersey City, the Montgomery Street Armory, 999 of us marched down Montgomery Street to the Delaware Lackawana Railroad Station on the Hudson River, boarded trains not knowing where we were going, and we wound up at Fort DuPont, Delaware. Fort DuPont was something left over from the Civil War. The Spanish American War, she mounted 12- and 16-inch barbette guns, disappearing guns to protect Delaware Bay, which is another story which you may find interesting. And there is where we did out training, on the DelMarVa Peninsula, Delaware, Virginia, and Maryland. And on our maneuvers we used stove pipes and—there weren't any machine guns, but we improvised. Made our own wooden trucks and cardboard tanks and wood machine guns and in some cases broom rifles. We had fun.

Mark: I was going to ask, once you were federalized, how things perhaps changed for you? Did they become more military? Obviously, you didn't have equipment. In terms of discipline, and those sorts of things, did the Army suddenly become a more serious type of thing?

Sussman: We were probably the best soldiers this army ever saw. Everyone was motivated. Nobody had to do a sales job on us and they were highly intelligent college boys. Certainly no one with less than a high school education. The air of the times was such as you knew your responsibilities, you—this was a romantic time. And we tried. I will say this. On the day the war was declared, we were probably the best

trained artillery unit this army ever saw. With World War I weapons, we would solve problems that the other new-comers later on couldn't do with more advanced equipment or more advanced technology because our people were trained and later on in this discussion I will tell you what the results of those training — that training. We were pleased. By no means was this hardship. In no time, civilian contracts were let and the wooden barracks would be—there would be an empty lot at Fort DuPont and within seven or ten days you had a two-story barracks building. So it wasn't your mother's living room, but it was warm, it was comfortable, it was neat, it was clean, and it was inhabited by some pretty good people.

Mark: And you started in training down there for how long?

Sussman: Well, we reported for duty. I said we were federalized on December 4. I was to be released—I and my group that had enlisted for one year—we had been federalized for one year—were supposed to be released from service on December 4, 1941. We volunteered to spend that weekend to permit others who were our forward troops a last weekend away, and then we would be released on Monday. We volunteered it. On Sunday was Pearl Harbor Day and, in my case, I didn't get home until 1947. That was that.

Mark: Now, Pearl Harbor occurred on that Sunday. What—I assume you recall the event.

Sussman: Oh, yes.

Mark: What was your reaction and those around you? I mean, you were about to get out. You were about to finish your obligation and this changed everything. I'm interested in the mood, the attitude, amongst you and your fellow—

Sussman: We were pretty well aware of events all over the world. I said, this was quite a literate group. College, not less than high school, in any case. So we discussed things. We knew what was going on. Nobody knew what was happening in the Far East. That never occurred to anyone. The mood was, thank goodness we prepared. And there wasn't any hair-pulling. There might have been relief. Because it gave purpose to the year of training. Up to that point, it was all games. We knew our games very well. But it was Pearl Harbor Day. A purpose was affixed to the equation.

Mark: Now, at the time of Pearl Harbor, had you gotten more modern weapons, more modern equipment? Or were you still using the broom sticks?

Sussman: No, no. We were pretty well sold up. I still remember we had gotten a delivery of very early radar equipment. The SCR-268. And it was highly classified and the radar was kept under guard in a far field, always plenty of guards around it, and live ammunition. Which never had to be used. And with that was 3-inch guns which were just new versions of World War II — World War I — weaponry, and training had started on the SCR-268 which was to direct the guns. They had started on the techniques of radar directed gunfire. I, by that time, I was carrying a Browning Automatic Rifle, which was a left-over from World War I. Nothing wrong with it. It killed very efficiently, but it had some things wrong with the general design. The men still carried the Springfield '07. They had gotten rid of the British Enfields left over from the war. The Browning water-cooled machine guns, left over from the war. They were quite efficient. Good shape. Our trucks were the first thing that they really replaced, and we had our full load of trucks, and jeeps were just coming in. We were in pretty good shape. On July 7. Or, December 7, rather.

Mark: And after Pearl Harbor, how did things change for you?

Sussman: Well, there wasn't any time to think. Pearl Harbor Day wasn't over and flat cars started pulling into Fort DuPont. Orders had been received. There were four hundred and some of us who had volunteered to stay over. Five hundred were out on leave. And the four hundred, we had to load a battalion of guns, personal equipment, and what-not on the flat cars, some of that by midnight of December 7 - December 8. We would be going somewhere. We didn't know where. You want a little anecdote?

Mark: Yes. Absolutely.

Sussman: I remember my brother driving down from Jersey City with my mother. They had gotten the news. They knew I would be on the way. So they went over to New York, to a delicatessen—one of my favorite stories—Katz's Delicatessen that still had a sign hanging from World War I: "Send a salami to your boy in the Army." And they bought up all of the salami and baloney and what not, and they had found an old barracks bag and they filled it full up, threw everything in my brother's car, and drove from New York down to Delaware City, Delaware. It's at night, and I got a call from the guard at the gate. We were loading our guns on flat-cars. War had not been declared, but we knew we were off. "There is someone here to see you. Better get out here." I go out there and there is my mother and brother. And we said our goodbyes. I told them I couldn't spend any time. I was busy. "I'll be in touch with you, good bye." And off I take with the barracks bag full of salami and baloneys and hot dogs. When the train finally took off, no one had made provisions for food. I had the only food that was on that

train until we hit Chicago. They had to depend on Red Cross people with coffee and donuts all the way from Delaware to Chicago. But I put a guard on each end of my car, kept everybody out except friends we recognized, that we gave a piece of salami and bread. And we feasted all the way into Chicago where there was a change of trains. But, aside from that little anecdote, which is always a pleasant memory, creates pleasant memories, this business of four hundred people loading sixteen guns on flat-cars, each weighing nine tons. I still remember the weight. And our trucks. And our equipment. And mounting guard, crossing the country in the middle of December. We always had armed guards on the—these were exposed guns with nothing on them except canvas. I remember crossing the Continental Divide. I had guard duty on one of the guns and at the very top of the Continental Divide there is a little town. And the train stops, I guess, to pick up water. And the whole town had turned out with coffee and donuts. It must have been two - three o'clock in the morning. Freezing! It was so cold out there. And a little girl running up. This train puts in at Los Angeles, at the docks. We were told that the smell — get everything off the train and wait. A ship if coming to take us somewhere. The ship never showed up, thank goodness. We were in Ohio when war was declared. Which will tell you something about our state of readiness. And you asked the question about attitude after the war. Well, I only had one attitude. I can only speak for myself. This looked like serious business now, and there was no profit in being a corporal, T-5. I better find out how to become an officer. Well, I did. Was accepted. Entered the AAA officer's school at Camp Davis, North Carolina, Class 30. And graduated the same year.

Mark: Now, this OCS lasted how long?

Sussman: Ninety days.

Mark: And, what sort of training was it? What did they do? What turned you into an officer?

Sussman: Three hundred and seventy-five of us entered that class. Seventy-five graduated. That's for starters. You had to have, in those days, it might have changed—a good background in mathematics. Artillery fire, was, after all, the solution of a mathematical problem. One of established trajectories. With a few more components added to it, such as the flight of the aircraft, the move of the aircraft. And the ability to command, Personal observation of your instructors. Proven ability to command, I suspect. And academic achievement. There were a variety of other courses beside military courses, the military being what it is. Sanitation, first aid, communications, radio electronics, there were a variety of other subjects. And the need of the military for officers.

Mark: Now, up to this time, you had been in the National Guard.

Sussman: No, the day I was federalized, I received the discharge from the New Jersey National Guard, and the thanks of the governor, and simultaneously I had another oath and another—

Mark: You were federalized. You were still serving with other people from your area.

Sussman: Yes.

Mark: Okay.

Sussman: We were federalized which meant that the jurisdiction now has the federal government.

Mark: But you were still serving with people you knew?

Sussman: Oh, yes. The units all stayed. That was just a paper thing.

Mark: So when you went to OCS it was probably a much greater mix of people from different parts of the country?

Sussman: Or all over the world. All over the world. It was a great experience. And one wonders at the quality of the officers. The quality was, in my experience, my experience, was long and—I could not tell an OCS graduate of these—of this school, I can't speak for any other school—of a West Point graduate. I've seen feats accomplished by OCS people. I've seen West Pointers stuck on staff just to get them out of the way—they were a pain in the neck. That doesn't mean that West Point was turning out bad people. On the contrary, they perhaps at higher levels, they performed better. On the command level, on troop levels, the officers were not that far removed from the soldiers that when it counted there was any difference.

Mark: So, who was—who went to OCS?

Sussman: Volunteers.

Mark: Almost all college, I would imagine. Some who weren't?

Sussman: I wouldn't know. There may have been some who weren't. It helped to have a degree. I imagine there were others who can do mathematics and perform other functions who never went to college. I just don't know that.

Mark: So you finished OCS. Then what did the army do with you?

Sussman: I'm going to be very blunt. You want me to be blunt? Lay it on you?

Mark: Yea.

Sussman: The early days of the war, if your name ended with a vowel, you had no chance of becoming an officer. Unfortunately. If your name ended with -stein, -goldberg, -or -mann, chances are you were going to have a difficulty. But there was one thing that saved us. And that was that the top ten percent of the graduating class can select his own area, where he is to be sent, with American troops, anywhere in the world. I picked California. That is where I came from. I had made friends there, as long as I had to bust my back to become an officer, send me back to California. I wound up at Camp Hahn, which is outside of Riverside, across from March Field, which is still there. And was assigned to my first unit.

Mark: Which was what?

Sussman: Now the army was a growing thing. I'm a second lieutenant with a new uniform—hadn't the foggiest idea what was expected of me. Told to report to the camp commander, which I did, together with others and some captain gives me papers, says you are the intelligence officer of a regiment to be formed, the 511th. I said, "What rank does it call for?" He said, "Lieutenant-colonel." I said, "This is a second lieutenant." He says. "Get out of here. Go on, there is where they are." Get over there, I find about twenty officers milling around. Finally somebody, a lieutenant-colonel, shows up. Says, "Well, we got an impossible job, so let's do it." And that I liked. But within a month, other orders came down that said the War Department had concluded that regimental formations were passé. We were now a separate battalion. Out come the books. What does a separate battalion do? "And, Sussman, you are the intelligence officer for the battalion." "What is my rank?" "You are a major." "Second lieutenant." "Shut up and do your work." And finally we whipped ourselves into a battalion staff. On a given date, we go down on a rainy night to the train station at Riverside and debark a thousand frightened, scared, hungry people. But my father didn't raise a fool. I had gotten the colonel commanding before we went down there, I said, "These guys are going to come out scared, hungry—probably haven't been fed in two days—let's get some sandwiches and coffee." All the officers went to work and we made hundreds and hundreds of sandwiches, pots and gallons of coffee. We go down on out trucks and pick up a thousand men—oh, my gosh—and they were soaked and hungry and scared. And hadn't the foggiest where they were. We brought them in. And this was the 226th Separate Battalion, which is another story. We fed them, we dried them, we had a chaplain there that had a mass then, from up in New York

State. He had to give lots of them a lot of comfort and relief. From the beds, we had the beds all ready set up for days. Let them get a good night's sleep; there was no reveille the next morning. Which was the smartest thing we ever did. Little story I want to tell you. Those men, still meet, the survivors, and we make, Gertrude and myself make visitations when we can. And they always remember that first night on duty. It paid off because, later on in Europe, there were times when we needed their unreserved loyalty, without question, do what I tell you and shut up. And we got it. So, maximum number came back. And we trained in the desert, Camp Hahn fell off in the Mojave, and we whipped—and again, one of the finest units of its type in the armed forces. It proved itself over and over.

Mark: Now, you said, it's type. What was its type?

Sussman: Anti-aircraft artillery. In a changing world where the technology, I mentioned three-inch radar directed guns. I slipped in before precision detonating fuses. This was high technology. Very high technology. But later on, when they replaced these older weapons with 90 millimeters, ah—we read a lot about the 88 millimeter gun, the Germans—you never hear anything about the American 90 millimeter gun. Which was a far superior weapon, far. Its muzzle velocity would take the turret off a Tiger tank. The three-inch gun couldn't. The Sherman couldn't. So, when necessary, we used our anti-aircraft guns to knock the turrets off the Tigers that were coming in. Then run the guns back to fight the Vengeance [unintelligible], the V-1's. Now, this was advanced technology and yet these kids had to fight their weapons. They were never taught to be anti-tank gunners. But they did, and they were damned good with it. And, a little side story — do you want some anecdotal material? We attended a reunion in Belgium, Gertrude and I, and one day I am told I am to be at a dinner, at the equivalent of their West Point. An artillery school. There is an NATO exercise called Reforager—Reforager was run every year. I come back, and I am given the title, the First Reforager. Talking about the oldest survivor of Antwerp. Somebody comes by and he says, "There is somebody in civilian clothes wants to see you in the bar." So I excuse myself from my table and I go in the bar. There is a gentleman introduces himself as Admiral So-and-So, Commander, Sixth Fleet, Mediterranean. I asked what he was doing up in Belgium. He said, "I came to observe the Reforager exercises." He said, "Let me ask you some questions. We have a problem with the fleet." And, bingo, I said, "Exocet!" He said, "Yes." That is the French missile. And ship-to-ship. Anti-ship missile. And I said, "What do you want with me? I'm out of here forty-five years." He said, "I've always been fascinated with your accuracy. Do you remember some numbers?" I said, "Yes." He said, "At what point did you engage?" I said, "Fifteen thousand yards." He could not believe that a World War II weapon, 90 caliber, engaged at fifteen thousand yards. He said, "When did you destroy?" I said, "Always before four thousand. Between fifteen thousand and

four thousand." Now, we destroyed 98 - 99% of our targets. Germans never found that out. They hadn't the vaguest what we were doing. But that is another story. He said, "If you had to make a decision about the Exocets, what would you do?" I said, "I'd go through armory lists and find out what they did with those 90 millimeter guns. They couldn't have destroyed them all. There must be a few batteries laying around. I'd clean them up and put them on my major vessels. I'd get the old radar we used and have these things radar-directed. And I'd find all of the old precision-detonating fuse I could find. And when you have an incoming Exocet, just let loose with a whole battery of 90's." There isn't an Exocet in the world that could get through that. "Oh," he said. "Interesting. But you have any idea where they are?" I said, "No, make some. What's with the big technology? You have the technology. You have the ammunition creating facilities. Do it." I don't know what happened. We make visits with numbers of the Navy League. We're always being invited aboard naval vessels at Fort Lauderdale. And I keep looking for a 90. I don't see them. That doesn't mean that they are exposed. But I haven't read anything about Exocet threats. Possibly since they got the Gatling-type chain machine guns on the small frigates. Which they possibly do to save jobs. A lot more expensive. Where were we?

Mark: I was about to ask you what the function of an intelligence officer was? In an anti-aircraft unit.

Sussman: Just the same as every other intelligence in the world, which was the collection of, the analysis of, and the dissemination of information regarding the enemy and his capabilities. If it is a military unit, there has to be an enemy you are preparing for. And he is the officer who is charged with the collection of information regarding the enemy's capabilities and intentions. And analyzing it in the light of other information you have and then disseminating it. Keeping it in your hip pocket is no good. Sending that same information out to the interested parties. In my case, dealing with V-1's, we were the ones who detected the erection of the launch ramps. Nobody knew what it was for. It was analysis of human intelligence, ground intelligence, and aerial intelligence, photography intelligence. And coming to the conclusion, here is a new weapon. And by studying the angle of the ramps, deciding what the target was. All they all pointed to Antwerp. That was the function of an intelligence officer.

Mark: Well, I suppose its time—how long was it till you went over seas? You served together, you trained and—

Sussman: We were shipped over a year after we formed which would bring us to June - July of '43. We landed at Liverpool, went to an obscure place, an old British airfield in the Midlands called Blackshore Moor. And we waited. We waited for D-Day, or

something approximated it. Which meant training, training with the Brits, which came in good stead later on. Canadian training, with the Canadians. And keeping ourselves busy. Training. Firing. Taking our weapons out to the coast and firing at towed targets. Rifle training. Camp life can get very boring so we kept ourselves amused. That was about all.

Mark: Now, was this your first trip overseas?

Sussman: It was my first trip overseas.

Mark: I'm not sure that the U. S and Britain are culturally distinctive. There's not that big a cultural gap that you could have going to other countries. But still, it's a different place, a different culture. Did you get off the Post much and did you get to experience England?

Sussman: We were very fortunate in that we were twelve miles from a cultural place called Buxton. Buxton had an excellent symphony hall. It's now spring and summer. No, it isn't spring and summer. Yes. Spring and summer and they played music. It was an absolute delight to spend the weekend up at Buxton. I've walked that twelve miles many times. Slept in the fields for want of anything else just to be up there. With my friends and a bottle of—we made our own liquor, incidentally—which we promptly named Moorish, after Blackshore Moor, the place where we were stationed.

Mark: This was you and some other officers?

Sussman: That's the U. S. Army that had access to medicinal alcohol and fruit juices, being the U. S. Army. Now, the expenditure of medicinal alcohol was quite high. But, it wasn't abused. We had empty bottles. Somebody would arrange for a five gallon can of medicinal alcohol. Nobody would drink their orange juice rations or whatever happened to be on the menu that week. And then we'd mix fifty-fifty alcohol and fruit juices. Go on up to Buxton and lay on the grass and listen to operatic music, symphonic music, whatever.

Mark: Now, I've heard of guys in the South Pacific on lonely islands making their little own distilleries. But in England, it is a little more western-ized.

Sussman: And more sophisticated.

Mark. Was it hard to get alcohol and that sort of thing?

Sussman: No. We had a very fine doctor. A gynecologist from a place in Colorado, name

of—I'm thinking of his name and the town he came from. And a bachelor, as far as I remember. And one who found out where the medical stuff was for keeping medicinal alcohol. Grabbed a jeep one day, trying to requisition, and came back with a couple of five gallon cans. Then he sat on those cans until we had enough orange juice or grapefruit juice stored up, and threatened to cut off the supply to anyone who abused the privilege. And he observed the mixing—it was about fifty-fifty. No one abused it. I was never able to find it. It was just a social way to spend of musical Sunday in wartime England. Others found friends. Made alliances. Some even got married. Many got married. They live in this country today.

Mark: Now, you mentioned that you got there in '43. The invasion was in June, '44.

Sussman: Right.

Mark: As D-Day approached, did your training change? Did the attitudes change? And when the invasion occurred, where were you precisely?

Sussman: All right. I'll tell you that in a moment.

Other Person: Everything all right?

Mark: [to Other Person] We're about to have D-Day. [to Sussman] So I was asking how the existence of your unit had changed up to D-Day, and what happened—

Sussman: We were put on alert—but we had had many alerts that didn't amount to anything. An alert consisted of everyone being restricted to camp. Full loads of ammunition; sometimes twice as much ammunition. But we knew something was up when, in addition to the usual preparations we were issued chemical-impregnated jump suits and these were anti-gas clothing. Now, remember, this is June and it is pretty warm in that part of England—in the Midlands of England—in June, and here we are with these chemically-impregnated—stinking, and they were vile!—anti-bacterial, anti-chemical warfare clothing units. In addition, they took away our gas masks which used to be slung over the shoulder—it was a monstrous thing—got in everybody's way and would swing under one of your armpits. And they gave us a more sensible gas mask and we had to try these on and get them fitted. And if we wore glasses, special glasses were made. We had that done once before. But make sure we had additional glasses. And double loads of ammunition — two bandoleers per person. And it was at that point that we knew this was for real. Several days before what eventually turned out to be D-Day, we quietly packed up. We each had two duffle bags. One was kept in storage in Britain. One went aboard the—

[End of Tape 1, Side A.]

--trucks we brought with us. And then, there we were, with our weapons, ready to do whatever we were trained to do. And we boarded our vehicles, and other vehicles showed up—military police provided. We headed south to the coast and where we had seen depots of tanks and depots of ammunition just strung along miles of highway, suddenly we saw no encampments—strings of ammunition, artillery shells, tanks, spare parts, and eventually we came to a small village, the name of which escapes me at the moment. We were told to debark, gave us an empty field and put up your pup tents. We slept in an open field for several days. This might have brought us now to the 5th of June. I am just guessing at this. And we were assigned our ships. Five of these—I guess they were British, LSI's, Landing Ship Infantry. I don't believe the Americans adopted that form of debarkation. In our case, the ship went up on shore, the prow opened up, and out you came. But that would only hold about forty - fifty men. We were putting two hundred and fifty aboard these seagoing monsters. That went up onto the shore but the gangways would drop and you just went down the gangways and walked ashore. Now, we tossed around on the Channel. It was pretty miserable. I guess they didn't need us. And eventually, we went ashore.

Mark: And this is how long after June 6?

Sussman: I am guessing, now, was it three? Eleven o'clock in the afternoon. In the morning.

Mark: [unintelligible]

Other Person: [unintelligible]

Sussman: The furthest south, right underneath Pont du Hoc. Utah. Omaha, either.

Mark: It's in the record somewhere. How long was it from the time you landed there to the time you got into combat?

Sussman: Combat for my type unit was a different thing. What a summer. There was one point where there was machine gun fire on both sides. Our orders were just walk straight ahead and ignore it. Was that combat? I don't know. I never lost a man, myself, in all the time I was in Europe. That is what she was saying. The men remembered that. Others got attached to other units and one of our batteries lost twenty-eight men. I don't know why. But, to take a thousand men inland in that time without losing a single guy, without getting a toe-nail broken, was that combat? I don't know. When was I subjected? I was wounded on the River Maas. In January, 1945. That wasn't combat. I just happened to be somewhere where I

got whacked with shrapnel. And yet I lived for a hundred and fifty-four days under these V-1's. Was that combat? We lost all kinds of—over 4,000 civilians—twenty-eight men of other units. Not of mine. The figures are here. On casualties. We were not subjected.

Mark: But you shot your guns, at some point?

Sussman: Oh, yes. Heavens, yes. I killed a guy in Paris. I was one of the first Americans. It isn't in any book. Where in the—somewhere, and I'm told—I—you have to understand, I had twenty-one trained technicians—intelligence specialists—people rarely knew what I was doing or where I was. My commander always knew. One day he says, he gives me a strip map and he says, "Go into Paris. Here's your orders." "Paris hasn't even fallen. What are you telling me?" "Just do what I tell you. Take your men. Take one two and a half ton truck and one jeep. Load up with ammunition and food. You may have to wait for us." "Okay." I get a strip map. "Take this road. You'll find your way to Paris. Cross the Pont Neuf—the ninth bridge—get to Mont [unintelligible]. Find the University of Paris. Find the Holland House. Clean it out. And just wait for us." He doesn't tell me it's headquarters for the signal corps of the German Army of the West. Obercommandant West. He doesn't tell me that. He didn't even know it. So we find our way into Paris and Paris hadn't fallen. The Americans weren't there. The French weren't there. They were off on another road. But there is gunfire on the other side of the Pont Neuf—over [unintelligible]—the Left Bank. I tell the men to stay put. It is nice and quiet on this side of the River Seine. Let them get to it, whatever they are doing. Shooting themselves. And we go about our business. And we found our way into the University of Paris. Found the Holland House, which was a dormitory. Kicked in the front doors and assigned men to take it floor by floor. Clean out whatever was there. On the third floor—a three story building—I kicked in the front door and there was a German with a pistol right there. Well, I got off the first shot and, goodbye. As an aside, when our youngest son had his—he got married—goes to Paris for a honeymoon. I said, "Here's what I want you to do. Find the Holland House, get up to the third floor—walk up there. You may have to bribe the concierge. Tell him you want to go into that room. Walk straight ahead and rub your hand on the plaster. And you'll find an indentation." I remember the bullet going through the sucker and knocking the plaster off behind him. He did. But that is neither here nor there. Was that combat? I don't know. It was followed by some of the best drinking and orgies I've ever observed. But, combat, was Belgium. And that was it. I can tell you all about that.

Mark: Sure. I want to wait for that whole thing. You had to get from Normandy to Belgium first, and it sounds as though you had some fairly interesting experiences

along the way as well. So, we've discussed what an intelligence officer does. Now that we are in Europe, why don't you tell me a little bit about how you performed out there. You described this operation in Paris. What—there was an intelligence analysis system. I am sure you had to read maps and report, but it sounds like you also went out in the field, you had to take a look at something.

Sussman: Right. If I can—let's go back. I left out one—this is anecdotal. Let's tell the whole story and my experiences with like senior officers. We're up in Boston—my troops, ready to board a transport to go across to where we were going. And as we were marching out to our transport, I later found out—well, the old Mount Vernon—a passenger ship—which had not even gone through conversion stages to a troop ship. They took the name Independence, I believe. It was the Mount Vernon. Two MP's grab me, "Lieutenant Sussman?" "Yes." "Come with us." "Hey, this thing on my back?" "Drop it here." They dropped off an MP to watch my weapons and whatever I was carrying. They threw me into a staff car—we used to call them staff cars in those days—they take me to downtown Boston, to the Federal Reserve Bank. March me in to an officer who's got a potato sack. Still said Idaho on it. He says here is $50,000 in $5 bills. "What am I supposed to do with that?" Every man on that ship is to get a $5 partial pay. You will be boarded at your point of destination by a finance officer. You will account to him for the $50,000. Payroll forms in good order. The usual payroll forms." I said, "What authority have I got?" He said, "You can issue any order you want in the name of the master of the vessel." "Any orders?" "Yes." This is Geerheiser at his worst. If I am going down, he is going with me. Okay, there I come. Everybody is onthe ship and there I am with $50,000 in a potato sack. I told them marines, "You are in my territory. Carry my stuff up on that deck." And they did. The captain is there greeting me. "What are your first orders?" "I want a big room down as close to that drive shaft as you put me. I want a safe with a combination. I want a two-man marine detail, armed, weapons, day and night, outside my door. I want a cot. I want this and that. I want a list of every finance officer aboard this vessel. In addition to, I want a manifest of every trooper, every person on this ship. I want that in twelve hours." I had it. An eagle colonel comes down, furious. "What is the meaning of this?" "Sir, you are a finance colonel. Here are my orders, which I am now transmitting to you." He was going to court-martial me. "Let's go talk to the captain. Tell him you are going to court-martial me. Won't do you any good. Just help me do this job." We were boarded in Liverpool by a drunken major. This guy was staggering. How he got out of that little thing. He comes up ready to crucify somebody. But every single nickel was accounted for. And the payrolls and the finance colonel congratulated me for just a wonderful experience. "Thank you." And that major, he says, the first vessel came into Liverpool that year that he hadn't nailed the guy. Well, that was just anecdotal. Now, where were we?

Mark: Oh, I was asking about how you gathered the intelligence. You said in the report that you had to go out in the field.

Sussman: Okay. Average day. We were in a static position. We obviously had targets or anticipated targets. I'd find out where the nearest—or where our—we were always reporting to somebody at brigade level or division level and army level. I marched into SHAEF Headquarters—Supreme Headquarters—looking for Supreme Headquarters G-2. I couldn't get what I wanted anywhere else. I got my first couple of orders. To find out the local disposition, where they were centered, what the capabilities, any other transverse, what were the last infantry actions, who is on my left, who is on my right. Let me have a battle plan. And I wanted an order of battle. An old time. Order of battle, the composition of our local troops, of friendly troops, and the enemy troops, as we do. If we were in a position where there were heavy enemy dispositions in the front or on the sides, I'd ask for photo interpretation. When were the last photographs made? And more than once I asked that special pin point locations be—photographs be taken and brought back to me. Specially when our troops were passing through. Setting up our guns, our 3-Section. Which was responsible for setting up our guns. We had sixteen big, heavy guns. You just don't throw them on the ground and say, "Fire." They have to form arcs of fire. And we have to know what the enemy's capabilities are. Well, we did some swapping of information between units in front and rear, and on the sides. And that was just part of it. Sometimes you'd just go out in the field and observe. Human intelligence has always been part of it. Sometimes you'd send a sergeant out, but if it was dangerous work, you'd go yourself.

Mark: This would be behind the enemy lines?

Sussman: Well, it's an amazing thing. Anecdotally, we ran across a woman in 1984 who was a dear, dear friend of ours. [Unintelligible] She was a member of the Belgian secret army. She always worked fifteen - twenty miles behind the Germans and supplied us with date. Her name is Gilbertte—well, her husband, he's dead. Gilberte Lenair. I can see her to this day, very distinguished, wonderful, wonderful. Holding a conversation, she said, "You know this little girl, eighteen years old, got shot on your doorstep?" [Unintelligible] Lifts up her dress and there's—I said, "I knew some skinny little rat kid caught a packet on our steps." Had this knee. We see her till this day. There is a bonding that takes place. Now, her work was behind the—she was at Bastogne—fifteen miles behind the Germans, radioing dispositions, capabilities, troop strength, armor strength, and what direction they were heading in. She's in the books.

Mark: So, the Underground, the French and the Belgian. They were very helpful.

Sussman: I can speak nothing about the French. They never helped me. The Belgian, we had a saying, "The Belgians never forget. The French never remember." One anecdote I can tell you—you don't want to hear this.

Mark: What makes you think I don't want to hear it?

Sussman: We'll have to get into that later. No, I can speak from experience that the Belgians —well, all my speeches I make overseas, I always laud the Belgian working man because he had as much to do with the success over there as did the Allied forces. And he died in huge numbers. And I haven't had that experience with the French. Maybe they did die in huge numbers or in few numbers. I have no way of knowing.

Mark: The side effects of the front line **[There is a stretch of silence on the tape here.]** You were out gathering intelligence. Now, in the period between D-Day and the Battle of the Bulge I am interested in what your assessment was of the German war capability—what did they do well? What was most feared? What sorts of things could you exploit? Weaknesses? Could you exploit some? In general, what was your assessment of the German capabilities pre-Bulge.

Sussman: You want to remember that Germans were continuously in a defensive posture. And it's almost axiomatic that troops on the offensive should have a multiple of capabilities vis-s-vis the troops on the defensive. I've heard people say three to one, four to one, five to one, ten to one, whatever. I don't know how much, but it takes a great deal more strength on the offensive than it does on the defensive. The Germans were superbly equipped. Their tanks were so superior to our tanks until the 90 millimeter anti-aircraft guns started knocking their turrets off. Again, I don't know why it isn't lauded as much—possibly because we never had that many. A decision was made just to manufacture so many whereas the entire German national effort went into making the 88 guns.

Mark: I suppose it could just be that these 88's were shooting at Americans and you're telling the story.

Sussman: I don't know, but those of us who have observed the 88 had nothing but admiration for it. For its capabilities. And the German is a war-maker. He has a history. He's got determination. I don't think the average German soldier—I know the average German soldier didn't have a political bone in his body. It was—

Mark: I was going to ask you if you got a sense of morale. I mean, troop positions and equipment capabilities are one thing but did you get a sense of how the German army functioned?

Sussman: They made superb use of their defensive positions. I think whatever efficiencies existed in the higher ranks. The German non-com is not like the American non-com.

Mark: In what sense?

Sussman: If a situation arose—this is a universal statement—if a situation arose that he could not reach in his memory or his training to solve it, it did not get solved. Especially if the situation called for a unique solution. He would not employ the unique solution without the approval of his superior.

Mark: This is the German soldier, I mean?

Sussman: The German soldier. Now, you can stretch this all the way back to D-Day. Germans had reserve divisions but some political nut said, "Don't wake me up. I'm going to sleep. And don't move the reserves without my permission." We had a very firm grasp on the beach heads before they finally work up to the fact that they were no longer on the beach—they were ten, fifteen miles inland. And the reserves were getting the heck beat out of them by air supremacy. Now, I suspect in the reverse position, American officers would have said, "Screw this. Put those reserves in there. I'll worry about the consequences later." That's—Germany was defeated at that moment. Hitler slept through the invasion. I believe every word of that because that is typical of the Germans. The American soldier, in combat, when he is motivated, he is unbeatable. Absolutely unbeatable. But he has to be motivated. I'm convinced there never was a day—a twenty-four hour period—during the Viet Nam War we could not have ended that war without using A-bombs. That we could not have ended that war if we had the political will and if the soldiers were so motivated, but whoever made that political decision, that the following targets had to be approved in Washington, never read Von Klauswitcz. Or read anything else, either.

Mark: I suppose it is time to get to the Antwerp-X Operation. Why don't you just describe how this all came about.

Sussman: Okay. Now, Paris has fallen. I'm ready to enjoy this war. You get assigned to the air defense of Paris. Germans still had a few bombers around and quite a few fighters and they would take stabs at Paris every now and then. Didn't bother anybody. One day I get a message, to report back to the Normandy coast to reinforce other intelligence units. The Germans on the Channel Islands had been by-passed. They were raiding the mainland for food. Deter them, any way. It sounded reasonable, so I round up my men and we jump in our trucks and back to

Cherbourg. Fort de Chercevo–I get to Fort de Chercevo—an old Napoleonic era place—and there is another—I'm there four or five days waiting for instructions—and another message comes. Head north rapidly into Belgium. Find a town called Kierburger, report to the commanding general for a special mission. So I round up my troops, borrow enough food for two or three days. Load a march. Extra ammunition. And off we go. I spent the first night in Rouen, in the church—the old beat-up church there. The British had it. Bedded the men down for four hours. And it was there I came across—although I had heard it before—a quaint British expression. British lady soldiers doing household things there, being wakened about four o'clock by some beauty who said, "Sir, I've been told to knock you up at four o'clock." I thought that was very British. Hey, Curfee, that means wake-up. I even remember the rotten breakfast. Corned beef on stale bread and hot tea. But, it got us going and that evening found us 180 miles - 200 miles further north into Belgium. I had stumbled on Kierburger, which wasn't even on the maps. Found General Claire H. Armstrong, who had been waiting for me. He knew I was on the way. He had asked for me. Never knew me. That is how it came, from Paris diversion—send me into Cherbourg in case anyone was trying to keep track of me. On up to Kierburger. It was there when I was briefed I found out — now it is September. Antwerp had fallen September 4. There was still fighting going on. Ground fighting. But intelligence had discovered the construction of ramps. It is now September, '44. East of Antwerp in German occupied territory, and north in Holland. The Skjeldt River comes down there. They were building these ramps. So I worked with intelligence trying to figure out what the devil — see, we got to get some better pictures of this and, if possible, send in some ground people to get some human intelligence. That didn't work out because you had the Skjeldt River there. And it didn't make sense. And they finally came to the conclusion that Antwerp was about to be subjected to a new type of bombardment. What had happened was this. The British and the Canadians shot up a hundred and fifty miles up the coast—a brilliant dash—and grabbed Antwerp. Antwerp was the second or third largest port on the continent. And the logistic situation was, there were seven armies in the field being supplied across the beaches. Every port on the Atlantic coast and most of them on the Mediterranean had been destroyed by the Germans. Winter was coming. Beaches could not be used because of the storms. Meaning—and the air could not supply seven armies in the field. No way. That's when the Canadians—with a brilliant march — almost over night, there they are with the third biggest port, 180 miles of wharves, 300 million gallon storage capacity PLO—petroleum oil lubricants—heavy lifts. All intact. Hitler must have awakened and had nightmares and he said to his planners, "We must destroy Antwerp. Let us now start preparing an offensive." And he calls in Von Runstead—a really good tactician—and they made the plans for the Battle of the Bulge, the target of which was Antwerp. The secondary mission was to split the Allies, the British getting stuck up north, no

way to supply them. And the Americans—So, what do we do. Called in the best artillery officer they had—Claire H. Armstrong—became a dear friend of mine. Claire Armstrong was told, "Anything you want, anything you need. We have an idea these are rockets." Never used in warfare on this scale, but by the number of ramps they were building, this was going to be one hell of a show. They knew nothing about the V-2's against who there would be no defense. They were ballistic—straight up and straight down, 3,000 miles an hour. Forget it. So, he knew of some troops — my own included—called us all up there and said, "This is what we got to do." I've called in 20,000 anti-aircraft people. We're going to set up arcs of fire in the direction of the ramps. And as these ramps changed, we will have daily photo-interpretation. We'll change these arcs. We called in just about everything the British can spare, the Polish can spare, and we had 22,000 troops." Here are the defensive arcs. I got pictures on different days. And the units that manned those arcs. You'll see it on page after page. And on October 4, I believe, I may be wrong on the date. It's in that little book. The first V-1's approached and we destroyed them. Now, it was given—

Mark: How many came?

Sussman: Five thousand were fired and 288 got through us. There was—now—here—

Mark: How did you discover they were coming?

Sussman: There was radar up front. We had ground observers close to the Skjeldt. Our intelligence people. Sometimes I'd be up there, observing the firing. Now the Germans never had any intelligence about the effects. They thought they had really squelched. That is why the Top Secret designation. To keep them off balance, never knowing what the results of these firings were. Now, there was an eight-mile bulls-eye and that encompassed the entire pier area. Our job was to keep them out of the eight-miles. They splashed down anywhere else, even—we had them coming on top of our heads, killing our people. That was not counted as a hit. Those we kept out of the eight-mile area. With the result there never was one day of work lost on the piers. There was never one ship hit while loading or unloading, and that's where my admiration of Belgians came from. They reported to work, they dug out trenches, they fed us, they washed our clothes, and they died, something like 4,000 or 5,000 of them died. And meanwhile we are running around trying to get as much intelligence as possible on the Germans' intentions. And most of that came from photo-interpretation and the shifting of—there was no good bombing those ramps, they were highly mobile. You'd knock it out, they had a bunch of them in reserve; they'd put up a new one.

Mark: Still, you stopped a lot of them but a lot of them got through.

Sussman: Two hundred and eighty-eight.

Mark: So, over a hundred and fifty-four day span, and this is still several rockets a day. And what time would they fire?

Sussman: Day and night.

Mark: There was no set pattern?

Sussman: Day and night. I think you'll find a quotation. Ninety-seven point eight per cent were destroyed. There never was an artillery operation that can even come close to it.

Mark: And some did get through?

Sussman: They got through.

Mark: And it didn't have a major effect on the shipping?

Sussman: It had no effect. As long as they got in the eight-mile section. I said, not one ever hit a pier. It may have gone into the water in the eight-mile section. It may have hit some railroad tracks that way, or a little town this way, but not one single day was ever lost supplying the troops.

Mark: That is pretty good shooting, I must say.

Sussman: Well, you want to read something? This was a big secret. To get anything out of the British, like, read this paragraph where my finger is. There is another quotation from Sandy Duncan, their British Minister of Supply. And they were beside themselves, absolutely beside themselves. They couldn't believe it. This was all Armstrong. That's why you go over to Antwerp today, there is a room over there, a five hundred year old Stadhurst, dedicated to Claire Armstrong who was given the name of the Savior of Antwerp. He is revered. And there is a life-size bust of him on a wooden plenum, much other memorabilia, and a great big bronze plaque paid for by Eisenhower out of his pocket, reciting what went on and how much the conclusion of the war was due to that man's efforts. And underneath the statue is a showcase window that was built into the plenum where my book, "The Story of Antwerp-X," in leather and gold is exhibited. So they take a different view of it over there. I was a region commander of the Military Order—you have a chapter here in Madison—and for the first time in the history of the Military Order, which goes back to 1920, an entire city was honored by

their getting—being awarded—a decoration, the Patrick Henry Medallion—that was through my efforts. And this is a medal which is awarded for patriotic achievement. And in this case, the entire governing body of the Military Order voted to present the medal to the city of Antwerp. Reciting in there, the reason being their stubbornness of the people.

Mark: So the V-2's stopped coming when?

Sussman: The V-2's came down—this was in intricate job—they had production difficulties. If they could have turned out in the same quantity as the V-1's, this war would have had a—perhaps—a different turn. It certainly would have extended the war. They were still firing V-2's January or February. The war ended in May. Sporadically, hither and yon, every once in a while they would take a punch at London. But the thing basically ended in March. The operation—

Mark: Once the Americans—once the Allied troops pushed further towards Germany. So, when the Battle of the Bulge was going on, as you mentioned, the target wasn't Antwerp. I assume you were aware that they were coming, or weren't you?

Sussman: Who is they?

Mark: Germans. They were heading in that direction. You knew that the battle was going on.

Sussman: We were a part of the Battle of the Bulge. We knew, living there, that we were the target. We'd be out on infantry patrols, we'd put in our time doing our thing with the rockets, and then have to find the strength for a few more hours to get out there. We had fire fights. We were attacked bitterly on New Year's Day, 1945, they destroyed our—many—they caught 150 aircraft on the ground. They were dropping paratroopers all over the place. We had the distinct joy of being personal friends with a marquess, a lady, who was the owner, the widow of the owner of the hotel that was our headquarters, and she had built for her the most magnificent homes you ever wanted to see outside my old headquarters building, the [unintelligible] Hotel. And Gertrude and I were visiting there, and I said, "Gertrude, where I am standing, fifty years ago I was on patrol, and German paratroopers had dropped in this area. And I was told finally, get them out of here. Right here, we stood at that spot. So, this was going on all the time. We were never that far. The Skjeldt River, you could toss rocks across it. Germans were over there long after we arrived. Tactically, it made no sense for them to lose a lot of men crossing the river, the Maas. So, in addition to this, infantry work was a good part of our work. Didn't look forward to it, but it had to be done. Somebody had to do it.

Mark: As the Allied armies pushed the Germans into Germany, and getting into the spring of 1945, were you still in Antwerp, or did you go—

Sussman: Oh, no. Let me—we knew that this thing had come to the end. General called us in and said, goodbye and get on with our work. And he told me I was to join another brigade. We were the 50th Brigade. The 51st Brigade was a subordinate unit to us. Join them. They now got to become infantrymen. Just do your thing there. Report to so-and-so. I'll catch up with you another time, general. And off we went. Zingo, into Germany. I wound up at the end of the war at Beruit, on the Czech border. A lot of interesting experiences all the way in. Then I came back to Ludwigsburg, and stayed in one spot until the time came to go home.

Mark: Then, as you got into Germany, what did you see and what did you find?

Sussman: The roads were crowded with refugees. Every which way kind. I mean, by the hundreds, by the thousands, by the tens of thousands. Ludwigsburg, going, two interesting things happened to me. One, I had gotten orders that there was a castle along this highway. Go in their, take it, secure it, kick the inhabitants out, and secure the building. They didn't tell me it housed the biggest library of pornography in the western world. So, we did that. Got up there. Some retainers, pushed them out of the way. Found the madam of the house. Good looking woman. Gave her one hour to pack up her ditty bag and get out of there. Spread my men around the place and told them to secure this place. Shoot anybody that tries to cross that fence. An hour later, I go back, she is dead, laying on the bed. She took poison. And eventually military government came up and they relieved us. We went into Ludwigsburg and nobody said there was a small concentration camp there. There were dead bodies thrown—this was like a holding area for one of the bigger ones. And didn't endear the local population. This was right in town. They had to know what was going on there. But, I might say this, my own personal opinion is, and nothing I have seen has made it change. The war time Germans that I've met, one of our politicians at the time said, the German is either at your knees or at your throat. Nothing I've seen can change that opinion. If they were at your throat, you were dead. If they were at your knees, they were begging for something. I never did worry about the Russians, having seen their people, and we seen any number, tens of thousands of Russians left between Paris and Normandy, they had been working the people. They were pretty miserable things. And they were short, they didn't look like soldiers. They were supposed to be PW's. I couldn't see it. They were just pretty miserable, hungry, scared people. Nothing to be afraid of. All during the Cold War period, only the A-bomb bothered me. But, as people, never bothered me. They never bothered me. And their problems.

Mark: So, when the war in Europe ended, as you mentioned, what was the burg?

Sussman: Ludwigsburg. Ludwigsburg, a small town in the Schwartzwold, the Black Forest, it was relatively untouched by the war. The only terrible thing I saw there was the small concentration camp. I've got two photos of—I stopped taking pictures—

Mark: Yea, when you say small, I mean, on what scale?

Sussman: As I recall, about 15-20,000. It wasn't a metropolis.

[End of Tape 1, Side B]

Mark: And who was in this concentration camp?

Sussman: Jews. Jews, Russians, not too many of any particular group. It was obviously a place where they held them until they could find room somewhere else, up in Poland. It wasn't a prison as we would build it. Holding camp. Barbed wire fences, primitive housing.

Mark: It wasn't the mad killing facility like—

Sussman: No, it was a holding place. I suspect any killing that took place there was an occasional gun shot.

Mark: And you stayed on in Germany, occupation duty?

Sussman: I came back in, I think it was January of '47.

Mark: That was a good chunk of time to have been—

Sussman: What happened was, General Armstrong became Chief of Historical Section - SHAEF. Supreme Headquarters. He often told me that he aspired to become a military attache to Belgium after the war. And he had called me. I just didn't know. I was at sixes and sevens. I didn't know what I was going to do with my life. I had old parents I hadn't seen in many years. I knew my generation was either married or dead, or moved away. I'd be coming back to a place I didn't particularly care for. And I found every reason for not going back. Until he called me, General Armstrong, one day, and said, "Sussman, I see your name on orders. You are going home." "Thank you for calling me." He said, "I don't want you to go.' "Why not?" He said, "Well, you know, Chief of Historical Section - SHAEF, remember I used to tell you I want to be moved to Attache - Belgium?" "Yea." He

says, "I'm being named Military Attache—Belgium. I want you with me. You know where a lot of bodies are buried." "Well," I said, "That takes of Claire A. What happens to Charlie S?" This is the way we used to speak. He said, "How high do you want to go?" Now he had me hung on a hook. I said, "Do I have to make up my mind now?" He said, "No." Take a couple of months. Go home, see your people. Come back here. Your job is waiting for you. "Thank you," and, sure enough, I'm on a troop ship out of Le Havre, the [unintelligible]. I got home, couldn't believe that. I kept my promise. He eventually finished his tour as Military Attache and became Chief of Artillery, Ninth Division, in Texas. Got cancer. No, before he got the cancer, he retired. Bought or rented a castle in the Canary Islands. Used to write to me begging me to come on over so we could fight the war again. And I kept promising him I'd come. Next thing I heard, he was in Walter Reed with cancer. Then he died. And his wife followed shortly thereafter. Surprisingly enough, his son, Dewitt Armstrong, he's a retired army general, corresponds with me. He has his father's diaries and, in fact, he didn't come to Belgium. He came and he's got a grandson that is Claire. He's an active duty major and we met him in Belgium. So, we are still familiar with the family.

Mark: So, after the war?

Sussman: After the war, I stumbled around. I came back to New Jersey. Took a refresher course at NYU. Went into the practice of accounting. I was bored to death. Went into another business. Started a mortgage banking business, together with a lawyer friend. Eventually we were in twenty-eight states and in 1969 I ran into Gertrude for the second time. She had become a widow. Gordy was already in college, here in Wisconsin. '70? What did I say? One year. And we were married in '71. Five boys.

Mark: I want to talk briefly about veterans benefits and that sort of thing. When you went back to school, even for that brief time, you would have been eligible for the GI Bill. Did you use it?

Sussman: I don't remember ever reaching out for anything. It is possible I signed some form title, you know. The amount of dollars and cents, if they applied at all, tell you I never even reported this thing. For fear it would screw up my—if I decided to leave the service—there never was a source of information you could get all your questions answered.

Mark: So the home loan and all that kind of thing, you didn't spell yourself for?

Sussman: Now, hold on. You just mentioned something. My first house had a GI mortgage. It was the difference between 4.5% interest and maybe 5.5% interest. It was a

$19,000 loan in 1947. Which was paid back. I really got nothing. I kind of used the government credit to ensure mine.

Mark: Veterans organizations and reunions, and those kinds of things—

Sussman: Yes.

Mark: I want to save reunions to the last. I want to talk first about veterans organizations. For example, the big one, VFW and American Legion and so forth. Did you ever join any of these groups?

Sussman: I—a relative of mine was one of the founders of the Jewish War Veterans - United States. And he signed me up somewhere, in 1943. His name is J. George Fredmen, he was of the generation of Fiorello Laguardia, and Franklin Roosevelt. He marched in New York City against the Nazis in the 1930's.

Mark: So you were still in the service at the time?

Sussman: I was in college at the time. I was in the service when he signed me up.

Mark: That was what I meant.

Sussman: Post 10, Jewish War Veterans, Jersey City, New Jersey. In fact, I still have his [unintelligible] he sent me, signed by the then national commander, J. George Fredman, my brother-in-law's brother. Now, since then, at one time of another, I joined the American Legion. Didn't feel like—in fact, I didn't drink beer, so I had—

Mark: That seemed to be the biggest activity?

Sussman: That, and what can we squeeze out of the government? What representative should we threaten if he doesn't pass each bill?

Mark: So they never appealed to you?

Sussman: They didn't because they violated a basic philosophical moral principle of mine. I didn't wear a uniform for what I could get out of it.

Mark: And the Jewish War Veterans didn't do that?

Sussman: They were more interested in Israel, as an ally of the United States. They, as far as I know, they are always tailing somebody. The Veterans of Foreign Wars would

sponsor some legislation—I don't know of any of that legislation that they sponsor that they join in with the American Legion, or Catholic War Veterans. When something would come down the pike, that they felt met their requirements, I still—until I ran across the Military Order whose basic philosophy is that it is better to serve than to be served, and everything else stems from that. Hey, this is my thing.

Mark: I want to get to that group in just one second. I have one more question about the Jewish War Veterans.

Sussman: Sure.

Mark: When you got back, were you—you were signed up. When you got back, were you active? Did you go to meetings?

Sussman: Yes, I went to many meetings. For one thing, we suffered casualties. We knew the people who died. Post 10, I mentioned, also had another name, the name of one of our deceased. That was a young pilot who died in the North Sea. The Grover Post. A young pilot, one of the first in the war in Europe, shot down over the Baltic in a fighter plane, and they named the post after him. Grover Post 10. I knew him. I know others. And I was looking for things to do. Remember, I was a bachelor. Everything had fallen apart, gone dead, and whatever. So it was a monthly thing to go up there and plan but after a while, I guess, like many organizations, the thing takes a political turn. I want to be state chairman. What do I have to do? Well, work. Will you back me? No. Well, maybe. It stopped being a military thing.

Mark: In the Military Order, when did you get involved with them, and how are they different from the other veterans organizations?

Sussman: All right. We retired to Boca Raton. An old commander of mine, Colonel George Turner, was quite a well-to-do person, had retired and bought a place in Boca Raton. And he said, "When you are ready to retire, you come down to Boca Raton. That is the place for us. So, when time came for us to retire, I got ahold of George Turner. "Well, we're ready." "Come on down." And after we had moved down and arranged for our place, he said, "I'm going to introduce you to an elite organization, some of the greatest guys I know." "Fine." The local chapter of the Military Order, which had some great guys he was still friendly with. And what appealed to me were two things. First, political discussion was completely taboo. Partisan politics. Discussions of legislation, except if they might affect the security of the United States, taboo. In other words, what do I get out of it? Forget it. That was deadly. Forget it. And the third is, civic activities, such as parades, marches, monuments. And something called Youth Leadership. Which was being

conducted at that time—or starting to be conducted at that time — at a college in St. Augustine, Florida. Flagler College. We became charter members of that activity and instructors, once a year, and that was an activity that particularly appealed to me and it took me all over the state. Not necessarily the brightest, but kids—eleventh grade kids—who have exhibited leadership potential by their activities observed by their teachers. Civic activities, and social activities. And take them for four days to Flagler College and expose them to very, very intensive indoctrination by leaders of industry, professions, the military, and government. We had some pretty big people come down and talk to these kids. And the purpose was not to change them but to reinforce and develop their natural inclinations, and we turned loose some great kids. Until it reached the point where a kid has his—and we only took 105 in one year. He has this on his resume. And he wants to go to one of the military academies, it is a big step forward. Bought you college; a big step forward. We've now changed around. So many applicants that we now go by counties. We just completed Dade County and Palm Beach County. The authorities pleading with us, "Please, hold your classes more often." These are voluntary things. So this is why we're active.

Mark: And this particular program is very important to you, personally.

Sussman: Yea. Because it gives meaning to why we are together. I've often heard the expression. "Hey, if it's different than this, then I'll learn how to drink beer and join the American Legion." Now it has meaning.

Mark: If I am wrong, correct me, but you joined this group after you moved to Florida?

Sussman: Yea, shortly.

Mark: Which was?

Sussman: '81.

Mark: So you were later on in your years before you got involved in this organization that suited your mind-set?

Sussman: Later on? You mean, more mature.

Mark: That's what I mean. Thanks for correcting me.

Sussman: I will never admit to it being later on. Anyway, yea.

Mark: That is very typical.

Sussman: We have many other activities. We get in our uniforms and—I was wearing my Army Navy Club shirt. Social organization. The greatest thing in the world.

Mark: Now, if I am not mistaken, this organization is one of former army officers. Or is it just military officers?

Sussman: No, its all services, including Coast Guard, National Aviation and Aeronautics people.

Mark: Officers.

Sussman: Officers and warrant officers. And their descendants.

Mark: Have you got ten, maybe fifteen minutes left? And you seemed to wax poetic about some of your reunions. And how you met with some of these men after the war. And what these relationships—

Sussman: [Unintelligible] Over the years, I made half-hearted attempts to locate some of the guys and was never successful. One day, my phone rings and a voice gets on and says, "This is George Blake." I haven't heard this voice in half a century. One of my officers. "George! Where are you?" He had a summer home—a winter home half way up the state in a place called Vero Beach. "George, for Pete's sake, how did you find me?" "We've been looking for you for years. I ran across Pete Sweers"—that's another story—"and he told me he saw you in Belgium." I said, "That's right." We made a date to get together. The hugging and the kissing and the carrying on. We became dear friends till he died last year. He was an engineer, out of Pittsburgh. Floated between Florida and Pittsburgh. Mentioned Pete Sweers. 1989, and we were in Belgium. Every five years the government called me in, "Will you represent the United States at the ceremonies?" "Of course." We go over there and somebody comes running over to me and says, "Sussman! You're dead!" "Nah, you're dead, Pete." And the hugging and the kissing. What happened, this one night, we were under intense bombardment. Pete Sweers was a—I'm trying to remember—either a gun commander or a platoon leader, and we lost one of our guns. They don't answer our radio or our wire. Pete says, "I'll take a couple of men and we'll go out and see if we can find out what happened. We knew what happened. We were under paratroop attack. Altenjager, in German. That was the last we saw of Pete. Until I saw him in Belgium in 1989. So, after the greeting—you're dead, you're dead—"What happened to you?" "You wouldn't believe it." "Try me." He takes his men out and they find the guns. Crew had been wiped out and the gun had been spiked. The Germans were still there. They take him and his two men prisoners and they are marching east toward the

German lines. And they are marching and they are marching. And there are no lights. Just marching. So they—everybody sat down while they tried to figure out to do next. According to Pete, he got bored so he just took off in the other direction, and he kept walking until he hits an American infantry outfit. They were moving fast. Somebody gave him a helmet. Somebody else gave him a rifle. Said, "You march, too." He winds up in Germany and I hadn't seen him—we wrote him off for dead—no word from him. Missing in action. Apparently Washington had it sorted out some time later on. Of course, he stayed in the service. Became a colonel. Retired and moved to Tallahassee where he lives to this day. How did I get on to this subject? Oh, reunions. Now, Pete Sweers, living a very happy life, his Christmas cards are something to behold. They are excerpts from the diary of the year. He writes a three or four page letter, what happened to Pete and Marge—whatever his wife's name is—and his nine children, day by day. That is his Christmas card. And one day maybe we'll take a ride up there and see him again. Now, because of this reunion with George Blake, he tells me that every battery—there's four operating battery and headquarters battery—has been having reunions and everybody has been looking for you. I'm glad they didn't find me, but aren't you — we're having reunions and semi-reunions. Having a semi-reunion at Daytona Beach. "I'll be there, if I'm invited." "You're invited." And that started it. Around the state of Florida, we have the remnants of two batteries that meet in Daytona Beach, and one in a little town in the central part of the state. Remember, these are all farmers and very naive, good guys. These guys were so straight they used to frighten me. You'll see, I attended a school called the Air Force School of Applied Tactics. That was in Kissimmee. Where Disney World is. And the battalion, on its way to Boston, came from California, to Florida, set up its guns in some kind of operation in the swamps. And the men scattered to the various towns, met girls, and married them. And, lo and behold, scattered up and down the central part of Florida there are scads of these guys that married local girls. We weren't there that long. And they have many reunions. Now, we attended one in Tennessee two years ago, of a different battery. Now, my old battery, headquarters battery, is having a reunion in Denver. My old sergeant—what's his name—anyway, is the host. And this is the way it has gone. We were kids. I used to tell George, before he died, I never want to be like the guy in the Rotogravure—when I was a kid growing up, papers would have a Rotogravure section. There was always one guy with a cane—he is the last surviving member of the 48 & 8 group. Remember 40 & 8? Who had got the magnum of champagne. The last survivor always got the magnum. I don't want—I want a magnum of champagne, I will buy it. I don't want to earn it that way. So, I don't want to be in the Rotogravure. There we go. That explains the reunions. Now, in addition, we have state conventions of the Military Order which we are enjoying. We have friends all over the state of Florida. We have the national convention, which we won't go to this year because it's in Denver in the month of August. I see no point in going to

Denver twice in one month, practically. We leave here and we go to California. I need a rest when we come back.

Mark: One last thing I want to talk about. Men value these ceremonies in Antwerp that you go to.

Sussman: Well, it started in 1984. We came home from a trip and there is a call waiting for me—U. S. Council, in Antwerp. "We've researched the records and we found out your were a staff officer with General Armstrong. At the request of the Belgian government, they are having a big to-do, fortieth anniversary, and we want you here. Will you come?" I said, of course, and Gertrude agreed. So we went. I hadn't the vaguest idea what we were getting involved in. First of all, it goes back to the difference between the Belgians and the French. "Belgians never forget. French never remember." They treated us so royally. Anything. I set my own program. I want to see my old village. See the references and this. And the quotations. You talk about waxing poetic. Man, you can wax poetic. Gertrude and I walked down to—I said I must see the Ritz Theater. 1 December, a V-2 came down the chimney of the Ritz Theater in the heart of Antwerp. Took out five hundred people like this, that were sitting and watching the movies. And all that remains today is a rebuilt theater and a little plaque. Rips you up. Because these people are sitting one moment—they are enjoying life. The next moment, they are not even dead—they never even existed. Made part of the atmosphere. Now, the ceremonies. What had happened was this most peculiar thing. I got an idea once. I came across that book, "The Story of Antwerp-Ex." It was in color. I said, My gosh, I am going to die one day and this thing will go right down the toilet. I know that Belgium has a attache in Miami. So I said to Gertrude, "Find me a book binder. I want this thing bound in leather and I want across the top of this, or the bottom of it, Antwerp-X, 1994-1995, A Gift to the People of Belgium from..." and our military rank. I dug up the name of the attache. I called him up. His name was Guy Govert. He still lives down there. I wanted to talk to him. "Come on down." Down to Miami. And, this Govert turns out to be my kind of guy. The guy was a NATO fighter pilot that trained in Texas. I ran a business in Miami and I think he is a lawyer—a real estate guy—but he represents—he got dual citizenship. I said, five businesses, Guy and Charlie—what do you think of this idea? Let's stir things up. I want to make this gift to the people of Antwerp. I want you to get it in your pouch—your diplomatic pouch—I want it directed to [unintelligible] meister, in Dutch, with a short letter of transmittal. Govert says, "That's a good idea. We'll do it." I wrote a very short letter, introduced myself, tell them my wife and I feel that the proper custodian should be the city of—took about six—and we forgot about it. We came back from our trip to California and there is the call from the American consul: "You must come. You have been requested through the Belgian government and the State Department. Back to me, to represent the United

States." Well, that sounds reasonable. Okay, I'll be there. Can't describe what went on. We were in the newspapers, constantly. Full page. I have a letter from the ambassador who said your visit resulted in a constant PR for the United States, of increasing favorable publicity by three or four hundred per cent. They keep track of that stuff.

[End of Side A of Tape 2]

So, what happened, every five years, we get an invitation, come on back. So we were there in '84, '89, '94. Now, getting back to this thing, and why this is so important to the whole story. I insisted that part of the time be spent in Kiervagen. And Kiervagen, I learned enough Dutch at that time, I made a declaration—big dinners, that Kiervagen was the nail in the shoe of the horse of Antwerp. And here you had all these Flemish people who—nailu? nailu?—what's he talking about, nail? And, by then, I got off my Dutch and I said to the mayor, I said, tell them, read Richard—Henry the Fifth—no, Richard the Third, wasn't it? I had it at my fingertips, anyway. If I were killed, the guns would stop shooting. If Kiervagen were hit, I would be killed, the guns would stop shooting. Antwerp would have been destroyed. Antwerp was the horse. Kiervagen was the nail in the shoe of the horse of Antwerp. They went out of their minds. Had a huddle. And immediately named me the second Annabagger [?] in a thousand years. The first was the sultan who got assassinated in 1950. That never made me comfortable. Anyway, so every time we go back there, it is an interesting experience. We are always welcome there. It is a very fashionable, shiny, beautiful town. One of the remarkable things—oh, yes, this is a highway net. They asked me to dedicate this street. There I am with the American attache. Now, this is a great story. I love stories. Silvertop was a handsome young tank commander. Our friend, Gilberte, the lady of the history books, she was the Germans' worst nightmare. As the Canadians were dashing up, she was watching the Germans lay mines on the one road, and as soon as the Germans would get out of sight, she and her gang would be pulling the mines out and deactivating them. Until the first Canadian tank appeared. They flagged it down. She hops aboard the tank and who is commanding the tank is Colonel Silvertop. Now, according to her daughter, who says, did mother ever tell you about the great love affair? What love affair? She said, "Silvertop." And they found out they were the ones that laid the wreath there on the bridge, and mother until he got shot dead three weeks later. Well, that wasn't very bright. He had a tank and still got shot dead. So, we—now this happened before we ran across Gilberte, and it wasn't until several years later that Gilberte's daughter told us about the affair between Gilberte and Silvertop. The books are full of Silvertop. He showed great spirit and elan and dash, to make that trip. And we received this honor of laying that wreath on the bridge. Now the same day they opened the highway link in honor of my general, Armstrong. And

we were asked to cut it. This is Culs, or Bergerbeiste, at that time. Now, getting back here, these things are always adventures. Going to Kierberger, meeting people, we had so many anecdotal things about our last trip which was the fiftieth anniversary, where one of my sons and his wife—two of our sons and their wives—came with us. And at that time, the kind and queen of Belgium were there. The British prince, what is his name? Prince Andrew. He came over. The Russians sent a battleship over with marching bands. We received a magnificent gift from the people of Kierbergen—a wood-cut which now hangs on one of our walls. And, to have our children there—we're sitting on the same pavilion with the Duke of York, the Chief of Staff of the Belgian Army, and a few more dignitaries. There is Charles in there somewhere. And we sent over Hazel O'Leary, to represent the United States government. And here are the Russians. They sent over a marching band. And marching troops. Here is another thing. Remarkable, the number of people they sent over. In Europe, it is a big affair. I'm looking for a statue that they erected to our people. Oh, there is Gilberte, in here, too. Here is myself and Gertrude. And back here—

[END OF TRANSCRIPT]

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shcroft in English productions.

ROBERT HAMILTON BALL
ne City University of New York

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GERRY CRANHAM FROM RAPHO GUILLUMETTE

ANTWERP'S GUILDHOUSES in the Groote Markt, dating from the 1500's, face the plaza's Brabo Fountain.

ANTRIM, an'trəm, a district and former county of Northern Ireland, bounded by the districts of Ballymena to the north, Newtownabbey on the east, Belfast and Lisburn to the south, and Lough Neagh, the largest inland lake in Great Britain, to the west. Its area is 217 square miles (562 sq km). In the 1973 administrative reorganization of Northern Ireland, the county of Antrim was divided into the districts of Moyle, Ballymoney, Ballymena, Larne, Antrim, Carrickfergus, Newtownabbey, and Belfast. Portions of Coleraine, Lisburn, Castlereagh, and Craigavon districts lie within the boundaries of the former county of Antrim.

Antrim district is composed of five villages—Crumlin, Randalstown, Toomebridge, Templepatrick, and Parkgate—and the town of Antrim. Population: 46,000 (1992 est.).

ANTUNG, än'dōōng', a city in China, is in Liaoning province, near the mouth of the Yalu River, on the North Korean border. Most overland traffic between China and North Korea passes through the city, which is linked by a half-mile-long railroad bridge with Sinuiju, Korea, directly across the Yalu River. Small ships dock in Antung's harbor, but most oceangoing vessels anchor off the outer port at Tatungkow on Korea Bay.

The city lies in a lumber area. Its major industries, powered by the Shuifeng hydroelectric station on the Yalu, include sawmilling and match manufacturing, as well as silk milling. Population: 656,000 (1980 est.).

ANTWERP, ant'wûrp, one of the largest cities in Belgium and one of the principal ports of Europe. It is situated on both banks of the Scheldt River, about 55 miles (88.4 km) from the sea, in the center of a wide alluvial plain, about 25 miles (40.2 km) north of Brussels. It is the capital of Antwerp province. The name of the city in French is *Anvers* and in Dutch *Antwerpen.* The official language of the city is Dutch.

Economy. Antwerp, noted for its skilled gem cutting, is famous as the diamond center of the world. Its main commercial activity, however, is shipping. The processing of foods, oil refining, and automobile assembly are also important.

More than 30 million tons of cargo are handled each year by the port of Antwerp, through which 90 percent of Belgium's total tonnage passes. About 250 shipping lines connect the port with the rest of the world, while 170 lines are occupied with land-waterway shipping. Britain, the Netherlands, Norway, Germany, and Sweden are the principal foreign traders in the port. The port, with about 31 miles of quays along the river and docks, is exceptionally well equipped. The name Antwerp literally means "at the wharf" (*aan het werf*), although a legend ascribes the origin of the name to the severed hands (*hand*) of mariners thrown (*werpen*) into the Scheldt by the mythological giant Antigonus as the price exacted when the mariners could not pay his toll on the river. (Two severed hands make up part of Antwerp's armorial bearings.)

The two halves of Antwerp are joined by two tunnels under the Scheldt—one for pedestrians and one for vehicles. The city is well connected by rail with other major centers in Europe, and several canals connect it with the interior of Belgium. The most important, the Albert Canal, was completed in 1939 and links the port of Antwerp with Liège and the Meuse River industrial area. Its location and high retaining walls made it part of Belgium's first line of defense against the Germans in 1940. Antwerp's airport is at Deurne, an eastern suburb.

Points of Interest. The atmosphere in Antwerp is cosmopolitan, and intellectual and artistic life flourishes. The city is the home of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts and the Prince Leopold School of Tropical Medicine, as well as of schools of engineering, business, navigation, and architecture. Antwerp's towering architectural monument is the Gothic Cathedral of Notre Dame, with a spire 400 feet high. It was begun in 1352 and completed nearly 200 years later. The largest cathedral in Belgium, it contains two of the finest works of Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640), *The Raising of the Cross* and *The Descent from the Cross.* The Church of St. James (15th–16th centuries), where Rubens is buried, and the churches of St. Paul (16th century) and St. Augustine (17th century) are decorated in baroque style.

The city has restored to their former baroque splendors the house and workshop of Rubens and the printing house of the 16th century printer Christophe Plantin, publisher of the Polyglot Bible. Other notable 16th century buildings are the Town Hall and Butchers Hall, now a museum of industrial art. In addition, many fine old guild houses line the two squares, the Groote Markt and the Groen Plaats.

Among the numerous museums in Antwerp are the Royal Museum of Fine Arts, housing more than 1,000 Flemish and Dutch masterpieces, and the Mayer van der Bergh Museum, noted for its collection of furniture and sculpture and for its paintings by the elder Brueghel. The National Museum of shipping is housed in the Steen, a part of the old castle of Antwerp, which dates from the 16th century. Antwerp's zoological gardens are well stocked and contain an aquarium.

History. Although Antwerp is mentioned in 7th century documents, it did not gain renown as an international port until the decline of Bruges and Ghent in the second half of the 1400's. Excellently connected with inland trade routes, the city rapidly developed into the greatest commercial and financial center of Europe and attracted the establishment (1460) at Antwerp of Europe's first stock exchange. As the century ended, the population neared 200,000, and more than 500 vessels were entering the port every day. Antwerp's prosperity was aided by favorable city policies concerning taxes and religion. The city's diamond industry expanded greatly when Jewish craftsmen, expelled from Portugal, settled in Antwerp.

Further growth was checked, however, during the late 1500's. Philip II of Spain, who then ruled the Low Countries, initiated a repressive policy against the Protestants. Antwerp, a citadel of resistance, was sacked by Spanish troops (the so-called "Spanish Fury") in 1576 and finally surrendered in 1585. The Dutch provinces to the north had meanwhile declared their independence (1581). By recognizing Dutch independence, the Peace of Westphalia (1648) sealed Antwerp's decline for centuries. The Dutch had full control of the estuary of the Scheldt, and at the behest of merchants in Amsterdam the river was closed to navigation. Antwerp was to languish in economic isolation until the 1800's.

Following the Belgian revolution in 1830 and a cash payment to the Dutch in 1863, the Scheldt was again opened to international trade. Antwerp steadily developed to become the world's third or fourth greatest port. In 1914 it fell to the Germans after a short but intensive siege. In World War II it suffered heavily after liberation by the Allies in 1944, when it became a constant target for German rocket attacks. The city soon regained and even surpassed its prewar prosperity. Population: 449,745 (1997 est.).

JAN-ALBERT GORIS, *Belgian Government Information Center, New York City*

ANUBIS, ə′nyo͞o-bəs, was an ancient Egyptian god of the dead. Originally represented as a jackal, he was later depicted with a human body and a jackal's head. He was the god of embalming and the guardian of tombs. The Egyptians believed that during the ceremony before Anubis' father, Osiris, by which a dead man was admitted to the underworld, Anubis weighed the heart of the dead against the feather of truth. Therefore he was a judge of the dead as well as their protector.

ANURADHAPURA, ə-no͞o-rä′da-po͞o′rə, a city in Sri Lanka (formerly Ceylon), and the capital of North Central province. It is situated on the Aruvi River, 106 miles (171 km) northeast of Colombo. Founded in 437 B.C., it was the capital of the ancient Sinhalese kings of Ceylon for four centuries.

Anuradhapura is one of the leading Buddhist centers of the world. Ruins of a rock-hewn temple, a palace, large stupas, and other relics remain. An ancient pipal tree located there is believed to have been cultivated from a slip of the Bo Tree at Buddh Gaya (in India), under which Gautama Buddha attained enlightenment. Population: 105,000 (1993 est.).

ANUS, ā′nəs, the terminal opening of the intestinal tract through which body wastes are expelled. The overlying skin is richer in pigment and presents a much darker appearance than the skin of adjacent areas. In repose the anus is slitlike and puckered, because of the action of an underlying corrugator or puckering muscle.

The anal area is subject to injury from abrasions, pressure, and forcible stretching. It is of importance surgically in congenital malformations, perianal blood clots, abscess formation, and tumors. Medically one encounters the same skin problems in the anus as elsewhere, such as itching, allergies, eczema, and complications involving hair follicles, sweat, and oil glands.

The *anal canal,* varying in length from 1 to 1½ inches, is interposed between the anus and rectum. The lining is composed of a membrane whose texture is between that of external skin and that of the soft mucous coat of the bowel. The anal canal is surrounded by superficial and deep external and internal sphincter muscles, which are the control muscles of the outlet. These muscles, working together with the elevator muscle of the pelvis, control the action of emptying the rectum. The nerve supply and its pattern of arrangement are responsible for great sensitivity in this area, and when it is irritated, muscle spasm ensues, causing considerable pain. Common causes of anal canal pain are acute fissures, ulcers, and tumors. Interference with the nerve or muscle supply of the anal canal frequently causes loss of control and leakage of intestinal contents. The reverse condition, stricturing, occurs when excess scarring follows injury or extensive surgery.

JOHN U. SCHWARZMAN, M.D.

ANVILLE, äN-vēl′, **Jean Baptiste Bourguignon d'** (1697–1782), French geographer. He was born at Paris on July 11, 1697. Appointed royal geographer in 1718, he published his earliest maps the following year. In all he issued 200 maps of continents and countries. By continually correcting and revising them in the light of new discoveries he established high standards of accuracy that revolutionized map making. His maps of China, first published in 1735, remained standard until the 19th century. D'Anville was one of those who disagreed with Sir Isaac Newton as to the shape of the earth, maintaining that it was egg-shaped, with greater polar than equatorial diameter.

From 1737 d'Anville published collections of maps under the title *Atlas général.* The French government bought his entire collection in 1779. He was elected to the Académie des Inscriptions in 1754 and to the Académie des Sciences in 1773. He died at Paris on Jan. 28, 1782.

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Buns and Cornelius Crul, supported the Catholic cause. The political and religious struggles leading to the separation of the southern Netherlands from the north at the end of the 16th century produced an intellectual apathy in the country, and Flemish literature disappeared until the 19th century.

The wave of nationalism released by the independence of the country in 1830 stimulated the exploitation of historic themes. The first great Flemish novel of the century, *De leeuw van Vlaenderen* (*The Lion of Flanders*) was written by Hendrik Conscience and published in 1838. This opened the way for a flood of other novels, among them the works of the realist novelist Virginie Loveling. The first daily newspaper in Flemish dates from this period. In poetry Albrecht Rodenbach typified romantic nationalism. From the utilitarian art of the historical novel the Flemings moved to the novel of idealized contemporary customs and from there, eventually, to the art-for-art's-sake ideals of the generation of 1880.

Guido Gezelle was the greatest Flemish poet of the 19th century. A priest with a Gothic spirit, he rose to great heights of lyricism in his poems about the ceremonies of the church and about the Flemish countryside. Also a linguist, he translated Longfellow's *Hiawatha* into Flemish (1886).

Flemish Literature in Belgium in the 20th Century. In the 1890's the new writers rallied around the liberal review *Van nu en straks* (*Today and Tomorrow*). The leader of the movement was August Vermeylen, an internationalist, author of *De wandelende Jood* (1906; *The Wandering Jew*). Naturalist writers included Cyriel Buysse and Herman Teirlinck, whose *Het ivoren aapje* (1909; *The Ivory Monkey*) demonstrates his powers in the domain of the psychological novel. There was also Stijn Streuvels, a nephew of Gezelle, an epic novelist whose love of his native soil and its inhabitants is demonstrated in *Werkmenschen* (1927; *Workmen*). The great lyric poet Karel van de Woestijne concentrated on self-analysis. He was a true humanist and a great poet, possessing great metaphysical depth.

A true flowering of letters had taken place in Flanders before World War I. The war brought on a search for new experience and greater interest in lyricism, in the interior life, and in the community of men. The review *Ruimte* (*Space*) represented those who espoused their new ways of thinking. Flemish expressionism, a representative of European avant-garde letters, exalted the instincts and espoused *élan vital* (vital force). It revolted against intellectualism and against society itself. Its language was sober, governed by the idea. The poets of the movement include Paul van Ostayen, who wrote *Bezette stad* (1921; *The Occupied City*), Wies Moens, Gaston Burssens, and Jan-Albert Goris (pseud. Marnix Gijsen), whose masterpiece is *Het boek van Joachim van Babylon* (1948).

A traditionalist school continued to find its values in rural society. Among its writers were Felix Timmermans, espousing a pantheistic joy of life (*Boerenpsalm*, 1935; *Farmer's Song*), Ernest Claes, and Maurits Sabbe.

Several powerful novelists carried on the humanist tradition: Maurice Roelants (*Komen en gaan*, 1927; *Come and Go*), who utilized the style of the French analytic novel; Gerard Walschap (*De verloren zoon*), whose vitalist novel showed the influence of the Spanish Miguel de Unamuno's tragic sentiment of existence; and Willem Elsschot (*Het dwaallicht*, 1946), who was a predecessor of later experimental novelists. The writers of the post-World War II period included the esoteric Raymond Brulez and the sensitive poet Maurice Gilliams. Certain writers of the prewar era, especially Teirlinck and Gijsen, were still active.

At mid-century among the most important writers was Johan Daisne, a prolific novelist whose "magic realism" was based on the tension between the worlds of dream and reality. Hubert Lampo (*Terugkeer naar Atlantis*, 1953; *Return to Atlantis*) wrote novels touching on the supernatural. A social novelist, Piet van Aken (*Klinkaart*, 1954) was influenced by American novelists. He was the student of Filip de Pillecyn, who excelled in depicting the interior life. Louis Paul Boon was inspired by historical subjects in his novels of social protest. His style is brutal; he favors the malcontent in society, protests against the decline of man, and calls for revolt. *De bende van Jan de Lichte* (1957; *The Band of John the Light*) is an interpretation for modern times of the life of a Flemish bandit.

An experimentalist difficult to classify, Hugo Claus has an international reputation. He is a realist in sexual description and is hostile to established order. His best novel, *De verwondering* (1948; *The Surprise*), deals with the resurrection of fascism. His theatrical work began in 1953 with *Een bruid in de morgen* (*A Bride in the Morning*).

Other contemporary experimentalist writers include Paul De Wispelaere, Yvo Michiels, the poet Paul Snoek, and Jan Walravens. The cold-war generation of Belgian writers is characterized by synthesis, search, and doubt—somewhat analogous to the Lost Generation of the 1920's. In Flanders it has shown variety and richness.

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The romantic revolution and Belgian independence coincided (1830). Belgian letters from 1830 to 1880 generally took the path of utilitarian rather than of artistic aesthetics. At least one poet of the period, André van Hasselt, deserves mention. Illustrative of the national awareness is the great novel of the epoch, *La légende d'Ulenspiegel et de Lamme Goedzak en pays de Flandre et d'ailleurs,* written by Charles de Coster and published in 1867. This "epic of the Flemish people" is written in archaic language. Its hero, Till Eulenspiegel (Tyll Ulenspiegel) typifies the spirit of Flanders during the fight against the Spanish—ribaldry, a love of liberty, and a disdain for bigotry. Lamme, Till's partner, represents the love for maternal things, and Nele, his fiancée, represents the heart of the country.

More than 25 literary reviews and papers appeared between 1814 and 1884. The country underwent a great awakening of letters under the patronage of the bourgeoisie. The leaders of the generation of 1880 were Octave Pirmez, a writer of classic prose, and, especially, Max Waller, who founded the review *La Jeune Belgique.* The period of utilitarian art had ended. The Parnassians and Symbolists united, and the group had for its motto "Be Ourselves." Around Max Waller were Iwan Gilkin and Albert Giraud, both poets. They were later joined by Émile Verhaeren, Valère Gille, Georges Eekhoud, Georges Rodenbach, Maurice Maeterlinck, Charles Van Lerberghe, Grégoire Le Roy, and Max Elskamp.

The naturalistic novels of Camille Lemonnier shocked Belgian critics with their violence. He later became more poetic and with his colorful style and vehement lyricism produced some of his best works. Georges Eekhoud described the effects of industrialization on the Antwerp area in the bitter novel *La nouvelle Carthage* (1888).

Maurice Maeterlinck, a symbolist poet of great feeling, was also a dramatist of considerable influence on the theater of the West. His most important plays, *La princesse Maleine, Pelléas et Mélisande,* and *L'oiseau bleu* (*The Blue Bird*), won him the Nobel Prize in 1911. He was also a prolific writer of essays.

Apart from the Jeune Belgique group there existed several Walloon regionalist novelists, such as Hubert Krains, Edmond Glesener, and Jean Tousseul. The poetic works of the end of the 19th century have generally survived better than the drama, essays, or novels.

French Literature in Belgium in the 20th Century. The best poet at the turn of the century was Émile Verhaeren. Influenced by Walt Whitman, his Symbolist writings bore a social message. He introduced Flemish characteristics into French poetry. Another poet, Odilon Jean Périer, showed great promise, but he met an untimely death at the age of 21 in 1928. A veteran of World War I, Maurice Gauchez wrote novels on his wartime experiences and also poetry. The most original poet of the post-World War I period was Marcel Thiry, who combined war experiences with a taste for the exotic. Certain poetesses also merit mention: Lucienne Desnoues, Anne-Marie Kegels, and Renée Brock. At mid-century the most important name in poetry was Henri Michaux, a surrealist specializing in black humor.

Poets of the postwar period include Robert Goffin, Armand Bernier, Liliane Wouters, Gérard Prevot, Jean Tordeur, and Arthur Haulot.

The novel at mid-century was represented by Georges Virrès, André Baillon, and especially Charles Plisnier, Franz Hellens, and Georges Simenon. Plisnier was the first foreigner to win the Goncourt Prize in France. He represented a restoration of traditional poetic values. Franz Hellens, a doctor and a symbolist poet, is best known for his novels about the mysteries of Flanders. Georges Simenon, from Liège, began writing detective stories in 1930. The "Maigret" series is justly famous for this prolific author's penetrating psychology. His novels were not limited to one genre, as is witnessed by *Le train* (1961), a work dealing with the psychology of war refugees.

Marie Gevers was a realist novelist who described the land and people of the Antwerp area. Another feminine novelist deserving mention is Maud Frère. Françoise Mallet-Joris, winner of the Prix Fémina in 1965, is a technician of psychological realism. Her best-known work is *Le rempart des béguines* (1951). Other mid-century novelists include Alexis Curvers, Stanislas d'Otremont, Daniel Gillès, and Francis Walder, winner of the Goncourt Prize in 1958.

Modern Belgian drama in French is represented by Fernand Crommelynck, whose *Le magnifique* (1921) won him fame on the Parisian stage. Michel de Ghelderode showed both expressionist and mystic influence in his plays which include *Hop Signor, Escurial,* and *Pantagleise.* In the 1960's José André Lacour and Georges Sion showed great promise.

Flemish Literature in Belgium to the 20th Century. It was in Flanders that the literature of the Dutch language was born and flourished during the Middle Ages. The great works of the early period include the *Sint Servatius Legende* (about 1170), written by the Limburger Heinrich von Veldeke, and *Beatrijs,* a legend concerning the nun Beatrice who returned to secular life and whose place in the convent was kept by the Virgin herself. Maître Nivard of Ghent wrote a satirical animal epic, *Ysengrimus,* predecessor of the Reynard series. A related work, the *Reinaert* of Maerlant Willem, is also an animal epic, a parody of the heroics of aristocratic literature. This type of parody was to be adapted by most of the great cultures of Europe.

In about 1250, Jacob van Maerlant began his didactic verse work, the *Spieghel historiael* (*The Mirror of History*), which was to earn him the title of "father of Dutch poetry." There exist also dramatized poems, such as *Esmoreit, Lanceelot,* and *Floriant,* but the greatest and the most influential work was the symbolic *Elckerlijc* (Everyman), which gave birth to English and German versions of the Everyman theme.

Two mystic writers stand out during the Middle Ages: Jan van Ruysbroeck (the Admirable), a monk who lived in the forest of Groenendael and who wrote long discourses on the way to grace, and the nun Hadewijch, who wrote poetry.

Chambers of rhetoric were established in Flanders during the 15th century. These were literary groups in which the local bourgeoisie participated. The introduction of printing in 1473 by Thierry Maertens at Alost led to a number of printing establishments springing up at Louvain, Bruges, and Brussels, not to mention the famous shop of Christophe Plantin at Antwerp.

The Reformation brought several writers to the fore. Marnix van Sint Aldegonde wrote his bitter attack on the church: *Den biënçorf der H. Roomsche Kercke* (1569; *The Bee Hive of the Holy Romish Church*). Others, including Anna

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dered homage to some characteristics of the American mind and heart which will always endear this country to all freedom-loving peoples.

It depends not only on the governments, but also on the peoples of America and Europe that Rabelais's misanthropic complaint, "one half of the world ignores how the other half lives," may become an obsolete statement. For the peace of the world it is imperative that this should be so.

Comment by *The Commonweal*

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We would find no reassurance (equipped with all the optimism in the world) in the thought that European civilization would survive, as the Mayan or the Aztec civilizations have survived. Or as North Africa has survived after Carthage: the fields are deserts; the temples are ruins, White Fathers are missionaries where Saint Augustine lived. We would find no reassurance in the thought that Europe might survive in Australia, or in New Caledonia, or even in the United States. Such a survival would count for the world; it would not be Europe's survival. We could not be happy with the cathedrals and the parish churches of Europe surviving in photomontage at the Museum of Modern Art; Versailles and the Guild Houses of Brussels surviving at the Metropolitan; the library of Louvain completely preserved in micro-film in the Public Library at 42nd St.—or even if everything were to be rebuilt, in Arizona, complete with artists and students, priests and parishioners. This would not be sufficient—even if we were the new Athens, the new Rome, the new Paris, the new Europe. It is European civilization incarnated *that is to be saved or lost, standing now in the midst of war and immensely in peril. In death, the soul goes to God, and the souls of all the villagers of Ouradour have gone to God, and the habits of these villagers, their civilization,—the way they baked the bread—have been preserved by other living Frenchmen; but the villagers are dead, the village is dead. In that sense, through starvation, disease, execution, destruction — repeated and continuing destruction—Europe is in peril of dying.*

That is the cruel dilemma of war: there is this war which is fought to save Europe and which exposes Europe to death.

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1. Belgium

The War

Letter from an American Soldier in Belgium — The following letter of M/Sgt. Sidney Wilkins to Miss Shirley Diamondstein is reprinted from PM:

"We have been under constant attack by buss-bombs, and there is no describing that feeling. When you hear the motor, you look at the soldier next to you and notice that he has stopped whatever he was doing and has turned deathly pale, and is also looking at you. Your heart stops beating, and you pray as best as you know how and as hard as you know how that it passes you by. The motor comes nearer and sometimes you can even see it. It seems to be heading for you and you want to run, but you can't because there is nowhere you can run.

"All are very quiet, and just the sound of the motor fills the air. Suddenly, the motor stops, and for a few seconds we are like dead—waiting to hear where the bomb hits. When finally it does explode and the earth rumbles and shakes, you give a sigh of relief, look at the man next to you, give a half-smile and continue with your work—until the next one comes in 15 minutes.

"It is terrible to watch the reaction of the men, but even more so to see the women and children in the cities. When they hear the motor, the children press their bodies up against the closest building, trying to go through the wall. Fear—horrible fear—is written across their old-looking faces. Finally, after the V-1 has passed, their shuddering will cease, and they will try to smile and say hello to us as we pass."

V-Bombs Pound Antwerp — A United Press release from Antwerp of March 17th states:

"Antwerp, Europe's greatest port, was attacked almost continuously by German V-bombs, but supplies poured through its docks to the Western Front, it now may be revealed."

"Great areas of the city were devastated as the Germans tried desperately to wipe out the city. British pioneer troops and civilian defense workers, many veterans of the German blitz air attacks on London, Liverpool and Plymouth, were rushed to Antwerp to aid in its defense.

"Because of security reasons, many of the details of the attack may not be revealed. It can be said, however, that the attack started early in October.

"Some of the V-bombs which the Germans prepared for London were believed to have been directed against Antwerp. As the city was battered by hundreds of bombs, the Berlin radio boasted that "if we can't take Antwerp City, we'll make it a port without a city."

"Many residents were evacuated as bombs fell on Antwerp and near-by communities. One fell at an Antwerp crossroads during the midday rush hour. Another fell on a packed motion picture house. By January, Antwerp was the most blighted city in Belgium, but its port carried on.

"All motion picture shows for civilians and all meetings of more than fifty persons were banned. The rule later was relaxed to permit limited numbers to attend shows. Government workers received an extra thirty francs' bonus daily. It was called "danger money."

"There were few air raid shelters because in Antwerp you strike water after digging ten feet. Most people lived in cellars. Hundreds of houses were destroyed and thousands were damaged."

Economic and Social Life

Belgium's Key Problem— From a World-over Press correspondent:

The key problem among the political and social difficulties in Belgium is that of supplies. Before the war Belgium imported nearly one-third of all its food requirements; and the percentage was much higher for some products, such as wheat and naturally all tropical and semi-tropical products. It should not be hard to imagine what the situation is today, when practically no overseas supplies have reached the country for several years.

Basic supplies that could be provided by Belgian agriculture itself are utterly inadequate, owing to the disruption of farming by the German occupation. Moreover, large quantities of precious, home-grown foodstuffs have been thrown into the effort of the Allied armies which drove back the German counter-attack. It is almost impossible for people of countries still living in relative plenty, despite some restrictions, to understand the psychology and behavior of a people constantly dominated by an anxious search for a bare minimum of food.

This disastrous situation is made still worse by disrupted transport. A major part of all available means of transit is earmarked for military needs. Then, too, a substantial part of Belgian industry is practically at a standstill, because the country has to import practically all its raw materials for manufacture. Coal production is far below normal, the most important causes being scarcity of labor power and equipment, and shortage of pit props. No wonder Belgium today goes cold and hungry.

The Desperate Food Situation — The rationing scale which came into force in Belgium on February 15 shows that the country's food reserves are nearly at an end. The total ration of fats is now reduced to only five grams a day (about 1¼ ounces a week), and the meat ration is 25 grammes (less than six ounces a week). The allowance of potatoes, the staple food of the Belgian worker, is reduced from 500 grammes to 400 grammes.

Furthermore, the stocks of raw materials for industry do not permit the resumption of normal activity. Without imports on a large scale in the near future, the present situation must grow desperate.

M. L. de Brouckère writes in *Le Peuple* that the margarine ration is now only 150 grammes (about 5½ oz.) a month, but that half the load of a Liberty ship would be sufficient to raise the ration from 5 to 20 grammes a day. He adds: "Who will maintain that there cannot be found, to save our children, that small shipping space, which represents no more than a tiny fraction of the space wasted by lack of complete loading or by slow handling of cargo?"

Need of Clothing Great — Thirty million inhabitants of the liberated countries of Europe

ed private and institutional libraries. They stole the libraries of those scholars who had fled to England or to America and they prepared to ship to the Reich the library of Paul Hymans, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of the Jesuit College of Enghien. They had, however, to abandon this part of the booty during their retreat.

It is probable that the authorities of the Belgian Government and Louvain University will provide for the reconstruction of the building. American friends of Belgium have recently constituted the "Louvain Library Book Fund, Inc.," with the purpose of restoring the Louvain Library. They appeal to all those who have shown an interest in the sorrowful fate of Belgium and especially in the calamity which twice in 25 years has affected a university which is not only a great center of scholastic learning but which during this war again proved also to be a center of patriotic resistance and national solidarity. It is to be hoped that the Louvain Library Fund will meet with the enthusiastic response of the American public.

—The Editor.

LETTERS FROM LIBERATED BRUSSELS

These are translations of extracts from two letters to the writer's daughter and mother respectively. Written in nervous eagerness almost the moment Brussels was free, they show vividly the terror of the Nazi oppression and the vast relief of being at last enabled to communicate freely with the rest of the world.

Tuesday, September 5

. . . At last I can write to you freely. It is 7:30 in the morning. Brussels has not stopped shouting from Sunday evening up to last night. And right now I hear it beginning again. While I am writing to you, with the window open, the shouting is so loud on Brugmann Avenue and in the Wolvendael that it distracts me. Brussels is delirious; it is overwhelming. How sorry I am that you are not here to see this. It is a unique experience,—this and also the horrible atmosphere under the occupation The young people who have lived through it will never forget it. It seems to me one must have seen it to believe it, it was so extraordinary. I hope, however, that you will never again have to. . . .

. . . There has been a little local shooting, but no real fighting. There were a few isolated Germans cut off in the confusion of leaving. At the end they left no matter how, even in horse-drawn carriages. There were some who had been dragging wagons themselves all the way from Holland, and who thought they had reached Paris. When they heard that they still had 300 miles to go and that Paris was already taken, they started to fight among themselves. I rushed pell-mell out of the house to American Street to tell the M. Sunday evening at 7 o'clock that the English were already at Uccle [suburb of Brussels], and I shouted it all along the street to the people I met. Everyone started at once for Brugmann Avenue. It was a madhouse. I'll try to tell you everything in order.

For ten days almost everyone was in hiding. Papa was living with M., for the Rexists intended to assassinate everyone who was connected with the University. All the more or less well-known people were in hiding so as not to be taken as hostages, the men in order not to be carried off to Germany, the young girls likewise. For the remaining Jews too, the terror had redoubled. . . . We were sewing flags out of dyed sheets. A heavy atmosphere hung over the country. Bombardments. Trolleys machine-gunned en route. No radio. Then we began to see the Boches evacuating: carriages and autos of every description, covered with branches, in an endless file. On the boulevards, all day long, rows of people stood on the edge of the sidewalks, smiling blissfully at the spectacle and saying aloud what they thought of it. There was no longer any need for caution. . . . Saturday evening Brussels was almost emptied of Boches, and silent, as if it was preparing for a celebration. I had been betting for two weeks that the first English tanks would be here Sunday about 5 o'clock. No one would believe me. In the evening I went to the movies. Sunday we strung the

Some M



Henri Evene
outstanding



painters, Ensor,
in his paintings.

flags on strings. Saturday I had been to look for champagne. . . From my window I saw dive bombers in the direction of Linkebeek, cannon, etc. I learned that the English were at Rhode. We waited to see them, but in vain, and at six o'clock I went back home and suddenly from my window I heard such an uproar, near the Globe, that I understood they were here. I jumped on my bike. Everybody in the neighborhood had already heard this yelling and they were all running like fools in that direction, while the last German autos were going by, armed with machine guns. Some stragglers almost took my bicycle away from me. J., who was in the Vivier d'Oie, met the first English tank and a last German auto at the same time. The tank opened fire, killing the German, a child and a man. M. at the Globe saw the crowd peppered with shot from a passing German car while the people, clinging to the first English tanks, hindered them from maneuvering to return the fire. Everybody was running around like mad. And all Brussels was shouting with joy. They shouted all night. English autos went through the streets with men on the hoods, a machine-gun in the front, to clean up the city. All night the panic-stricken flight went on, and there was still firing here and there. Monday morning, we went on foot, R., the children and I, as far as the Porte Louise. In all the streets, people had built fires on the sidewalks, with the furniture of the Rexists that they were throwing out of the windows; portraits of Hitler hung from trees, and the yelling! Tanks, soldiers, crowds of people, — it was incredible. That lasted all day. Everybody who had been in hiding came out for the first time.

. . . I forgot to tell you that Sunday the Germans got the Law Courts so hot that the dome melted. Since, the records have burned. Disgusting. It will have to be torn down, they say. And also they cut down the rhododendrons on the Rond-point of Avenue Louise.

. . . I cannot make myself believe that my letter will not be censored and that I can write all that I want. Every so often I stop myself. And that there is no more Gestapo, that we are free; and no more bombings, and that no more people are going to be shot, and that we don't have to run every night to be in at 10:30. . . . You can't imagine what it's like to listen to the radio with the windows open. . . My letter sounds like a sports announcement on the radio. It is really a madhouse here. I don't know if you can ever understand.

* * *

Tuesday, September 5

. . . These last three or four weeks I began to be afraid there would be ructions: the Germans dug so many trenches in the city, and besides the Rexists were abominable. But since last Wednesday we have been witnessing the mass departure of the Germans. It's wonderful.

. . . I can never describe to you these three days we have just lived through. Yesterday at 3 o'clock the Belgians made their entry, their tanks filing through the delirious crowd. And in that crowd, all of a sudden, Gui recognized his father, whom we supposed to be still in England. He called. His father didn't understand what that little boy whom he didn't know wanted of him. But Gui kept on, and he went through the whole parade on the tank beside his father. . . .

. . . What a life it's been here. Quite different from the last war, infinitely worse. You can never imagine. An atmosphere of terror, of anguish, of crime, of banditry. For a year one or two Boches a day were systematically struck down, so as to terrorize them, in the street, in the darkness, when they were least looking for it. The soldiers walked in the middle of the street and jumped when one passed near them. Just imagine what it was like in the fog! Two or three times a week, in the lot in back of my house, there were gun shots in the night. I never knew why. In the street, when we heard firing, we would hurry home, without going to see what it was. Ever so many people nearly got hit by stray bullets. . . . Then there were the terrorists who were hidden, the Jewish persecutions which exceeded in horror anything possible to believe, and the wild rumors, half-truths, impossible to verify. Children of 15 or 16 years who, unknown to their parents, often carried out assassinations, joined terrorist associations. Sometimes they were caught, and the Boches hung them, like young Fraiteur, whose mother, held in prison, learned of his execution through the newspaper. . . . The tracking down of workers to send to Germany, — boys, girls. Sometimes they didn't dare to go out because of the roundups in the street. People telephoned to each other, "It's bad out

today, it would be better for your son's cold if he didn't leave the house." But how many were taken! It was horrible. Bikes too. They grabbed everything in the street, for the requisitions didn't do them any good. The Belgians would not submit to them; they were admirable. But what a nightmare!

As for food, if one had money enough, he could get anything. But how many people died of hunger, how many children were tuberculous. And there was no coal in freezing weather. Frightful. And besides there were the air bombardments. The young people cleared away the dead.

. . . Your country house was sacked: your bedroom partly ruined by heavy boots, your mahogany furniture sawed up and used for firewood . . . It is impossible to repaint it, even though it needs it badly; it would take 100,000 francs at present prices.

The War

GI From Deerfield, Ohio, Kisses Way Through Belgium—"I have kissed more babies than any politician ever did running for office," Private William Sampson of Deerfield, Ohio, wrote his wife. Private Sampson was with an armored field division of the First Army in Belgium.

"Belgium is really a nice country," he went on. "I think it is the best I have been in since leaving the States. The towns are real nice as well as the homes, some even extra nice. I find Belgium much more modern than France. The people dress well and up-to-date and are they happy to be free again and also that we are here. When we move on the highway, they are lined on both sides throwing us all kinds of fruit and flowers.

"Since being here I have been kissed by everyone from one-year-old to 101. You should see the good looking girls that have kissed me. I tell the fellows this is the best war I was ever in. Every part of the country you go, they speak a different language. They speak French, Flemish and Dutch and I have found several who speak English."

"It Is Like Being Home" —Another American soldier, Lt. G. Quentin Duck, of Osceola Mills, Pa., wrote home from Belgium:

"I really like it here. The people treat us wonderfully. On our first day here we were set up to a big chicken dinner. It is like being home. I slept in a bed the other night that had a mattress about a foot and a half thick. Wonderful, I'm telling you. . . .

"Last night I went bike riding with a Belgium girl and we went dancing. We also played pool. No fooling, they really play pool here and it was a lot of fun. . . ."

Administration

5 Members of Brussels City Council Still in Enemy Hands — Five members of the Communal Council of Brussels, now reinstalled at the Town Hall, are still in the hands of the enemy. They are Mr. Coelst, Mr. Robein, Mr. Gelders, Mr. Relecom, and Mr. Bosson. It is not known whether the two first-named were arrested by the Germans or whether they were kidnapped by Rexists. The other three are in concentration camps.

At the first meeting of the restored Communal Council, Mr. Brunfaut, a representative of the extreme left, expressed his gratitude to the religious communities which, he declared, had saved his life.

Political Life

Belgian Newspapers Again Reflect Real Public Opinion — The leading Brussels newspapers, which suspended publication when the city was occupied by the Germans, promptly reappeared when the enemy was driven out. On Wednesday, September 6—only three days after the entry of the British and Belgian troops into the capital—publication was resumed. The editorial staffs consist exclusively of journalists who refrained from collaborating in any way with the newspapers published under German control during the occupation.

La Libre Belgique (Catholic), *Le Peuple* (Socialist), *La Dernière Heure* (Liberal), and *Le Drapeau Rouge* (Communist), well known in peace-time Belgium, are again in circulation. *Le Soir* (Independent), *Het Laatste Nieuws* (Liberal), and *La Nation Belge* (Independent), are now being produced, as formerly, by their own staffs—men who declined to have anything to do with the traitors who usurped the titles of

women and Belgian, conscious of the scandalous and showy effect which they produced, went on with it more than ever. The fact that they are still going on in the same way, just after a liberation which they, along with so many other men and women saved from the Nazi yoke, mistook for the end of the war, is a thing for which they can hardly be blamed. The war is still going on, of course. But to make them realize it, let them be put into war work like the Englishwoman. There is nothing to make us suppose that they will acquit themselves less gallantly, less courageously than the English. It will soon be proved that they can wear the regulation beret, perhaps trimmed with a fancy ornament, with quite as chic an air, and with a note of personal coquetry in addition. Who do you think will mind? And even if they should go on clinging to their silly hats of extravagant shape or color — well, there are cloak rooms at war factories and at the offices of the military and social services. As for bad taste, let that be on their own heads.



Resistance by absurdity

It appears that the question of women's clothes has an economic aspect as well. Too many yards of material are used in making these hats as big as houses, these loose coats, these peasant skirts. This is understood. It was even understood by the Germans, who tried all through the years 1942, 1943 and 1944 to find a pretext for controlling Parisian fashions and tailoring, a pretext which simply masked their vain efforts to kill the French fashion industry for the benefit of that of Berlin and Vienna. Parisian fashion houses can remember the visits of control commissions made up of improbable German housewives who came to pass sentence on their models even before the season's collection of models could be shown to buyers. Buyers from fashion houses in Brussels, applying for passports to go to Paris to see the new models there, were sent away empty handed with the encouraging words: 'Go and buy your models in Berlin or Vienna.' The Germans did better still: in all the large towns in Belgium they requisitioned the largest premises where they repeatedly organized great fashion parades at which German models were shown in all their splendor. These shows, organized as great 'galas of elegance', revealed that in their effort to capture the public eye, the propagandists of German taste had economized neither material or money. And it all proved vain and useless, thanks to the resistance of our frivolous women. Thus it must be admitted that this extravagance, however ill-judged at the present moment, contributed in its own special way to getting the better of the enemy.

But don't be alarmed. At this very moment Parisian fashion houses, showing their collections of winter models, are loudly proclaiming a return to wisdom. Gone is the extravagant bad taste, the search for the garish, because an end has come to provocation and parading before the astonished eyes of the occupying army. Smart women are enjoying the charm of being chic and modest at the same time. A fashion writer already reports that the high-built hats of yesterday now look 'awfully silly among the caps and casques of the feminine army'. Perfect! Only we hope that some women will not be condemned to go on wearing their monumental hats much longer for lack—another problem—of enough money to buy one of these fascinating little postilion or cloche hats or berets, which have already been most suitably christened 'jeeps'.

BY ABSURDITY. . .

Let us hope the time has also come for a certain type of girls and boys called 'Zazous' to disappear. These young people have also ceased to serve a useful purpose. After the virtues of swindling and frivolity, the virtues of absurdity?

But perhaps outside the walls of Paris, Brussels and a few other continental towns no one knows the appearance and habits of these young native war fauna? To tell the truth, the species was born in the queer early part of the war.

If it has multiplied under the occupation it must be chiefly owing to the idleness into which these young people have fallen by force or from choice as a consequence of the innumerable upsets in every sphere of education. You must not think that these young people were only garnered from middle-class families. There were adepts in all classes of society. Nor must you think that they comprised all the young people between 16 and 20. Far from it. Nevertheless there were swarms of them.

The war cry of the 'Zazous' is: 'We are "swing" from top to toe!' To be 'swing' is of course to live only for and by jazz, only to think in terms of the syncopated rhythms of Armstrong and Duke Ellington or their disciples and pupils. Nothing else in head, body or legs. Always ready to burst out into shouts of 'swing' and to revolve to its music. As for the appearance of the 'Zazous', it is rather like that of the low comedian at a music hall. The boys: long hair, too long and with a pronounced shingle: trouser-legs tight and too short: white socks. The girls: loose, untidy hair hanging a long way down their backs: jacket like a man's, cut too wide and too long: skirt much too short, showing the knees: and, nature permitting, plenty of bust and calf. Caricatures? Exactly.

In what special way did the 'Zazous' distinguish themselves under the occupation? Simply by being 'swing', which may be rendered as being living scarecrows in the eyes of the Germans; by irritating them by their grotesquely anti-conformist appearance, *Chaplinesque figures* for whom the war did not exist, and above all for whom the Germans were not there. You needed to hear a 'Zazou' couple on the platform of a tram humming some doodle-rhythm as innocent as it was irritating in the presence of several Germans to realize the exasperating effect which it never failed to have. Thus the 'Zazous' swiftly became a kind of wild beast with an evil reputation and a predilection for the obstinate hunting down of Walloon and Flemish S.S. men.

We do not know whether many 'Zazous' joined the maquis or whether they have now volunteered for the new Belgian army. Nor do we know whether the female 'Zazous' are training as nurses or preparing to enter some social service or other. In any case, they must realize that the farce is played out. . . .

If some of them are still frisking about in dance halls it is not their fault nor that of their parents. It is simply because the dance halls are still open and the authorities are still allowing 'the party to go on'. In fact there reigns in Belgium an euphoric climate due to the liberation. The Belgians haven't yet recovered from it. The citizens of Brussels who sang during the happy week of 3 to 9 September that the days of the liberation were the most beautiful in their lives and that the days of the approaching armistice would have less significance and splendor were sincere. The liberation, for the Belgians, shut up in their country under the 'Nazi yoke', has suddenly taken on the meaning of a rebirth which passes the understanding of the liberated people themselves. Slowly and painfully they are realizing that this liberation has brought new and other duties. The example of England, totally concentrated on the war, where food restrictions are fully accepted and respected, where the civilian population is contributing to the smooth working of the formidable war machine, where the sacrifices and sufferings are at least equal to our own, only penetrates their consciousness with difficulty. They have unconsciously confused liberation with the end of the war. They need to come to themselves. They need to rediscover the civic spirit and the spirit of a fully accepted discipline. They need to be placed face to face with the hard necessity of bearing their part simultaneously in the restoration of their country and the continuation of a victorious war. The great problems of the reconstruction of the world which the occupation made them forget and of which it falsified the meaning in their eyes must be made clear to them. And it is for their leaders to make them understand and willingly and enthusiastically accept the fact that to be born again from our ruins and enter into a new world what we need above all is to *obey* and to *serve*.

The reign of swindling in all its forms—from the dramatic to the burlesque—is ended. So is the reign of oppression and fear. So is the winter sleep which many of us were enjoying for lack of anything better to do. In George Meredith's classic novel, *The Egoist*, we can read this admirable advice: 'The time has come for sensible people to retire into themselves with the firm resolution of the seed which is buried to make it grow. To trust in nature, to go to sleep with a firm faith and wait for the seasons'. The time has gone by. The seed of meditation has germinated. Blossoming time has come. The sleeper has finished dreaming. Like the moral resistance to the enemy, this state of waiting—which was a duty in its time—no longer fits the occasion.

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The White Brigade - Robt Goffin

pp. 136-9
- airborne

"Madame Cardon de Moester, fifteen months.
"Désiré Cordonnier of Wondelghem, acquitted."

XV

THE HOLOCAUST of Tessenderloo must have seemed like the end of the world to those peaceful townsfolk who derived their livings from the chemical plant in that tranquil corner of the Campine near Antwerp.

The various sections of the White Brigade knew that the great factory had been seized by the Germans and that it contributed a wholesome proportion of their war production. In Brussels and in Liége particularly there had been much discussion of the reports on its output. The works specialized in nitrate of ammonia, the explosive power of which was tremendous.

The factory comprised several buildings spread over a large area more or less set off from the town, as required by law for the protection of the residents. Before the war Tessenderloo's balance sheet had been extremely variable and its stocks had made and shattered many fortunes. The Germans, however, kept the plant busy and devoted it entirely to the manufacture of explosives.

Various members of the White Brigade had studied the problem of its destruction. The prime stumbling block was a moral consideration: inevitably a great number of innocent Belgians would have to be killed in order to save the lives of hundreds of thousands of Allied soldiers, for the explosion would be almost like an earthquake.

The second problem was less metaphysical. The managers of the plant knew how great was the danger of combustion. A vast and deep concrete vat had been built into which each day's production was put and every precaution against fire

was taken. Every combustive agent, however insignificant, was scientifically eliminated.

An attack from without would be useless. Success could be achieved only by a suicide squad of men who were resigned to dying in the accomplishment of their task. The attempt must be made, too, when the reserve in the vat was at its lowest.

Slowly a nucleus of heroic men had been gathered. One Flemish worker, when asked whether he would take part, replied by citing the example of the Skoda workers who, in sabotaging their plant, had died in a boiling river of molten metal. "What a Czech can do," he concluded, "a Belgian can too."

The workings of the Tessenderloo plant were for the most part secret. However, it was known definitely that a great array of batteries and compressors was used to produce sulphuric acid, synthetic ammonia, nitric acid, and other materials necessary for the manufacture of explosives and poison gases.

On the morning of April 29, 1942, the flow of production of Tessenderloo was continuing at its normal pace. The chimneys smoked as usual; the workmen performed their task of concocting death for the Russian on the steppe, for the Greek and Yugoslav guerrilla in the mountains. Machine guns fed by Tessenderloo wiped out the Jews of Poland; torpedoes carried Tessenderloo's cargo into the hearts of ships on the Atlantic, and some of its production was destined to be taken by submarine to the United States. From Coventry to Moscow, from Spitzbergen to Libya men were dying because of the unceasing flow in the Campine.

On that April morning, as Freeman and Buchet and the others knew, there would be less than two hundred tons of material in the vat, for one thousand tons had been shipped out the day before. But what man would have the courage to scratch a match, to rub a potassium-chlorate tablet against

iron and produce the spark that would smash him and a thousand others into nothing? The man who dies bravely before a firing squad is honored in death even if only by an anonymous cross; the nameless soldier killed in battle knows that he will be symbolized in the memorials to the unknown soldiers. But the hero of Tessenderloo can never be known; he had not even the little satisfaction that posterity would honor him for a deed the courage of which no man can imagine.

In midmorning on April 29 the sky was clear; the air was warm as on that day almost two years before when the Germans had marched in. Peasants worked in their fields amid the budding flowers. And then the world was engulfed in an awful nothingness.

The sound of the explosion was so tremendous that many did not hear it. Only their eyes recorded the chaos, soon yielding to a kind of instinctive perception. For miles around houses were unroofed and shattered and the sky was black as legend tells us it was at the hour of the Crucifixion.

The product of years of labor and finance and scheming was restored in a split second to its primordial dust. In a millennial chaos it was impossible to distinguish the wreckage of bodies from that of things.

Slowly the roar of blasts broke up into the rumble of collapsing buildings and the inhuman shrieks of mutilated men and women. A rescue worker who was among the dozens of services called to the scene said afterward that in a radius of nearly ten miles there was not a whole window, not a tree firm and straight. Terrified villagers cowered in their doorways on the periphery of the explosion; as one drew nearer, one saw crazily leaning houses, bodies broken where they had been hurled against walls.

The town of Tessenderloo itself had simply been wiped out. Nothing remained of its houses, its school, its inn, and little of its inhabitants. More than 250 of them had been killed outright; from the town and from the outlying buildings of the factory where the blast had had less force, 2,100 injured persons had been taken after hours and days of search. One of these declared afterward:

"We were thrown to the ground, and the walls crumbled on top of us. We could see an immense column of flame and brownish smoke. In three seconds the whole place was in ruins."

Independent Belgium, published in England, compiled reports from witnesses and survivors into this picture:

Cries of pain and terror came from all sides. Many persons were torn apart. Others did not die at once but suffered indescribable agonies. Some who were in the environs simply fled and were found in the fields, gasping and deprived of reason. A train had to be brought from Diest to shelter the survivors.

Nothing remained of the factory save the stumps of the chimneys and a vast crater surrounded by smaller ones. Great masses of steel and concrete had been shot into the air to fall and flatten buildings or bury themselves in the ground.

In the great crater in the center of the plant, dirty liquid of unknown origin floated below its edges, covered with a greenish oil-like substance. Farther away there was a mass of twisted rails. In all the ruins it was often necessary to use dynamite before bodies could be removed.

This was supplemented by a description published in the occupied country itself:

"It was over before it began," a survivor said. "An unimaginable explosion followed by the end of the world. Everybody was at least hurt; some more and some less, but everybody bleeding and running madly through the streets, stumbling over bodies and paying no attention to the shrieks of those who had been pinned under a beam or a girder. The sky seemed full of huge chunks of iron and concrete."

Four days later Buchet and Freeman were still aghast at the magnitude of the destruction that they had helped to

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A Fragile Identity: Survival in Nazi-Occupied Belgium
-A Cranach Fanny Bierdorf

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month, I could, perhaps in four or five months' time, have enough to add to the 500 francs to enable me to buy them.

Thursday came round again. In the afternoon, as a form of exercise, I went off window-shopping. One attracted less attention doing this on a blustery February day then by strolling idly alone in a park or along the river. In this provincial city, apart from the beautiful cathedral square and the graceful grey buildings in the quiet streets adjoining it, there were also several commercial thoroughfares and some shopping arcades. I headed for this quarter where, despite nearly four years of enemy occupation, leather goods, table linen, silver, jewellery, china and objects made of wood were still available. The better clothes shops even managed to mount quite smart displays. Hand-embroidered household linen, and silk or cotton lingerie, attractively set out, caught my eye. I stopped to look at some sculptures finished in green-tinged clay to produce the effect of old bronze, and I liked the terracotta figures suitable for the drawing-rooms or studies of those who could afford to buy them. But I did not envy those who could. Survival was all that mattered. Looking at these things and at the antiques gave me something to talk about with Geo, for I had come to realise that her interests and activities were also restricted by wartime conditions.

Towards the end of my walk, I made a detour along a dull back street of provincial residences. This avoided the photographer so often in position near the church in the rue de Fer. He had already photographed me at least twice when I had come by, leading Monique by the hand. Each time I had taken the slip of paper he held out to everyone whom he photographed without their permission. The piece of paper bore a number and told you when the photographs would be ready. I took it both times for fear of angering the man. Goodness only knows what he might otherwise do with the prints, of which he always made three, the negatives remaining in his possession. Monique had been very pleased to get one print of each set. On this particular afternoon I was about 50 yards from the end of the rue des Carmes when I noticed a familiar figure coming towards me on the other footpath. I recognised the gentleman immediately. He had been imprisoned with Father but released after a while. His Christian daughter-in-law's sister, married to a prominent Nazi in Luxembourg, had managed to pull some strings. It was he to whom we referred as 'der Onkel Wladimir' when we had written to Father of his visit.

His wife had invited us to lunch, and given us half a pound of semolina to take home. I remembered how welcome the kindness had been, and how grateful we had felt. It prompted us to telephone a few weeks later, but

repeated attempts produced no reply. Marianna decided to call, in case something serious had happened to them. The concierge wanted to know whose bell she had rung. Then she told her that the family had simply left one day without giving a forwarding address. Nearly two years had gone by since then. I decided that I could not pretend I hadn't seen him. But although he had obviously recognised me too, he quickly veered away to an upholsterer's window in a house near the corner. I wondered whether he lived in Namur, and what he did for a living. He was no doubt also in hiding and, after all, Father had once entrusted him with a message. That did not guarantee his integrity two years later. I could only hope he was still a decent fellow. After I had crossed at the traffic lights in the centre of the city, I stopped outside a stationer's and pretended to look at his display while I checked that no-one was following me.

Food grew scarcer still in the cities, steadily pushing up the black market prices for the few who could afford them and knew where to go. People would buy a little butter or margarine for a sick child, going without something essential to meet the cost. In the country districts, for old-established residents, things were less difficult. The gendarmes were stepping up their searches of travellers' luggage, and imposed heavy fines or imprisonment on anyone caught supplying food for the illegal trade in the cities, even if the traveller assured them that some small quantity he carried was for his own family's consumption. At the Sasseraths', a main meal that consisted of black pudding, red cabbage and mashed potatoes followed by stewed apples was the height of luxury. Once I had received better identity papers, and had again become a registered citizen, I collected my meagre allowance of food coupons like everyone else, and these were naturally pooled with those of the Sasserath family. One Thursday Monique and Pierrot had begged their mother for some chocolate, so she asked me to call in at the grocer's to see whether his allocation had arrived. I left the shop with five bars of 'Côte d'Or' chocolate of different flavours and thought how nice it would be to eat a little of my share; but I restrained myself. I knew from experience that Geo expected me to give my chocolate ration to the children. So I headed up the rue de Fer in my thick navy-blue coat, my white wool turban and fur mittens, holding lightly onto the coarse brown paper bag containing the chocolate. I was going to the shoe-shop when suddenly, stomping towards me, I saw a group of men in German uniform, behaving rather strangely. As they came within earshot, I heard that they were talking in Russian: 'Hey, let's go in here. They've got plenty of booze in the window.'

19

The 'von Rundstedt Offensive'

A week before Christmas the general atmosphere suddenly changed. Rumours, growing ever-more-insistent, spread news of a German counter-attack in the Ardennes. Belgian radio reports were vague. Pierre questioned the American officers who visited us almost daily, but they would neither confirm nor deny the news. They said the situation was unclear, and they promised to tell Pierre when they themselves knew whether there was any cause for concern. We assumed that they were forbidden by their own security regulations to inform any Belgian civilians of the real state of affairs, for they were in the signals corps. In fact, time was to show that they were simply telling the truth, for the situation remained highly confused. The only certainty was that the Germans were fighting fiercely in some part of the Ardennes. As the hours turned into days, the reports became more alarming. The civilian population was quick to blame this attack on the carelessness of the Americans, on their not taking the threat seriously, and on their incompetence in handling the enemy attack. News that Montgomery's 'Red Berets' were coming to the rescue boosted morale but did little to reduce fear and scepticism.

I was due to spend two days in Brussels, and wondered whether I should go. I had intended to take some of my modest belongings with me in two cardboard boxes, so as to reduce any luggage for January when I proposed to return to Brussels for good. I vacillated between leaving altogether at once and not undertaking the journey at all. Pierre and Geo doubted that things would move so quickly. They reckoned that I could go and consult my relations and probably get back in time, if they did not advise me against it.

The coach had hardly been driving along for more than 15 minutes after leaving Namur when I noticed the first British tanks proceeding in the

opposite direction. All the passengers waved to the troops and expressed their relief at seeing them. The line of tanks stretched nearly all the way to the outskirts of Brussels, but seemed to be advancing very slowly. At least they were heading towards the front.

In Brussels people appeared less tense, but still worried. Germaine had it on good authority that the German attack was indeed a setback for the Allies, but it would in no way alter the outcome of the war, although it might delay its end. People who had fled in 1940, and who were ready to flee again if it became necessary, were of the same opinion. Marianna considered that after the spectacular American advance in August and September, they would meet greater resistance as they approached German soil. This much I expected myself, but I felt that none of the people I had spoken to realised how great the confusion was in the regions nearer the Ardennes. None of them seemed conscious of the very real risk that the Germans might return temporarily to some parts of Belgium. Nevertheless, I travelled back to the Meuse on as cold and damp a day as the one on which I had left. Things here had deteriorated greatly during my absence. Danger was imminent. Work ground to a standstill as people attempted to sort out genuine reports from unfounded rumours. Patients telephoned to cancel their appointments. The American officers called in at odd times of the day to show their continued interest in the family, but their evenings were no longer free. Civilians from eastern areas of the Ardennes – terrified, and rightly so, of reprisals by the advancing Germans – fled towards Charleroi and the French border. The most disturbing incidents were those involving Germans dressed in American uniforms who rode in Jeeps with American markings and infiltrated Belgian towns or villages. One such incident was reported from as close as Dinant.

Two days before Christmas, at two o'clock in the afternoon, one of the American officers hurried into the house and said, 'It's time for Geo, the children and Christine to leave. Pierre could stay on for a while to look after things as we can take him into our barracks if need be.'

'Are you expecting to retreat?' we asked in unison.

'No, certainly not. But the Germans could come very close, and we can't say how bad things might get here. Pierre, best arrange for your family to leave this afternoon. I'll call in later to see you.'

By four o'clock, in the fading light of a snow-laden sky, Geo, Monique, Pierrot, I and the family dog, Zut, were on the platform at the station. We were waiting with many other people for the train due to come from Liège and bound for Charleroi and beyond, passing through the Belgian coal and

steel country, the Borinage. Pierre had telephoned a relative in a small mining town near Charleroi and asked her to put us up until things had become clearer. He intended to join us only if it became obvious that we must all leave for France. Since the liberation, he had in no way disguised the fact that he had hidden me, so that a renewed enemy invasion of Namur would be fatal for both of us. Tales of atrocities committed by the returning Germans and their foreign volunteers, not only against the civilian population but also against American prisoners, were being confirmed all the time.

Pierre had come to see us onto the train. It already seemed full when it pulled up. Panic broke out in the hitherto silent crowd on the platform. Terror-stricken at the prospect of being left behind, some travellers climbed into the carriages through any open windows they could find. Others threw their suitcases in through the windows and hurried to the doors. Geo and I, each clutching one child, managed to get into the carriage door nearest us. Pierre lifted the poodle and the two cases in through the window. Much to our surprise, passengers made room for Geo and me on opposite benches. Pierrot squeezed in next to his mother, Monique next to me. The shouting, pushing and screaming continued until the train moved off. Someone told off a woman in the carriage for her outrageous behaviour as she was boarding the train. She retorted that she had come to Namur by the last train to leave Marche, just as the first Germans entered the town. Nobody found this an acceptable excuse for her total disregard of other travellers, and some wondered whether to believe her story. There was no light and no heat in the train, but it kept running slowly in the right direction. That was all its now-silent occupants wanted of it. Whenever the train stopped, Zut got restless. The last two months of his life had been a succession of adventures.

The most recent of these had begun when a caller at the Sasseraths' house had left the front door ajar on leaving. The poodle had been quick to discover this. Before any of us could find him, he had been adopted as a mascot by the American regiment billeted in the barracks that served as a supply depot for the front. More than two weeks later, when nearly all of us had lost hope of ever seeing the poodle again, one of the American officers befriended by the family called at the depot by chance in the course of his duties. From a lorry which had just returned from a mission, out jumped the long-lost dog, unkempt and twice his former size. We were all delighted at finding him again, but Geo insisted on sending him straight to the vet to have him purged, bathed, shorn and disinfected. It was a pity that he could

not regale us with the tales of his travels, although judging by his restlessness he would not have been in a mood for it on that particular night.

To arrive in a strange blacked-out town on a winter's evening and set about looking for the right connection to a small place few seemed to know of is a disheartening experience. But Geo's perseverance eventually led us to a curious sort of train which probably dated back to the end of the nineteenth century and which ran on rails laid along the middle of the street in each town it passed through. Finally, we were told to alight at a crossroads. We looked in all directions, and could distinguish nothing but endless rows of miners' cottages stretching into the darkness.

'Good God, they all look alike, Christine. I've only been here once before, many years ago. I wonder whether I can find the right house.'

'I'm certain you will. Weren't we supposed to carry on in the same direction as the little train until we come to the first street on our left?'

'That's it. Then we're to turn right and cross over, but it'll just be another road like this one, I expect.'

I felt confident that Geo would recognise the house when we reached the right street, despite the depressing similarity of all these low terraced houses. What puzzled me was how anyone living in such a small home could find enough room to put four extra people up. I soon found out. For, as I had anticipated, Geo rang the bell of the right house.

A miner's widow and her grown-up daughter greeted us with relief, for they had been worried by our arrival being so long overdue. We were given a warm drink and a sandwich in an immaculate kitchen, and were then shown up the narrow stairs. The varnish glistened on the bannister, and an intricately-patterned carpet muffled our steps. Textured curtains were drawn over the windows. Pierrot shared a small double bed with his mother in one little room. Monique and I squeezed into a single bed with a kapok mattress in another. Although we were worried by what lay ahead, all of us somehow managed to sleep. During the day the wireless was switched on all the time, so that no news-flash was missed.

Late on Christmas day, Pierre telephoned after spending most of the day in the barracks with Joe and Dick. As his English was still very poor, and only one of the Americans spoke any French, their conversation had been helped along by a great deal of whisky. He hoped that he would not need to leave, but there had been an air-raid, and the Germans were still advancing. However, the fact that they had as yet been unable to break through to the Meuse anywhere along its course through Belgium was an encouraging sign.

Even for Monique and Pierrot there were no Christmas presents that year. The middle-aged relative with whom we were staying did her best to make our meals adequate and attractive. Her daughter, a school-teacher in her twenties, busied herself around the house, as the schools were closed. Geo helped by peeling the vegetables or doing the dusting, or by washing the inevitable bits of laundry for her children and herself. Once more it fell to me to amuse Monique and Pierrot. I took them for short walks along the austere streets where any gap in the terraces of Victorian brick cottages revealed a view of a slag-heap against the leaden sky. It was cold, and dirty heaps of frozen snow lingered at the edges of the footpaths. A great deal of time was spent around the kitchen table, drawing, telling stories or playing some improvised game.

On 29 December news came through that the German advance had been stopped on the twenty-sixth. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, but Pierre wanted us to remain in the tiny mining town for another few days.

The immediate danger having been averted, Geo suggested that we should celebrate by taking the children to the cinema in Charleroi. I thought this premature, but on the way back from this outing I complimented Geo on her excellent idea, for I realised how much we needed that bit of relaxation. We were, of course, grateful for our hosts' hospitality under such unusual circumstances, but we wanted to return home.

This stay in the Borinage produced a profound impression on me. Had it not been for these unexpected events, my knowledge of this region would have remained limited to what I had been taught at school or read in books. Having observed the people as they went about their daily tasks during the ten days I spent in their midst, I carried away a deep sympathy and admiration for them. Some lived there proudly, maintaining a family tradition, some chose to live there, and some lived there for want of anywhere better. Nowhere else in the country had the burden of the last four-and-a-half years found more vivid expression than in their bent shoulders, sallow complexions and grave countenances.

On my return to Namur, I already felt like a bird of passage. Any interest I had in the provincial circle into which I had been drawn began to wane from the moment I knew that I would soon be leaving the city for good. With my departure imminent, both I and the Sasseraths were anxious to have the actual parting behind us. Although their loyalty to me had wavered towards the end of the German occupation, they seemed fond of me and claimed they would miss me. The girl who was to replace me in the surgery between the hours of 9.00 and 5.00 would be part of the outside

world, rather like Marguerite and the fireman's wife who now came to prepare the meals. I had been one of the family, someone to whom all of them had grown accustomed to. For me, their failings did not obscure the deep gratitude I felt for the part they had played in my survival. They had enabled me to live in an environment which had been much more pleasant than most others at that period. I had never pictured my actual departure from Namur. It did not occur to me any more than to Geo or Pierre that we should toast the occasion or mark it in some special way. The war was still on, very much so. Things were still very difficult. The Sasseraths viewed the arrangements made for me in Brussels with misgivings. Despite my eagerness to take up my life there once more, I realised that all kinds of problems awaited me. I was alone with Pierre in the living-room when I tried to thank him before saying farewell. He cut me short. He would not hear of any thanks. Instead, he kissed me 'Good-bye' in a preoccupied way. Then he added, 'Don't wait for the outbreak of the next war to come back. Come whenever you want, for as long as you want. Regard this as home.'

Geo announced at the last minute that she would accompany me to Brussels. Pierre could stay at home with Monique and Pierrot. This seemingly spontaneous gesture of kindness struck me as unnecessary, but Geo brushed aside my protestations. She said categorically that she was coming along. She carried my half-moon bag and I the suitcase.

The unheated train left almost on time on that dank Saturday afternoon. It travelled slowly, especially over the temporary bridge and track repairs. We did not talk much, although the carriage was fairly empty. I watched the undulating countryside glide by in patches of misty brown and green. I reflected on the tests of real friendship. Geo, sitting opposite me, also looked out, satisfied with the way her scheme had gone so far. From time to time she or I made a comment about something unusual that caught our eye. In bouts, my mind grappled with what lay ahead. How would I contribute to the war effort and combine this with my studies? What would it be like? For it was not like picking up the threads where one had left off, thank God. We were once more human beings with certain rights. We shared the danger from the bombs with everyone else in the country.

'The glasshouses of Hoeilaart. We're getting close,' exclaimed Geo.

'They haven't been too badly damaged. I wonder what they're growing in them now.'

Geo shrugged her shoulders and suggested it might be tomatoes, or early strawberries, but whatever it was would be very expensive. She tied her silk headscarf under her chin and buttoned up her smart coat.

removal. I assumed that this would necessitate a journey to Brussels, and foolishly rejoiced at the prospect of seeing my sister and perhaps even some friends. On his next visit to the capital, the headmaster got in touch with the relevant people, and shortly after that he was informed that the necessary arrangements for my treatment had been made. During his following trip he would receive all the details.

We were in the second half of January 1943, and I looked forward to a short break, almost forgetting the additional dangers to which I would be exposed. The morning after M Cougnet's next journey to Brussels, he called me into his study. I hurried along to hear the eagerly-awaited instructions.

'Well, you know,' he began, pushing his rulers and inkstand into perfect alignment, 'we have discussed all this business about removing your plantar wart. Your family doctor has booked you into a clinic under your real name, which increases the risks enormously. The journey itself is not a good idea. The Nazis are always busy around the railway stations in Brussels, searching the public transport. It is preferable for your safety to have this small thing attended to by our local doctor. After all, our good farmers go to him for all kinds of things. It will save quite a bit of additional expense which your sister tells me she cannot easily afford.'

'If that's the position, I suppose I had better not go,' I replied quietly. I felt the secluded existence of the past few months had dimmed my perception of the harsh cruelty of reality.

'Good. I thought you would be sensible about it. I shall telephone the doctor. Three of our young men are due to cycle over to him next Thursday for treatement of some kind. You can join them. Then, if you find it difficult walking back, one of them can be relied on to help you'.

For a fleeting moment his grey eyes twinkled behind the steel rimmed glasses and the corners of his mouth twitched. Then he reached for the old-fashioned telephone on his desk and I left the room.

I walked slowly down the stairs, across the hall, and down the long corridor past the chapel to the classroom where the geography lesson usually took place. When I opened the door everybody turned round, expecting to see the master at last. They had been waiting for quite a while, working patiently at their history notes. One of them was certain he had seen the geography master going into the secretary's office shortly before our lesson was due to begin. Finally, Herbert was deputed to find him. His long legs soon brought him to the secretary's door. When he knocked, a roar called him in, and there, behind the desk, one leg dangling over the arm of a

chair, sat the geography master, reading a copy of *Spirou* which had arrived by the morning's post.

'We were due to have a lesson with you. We thought perhaps you had forgotten us.'

'Of course I haven't forgotten. How could I? But I simply must read the latest issues of this before the kids rush out of their form-room and snap them up. Keep yourselves busy. I'll be along sometime.'

Herbert would have been amused had he not felt dismayed at this dereliction of duty. He was too young himself to realise that perhaps the master needed this form of escapism to help him face his teaching duties. By the time Herbert reached the classroom he felt able to impart the news to us with a grin. We reacted with a moment of stunned silence but then burst into laughter. The master did not appear that morning. Claude and I saw several little boys from the primary school group reaching excitedly for the copies of Spirou which the secretary was distributing to the lucky addressees before lunch.

During the next 24 hours a fresh snowfall transformed the appearance of the countryside once more. This time, however, the sky was clear and blue, the snow crystals shimmered in the bright sunlight and by about midday the odd icicle could be heard dropping off the roof.

It was on this glorious January morning that I set off, with the three other pupils, for the doctor's surgery. He lived on the far side of Méan, where we attended church, in a large comfortable house which patients entered through a side door leading into a red-quarry-tiled passage. Several people were already seated in the straw-coloured waiting-room when we arrived and we were told to wait in the passage. Through the open door of the doctor's own pharmacy I watched his nurse preparing bottles of various mixtures, labelling them and lining them up on a shelf.

My turn came after a long wait. I had no idea of what I was in for when I entered the dark surgery with its low-beamed ceiling and small windows. I had to sit on a foot-stool, and received three injections into my foot to anaesthetise the affected area. The third of these was exceedingly painful, and I was then left for a few minutes while the doctor, a heavy man with a grave face, attended to one of the boys who stood at the back of the surgery. This square room looked more like a study with the large oak desk and the fireplace of generous proportions. Before the many objects on his desk captured my attention, the doctor returned to lift the sole of my right foot towards the light. He scraped the skin with some sharp instrument and then seized the cautery (a long metal handle on an electric flex) from a

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Author	Clark, G. N. (George Norman), Sir, 1890-
Title	**Belgium and the war, by G. N. Clark**
Pub Info	[London, New York, etc.] Oxford University Press, 1942

LOCATION	CALL #		STATUS
Suzzallo/Allen Stacks 3	D411 .O8 no.41-60	Bound with other titles	AVAILABLE

Description	32 p. 19 cm
Series	Oxford pamphlets on **world** affairs, no. 56
Note	Maps on p. [2] and [3] of cover "First published January 1942." Pages 31-32, advertising matter
LC SUBJECTS	**World War,** 1939-1945 -- Belgium Belgium
LCCN	42018129
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Antwerp - inland waterways
- speaks Flemish

May 10, 1940, Germany invaded Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg & France

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Author	Rémy, 1904-
Title	**The eighteenth day : the tragedy of King Leopold III of Belgium / by Remy [i.e. G. Renault-Roulier] ; translated by Stanley R. Rader**
Pub Info	New York : Everest House, c1978

LOCATION	CALL #	STATUS
Suzzallo/Allen Stacks 3	DH687 .R4513	AVAILABLE

Description	348 p. : ill. ; 22 cm
Note	Translation of Le 18e [i.e. dix-huitième] jour
LC SUBJECTS	Léopold III, King of the Belgians, 1901-1983. **World War,** 1939-1945 -- Belgium Belgium -- Kings and rulers -- Biography Belgium -- Politics and government -- 1914-1951
LCCN	78057878
ISBN	0896960420 : 10.00
OCLC #	4850263
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Strangers Should Not Whisper
- Jan Albert Goris

pp. 127 – 138, 190-6

of compulsory flax quotas, any infringements of regulations will be punished. Penalties will also be incurred by any persons inciting others to infringe this order and fail to cultivate flax." The decree foresaw that the flax growers would have some difficulty in obtaining the necessary flaxseed. Elaborate instructions were given to them as to where to apply for the seed.

Some time ago the Germans told the Belgian farmers they ought to cultivate more rapeseed. They tried to induce them to do so by promising them that part of the production would result in an increase of the fat rations. The Belgian peasants, knowing that rape is a poison for their soil, and well-informed about the real intentions of the Germans, refused to obey the orders. Later on the underground movement took the matter in hand. Colza fields were burned, barns where the harvest was stored were pillaged. In Flanders the same policy was applied to some flax fields. The patriots won the battle of the flax as they won the battle of the colza.

6.—*No More Wings Over Belgium*

If we believe the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"—and who would dare question the authority of such an institution?—"Belgium may be considered as *par excellence* the

home of the pigeon-racing sport." The fact that the Britannica had to resort to a foreign tongue to make herself clear shows that she is in earnest and that she has abundant proofs for her statement.

Believe it or not—after all, who cares?—but there are as many pigeons in Belgium as there are inhabitants, and they multiply faster. More than eight million Belgians, more than eight million pigeons, and many more to come.

How did this come about? Because the Belgians really love them. Consider the attitude of other countries toward the gentle dove! There is no reason to burden the Germans with more sins than they have committed; it is, however, a fact that the two most important books, scholarly volumes of course, which they published on the subject treat the pigeon from the utilitarian and military standpoint. One is called: *Die Brieftaube in der Kriegskunst, The Carrier Pigeon in Warfare,* the other: *Anzucht, Pflege und Dressur der Brieftaube, Raising, Breeding and Training the Carrier Pigeon.* They also called their World War airplanes *Tauben* or pigeons, an improper and deceptive name. It was a minor although characteristic sin.

Among the most celebrated of another group of Axis pigeons were those of San Marco in Venice. In summer they suffered from acute indigestion, being overfed by American schoolteachers. The Italians even came to depend on that.

Therefore it is all the more discouraging to learn that the last aboriginal American pigeon—you shall be spared the Latin name—died a solitary death in Cincinnati in 1914. All the familiar parasites of St. Patrick's church are just plain immigrants like you and me.

In Belgium pigeons are loved for three reasons: they

may be prized for their beauty, they may be appreciated for their tastiness when cooked, and finally they may be appraised for their ability to make money.

The Belgians had all kinds of ornamental doves: white turtledoves with queer red round eyes, lovely and slightly ridiculous birds which had nothing to do but to float around, to sit and look as immaculate as a bride's veil, to coo and to woo—in short, to live a life of comfort and beauty everyone secretly envied. Occasionally these de luxe birds would be put in a cage and sent to a show and then the cooing would be done by the enthusiastic visitors of the show and by the fond owners.

The pigeon in Belgium was the poor man's chicken and the rich man's delight. Every convalescent was entitled to a tender young pigeon for his first real meal, the initial step on the road to readaptation to the heavy meat diet of the land. When the old Flemish painters represent the Land of Plenty, fried pigeons descend into the mouths of loafers who object to moving their limbs even to feed themselves. A fried pigeon was a democratic treat, at the disposal of the poor as well as of the rich.

Last but not least, the pigeon was valued as a money earner. We all, to different degrees however, have the homing instinct. Ulysses takes nine years to come home from Troy, but anyway he comes home. Certain husbands leave their homes at night to buy cigarettes at the corner drugstore. They may come back after five years and simply say, "They were out of Camels," but back they come! Lassies come home in technicolor; eels travel thousands of miles to die in their native abode in the Sargasso Sea, but nature's masterpiece of the homing instinct is the pigeon. This the Belgians have understood the best of all

people, and being practical-minded, they have exploited it with consistency and adroitness.

Since 1820 they have organized long-distance flying for pigeons. The first race was between Liége and Paris (90 miles). Then pigeons were sent to London, and gradually the racing distances were increased. They went to Rome (730 miles) and Barcelona (660 miles), to Ajaccio (630 miles) and even to Algiers (950 miles). Weather permitting, they traveled fast, doing as much as 70 miles an hour, but they traveled intelligently: they took 30 hours in a storm for a flight which took them three hours in fair weather. They stopped at night. Sometimes hawks attacked them and sometimes they hurt themselves on telephone wires.

By careful selection and interbreeding the Belgians succeeded in producing a specimen of streamlined efficiency and high speed, the height of perfection in carrier pigeons, which is known all over the continent as the "Antwerp carrier pigeon." When telephone booths were crowded, these pigeons were used by some newspapers to dispatch race results.

The approximately 400,000 race-pigeon owners were so fond of their favorites that their innocent game evoked the suspicion of the economists, who for once turned to moralizing about the situation. They found out in 1930 that the Belgians spent about $20,000,000 per year on tobacco, $15,000,000 on alcohol, $10,000,000 on shows, but also $5,000,000 on pigeons. They calculated that the upkeep of a pigeon costs about $1.10 a year, and they found pigeon-racing to be a "burdensome though soothing" kind of sport.

But if some people care about what moralists say, who

cares about the warnings of economists who point an indignant finger at an altogether harmless pastime which might cost a few dollars a year but which might also bring a good reward in prizes or even riches to the owner of some extraordinarily speedy specimen of the "Antwerp carrier pigeon"?

Not all the owners of pigeons wanted to make money on the homing instinct of their birds; many kept them mostly for pleasure. In every Belgian village one could find people who would sit for hours observing the antics of some strutting pigeon wooing an ever-evading but never completely escaping mate. Through analogy one could develop quite a philosophy of marital relations from these homelike scenes. The Spaniards say that an orchard with a pigeon house is an earthly paradise. They must have learned that in Flanders, which they occupied for such a long time.

This is war, and not even the billing dove, the patient dove, the gentle dove—whatever it has been called by the poets who must know—has escaped its horrors. During the siege of Paris in 1870 the French used pigeons to mail their messages out of the city, but the Germans trained hawks to intercept these swift messengers. In the First World War more than 120,000 pigeons were used by the German army alone. In the present war a great number of pigeons have been used by all the armies, and one of the first ordinances the Germans issued after occupying a town was directed toward obtaining a complete list of all the pigeons in the community. In several cases, suspecting the owners of some dark design, they simply pointed their machine guns at the pigeon cotes and killed the birds. A

great number of them died in this way during the invasion and afterward.

The German military commander of Belgium and northern France prohibited the keeping of any pigeons in the whole coastal region of Belgium, in Brussels, Mons, and Liége—in virtually four-fifths of the Belgian territory. The identification rings the birds wear had to be surrendered to the local mayors so as to permit a checkup when birds were killed or died.

Thus the Germans succeeded in taking the birds out of the sky. It was a great new triumph for the National Socialist idea. In a new domain "order" was established. Most of the Belgian doves bled to death. Their owners preferred to kill them rather than to have them serve the enemy and his foul purposes. The same feeling which leads Anglo-Saxon people to lavish such an astonishing amount of sentimental affection on dogs and horses inspires the Belgians toward their pigeons. For many of them this stab at the gentle dove was a terrible shock. One may feel that this is a ridiculously exaggerated pity, but how can one forget that the first time the dove appears in history it was a symbol of peace, and that since then when it showed itself in the heavens, when it circled around a rural church spire, or lighted on an old moss-covered wall, it was always the sign that idyllic and peaceful conditions prevailed and that men had found some way of living together without flying at each other's throats?

That familiar sight was seen no more; the doves had gone from the Belgian skies. For a time no other bird flew above the rich loam of the Belgian earth and over the

age-old gables of the cities but the German eagle. But this latter will shortly lose its last plumes and totter earthward. You may be sure that out of nowhere, at that moment, thousands of doves, eternal symbols of peace and victory, will soar into the cloudy skies of a free Belgium.

7.—*The Battle of the Press*

In "The Moon Is Down," one of Mr. Steinbeck's characters expressed very aptly the position of the occupying authorities in a Nazi-conquered country which refuses to admit defeat. In despair, one of the German officers, harassed by the constant nagging and opposition of the populace, says: "The flies have conquered the fly paper." Belgium provides a remarkable illustration of this technique.

When the Germans marched into Belgium, in May, 1940, the first thing they did was to throttle the freedom of the press. Up to that day, Belgian newspapers had been in the habit of saying whatever came into their minds; now they were going to print what was in Mr. Hitler's mind. Of course, the Nazis told the Belgians that their newspapers before the invasion were no good. In fact, opinions may have differed on that point: some people felt that the Belgian press was a marvelous ensemble, others thought that they had just the press they deserved,

but anyway the Belgians had their own press which fulfilled their essential requirements in that field and reflected both the qualities and weaknesses of the national character. It was not influenced by foreign money and, during the "phony war," it proved abundantly that it stood only for Belgian interests and was not afraid to proclaim its profound sympathy for the Allied cause. There were, however, two exceptions: one Flemish and one French newspaper, which had in the last few years been defending Fascist ideas and which were at the beck and call of Hitler and Mussolini, sided violently with the Axis. The first one, *Volk en Staat (The People and the State),* was the organ of the Flemish nationalist movement, which had adopted not only the basic ideas of the Nazi program, but which also used the despicable antics of Nazi journalism and polemics. On the other hand, there was the French newspaper, *Le Pays Réel (The Real Country),* which was the organ of the Rexist (Fascist) leader Léon Degrelle who, by the spectacular vulgarity of his political campaigns attained a fame entirely disproportionate to his intelligence and talent.

As soon as the German Command settled down in Belgium the people who had always been friendly to the Germans hoped to be given the direction of public affairs. As faithful servants of the Nazi regime they counted on being privileged to enlighten the Belgian public. Their first disillusionment—one in a long series—came when the Germans decreed that not only the two Fascist newspapers which for so long had deserved a reward, but also all the other newspapers of normal times, should be placed on a firm footing. The Nazis' main preoccupation was to have the Belgian scene look as normal as possible. Nothing was

some fantasies by modern painters like George de Chirico and Salvador Dali.

These artistic comments are of course very flattering, but they scarcely do justice to the Belgian scientist, and they divert attention from the fact that Vesalius is only a link in the impressive chain of Belgian scholars who have contributed, down through the ages, to the advancement of medicine and surgery. Before Vesalius, there was Jan Yperman (1294–1357), who wrote a masterly treatise on surgery. A contemporary of Vesalius, Dodonaeus, greatly contributed to the development of pathological anatomy, and his studies on plants and herbs are still of basic importance. Dr. Palfijn (1721) invented the forceps, and in the field of physiology Dr. Theodore Schwann discovered the animal cell. This discovery was called "probably the most important generalization of biology." In modern times, Professor Bordet's creative contributions to bacteriology earned him the Nobel Prize.

By honoring Andreas van Wezel as a Belgian scientist, therefore, the world pays tribute to a long line of scientific men who have greatly advanced human knowledge and who have, to a certain extent at least, made this world what it is.

Somewhere in the Talmud (and don't ask me where, please) it is said that one should be grateful to anyone from whom one learns a sentence, a word or even a letter. It is a good thing that at least in the free world today people express their admiration and their gratitude to that Belgian scientist who, four hundred years ago, found a little truth we were missing, and who, although people called him "an impious madman whose breath poisoned Europe," went about his business of telling us about our

sinews and bones as composedly and at ease as Walt Whitman when he sang "The Body Electric" and its:

Strong shoulders, manly beard, scapula, hind-shoulders, and the ample side-round of the chest,
Upper-arm, armpit, elbow-socket, lower-arm, arm-sinews, arm-bones,
Wrist and wrist-joints, hand, palm, knuckles, thumb, forefinger, finger-joints, finger-nails. . . .

3.—*"I Adorn the World, but I Despise It"*

SOME TIME AGO A YOUNG AMERICAN, WHO FOR SOME reason or other was unable to join the army, was heard complaining about the fact that for the duration at least he couldn't see anything of the world. He said in dead earnest, "I am practically encaged in these United States."

Oh, wonderful cage, and how jealous would be those millions of people in Europe and elsewhere who all their lives for religious, political, linguistic, or simply economic reasons are unable to move farther than one hundred miles from their homes! But after all, Mr. Paul Morand wrote a book called *Rien Que La Terre,* a title which throws the regrets of the young American into the shade. "Nothing but the earth," says Mr. Morand, and the globe's

dimensions continue to become smaller and narrower while our desires and ambitions are supposed to exceed its size and shape.

The trouble with the world is that we identify ourselves with what we know. To keep our interest in life going we need mystery and excitement—excitement arising out of mystery. We have come to know this old world too well. There are scarcely even a few corners left of which we do not have good maps and surveys. Every school child is familiar with the shape of the earth. Everybody knows that except for a few retreats in the woods along the Amazon, the world will soon look like a model village in a nineteenth-century World's Fair. A few years ago when a certain daring writer and explorer wanted to partake of a genuine two-course cannibal meal, the poor alleged cannibals, although they did not want to offend him, were extremely embarrassed and were forced to serve him a piece of mutton instead. When the movie potentates want to show us a 100 per cent savage, they serve us the impressive anatomy of Johnny Weismuller, who is so highly civilized that he writes books about the art of swimming. No, there is little "nature" left for amateurs. We have to make it up ourselves.

The Golden Age of the dreamers, nature lovers and globe trotters was between 1400 and 1600. Christopher Columbus, as the locker-room song has it, "that navigatin', calculatin', son-of-a-gun, Colombo," unleashed something in millions of minds and hearts from which we all still suffer. When Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic everyone was elated: we—all of us humans—had done something the elements didn't want us to do. It was glorious, but at the same time we felt the earth was shrinking. In

our subconscious we understood that in our quest for the truth we would soon no longer have the excuse of going places to find out what other people have discovered. We saw that the solution for our problems was no longer to be found in the study of a diversified mankind but in ourselves. Now there is no place on earth which you can't reach in sixty hours. The fact that mappemondes do not look global any more but have acquired the shape of a trigonometrist's nightmare is but a diversion. The modern man is told that the world is a small, third-rate planet and that we know all about it.

All that started when Ptolemaeus, the Greek, began making maps. Up to 1462 they were still considered worthy of publication, but real map-making and publishing developed only in the sixteenth century. It had nothing to do with any philosophical preoccupation; it was just the answer to a need of the time.

Antwerp, the "gathering place of merchants of all nations," was at that time the economic center of Western Europe. Poets lauded it in exalted rhymes, foreign writers and distinguished visitors praised it as the greatest and richest of all European cities. As an illustration of the theory that art and science need the background of a capitalistic society, one could not find any better example. The rich merchants and financiers not only wanted to be entertained by the artists, they not only asked the painters to represent them and their ponderous spouses on canvas, but they also expected the scientists to make life easier for them by their discoveries or by cataloguing the rudiments of scientific knowledge already existing in certain realms of human endeavor. Like the eighteenth century, the sixteenth is a period not so much of great creative ac-

tivity as it is one of inventories and encyclopedic surveys.

One of the most urgent requirements of the international crowd that convened in the Antwerp Exchange, the first one to be established in the world, was the need of good maps of Europe, Africa and Asia. Travel was still a hazardous enterprise, distances were poorly defined, errors were manifold in the existing land and coast maps. A whole school of map makers and engravers sprang up, the most famous of all being Mercator, whose projection of the globe has only recently been discarded for a more modern conception. They drew maps, they bought maps from the Italians, the Spaniards and the Portuguese. They redrew and reprinted them and sold them.

Among these sellers of maps was one Abraham Ortelius, born in Antwerp in 1527. He had latinized his inelegant name of Wortel (root) or Ortel into a scholarly-sounding version. By trade he was a merchant. He saw a great deal of Europe and used to go twice a year from his home town to the fairs of Frankfort, a voyage comparable to a transcontinental trip nowadays. He was registered in the artists' union as an *"afzetter van kaarten,"* a vendor of maps.

We know little about his character, but still enough to appreciate him as a great liberal mind; in the troubled times of the second half of the sixtenth century he was brave enough to write: "I think that the writer is under the obligation of speaking the truth as he sees it." When the freedom of the spirit was completely oppressed by the tyranny of Philip II, he wrote: "The wise man must keep silent these days. . . ." He was honored by the bigot's suspicions and he probably belonged to a circle of influential, highly cultured men who understood that the conflicts of

the sixteenth century were not to be reduced to dogmatic quarrels but that the stake was the very dignity of the scientist, of the writer, of man. Somewhat disillusioned, he chose as a motto for his crest, which represented a globe: "I adorn it, but I despise it."

His claim to glory is that next to Mercator he was the greatest geographer of his time. He was the first one to put together the good maps already in circulation, to which he added several of his own invention, and to publish them in the "most expensive volume of the sixteenth century," the *Theatre of the World* (1553), which had three editions in Latin, one in Flemish, several in French and German—altogether thirty-eight. The book contained fifty-three maps, and created a world-wide sensation. In 1570 he published a number of additions to his great work. He was aided by Anna, his sister, who did the coloring of the maps, a job that was generally entrusted to women by the publishers of those days. It had to be done by hand in order not to obscure the lettering and the other details of the engraving. His work is scientific and accurate and his commentaries on the regions represented are still of value. This atlas contains a map of the Americas that reproduces the rather fantastic ideas geographers had of that continent. Oddly enough, South America, which was far better known, looks like a square, while the outline of North America is substantially correct. Except for part of Canada and a good view of Florida, the whole of the United States is listed as *terrae incognitae.* The Chamber of Commerce of the orange-blossom state ought to reprint this map.

Ortelius considered geography "the eye of history." In his Renaissance eagerness to reconstruct the world of the

ancients, he collected medals and coins, he copied inscriptions and tried with all the scientific means at his disposal to give a correct image of the world as the Romans had seen it. His collection of coins and his publications on that subject made him an authority, and his home became a "must" on the list of the most distinguished sightseers of his time.

Not only did he popularize the study of geography, which was in need of it, but he instigated the drawing of numerous new maps all over Europe. His *Theatrum* is a monument of science, and when he died so many poets took to the pen and the lyre that his friends were obliged to publish a book in his memory, entitled, *Lacrymae Poetarum*—the tears of the poets on the death of Abraham Ortelius. You can always trust the poets; they never shed tears over anybody who isn't really worth while. So let all lovers of atlases, globes and mappemondes join in remembering gratefully April 14 (some say April 4), on which date was born in that pearl of cities, Antwerp, Abraham Ortelius, the father of all the atlases of this vale of tears.

4.—*Birth of the Saxophone*

We are told that the Chinese put nouns and adjectives one next to the other; they do not connect them. By so doing they save themselves a lot of trouble.

Just see how by the use and abuse of prepositions and conjunctions we complicate life and spoil the best things. Not only do these elements of speech constitute a notorious difficulty for everyone who tries to learn English and who has to remember that one travels *by* train, not *in, on,* or *through* train, but the conjunctions are constantly making havoc by diminishing, altering, or demolishing what one has already said.

We say, "He is a fine man, but he stutters"—which evidently makes him a less fine man. So deficient is our speech that it takes us two clauses of a sentence and a conjunction to express a shade of meaning. We could say, "He is a fine stuttering man," but that would sound like a clinical note, or we could say, "He is a stuttering fine man," and everybody would read a spiritual implication into the phrase and agree that on the road to perfection we all stutter and stumble.

In his exhaustive book, *Belgium,* Hugh Gibson, writing on the lovely Walloon city of Dinant, says: "A certain Mr. Sax, although a respectable burgher, invented the saxophone here." The most important word in this sentence, dangerous and destructive as well, is the conjunction "although." Mr. Sax was a respectable burgher—that is clear—but it is no less clear that Mr. Gibson objects to saxophones; so in the final judgment of this good friend of Belgium, the great man of Dinant does not seem so respectable after all, because he invented the saxophone, which apparently he should not have done. Respectable people do not invent saxophones.

However, the story of Adolph Sax's life shows that the gods, overruling the objections of Mr. Gibson and a great number of other people, wanted Sax to live and invent

this instrument. Born on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, he sustained a series of disasters which his biographer has noted down with great accuracy. As a child Sax rolled down the stairs and was bruised so severely that he should have died. He didn't. He swallowed a needle. He lived. He jumped on a burning hot stove. He howled but survived. He drank a generous portion of vitriol; he remained unhurt. He was poisoned by metal fumes; he took arsenic; he came through. A good solid brick fell on his head—it bounced back. And finally he was rescued from drowning. After that they called him "the little ghost from Dinant."

There must be something conducive to herculean deeds in the air of Dinant, for both the outstanding men it produced in the nineteenth century had the same tendency toward gigantism. The painter Adolf Wiertz covered more space with his canvases than anyone known since the Renaissance. His productive genius was constantly hampered by the narrowness of his physical surroundings. Adolph Sax in the realm of music expanded the power and the volume of sounds beyond expectations. One could not say that Wiertz was always a great painter; nor was Sax a great musician, but in a way neither Sax nor Wiertz will be forgotten, for both were gigantic. Both have left their mark on their epoch and will be remembered as having contributed effectively to the arts they practiced.

Dinant is only a small place. Its streets run parallel to the Meuse River, and it is protected by high limestone cliffs from the winds. It has undergone terrible things all through history. In the fifteenth century eight hundred of its menfolk were thrown into the river after a rebellion against the Duke of Burgundy, and in 1914 the Germans

destroyed eleven hundred of its fifteen hundred houses, killing seven hundred people, among whom were children under five years of age.

Sax was born there under the shadow of the bulbous-spired church, one of eleven children of a prosperous instrument maker. After studying music in Brussels, he decided to leave for Paris in 1842. He had already a number of small inventions to his credit and, arriving in the capital of France, he wanted to open a workshop to perfect and manufacture them. He started from scratch, and for quite some time he lived in complete poverty, but fame, fortune, and a lot of troubles were in store for him. Several times his earthly possessions were sold, but he kept going, and the most famous musicians and composers of his day patronized and helped him. Meyerbeer called him "the genius of copper and sounding brass," Rossini spoke of the sounds produced by Sax's novelties as of "the most beautiful, sonorous mass" he knew. Donizetti and Halévy supported him, and Bizet used his inventions in the *Suites Arlésiennes.* So did Richard Strauss in his *Symphonia Domestica,* which includes a quartet of saxophones. Debussy wrote a *Rhapsody for Saxophone and Orchestra.*

In 1844 he perfected the most famous of the instruments he was to create—the saxophone. By so doing he achieved for the wind instrument what had long ago been done for the percussion instrument, which had developed from the thin-sounding spinet and harpsichord to the piano. Before his time wind instruments were built on the supposition that the composition of the metal or of the other material determined the timbre of the sound. Sax discovered one of the basic laws of acoustics, that "the proportions given to a column of air vibrating in a sono-

rous tube, and they alone, determine the character of the timbre produced, not the wall, provided it offers enough resistance." On this basis he was able to develop the volume and the quality of the sound of his instruments to such an extent that he could outplay any combination of instruments and still stay within the boundaries of music and good taste.

His enemies—the other instrument makers—argued that his instruments were "beyond human power." His friends replied that: "Those who first saw the Pyramids thought them to be too high."

In 1845 he had his first decisive triumph: his orchestra was to compete with the most powerful group of his day on the Paris Champ de Mars, a kind of Golden Bowl. His competitor was a Mr. Carafo; the Paris music world was divided between the *Saxons* and the *Carafons.* Sax came out triumphant, and the government made the use of his instrument compulsory for all the military bands of the country. In 1852 he beat with twelve saxtubas of his invention a group of fifteen hundred instruments. Nothing and nobody could outblow or outfanfare the *"cuivres de Sax"* which had become a byword through all Europe. The Revolution of 1848 reverted to less sonorous instruments, but the Emperor Napoleon III reinstalled them. Out of Germany Sax's enemies brought the batyphone, a tube cylindrical in shape except for the bell, to combat his dearest brain child, the saxophone, which was parabolic. The batyphone turned pale and went back to the oblivion of its Teutonic woods. At one time his competitors filed a lawsuit against him to prove that the saxophone did not and even could not exist. But in *La Belle Hélène* Halévy

made Ajax rhyme with Sax, and the backbiters of the Belgian sonorous giant were again defeated.

For several decades Sax spent his time fighting off his numerous and unrelenting enemies: he invented several other instruments, perfected scores of existing ones, and got patents for an imposing number of inventions. He was not satisfied even with his musical successes. When the siege of Sebastopol was going on he dreamed of a superblockbuster which was to be a mortar shell eleven yards wide and weighing five hundred and fifty tons. With one shot this projectile would demolish a whole city. "It would tear apart, smash entire walls, ruin fortifications, explode mines, blow up powerhouses—in a word, exert an irresistible action of devastation, in a wide range, not to mention the horrible fright this explosion will provoke." This weapon would have been called the Saxocannon. We have been spared it.

Sax is remembered today, a century after he invented the saxophone, chiefly for this reason and for the saxhorn, the father of a family of brass wind instruments with cup-shaped mouthpieces.

In his famous passage on Christian charity St. Paul speaks in a rather derogatory manner of the "sounding brass." The fact that the saxophone has found such an abundant use in modern jazz music seems to prove that this invention is not absolutely disreputable. The sound it produces certainly does not appertain to the *musica mundana,* the music of the spheres, which the ancients opposed to the *musica humana.* The saxophone has a definitely human and humorous sound; some say its tones are lascivious and therefore reprehensible. Some say "serious" music

can do without this Belgian invention. This is
since many people can do without "serious"
what American orchestra, interpreting the frenzy,
guor, the abdominal uneasiness of our times,
without the voice of the saxophone, which all of a
from among the cacophonic and conflagrating
jazz band rises up and grips us somewhere
heart and the stomach in a region of our being
sufficiently explored, but important and
cisive?

5.—*Damien the Leper*

RECENTLY ONE OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
planes was given the name of Father Damien. It
for by gifts collected in four Catholic high
Honolulu on the occasion of the commemoration
priest.

What did this Belgian missionary do that his
should go through the skies of the Pacific as an
homage to his life and work?

He was born in 1840 in the village of Tremelo,
bant. It is in the Kempen region, a sandy land
been cultivated and improved for centuries by the
and toil of countless generations and transformed
gently rolling, prosperous country. The horizon is

roads are deep and embanked between thick
The villages are like those one sees in Breughel's
capes: the highway bends slightly before entering
village, as if to slow down traffic and prepare the vis-
for a surprise. Always the center of interest, the larg-
and most impressive building, is the church. It is usu-
of stone or brick construction, several centuries old,
stained by the frequent rains, venerable and venerated
the parishioners. It has a sharp steeple, carrying a
iron cross on top. The slate tiles that cover it are dark
red, somewhere on the roof, there is a weathervane
creaks and turns, gently pushed around by the winds.
doors of the church are always open, a red light burns
front of the altar, and on entering you pass between
heavy ropes which move the bells, summoning people
the services. Around the church is the graveyard, and
Sunday, after Mass, young and old walk and stand
among the graves, reading the names and dates on the
tombstones and reminiscing about John and Mary, Paul
and Elsie.

In the village, there are a number of cafés, not many,
the peasants have no time on weekdays to go there. A
young woman stands behind the bar, her white apron stiff
with starch, manipulating with authority the handles that
dispense the dark or blond beer. Fine white sand is strewn
over the red brick floor. The walls are covered with adver-
tisements of sales of land or farm implements: on the yel-
low posters, the pieces of real estate are marked dark
red. There the natives play cards, gossip being left to
the women; politics do not excite these people of the land,
and tales of marvels in other countries are limited to
America and the Congo. For in every village a few daring

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Belgium in Bondage - Jan - Albert Goris

During the last two years Belgium has made a gift of $400,000 to Great Britain for the purchase of Spitfires and the Belgian Congo raised about $1,000,000 for the same purpose through popular subscriptions.

From South America, from Canada, from all over the world, Belgian money is put generously at the disposal of the allied war effort.

3.—*Belgium's Internal Problems*

ON A NORMAL JULY 21ST THE AVERAGE BELGIAN WOULD either get up very early and go fishing—(we may leave him there for we know the rest of his sad and boastful story)—or he would rise very late and have a look at his newspapers. The one he had to read for professional reasons would be conservative, the other, read for information or sometimes for pleasure, would be a little more on the left side. On that day both sheets would display large pictures of the royal family and in very bold type some politician would try to tell by means of an impressive anthology of platitudes why Belgium was such a good country and how its kings were the best and smartest on the European scene. At times a provincial poetess felt

inspired and contributed a noble poem in which the words honor, liberty, blood—(poetical spinsters usually write a lot about blood)—would abound. Except for the author and her bridge partners nobody would read the poem. As for the politician's text, notwithstanding the heavy type, only a few schoolteachers would look at it, as a possible source of inspiration for a patriotic address on next commencement day.

Just like the citizens of every other sound country, the Belgians took their National Day for granted. They felt that as far as the collective feasting and official rejoicing were concerned, let George do it. After all, if it was a fine day—(even that could happen)—those who enjoyed authority in the state had to show up publicly and suffer the inconveniences of going to a parade or to a church celebration instead of dozing happily alongside some quiet canal or having many cool glasses of beer in a noisy and cosy café. So it came to pass very often that the 21st of July was a day of great annoyance for all those connected with public life.

There was, of course, a military parade before the royal palace. The army passed by and connoisseurs tried to recognize some new trinkets among the weapons. Wisecrackers made saucy comments when a single tank showed up. "The other one is in repair," they used to say. But mothers and sweethearts looked eagerly for their boys in the ranks and there always was a moment of emotion when Prince Charles, the King's brother, marched past, lowering his officer's sword to Leopold, the symbol of the State. The invalids of the last war sat in the front row and they had huge bunches of flowers in their laps. Under the strain of the heat and the weight of his equipment

some soldier on guard might faint or a horse might slip and sidestep, frightening the children on the sidewalks. Otherwise there were no incidents.

But the acute suffering came in the cathedrals. There a Te Deum was sung and all the office holders, small or big, were supposed to be present in uniform or in white tie. It was an ordeal. Not for those who had spent a lot of money on a brilliant uniform and who had only that one occasion a year to impress the grocer at the corner, but for the unfortunate individuals who had to fight with their white tie and put up combat against their starched shirts in the summer heat. The old gothic churches were chilly and while the solemn sentences of the Latin hymn thundered under the vaults, the victims of patriotic duty secretly dreamed of the ceremonies their heathen forefathers used to perform in lofty glades under fine old elm trees, comfortably clad in floating white robes, cool and airy like last century's nightgowns. When everybody had praised the Lord for His blessings, one could go home and have lunch and forget about the good old constitution for the rest of the year.

At night there were fireworks in the suburbs. Nasty, nervous crackers burst in the moist night air. Children's eyes opened wide at these marvels and girls clung closer to their boy friends whenever an especially forceful contraption exploded with treacherous suddenness. When the last cracker had sizzled down, the national anthem was played and those among the crowd who remembered more than the first line hesitatingly undertook to sing. The others just hummed the tune or sang "ta-ra-ra-ra." The next day the rains resumed and the newspapers complained again that Belgium was a little country and that

evidently it was going to the dogs unless, pretty soon, something happened.

Those were happy days. One lived in political luxury. One could afford to throw the Cabinet out of office for no reason more important than the unpopular appointment of a mayor in a town of 3,201 inhabitants. It was a normal community confident of its future. But it took its liberties for granted, it looked upon those who wanted to inspire the masses with patriotic ardor as swollen-headed and possibly dangerous individuals. It was considered poor taste to insist on the love of the fatherland for the simple reason that one was supposed to love it. An eloquent patriotism evoked suspicion.

Some clever Frenchman has defined the fatherland as "a way of life on which we all agree." Incomplete as this definition may be, it has a point. To the casual onlooker the Belgians may sometimes have given the spectacle of utter division but in fact they all agreed, even on the fact that on some problems they were persistently to disagree.

It was said that they were divided between Fascists and Democrats. Fascism being essentially loud-mouthed, foreign observers heard a lot about it, but when the Belgians were asked to make a decision on this issue, they gave the Fascists the most downright political beating they experienced anywhere in the world. From 22 members in Parliament their number was reduced to 4 and even one of those deserted after the election.

It was said that they were divided on the issue of religion, that Catholics considered Liberals as the devil incarnate and that Liberals regarded Catholics as mental troglodytes. But in matters of national and international importance, both groups worked beautifully together and

on both sides the best people knew that one school of thought would never be able to absorb the other completely: they were conscious of the fact that if some are willing to die for their belief, others are as ready to make that sacrifice to assert their lack of faith.

It was said that the Flemings could not stand the Walloons and vice-versa, and that the language problem was insoluble, but with all their bickering and sometimes byzantine discussions, they established both language groups on an equal legal basis. When the war broke out even those extremists who later became avowed traitors proclaimed their loyalty to the cause of Belgium. They knew all too well that their constituents would not have followed them if they had taken another stand.

Belgium had been depicted as the museum of horrors of the capitalistic system in the 19th century and indeed the very rapid industrialization of the country led to a number of excesses. However, by 1930, Belgium had the most complete set of social laws that any country in Europe, with the possible exception of Sweden, could boast.

Belgium was used to speak her mind among the powers of Europe. She was among the first countries to vote sanctions against Italy although she could have been influenced by the dynastic bonds existing between the two countries. Belgium took a stand, a very decided one, when she understood in 1936 that international pledges were giving her little real protection and that she had to count on herself as far as her safety was concerned. She built up an army that in May 1940 comprised nearly 10 per cent of her population and for years she spent more than 20 per cent of her budget on armaments.

The Belgians wanted to remain neutral, for the very

sound reasons that they were fully acquainted with the horrors of war and their participation in a conflict could not be of decisive influence. During the "phony war" they were covered with insults from both sides and still at this moment post factum prophets tell them that they should spontaneously have joined the Allies. It's the old story of seeing the mote in one's brother's eye—as if the United States had taken up arms before it was attacked at Pearl Harbor.

Such was Belgium's life, such the Belgians' policy. In 1940, they first held the position of the victim, later they had the even less enviable one of the scapegoat. For three years now, their country has been plundered, their patriots killed, their population abducted in abject slavery to the Reich. On the 21st of July, their temporary masters tell them how to behave. There are no flags, no parades, no songs. There are no flowers on the monuments of the Belgian and Allied soldiers. The first year of the occupation the Germans authorized the singing of a Te Deum in the churches, so that the Quisling officials they had appointed might display their "loyalty" and mix with the good Belgians. But several bishops in the provinces who wanted to avoid this scandalous promiscuity refused to officiate.

If we read the handwriting on the wall of the Europa-Festung correctly, the next national day will be celebrated in a free Belgium. Nobody will go fishing then. Nobody will make fun of those who say that they love their country and that they are ready to accept sacrifices in order that it may exist. Nobody will try to be smart about anything for everybody will feel that we, the living, will be watched by the dead, by the fallen soldiers, by the 10,000 civilians

wantonly killed in the Blitz, by the thousands of patriots murdered by German courts, by the pathetic, innocent hostages, by the thousands of children who through starvation and cold have been physically ruined for life. They will watch the Belgians who survived the ordeal, they will watch the Allies, to find out if the living, forgetful and fickle as they are, will use the peace to apply some sugary ersatz of Christian charity to our enemies. For they expect us to brand the hot iron of treason on the front of those who failed us, and they want to see that those who took to the sword shall justly and rightly perish by the sword.

POLITICAL PROBLEMS AND HOW NOT TO SOLVE THEM

1.—In Flanders Fields...

ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL JOBS OF GERMAN PROPaganda is the spreading of the rumor, in certain circles of the free world, that the Flemish people as a whole are in the palm of the Nazi hand and that 4,500,000 Flemings, representing about 60 per cent of the population of Belgium, have welcomed the wonderful blessings of the New Order.

As usual the Germans have followed in this matter the golden rule which Mr. Hitler laid down in the few readable pages of his paranoic masterpiece, *Mein Kampf,* according to which, when you tell a lie, make it a whopper, a beauty, so big that no one will think you could have had the nerve to invent such a falsehood.

The Germans have been working for many, many years on the Flemish problem. In the first world war, they succeeded in exploiting a latent discontent among Flemish intellectuals who were dissatisfied with the slow progress of legislation to grant the Flemish language and the Flemish people equal rights with French and the French-speaking population of Belgium. Little did the Germans care about straightening out discrepancies which, due to the reawakening of the Flemish consciousness, were normally doomed to disappear. They wanted to divide the

18 results found. sorted by date.

Previous | Next

Author	Gijsen, Marnix, 1899-1984.
Title	**Strangers should not whisper, by Jan-Albert Goris**
Pub Info	New York, L.B. Fischer, 1945

LOCATION	CALL #	STATUS
Suzzallo/Allen Stacks 3	940.53493 G676s	AVAILABLE

Description	xv, 260 p. 21 cm
LC SUBJECTS	**World War,** 1939-1945 -- Belgium
	United States -- Civilization
	Europe -- Civilization
LCCN	45002283
OCLC #	1171583
Grsn	00994380

Previous | Next

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(Search History)

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Previous Next

Title	**Die Faschistische Okkupationspolitik in Belgien, Luxemburg und den Niederlanden (1940-1945) / Dokumentenauswahl und Einleitung von Ludwig Nestler ; unter Mitarbeit von Heidi Böhme ... [et al.]**
Pub Info	Berlin : VEB Deutscher Verlag der Wissenschaften, 1990

LOCATION	CALL #	STATUS
Suzzallo/Allen Stacks	D802.B4 F37 1990	AVAILABLE

Description	288 p., [24] p. of plates : ill., maps ; 24 cm
Series	Europa unterm Hakenkreuz
Note	Spine title: Belgien, Luxemburg, Niederlande
Bibliography	Includes bibliographical references and indexes
LC SUBJECTS	**World War,** 1939-1945 -- Belgium -- Sources
	World War, 1939-1945 -- Luxembourg -- Sources
	World War, 1939-1945 -- Netherlands -- Sources
	Belgium -- History -- German occupation, 1940-1945 -- Sources
	Netherlands -- History -- German occupation, 1940-1945 -- Sources
Other Author	Nestler, Ludwig
	Böhme, Heidi
Related Title	Belgien, Luxemburg, Netherlands
ISBN	3326002963
	3326004117 (set)
OCLC #	23444475
Grsn	01575738

Previous Next

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68 results found. sorted by date.

Previous | Next

Title	**Antwerp--reshaping a city / editor in chief: Jef Vanreusel**
Pub Info	[Antwerp?] : Published by Blondé Artprinting International in association with the River and the City Project and created on behalf of the Community Minister of Physical Planning and Housing, [1990?]

LOCATION	CALL #	STATUS
AUP Oversize	HT178.B42 A58 1990	AVAILABLE

Description	223 p. : ill. (some col.), plans ; 31 cm
LC SUBJECTS	Urban renewal -- Belgium -- Antwerp
	Harbors -- Belgium -- Antwerp -- Design and construction
	Waterfronts -- Belgium -- Antwerp -- Design and construction
	Antwerp (Belgium)
Other Author	Vanreusel, Jef
OCLC #	24673017
Grsn	01640291

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(Search History)

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68 results found. sorted by date.

Previous Next

Author	Rosengarten, Israel J., 1926-
Unifrm Title	Overleven. English
Title	**Survival : the story of a sixteen-year-old Jewish boy / Israel J. Rosengarten ; translated from the Dutch**
Pub Info	Syracuse, NY : Syracuse University Press, 1999
Edition	1st ed

LOCATION	CALL #	STATUS
Suzzallo/Allen Stacks 3	DS135.B43 R6713 1999	AVAILABLE

Description	xviii, 218 p. : ports. ; 24 cm
Series	Religion, theology, and the Holocaust
LC SUBJECTS	Rosengarten, Israel J., 1926- Jews -- Belgium -- Antwerp -- Biography Holocaust, Jewish (1939-1945) -- Personal narratives Antwerp (Belgium) -- Biography
LCCN	99025979
ISBN	0815605803 (cl. : alk. paper)
OCLC #	41039927

Previous Next
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Your search query has been changed... Tried: (antwerp, world war two) *no results found... Tried:* (antwerp, and world and war and two)
2 results found. sorted by date.

Previous

Author	Isaacman, Clara
Title	**Clara's story / by Clara Isaacman ; as told to Joan Adess Grossman**
Pub Info	Philadelphia : Jewish Publication Society of America, 1984
Edition	1st ed

LOCATION	CALL #	STATUS
Children's Literature	DS135.B42 A575 1984	AVAILABLE

Description	119 p. : port. ; 25 cm
Summary	The author describes her own and her family's experiences during the **two** and one-half years they spent in hiding in **Antwerp,** Belgium, during **World War** II
LC SUBJECTS	Isaacman, Clara -- Juvenile literature
Other Subj	Isaacman, Clara
LC SUBJECTS	Jews -- Belgium -- Antwerp -- Persecutions -- Juvenile literature
	Holocaust, Jewish (1939-1945) -- Belgium -- Antwerp -- Personal narratives -- Juvenile literature
Other Subj	Holocaust, Jewish (1939-1945) -- Belgium -- Antwerp -- Personal narratives
	World War, 1939-1945 -- Jews
LC SUBJECTS	Antwerp (Belgium) -- Ethnic relations -- Juvenile literature
Other Author	Grossman, Joan Adess
LCCN	84014339 /AC
ISBN	082760243X
OCLC #	10912473
Grsn	00344385

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(Search History)

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Search results for **'longmate, norman'**

Sort by: Relevance

Refine Your Search

Results **21-30** of about **49** (**.27** seconds)

« First ‹ Prev 1 2 3 4 5 Next ›

Author
Norman Longmate (40)
British Broadcasting... (2)
Freda Kersall (2)
Juliet Gardiner (2)
Gaskin M J (1)
Show more ...

Content
History & Auxiliary ... (18)
Language, Linguistic... (7)
Performing Arts (5)
Business & Economics (5)
Political Science (3)
Show more ...

Format
Book (43)
Article (3)
Visual Material (3)

Language
English (46)
Chinese (2)
Undetermined (1)

Year
1983 (5)
1978 (3)
1975 (4)
1974 (3)
1961 (3)
Show more ...

Select All | Clear All | **Save to:** [New List] | Save

21. **Defending the island : Caesar to the Armada**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London : Hutchinson, 1989.
Held by: WorldCat Libraries

22. **The shaping season : an author's autobiography : childhood and schooldays**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: Cirencester : Fairford, 2001 ©2000
Held by: WorldCat Libraries

23. **The doodlebugs : the story of the flying-bombs**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London : Hutchinson, 1981.
Held by: WorldCat Libraries

24. **The 1940s house**
by Juliet Gardiner
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London : Channel 4, 2000.
Held by: WorldCat Libraries

25. **Milestones in working class history**
by Norman Longmate; British Broadcasting Corporation.
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London : British Broadcasting Corporation, 1975.
Held by: WorldCat Libraries

26. **Writing for the BBC : a guide for professional and part-time freelance writers on possible markets for their work within the British Broadcasting Corporation.**
by Norman Longmate; British Broadcasting Corporation.
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London : BBC Books, 1988.
Held by: WorldCat Libraries

27. **The 1940s house**
by Juliet Gardiner
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London : Channel 4, 2002.
Held by: WorldCat Libraries

28. **Alive and well: medicine and public health, 1830 to the present day.**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1970.
Held by: WorldCat Libraries

Search results for **'longmate, norman'**

Sort by: Relevance

Refine Your Search

Results **11-20** of about **49** (**.55** seconds)

Author
Norman Longmate (40)
British Broadcasting... (2)
Freda Kersall (2)
Juliet Gardiner (2)
Gaskin M J (1)
Show more ...

Content
History & Auxiliary ... (18)
Language, Linguistic... (7)
Performing Arts (5)
Business & Economics (5)
Political Science (3)
Show more ...

Format
Book (43)
Article (3)
Visual Material (3)

Language
English (46)
Chinese (2)
Undetermined (1)

Year
1983 (5)
1978 (3)
1975 (4)
1974 (3)
1961 (3)
Show more ...

Select All | Clear All | **Save to:** [New List] | Save

11. **The Home front : an anthology of personal experience, 1938-1945**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London : Chatto & Windus, 1981.
Held by: Summit Libraries

12. **The breadstealers**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: New York : St. Martin's Press ; London [England] : Temple Smith, ©1984.
Held by: Summit Libraries

13. **Hitler's rockets : the story of the V-2s**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London : Hutchinson, 1985.
Held by: Summit Libraries

14. **Air raid : the bombing of Coventry, 1940**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: New York : D. McKay, 1978, ©1976.
Held by: Summit Libraries

15. **The bombers : the RAF offensive against Germany, 1939-1945**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London : Hutchinson, 1983.
Held by: Summit Libraries

16. **Strip death naked**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book : Fiction
Publisher: New York : Garland Pub., 1983, ©1969.
Held by: Summit Libraries

17. **A socialist anthology and the men who made it.**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London, Phoenix House [1953]
Held by: Summit Libraries

18. **Island fortress : the defence of Great Britain 1603-1945**
by Norman Longmate
Language: English Type: Book
Publisher: London : Hutchinson, 1991.
Held by: Summit Libraries

18 results found. sorted by date.

Previous Next

Title	**News from Belgium and the Belgian Congo / Belgian Information Center**
Pub Info	New York, N.Y. : The Center, 1942-1945
Location	Suzz Periodicals Storage
Call #	940.53493 NE
Call #	940.53493 NE
Lib. Has	v.2 no.38-v.5 no.43 (Sept. 19, 1942-1945)

LOCATION	CALL #	STATUS
Suzz Periodicals Storage	940.53493 NE v.2	AVAILABLE
Suzz Periodicals Storage	940.53493 NE v.3	AVAILABLE
Suzz Periodicals Storage	940.53493 NE v.4	AVAILABLE
Suzz Periodicals Storage	940.53493 NE v.5 no.1-27	AVAILABLE
Suzz Periodicals Storage	940.53493 NE v.5 no.28-43	AVAILABLE

Continues	News from Belgium (New York, N.Y.) (OCoLC)12109258
Description	4 v. : ill. ; 26 cm
Pub Date	Vol. 2, no. 38 (Sept. 19, 1942)-v. 5, no. 43 (Dec. 29, 1945)
Frequency	Weekly
Note	Title from caption
LC SUBJECTS	**World War,** 1939-1945 -- Belgium -- Periodicals
	Belgium -- History -- German occupation, 1940-1945 -- Periodicals
Other Author	Belgian Information Center (New York, N.Y.)
LCCN	sn 85021338
OCLC #	9419200

Previous Next
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Record 2 of 5

Previous | Next

Author	Wallace, Robert F
Title	**From Dam Neck to Okinawa : a memoir of antiaircraft training in World War II / by Robert F. Wallace ; edited by Jeffrey G. Barlow**
Pub Info	Washington : Naval Historical Center, Dept. of the Navy : For sale by the Supt. of Docs., U.S. G.P.O., 2001

LOCATION	CALL #	STATUS
GovPub U.S. Stacks	D 221.16:5	AVAILABLE

Description	vi, 58 p. : ill. ; 28 cm
Series	The U.S. Navy in the modern world series ; no. 5
Series	U.S. Navy in the modern world series ; no. 5
Note	Shipping list no.: 2002-0017-P
Bibliography	Includes bibliographical references
LC SUBJECTS	Wallace, Robert F World War, 1939-1945 -- Personal narratives, American World War, 1939-1945 -- Antiaircraft artillery operations World War, 1939-1945 -- Naval operations, American United States. Navy -- Officers -- Biography Idaho (Battleship : BB-42) World War, 1939-1945 -- Campaigns -- Japan -- Okinawa Island
Other Author	Barlow, Jeffrey G., 1946- Naval Historical Center (U.S.)
LCCN	2001030863
ISBN	0160509866 : $9.50 0945274440 (alk. paper)
Gov Doc #	0415-D-03 D 221.16:5
OCLC #	46661774

Record 2 of 5

Previous | Next

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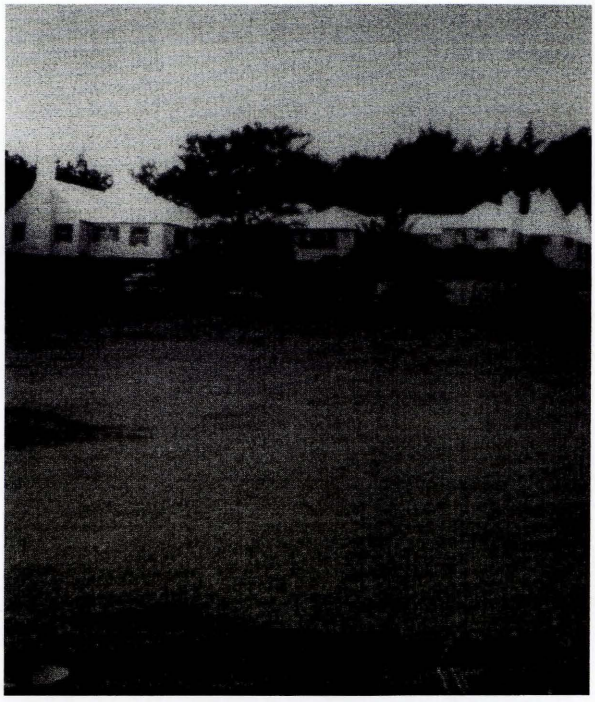
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Teaching at Southlands

The next morning Ensign Albert A. Springer, USNR, the AATC's executive officer who had preceded us by a few weeks, showed us around our new station. Admiral Jules James, the base commander, had arranged for lease of the 55-acre showplace estate, Southlands, at $750.00 a month. Facing the open sea to the south, as the name implied, and located only about five miles from the naval base, it was an ideal location for an antiaircraft training center. It was a sumptuous setting, with the butler, Rawlins, and his housekeeper wife, Mary, administering the house while Shanks, the Scottish gardener, and his dozen or so assistants maintained the acres of lawn and formal gardens. The ample servants' quarters in the carriage house, which originally housed the enlisted men, soon had to be supplemented by Quonset huts, and the carriage house became the preferred location for the senior people. Only we three officers had our meals at the estate. The proximity of the base made it convenient for visiting gun crews, while private enterprise rising to the occasion provided an excellent messing facility nearby for our men.

The firing line, which was rapidly completed, soon included numerous 20mm Oerlikons, both a twin- and a quad-40mm Bofors, and a quad-1.1-inch mount. The firing line grew as time went by. The enlisted men, who were quickly brought in, included a few highly competent gunner's mates and a small number of relatively inexperienced but intelligent young fire controlmen. We were in business—all greenhorns except for a small cadre of junior petty officers. Larry Springer, a very conscientious person, was a superb exec and managed the estate as well as the station. Julian, as anticipated, proved to be excellent in dealing with both the British and the Americans and, knowing nothing whatsoever about guns, turned me loose.



Southlands, the estate in Bermuda where the AATC was established.

Author's collection

I had been a Navy buff since receiving a beautiful battleship for Christmas in 1917. For a seminar in graduate school, I had presented a paper on the Battle of Jutland. As a "gun-nut" and a lifelong hunter, I was in my element. Since I had been one of the more-or-less observers at Price's Neck, I had learned a good deal about the guns, but from a distance. We did not fire the guns at Price's Neck because that job was for enlisted trainees. For its automatic antiaircraft weapons, the Navy had at first used the .50-caliber Browning machine gun and had developed the quad-1.1-inch, the so-called Chicago Piano. But the .50-caliber came to be considered more effective at punching holes in aircraft skins than in tearing them up, while the 1.1-inch proved to be a disappointment in many ways. A number of critics have mentioned the frequent premature explosions of the excessively sensitive shells within the gun barrel itself. Commander Gallery commented that they would "go off when fired into heavy rain." Our "prematures," like those at Dam Neck, tended to explode just abaft the flash shield, to the great discomfiture of both crew and bystanders. Unlike at Dam Neck, however, we were lucky that nobody ever got hurt in the process. Even if satisfactory ammunition had been developed, our 1.1-inch required the nearly full-time service of a

gunner's mate first-class to keep it firing with a minimum of jams. My friend Walter Becker of the destroyer *Clark* (DD 361) recalled that during the carrier *Lexington's* (CV 2) abortive run at Rabaul in February 1942, a gun captain on the destroyer tried to keep the 1.1-inch going by employing a wooden mallet and a liberal use of profanity. Moreover, as I recall, the empty clips sometimes had to be removed by hand. Compared with a 1.1-inch loader, the proverbial one-armed paperhanger would have appeared to be an idler. We quickly dismissed the 1.1-inch automatic weapon. However, at the suggestion of the imaginative Julian, the "1.1-inch" became a tradition at Southlands as the name of a drink whose deceptive pineapple juice base concealed a delayed-action kick that would have done credit to the gun's eminent successor, the 40mm Bofors.

The light, free-swinging 20mm machine gun, which the Navy adopted in November 1940, was a product of the Oerlikon Machine Tool Works in Switzerland, although our guns were all manufactured in the United States. As automatic weapons go, it was unbelievably simple and almost trouble-free. At a cyclic rate of 480 rounds per minute (rpm), and using a spring-loaded drum of 60 rounds, the machine gun kept firing as long as the firing lever was held back or until something broke. And amazingly, there were only five parts that could break; four of these were located together on the breechblock. It was blow-back operated—the explosion of a round hurled the breech forward against a powerful recoil spring that encircled the barrel and returned the block to pick up the next round extruded from the magazine. As the block returned to battery, it tripped the sear, releasing the rotating hammer that in



Author's collection

An aerial view of Antiaircraft Training Center, Bermuda (looking west northwest). The firing line runs along the beach. The house, lawn, and gardens are in the background.

war. In early versions used by the British and U.S. armies, it had an air-cooled single barrel. That feature was not exactly what the U.S. Navy had in mind, but the breech mechanism—the heart of any gun—was, along with that of the Oerlikon, about as simple and trouble-free as a machine cannon could be. At the AATCs, firing literally millions of rounds, we experienced almost everything that could possibly go wrong. I still have a yellowed copy of my four-page mimeographed handout "40 MM CASUALTIES." My paper points out that, in spite of several possibilities, stoppages fell into two cases: breechblock open and breechblock closed, and as with the Oerlikon, this knowledge always gave the gunner's mate a starting point.

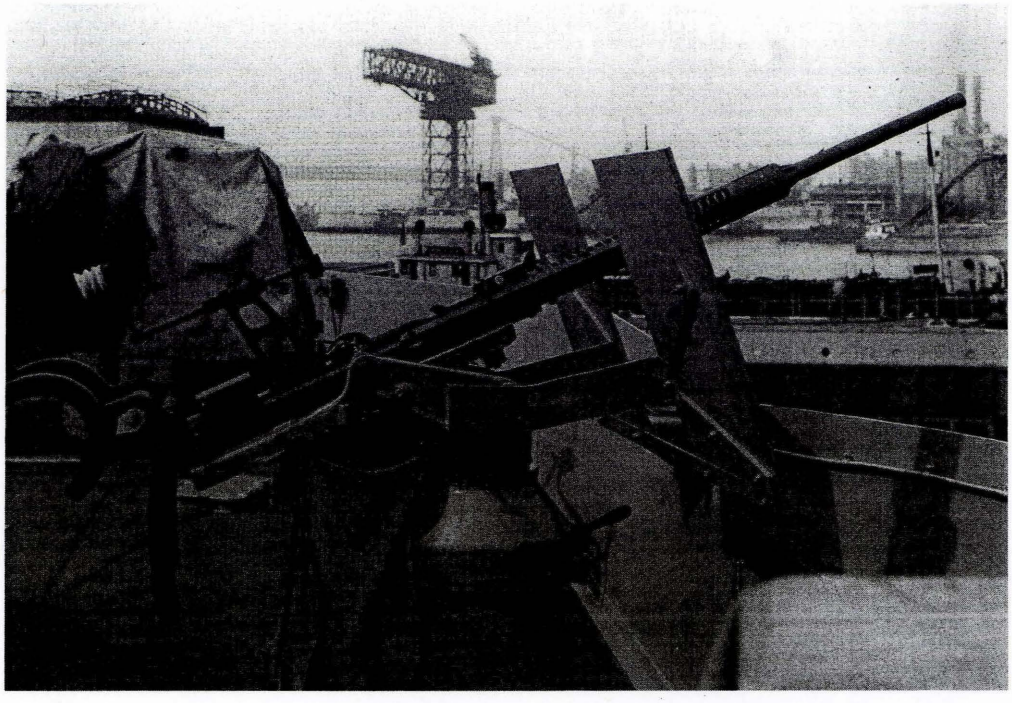
> The great automatic cannon of World War II was the 40mm Bofors.

We were all experts on stoppages, but when we went to sea, I suspect that my buddies, like me, learned that these guns seldom failed under combat conditions. When that rammer went forward punching a round into the chamber, the breechblock closed automatically, tripping the sear and firing the round. Stoppages were rare. The firing cycle, though a bit more complicated than that of the Oerlikon, was nevertheless simple, and a thing of beauty for those who had eyes for that sort of thing.

Although the projectile weighed almost two pounds, it developed a muzzle velocity of 2,890 feet per second (fps), a speed equal to or exceeding that of many of our modern big game rifles. To anyone who has ever had the terrifying and helpless experience of being in an anchorage during a night or twilight air attack (real or imagined), in company with a lot of auxiliaries whose nervous 20mm gunners needed only a shot or two to cause panic, the 40mm Bofors had another advantage. The old saying "What goes up must come down," while unfortunately true of the Oerlikon, did not apply to the Bofors. Once the tracer element burned out at 4,000 to 5,000 yards, the ammunition self-destructed.

But for all the Bofors' simplicity and power, another feature must have had the early BUORD observers licking their chops. The gun's loading arrangement seemed almost made for multiple mounts, which was exactly what our people had in mind. The loader stood beside the breech and simply dropped a four-round clip into a loading chute. On the sides of the chute were rods mounting spring-loaded pawls, which grasped a fresh round and pulled it down each time cam surfaces on the inside of the housing pushed the loading rods up and down through the firing cycle. Since the chute would hold two clips, it was easy to keep the gun firing. The

Close-up of a 20mm antiaircraft mount.



NA 19-N-32602

beauty of the loader standing at the side was that it was possible to mount the guns very close together as twins, with the loaders standing on the outside facing each other. This positioning made it possible to form a quad mount, with the pair of twins just far enough apart for the two inboard loaders to stand back to back. The U.S. Navy went a step further by encasing the barrels in water jackets with circulating pumps, allowing the gun to fire forever. A runout valve in the hydraulic recoil cylinder controlled the rate of fire. The gunner's mate simply increased or slowed the rate of runout by turning the valve with an ordinary screwdriver. Although a cyclic rate of 160rpm per barrel has been reported, we usually held it down nearer to 120. Considering the devastating effect of even a single round, four barrels at 120rpm threw a lot of stuff out there. I once compared the 20mm and the 40mm by firing them into an empty 100-gallon steel oil barrel, and the 40mm was perfectly devastating. No kamikaze could get past even a single quad-40 if its people knew what they were doing. I once told Commander R.H. Atkinson, Jr., gunnery officer of *Idaho* (BB 42), "I would take them for target practice if they don't come in too steep." I added the proviso because our ship had been close by two weeks earlier when *Nevada* (BB 36) had suffered severe casualties from a kamikaze overhead that they had taken to pieces in the air. If after more than 50 years my pronouncement to Commander Atkinson seems a bit "macho," it was made the day after my forward port sector and the marine sector on the port quarter had accounted for five kamikazes in just under four minutes, all by our 20mm and 40mm cannnon except for one incredibly spectacular direct hit by our 5-inch 38-caliber gun. As the explosion of the 54-pound shell detonated the "Kate's" bomb, only a column of black smoke remained there, suspended motionless over the quiet sea.

With our 20mm and 40mm cannon, especially as the U.S. Navy modified the 40mm, we had the world's best automatic weapons. But every hunter knows the best gun is no better than the aim of the man who fires it. Against rapidly moving aircraft, volume of fire alone, however desirable, is not enough. When the beginner fires at a covey of quail without aiming at a particular bird, it may seem that a lot of birds are out there. But he soon learns there is also a lot of sky. InWorld War II the U.S. Navy took some very impressive movies of Japanese planes that kept coming, apparently unscathed, through what looked

like impossible clouds of tracers. There was a lot of sky out there too, so the question was, How do you get hits? Early on, gunners would aim tracers like a stream of water or use metal sights with concentric rings to achieve some sort of lead, or what the British called "aim off." But these efforts were unsatisfactory.

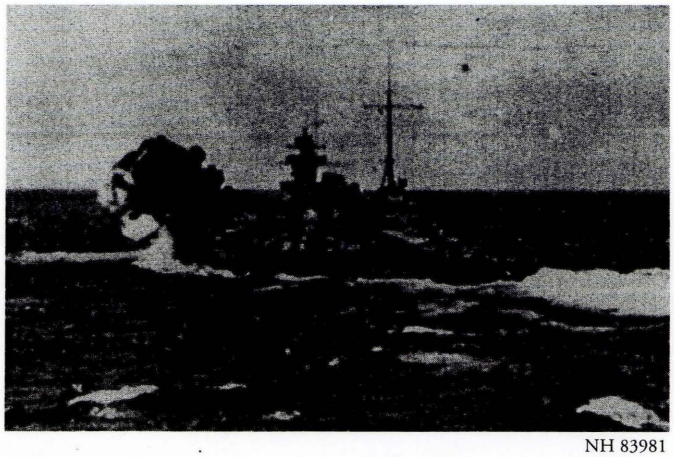
As it turned out, the U.S. Navy had a secret weapon. His name was Dr. Charles Draper of MIT, creator of the Mark 14 sight and later other marvels. Like the guns it was meant to direct, the Mark 14 was about as simple and reliable as one could imagine. The greenest fire controlman third-class could take care of it, adjusting it to bore sight, changing reticles, or doing anything short of fooling with the two gyroscopes. The gimbal frame of one gyroscope held its rotation at right angles to movement up and down (elevation), while the other rotated around movement right and left (train). As an illuminated reticle followed a moving target, the precession (tilting) of the two gyros measured the target's angular velocity across the line of sight. Given the angular velocity of the target, the only other input required to calculate the necessary lead angle was time of flight of the projectile, which depended on range. A hand lever that moved a set of cantilever springs inside the sight controlled the range setting. Thus, like a diving board that becomes less flexible as one moves back toward its base, the cantilever springs, attached only at one end, become less springy as the lowered range handle moves their point of contact with the gimbal frames closer to their base. The lower the setting on the range handle, the less easily the range springs bend, the less the gyros are free to precess, and the smaller the lead angle as the target approaches. In practice, range setting was less important than it might seem, particularly within the ranges at which the 20s and 40s could be expected to have their main effectiveness, say inside 600–800 yards for the 20mm and 1000–1500 yards for the 40mm. The reason was that out to these ranges the trajectories were relatively flat. To the extent that the trajectory remained flat, little or no range adjustment was necessary for our head-on approaching targets. Add to this advantage the normal dispersion around the mean point of impact (mpi), and you had a barrier exceedingly difficult to penetrate.

The sight required power to illuminate the crosswire-shaped reticle and to control the viscosity of the damping fluid, which imparted stability to the entire inner mechanism. As the operator attempted to follow a moving target, the reticle, of course, tended to lag behind. This meant that he had to move ahead more rapidly, thus bringing the reticle up to the target and finally the gun ahead for the necessary lead. Many times I heard the plaint, "The reticle lags behind!" Repeatedly and patiently I had to explain, "That's the whole idea! If the reticle doesn't lag behind the gun, the gun won't be ahead of the reticle. Or, to put it the other way around, the gun must go ahead of the reticle if it is to point ahead of the target being held in the reticle." It may seem hard to believe that it was difficult to put over this simple idea, but it was not easy.

In extenuation, it must be admitted that the reticle was indeed a jumpy sort of thing. It seemed to bounce all around inside the eyepiece. And here was the secret: the Mark 14 sight had to move steadily and, above all, smoothly. Those two gyroscopes knew exactly what they were doing and they tried their best to respond to the directions they received. Given smooth and steady movement, they worked like a charm. Aboard a ship that was operating in company with aircraft carriers there was no problem at all. As planes flew about, my orders were always: "Dry-track. Dry-track. Dry-track. Get so that handling that Mark 14 sight is second nature." There may have been a few gripes at first, but I had always been a popular professor and I got along with these kids too. After the first (fortunately lone) kamikaze had been splashed close aboard *Idaho's* port side by the condition watch, I didn't even have to remind people. This was the Mark 14 sight mounted on the 20mm Oerlikon. Sperry Gyroscope produced a total of 85,000 of these sights during the war.

But the Mark 14 also controlled the 40mm Bofors. It was mounted on the Mark 51 director, a perfect combination. The Mark 51 was a simple handlebar arrangement with a backstrap for the operator. The gun mount followed the director's movements through a system of synchro motors. This remoteness from the gun mount eliminated the vibration that was

experienced when the sight was mounted directly on the Oerlikon. In firing tens of thousands of rounds, the vibration never bothered me, but I can understand that in the smoke of battle it may have been a distraction because under vibration the reticle tended to blur. The remoteness of the Mark 51 also avoided much of the smoke from a 40mm-quad.



NH 83981

German battleship *Scharnhorst* firing on British aircraft carrier *Glorious*, 8 June 1940.

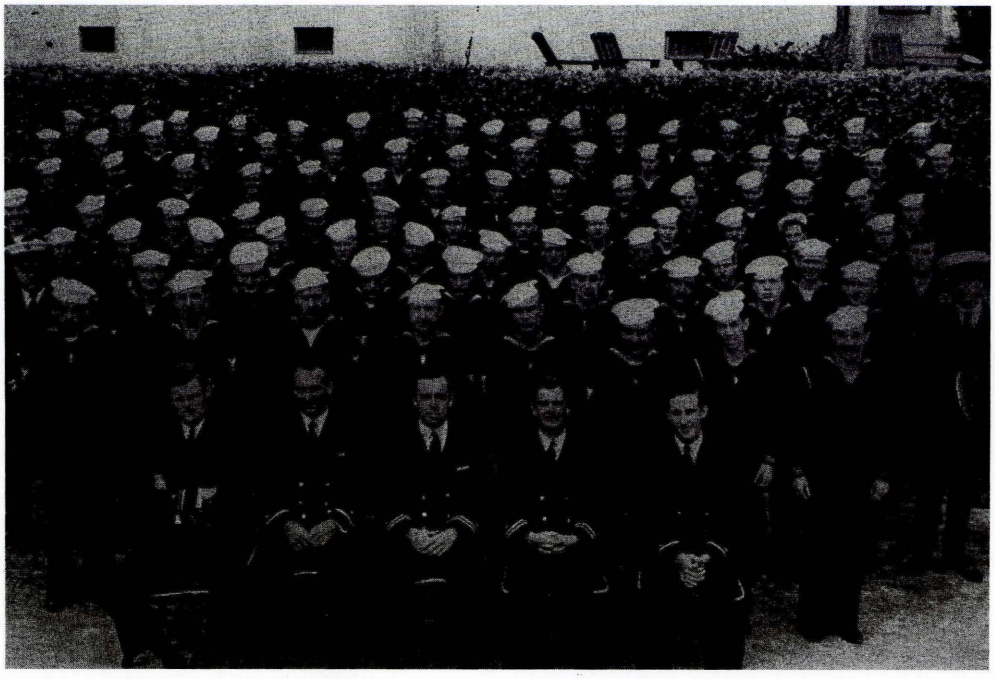
With the station, personnel, and guns in place and with customers within five miles, we only needed something to shoot at. The U.S. Naval Air Station (NAS) Bermuda was expected to tow sleeve targets for us, but this arrangement quickly proved to be unsatisfactory. Every day it seemed as if there was some reason why the plane from NAS Bermuda could not make it. But those fliers had another job: hunting German submarines. On 30 June 1942, for example, when U.S. Navy submarine kills were scarce, Lieutenant Richard E. Schrader, USNR, of NAS Bermuda dropped a depth charge on *U-158* that stuck to her deck grating as she submerged for the final time.

Our frustration did not last long. Captain Scott had chosen wisely. By this time Julian seemed to know everybody in both navies. The commanding officer of the Royal Naval Air Station was Commander George Fowler, who had been sent to Bermuda to recover from wounds received in December 1939 off the River Plate. On board the cruiser HMS *Exeter*, on which the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee* was concentrating her fire, George was climbing an exposed ladder when a hit splattered him with shrapnel. He had just two fliers in his Bermuda command. The senior was Ian McLaughlin, one of 46 survivors from the aircraft carrier HMS *Glorious* and her two destroyers that were intercepted by battleships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* as they returned from the Norway debacle without a heavy escort.

How a carrier with two destroyers could be surprised by battleships, when it should have been the other way around, is pretty hard to understand, but that was the way it happened. None of these ships had radar at that early stage of the war. *Glorious* had no reconnaissance planes aloft and nobody in her crow's nest. Ian told me that *Scharnhorst's* first salvo carried away the main radio antenna, preventing *Glorious* from reporting her predicament. Inexplicably, neither of the destroyers sent off a radio report. In any case, Ian survived for some days with his legs in the water. The damage to the blood vessels of his legs made him unfit for further carrier duty. Thus, like George, Ian was sent to the mild climate of Bermuda, also with his family. Their other flyer was Trevor David, a bearded, quick-witted sublieutenant, late of Oxford.

The Royal Naval Air Station was just looking for a steady job and the AATC filled the bill. The RN pilots never missed a day flying for any reason, and they never asked if we would soon be finished for the day. In December 1942, when we began doing some night firing at sleeves illuminated by searchlight (one of Julian's ideas), they handled that too, even while continuing to fly during the day. George and Allison Fowler had made a family of all his officers and their families, and we three lonely Americans were taken into the brood. We entertained them at Southlands, and they provided us a second home at their residence.

While Julian and Larry ran the show and dealt with the outside world, I (as senior instructor) concentrated on instruction and activities on the firing line. As a lifelong wing-shot, I became enamored of the Mark 14 sight and was soon an advocate. The sight needed an advocate at that point in the war because it tended to have a bad reputation among many old hands. Older gunner's mates would sometimes tell traineees to look around



Author's collection

The personnel of Antiaircraft Training Center, Bermuda. Front row, left to right, officers Lieutenant (jg) Jim Cronin, Ensign Bill Pollock, Lieutenant Ed Hills, Lieutenant Bob Wallace, and Ensign Hendricks.

the sight and direct the tracers like a stream of water. This method was known as tracer control. What its advocates did not realize was that the human eye, with limited inter-pupillary space, could judge distance only to about 400 yards, beyond which all is optical illusion. As soon as I began firing it myself, the reason for the problem became clear. Firing-line instructors were gunner's mates. They felt their job was to teach the guns and to put the students through the firing line. The guns were not the problem. The students simply were firing before they were ready. I soon had students dry-tracking and learning to handle the reticle before actually firing. And just to show that the Mark 14 was not as bad as they might have heard, I often fired demonstration runs myself in those early months, sometimes on the 20mm and sometimes on the 40mm. I well recall an experience that indicated something of the nature of the problem. With Larry Springer setting range, I announced that we would fire three runs with a 40mm twin. However, when we shot the sleeves down on the first two runs and the flyer was stringing another sleeve, our chief came to me and said, "Mr. Wallace, I wish you and Mr. Springer wouldn't shoot anymore. We have to get these men to lunch."

I wrote mimeographed handouts on various subjects during my time in Bermuda, including a fairly thorough one on the Mark 14. I even received plaudits from the Sperry Gyroscope people on that one, and they sent a representative out to Bermuda to meet me. They were happy to find anyone with a kind word for their sight.

With all of the accelerated experience, our enlisted men matured rapidly, and we promoted them accordingly. We soon produced our own chief gunner's mate, and Smitty proved to have fine leadership qualities. Julian, a perceptive administrator, realizing that in our informal atmosphere a steadily growing aggregation of green enlisted men needed some organization, got Admiral James to lend us a Marine sergeant. Sergeant Leady, a mature, personable man with a talent for leadership, quickly turned out a happy, orderly crew. I was particularly impressed because he could hit about anything he shot at with a Colt .45 automatic.

In the early stages of our operation when trainees were scarce, Julian, the consummate PR man, also sold Admiral James on the idea that all Navy officers should be introduced to the antiaircraft problem. As a result, all of the junior officers at the base were scheduled for three days of training at Southlands. Bermuda was a quiet base and gunnery was glamorous, so our program became

The crucial historical significance of the whole radar-warning and interception system now becomes clear. It saved the entire Okinawa operation. As Dr. Vannevar Bush, director of the National Defense Research Council, said after the war, "At Okinawa without radar the Japanese might have been able to say, 'The bigger they come, the harder they fall!'" But it also had crucial significance for the modern debate concerning the casualties that might have been incurred if we had invaded Japan instead of dropping the atomic bomb. The great majority of pilots who flew from Japan intent upon making a suicide crash never saw an American ship. They were detected by radar and shot down far short of their intended targets by the CAP fighters. Suicide planes had to travel over a several hundred-mile stretch of largely empty ocean before reaching their intended victims off Okinawa. It was this distance that made it possible for our radar to detect and intercept the planes so effectively. We knew the odds facing the forces who would be invading the Japanese Home Islands. There would be no ocean between the ships and their attackers, and little opportunity for radar warning. Considering the destruction caused by the relatively few kamikazes that got past our combat air patrols at Okinawa, it is chilling to contemplate the situation had we invaded Kyushu, where our CAPs would have had to operate without advanced warning of incoming planes.

"Floating Chrysanthemums"

There were no more big attacks in our area until 12 April, when we were told to expect heavy air attacks. Years later Admiral Morison, who was present at the time, wrote, "April 12 proved to be one of the most trying days for the Navy in this campaign." We always received warnings of impending big raids. These alerts came from the breaking of JN-25, the Japanese Navy's general purpose code. Our people were so expert at decryption by this time that the Japanese practice of changing the code's protective encipherment each month made little difference. For example, the change introduced on 1 April was broken the next day. Whenever the word came over the IFD net, "Exbrook. Exbrook. Conductor says, 'Flash Red [enemy planes approaching], Control Yellow [warning alert—nothing is near enough yet to shoot],'" we would go to general quarters. General quarters was a startling and arresting break in a ship's routine. And after a while at Okinawa it could be scary. We had witnessed a lot of bloodshed in those first weeks. In the officers' wardroom I have seen glasses overturned at the table when people jumped up at the sound of the gong. Our alarm signal was not a semi-buzzer type found on later ships. It was a true, clear bell with a rapid, ominous ring that would wake the dead. Then, almost instantly from our superb bugler would come the staccato notes of general quarters: "Ta dadada. Ta dadada. Ta dadada. Ta dada. Ta dadada. Ta dadada. Ta dadada. Ta dada." And over the loudspeaker (and I do mean loud) would come: "General Quarters. All hands, man your battle stations." Then, allowing time for everyone to get in place (if you ran fast enough), the speaker would proclaim, "Now set Condition Zebra. Set Condition Zebra." This meant close all watertight doors, referring to most of the ship's hatches. This accomplished, the ship was now "buttoned up." However, on this day we had all gone to general quarters long before any raid reached our vicinity. We knew they were coming, and all of the bombardment ships were gathered together for mutual support. At one point, I counted 11 battleships and 10 cruisers in a great circle, reminding me of circling the wagons in the old Westerns. Outside and beyond these heavy ships was a thin pro-

tective screen of 12 destroyers. Admiral Morison reported this day from his position in *Tennessee*, only 2,000–3,000 yards from us, and though all remained quiet until 1326, we kept to our battle stations and our ships kept their defensive cruising disposition. As on board *Tennessee*, we in *Idaho* had sandwiches at our battle stations. The automatic weapons crews had stacked extra ready ammunition around their guns, and the air was electric.

Then at 1326 over the IFD net came the word, "Exbrook. Exbrook. Conductor says, 'Flash Red, Control Green [shoot on sight].'" Now the IFD net crackled steadily with reports of raids and directions to the combat air patrol units. As was usually the case, most of the aerial interceptions were successful, but, as often happened, a few were not. One raid kept eluding the CAP and kept on coming. Finally, when they were perhaps only 20 or 30 miles away, I told the telephone talkers to get the gun pointers on the phone. I said to them, "This raid is getting through, and it looks as if we are going to have to shoot. If you guys don't think you can hear the talkers, put the phones on your own heads." (This was the last thing that either they or I wanted, of course.) Then over the phone we all heard, "Mr. Wallace, this is Earl. We won't shoot until you give the order." I knew then that everything was going to be all right and that everybody was going to be confident and calm. Earl, on a 40mm director, was my senior fire controlman and was as solid as a rock. At just about this moment, two great flamers appeared, falling so slowly, it seemed, toward the water. To Admiral Morison they seemed like meteors, an apt description, since they appeared very bright in the clear sky. In his description of the event, though, he does not mention the white parachute I saw descending slowly from the sky to the sea. But then, we were a bit nearer than *Tennessee* was to the scene.

We could clearly see his tracers, in a full 90-degree deflection shot, seeming to curve into the cockpit.

Almost immediately the screen opened fire, and we could see the attacking planes skimming low over the glassy sea. It could not have been a prettier show for our sector. The first one was a glider that came directly into the sector where I knew that all of our reticles were tracking smoothly and patiently. In my supreme confidence I waited perhaps too long for the nerves of most of those assembled, but I knew my guns and I knew my guys. Bish slapped me on the shoulder saying, "Shoot. Shoot." At 1448.10 I held my speaker button down and said, "All guns commence firing." As he was now in range of both the ship's 20s and the quad-40s, a neat and symmetrical triangle of tracers came to a point on his nose. With the convergence of so much destructive power, he was in the water within seconds. The action report records that after 25 seconds of firing (at 1448.35) the antiaircraft battery checked fire.

After a 40-second break, at 1449.15 the port side, including our forward sector, destroyed another plane in a 30-second flurry of firing that ended at 1449.45. Like the first one, this kamikaze was smothered by automatic weapons fire and did not even get near the ship. Then came a stellar performance by one of my teenagers standing in a 20mm gun tub right next to us in Sky Control. He was a nice, quiet kid from somewhere in the South. One of the Japanese pilots, possibly noticing that his compatriots were not having much luck with *Idaho*, or perhaps by a prearranged plan, swerved to go past, possibly to go around and attack the ship from a different angle. (This also happened to *Tennessee*.) He could not have been much more than one or two football fields away as he tried to pass ahead on our side. The kid had been one of my most conscientious charges in working hard to master the Mark 14 reticle, and he didn't miss a beat in quickly getting a smooth track. He held his firing lever back for just 15 seconds, but that was enough. We could clearly see his tracers, in a full 90-degree deflection shot, seeming to curve into the cockpit. A ball of fire, the plane crashed harmlessly into the China Sea. Bish looked at me gleefully and



The Marine Guard who handled the automatic weapons on *Idaho's* port quarter: (front row, left to right) Sergeants Comisky, Curtin, Mays, and Austin; (back row, left to right) Lieutenant B. W. "Duly" Dulaney, Captain Bob Daly, and Lieutenant Bill Greenip.

Photo courtesy B. W. Dulaney

pointed to our 20mm gunner. It was clearly a one-man feat, done at his own initiative and without orders from anyone.

Located up high at Sky Control level, our young gunner probably had a better view of the whole picture than others located farther down and somewhat immersed in gun smoke. No doubt also most people had their attention fixed on the serious trouble now approaching so far back on the port quarter that only their guns could bear, and as it turned out not all of those. Two "Kates," working as a team, approached, with one a few seconds ahead and slightly to the side of the other. The 20mm guns in the Marines' sector were firing steadily, but now came the great spectacle of our afternoon. One of our 5-inch guns made one of those rare direct hits that simply obliterates any single-engine plane, especially one carrying a bomb that becomes part of the explosion. The impression is always astonishing, because a rapidly moving aircraft seems to stop instantly, like the film stopping in the middle of an old Keystone Kop comedy. In the daytime when this occurs there is nothing to see but a heavy, motionless column of black smoke. In the night sky, the plane again stops suddenly, but out of the orange fireball one can see a shower of red sparks. I have always thought these were parts of the steel engine disintegrated by the double explosion. But now we were subjected to a desperate sequel to this lucky hit on the lead plane. That plane exploded close aboard the port quarter. Both planes were taking 20mm hits when the nearer one blew up.

If we felt any elation at this sudden turn of events, it soon turned to dismay as the sagacious surviving pilot swung quickly in behind the sheltering pall of his companion's destruction. He was hidden and our Marines could no longer shoot at him. But the alert Marine loaders apparently took these brief seconds to put fresh drums on their 20mm Oerlikons. When he emerged from the smoke, determinedly bearing down on the ship and seeking to strafe with his machine gun, he began absorbing heavy fire from the Marines' 20mms. As the kamikaze approached the ship, I had the

impression of a man with great sores breaking out all over his face. He did not stop, but his plane could not take so much fire. As he began to fall he headed directly for a young Marine who, like our 20mm gunner in Sky Control, was a real pro. He stood there in his tub and fired down the throat of his attacker until the very moment of impact. As I saw the plane seeming to plow into the ship, I bent over to avoid the blast and shock.

A bomb exploding so close to you does not make a booming sound, as heard in the movies. It makes a crackling sound, like lightning. Even in our high-up position in the forward part of the ship, we were literally showered with debris. A piece of engine block landed in Sky One, the 5-inch director above us, and I picked up from our deck an aluminum rivet with a copper wire attached.

The official reports gave different estimates of the plane's distance from the ship when it exploded, ranging from 25 feet to 50 yards. Obviously, the man who wrote the 50-yard estimate was not a witness. I watched the plane to the moment of impact, and I would estimate it was more like 15 or 20 feet away, at most. A more distant explosion was not likely to do all the damage that this one caused. Eight blisters were flooded on *Idaho*'s port side, and the ship suffered extensive damage from flying shrapnel and the shock of the explosion. Personnel suffered a number of minor shrapnel wounds, but amazingly only two of these were serious enough to require a short stay in sickbay. Both men were retained on board. The Marine who continued to fire up to the moment of impact was only slightly shaken up, I would guess because the bomb exploded so near that he was protected by the armored side of the great ship on which he was standing. An interesting footnote to this event was that several name plates of various kinds were found among the debris. I saw a small ballbearing race around which were the letters: "NORMA NAM MADE IN USA."

A bomb exploding so close to you does not make a booming sound, as heard in the movies. It makes a crackling sound, like lightning.

In the ship's action report this extended kamikaze attack was summarized succinctly:

> 1452 Antiaircraft Battery checked fire. Two VALS and three KATES shot down and assisted in shooting down one KATE. One plane exploded close aboard Port quarter. A second plane was splashed close aboard Port quarter and exploded, flooding eight blisters on the Port side, spraying the ship with shrapnel, and damaging other installations aboard the ship. Ammunition expended: 52 MC and 75 VT Projectiles with charges, 1273 40mm and 3468 20mm cartridges.

In describing this attack from memory as well as on the basis of *Idaho's* action report, an important unexplained question came up: Why were the 40mm-quads, which would have disposed of this last plane long before it reached the ship, not firing at all? Bob Daley was easy to locate through the St. Olaf Alumni Office. I talked with him at his ranch near Rifle, Colorado, but Bob could not remember. Dulaney, who pointed a quad, would surely have the answer, but I had to find him. With the help of the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis and my daughter in the Pentagon, I soon located Duly. In the course of an enjoyable telephone visit with him, I got the answer to the mystery of the 40mm-quads. The plane was too low for the quads to be depressed that far. All automatic weapons had positive-limit stops to prevent them from firing into their own ship. To me, perhaps the strangest riddle of all is why it took 50 years for somebody to raise the question. And perhaps more importantly, why, after such a horrendous experience, was the difficulty not relieved the very next day. All that was necessary to correct the problem was to cut the splinter shield a bit lower in front and then lower the limit stops accordingly.

D 214.14/4: M 33/4
Condition Red: Marine Defense

Condition Red:
Marine Defense Battalions in World War II



Marines in World War II Commemorative Series

By Major Charles D. Melson
U.S. Marine Corps (Ret)



Marine Corps Historical Collection

Smoke rises from Wake Island after a Japanese air attack. The command post used by the detachment of the 1st Defense Battalion lies in the right foreground.

dian Ocean. A reinforced defense battlion, though hundreds of miles from the actual sinkings, contributed greatly to the American victory. Since the fall of Wake Island, American reinforcements had poured into Midway. Colonel Shannon's 6th Defense Battalion, now 1,700-strong, helped build the island's defenses even as it stood guard against an anticipated Japanese attack. The labor projects included constructing underwater obstacles, unloading and distributing supplies, and building emplacements for guns and shelters for ammunition and personnel. Shannon told his Marines that "Our job is to hold Midway . . . . Keep cool, calm, and collected; make your bullets count."

On 4 June, the Japanese opened the Battle of Midway by launching a massive air strike designed to soften the island for invasion. Radar picked up the attackers at a distance of 100 miles and identified them at 93 miles, providing warning for Midway-based fighters to intercept and antiaircraft batteries to prepare for action. The struggle began at about 0630 and had ended by 0700, with the deadliest of the fighting by the defense battalion compressed into what one participant described as a "furious 17-minute action." The Marine antiaircraft gunners claimed the destruction of 10 of the attackers, but damage at Midway proved severe, with flames and smoke billowing from a fuel storage area and aircraft hangars. The island's defenders remained in the fight, however, causing the Japanese naval commander to decide on a follow-up attack. His ordnance specialists were in the midst of replacing armor-piercing bombs, designed for use against ships, with high explosives for ground targets, when the American carrier pilots pounced in the first of their devastating attacks. The resistance by the Marines at Midway, both the aviators and the members of the defense battalion, thus helped set the stage for one of the decisive naval battles of World War II.

After making this contribution to eventual victory over Japan, the 6th Defense Battalion remained at Midway for the rest of the war. As one of its Marines, Ned Tetlow, pointed out, the long stay enabled the unit to develop a "distinct identity."

During the defensive phase of the Pacific War, the defense battalion underwent conceptual changes back in the United States. Two new tables of organization and equipment received official approval in the spring of 1942. One called for a battalion of 1,146 officers and men that had a headquarters and service battery, a 155mm artillery group of two batteries, a 90mm antiaircraft artillery group of three batteries, plus a searchlight battery, and a special weapons group, made up of one battery each of Browning machine guns, Oerlikon 20mm cannon, and Bofors 40mm cannon. The other document called for a slightly smaller composite unit, in which a rifle company and a pack howitzer battery replaced some of the less mobile weapons. Moreover, plans called for one of the composite defense battalions organized in 1942 to be manned by African-Americans under command of white officers.

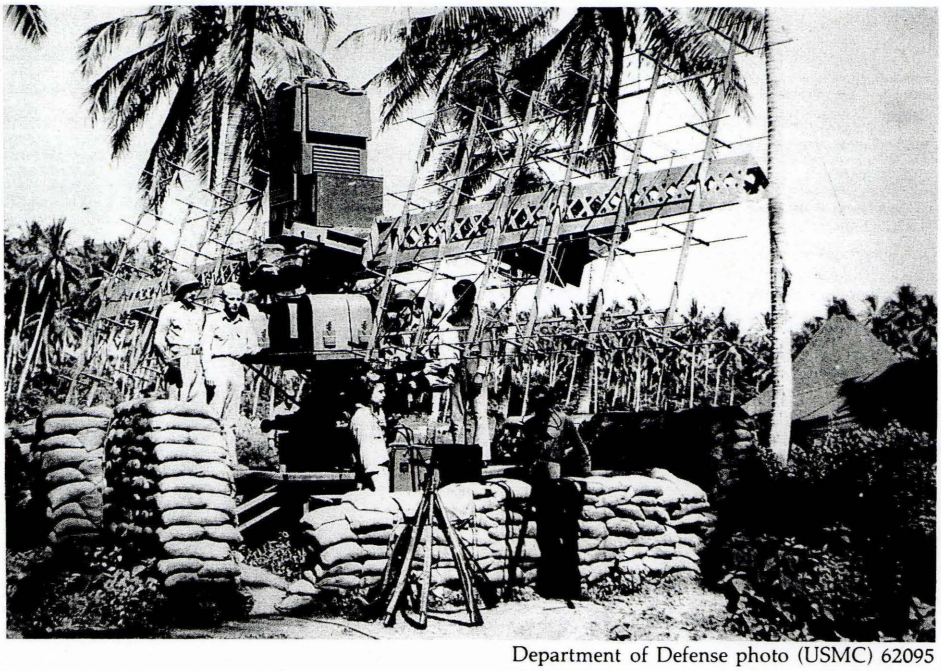
Two African-American Defense Battalions

The wartime demand for manpower and the racial policy of the

Defense battalion commander Maj James P. S. Devereaux pressed this ammunition bunker into service as his command post during the defense of Wake Island.

Photo by the author





Department of Defense photo (USMC) 62095

The 3d Defense Battalion operated this SCR268, the first search radar established on Guadalcanal after the 1st Marine Division landed there on 7 August 1942.

Funafuti in the Ellice Islands on 2 October 1942. The Ellice force set up its weapons hundreds of miles from the nearest major American base and for the next 11 months held the northernmost position in the South Pacific, just short of the boundary between that area and the Central Pacific. The battalion's commanding officer, Colonel George F. Good, Jr., recalled that his ragtag antiaircraft and ground defenses "stuck out like a sore thumb." The Ellice Islands served as a staging area for raids on the Japanese-held Gilbert Islands and consequently bore the brunt of some 10 Japanese air attacks, during which the 90mm antiaircraft guns downed at least six bombers. Meanwhile, elements of the 5th Defense Battalion on Tulagi combined in January 1943 with a 5-inch battery from the 3d to become the 14th Defense Battalion.

The 9th Defense Battalion, under Colonel David R. Nimmer, reached Guadalcanal in December 1942, set up its weapons around the airfield complex at Koli Point, and promptly destroyed a dozen enemy aircraft. Francis E. Chadwick, a member of the artillery group, recalled that the unit "met only stragglers upon landing and found an undersize, beaten enemy battalion." The Marine defense battalion thereupon began reequipping in preparation for the next move up the Solomons chain. In January 1943, the 11th Defense Battalion, commanded by Colonel Charles N. Muldrow, relieved the 9th Battalion of its responsibilities at Guadalcanal.

South Pacific Tales

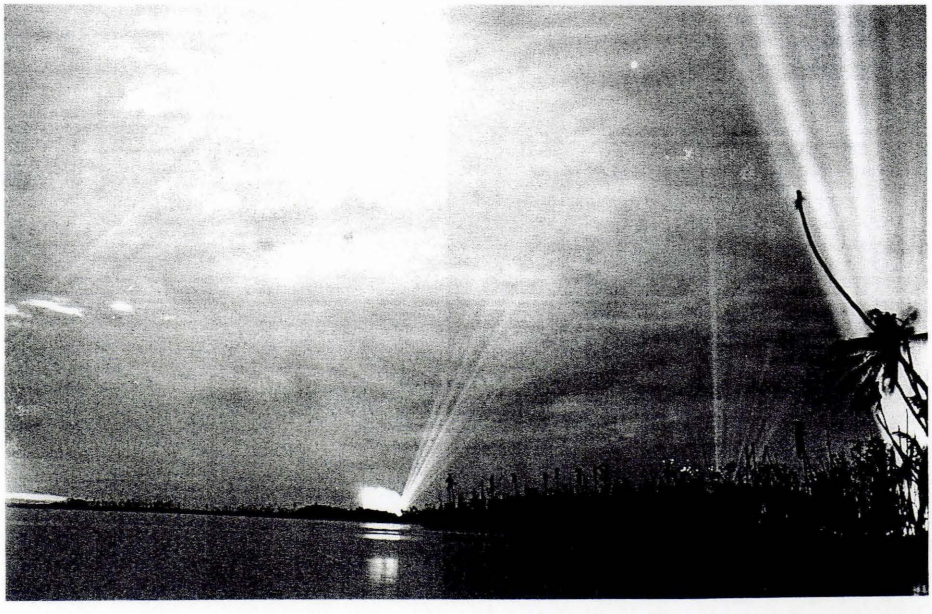
Marines serving in the defense battalions learned lessons – some of them immortalized in legend – not taught in training or in the manuals. They learned about "air-raid coffee," strong enough to "lift one's scalp several inches per gulp." Coffee pots would go on the fire when things were quiet; then the air-raid alarm would signal Condition Red, which meant that an air raid was imminent, and the Marines would man their battle stations, sometimes for hours, waiting for and fighting off the attackers as the coffee boiled merrily away. The resulting brew became thick enough to eat with a fork, and Master Technical Sergeant Theodore C. Link claimed that the coffee "snapped back at the drinker."

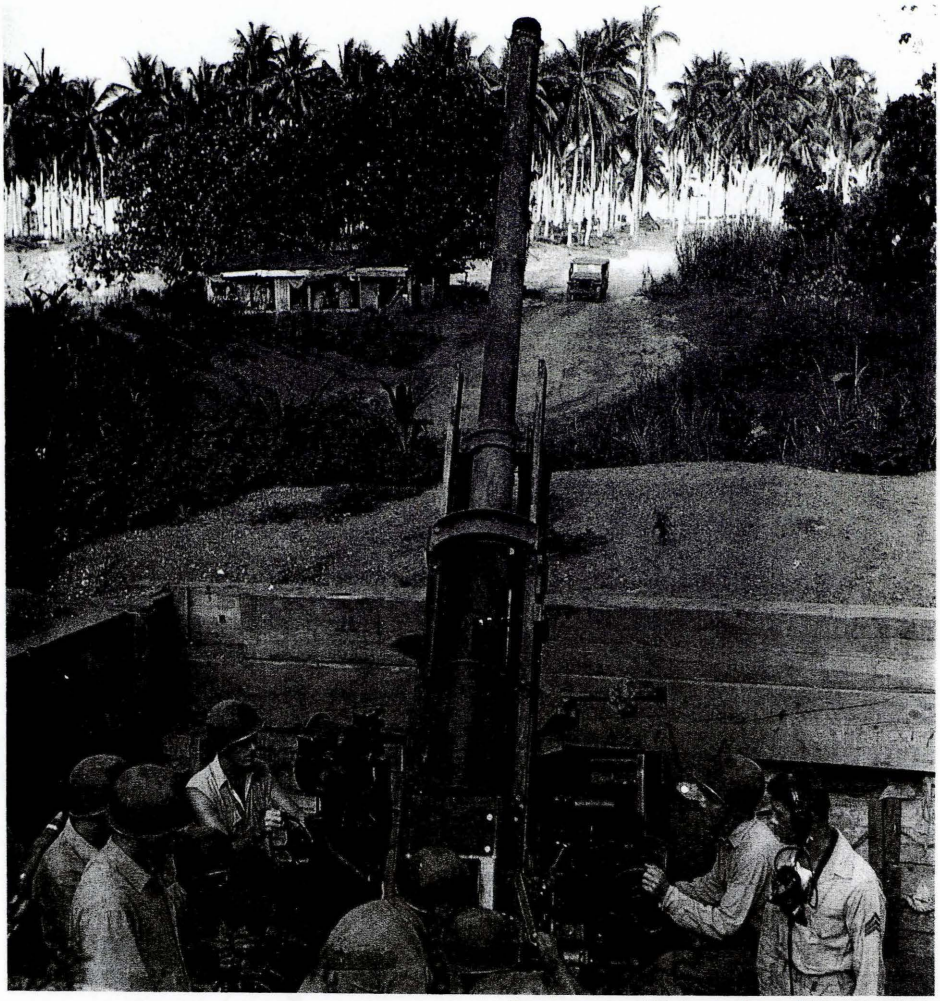
Veterans also learned to take advantage of members of newly arrived units, lavishly supplied but inexperienced in the ways of the world. A widely told story related how "wolf-hungry" Marines, who had been subsisting on canned rations, smelled steaks cooking at a field galley run by another service. As Technical Sergeant Asa Bordages told it, a Marine shouted "Condition Red! Condition Red!" The air raid signal sent the newcomers scrambling for cover, and by the time they realized it was a false alarm, the Marines were gone, and so were the steaks.

While American forces secured

Searchlights and antiaircraft weapons of the 3d Defense Battalion on Guadalcanal point upwards to detect and destroy Japanese aircraft bombing Allied forces.

Department of Defense photo (USMC) 63327





Department of Defense photo (USMC) 59215

This 3d Defense Battalion 90mm antiaircraft gun, dug in at Guadalcanal, served in a dual role with its ability to engage targets on the ground as well as in the air.

defense battalions on Guadalcanal operated long-range radar integrated with the control network of Marine Aircraft Group 23. Lieutenant Colonel Walter L. J. Bayler – the last man off Wake Island, who had carried dispatches to Pearl Harbor on the only Navy plane to reach Wake during the siege – declared that the group's fighters were "highly successful in the destruction of enemy aircraft" whenever the improvised warning system was functioning. This experience may well have influenced a decision to convene a radar board at Marine Corps headquarters.

Formed in February 1943, the board was headed by Bayler and included Lieutenant Colonel Edward C. Dyer, who was thoroughly familiar with the techniques and equipment used by Britain's Royal Air Force to direct fighters. The board standardized procedures for "plotting, filtering, telling, and warning," as the radar specialists fed information to a direction center that integrated antiaircraft and coastal defense, the primary responsibilities of the defense battalions, with the interception of attacking aircraft by pilots of the Marine Corps, Army, or Navy. The radar board refused, moreover, to lift the veil of secrecy that concealed the radar program, directing that "no further items on the subject would be released" until the Army and Navy were convinced the enemy already had the information from some other source.

Into the Central and Northern Solomons

On 21 February 1943, the 43d Infantry Division, the 3d Raider Bat-

Antiaircraft Artillery

The defense battalions employed several different weapons against the attack of enemy aircraft. The M3 3-inch antiaircraft gun, initially used in shipboard and ground defense, was the heaviest weapon available to the Marines when the defense battalions were organized. When positioned, the gun rested on a folding M2A2 platform, dubbed a 'spider' mount, which had four long stabilizing outriggers. The gun fired a 12.87-pound high explosive round which had a maximum horizontal range of 14,780 yards and could nearly reach a 10,000-yard ceiling. The weapons, each having an eight-man crew who could fire 25 rounds per minute, were organized in the battalions in four-gun batteries. They were successfully employed at Wake, Johnston, Palmyra, and Midway Islands. By the summer of 1942, however, the M-3 was replaced by the Army's 90mm antiaircraft weapon.

This excellent M1A1 gun had an increased range and a greater killing power than the M3. It became the standard antiaircraft artillery piece for the defense and AAA battalions. This gun could fire a 23.4-pound projectile, with a 30-second time fuze out a horizontal distance of 18,890 yards and had a vertical range of 11,273 yards. The 10-man crew could crank off 28 rounds-per-minute. The M1A1 could be towed on its single axle, dual-wheel carriage. It had a distinctive perforated firing platform. The Marine Corps' 90mms generally landed early in an amphibious assault to provide immediate AAA defense at the beachhead. It had a dual role in that it could be directed against ground targets as well.

Antiaircraft Machine Guns

A number of "light" antiaircraft artillery weapons and "heavy" machine guns were placed in the weapons groups of the defense battalions to provide close-in defense against low-flying aircraft.

These weapons were flexibly employed and landed found on the beach with the assault waves. They were designated dual-purpose weapons as they were used against both air and surface targets. While organized into batteries by weapons' types, light antiaircraft weapons were often attached to task-organized teams.

The Bofors-designed 37mm and 40mm automatic guns were the backbones of these teams. The M1 40mm antiaircraft gun became the standard piece by July 1942. It was manufactured by Blaw-Knox, Chrysler, and York Safe & Lock in the United States. The M1 was recoil operated and designed for use against aircraft and could serve as an antitank weapon. It fired 1.96-pound shells at a rate of 120-per-minute with a maximum range of over four miles. Its M2 carriage had electric brakes and bullet-resistant tires, was towed at up to 50 miles an hour, and could be put in firing position within 25 seconds. Easily operated and maintained, the 40mm gun was credited with 50 percent of the enemy aircraft destroyed by antiaircraft weapons according to statistics gathered between 1944 and 1945. Another light weapon in the defense battalion arsenal was the Oerlikon 20mm antiaircraft gun. It was made in the United States by Oerlikon-Gazda, Pontiac Motors, and Hudson Motor Car. These were Navy Mark 2 and Mark 4 weapons, first used on static pedestal mounts, but later mounted in pairs on wheeled carriages as a high-speed 'twin twenty.'

It was a simple blowback-operated gun capable of being put into action quicker than larger caliber weapons. It fired explosive, armor-piercing, and incendiary projectiles at a rate of 450 rounds a minute out to a maximum range of 4,800 yards. Mobility, reliability, and high volume of fire enabled it to account for 32 percent of identified antiaircraft shot down during the 1942 to 1944 period.

Finally, the battalions were liberally equipped with heavy .30- and .50-caliber machine guns. The Browning M2 water-cooled machine gun was used on an M2 mount as an antiaircraft weapon by special weapons groups to help defend artillery and antiaircraft artillery positions. The Browning M1917 water-cooled machine gun was used for ground and beach defense with crews made up from defense battalion personnel in contingencies.

ties from typhus and other diseases, falling trees, and lightning. "There is no jungle in the world worse than in southwestern New Britain," a member of the 1st Marine Division declared. The effort to limit the effects of malaria, prevalent in the swamps and rain forest, involved the use of atabrine, a substitute for scarce quinine. The remedy required hard selling by medical personnel and commanders to convince dubious Marines to take a bitter-tasting medicine that was rumored to turn skin yellow and make users sterile. In a moment of whimsy, Second Lieutenant Gerald A. Waindel suggested adapting a slogan used to sell coffee

Each Japanese flag painted on this 3d Defense Battalion 40mm gun on Bougainville represents a Japanese plane shot down.
Department of Defense photo (USMC) 74010



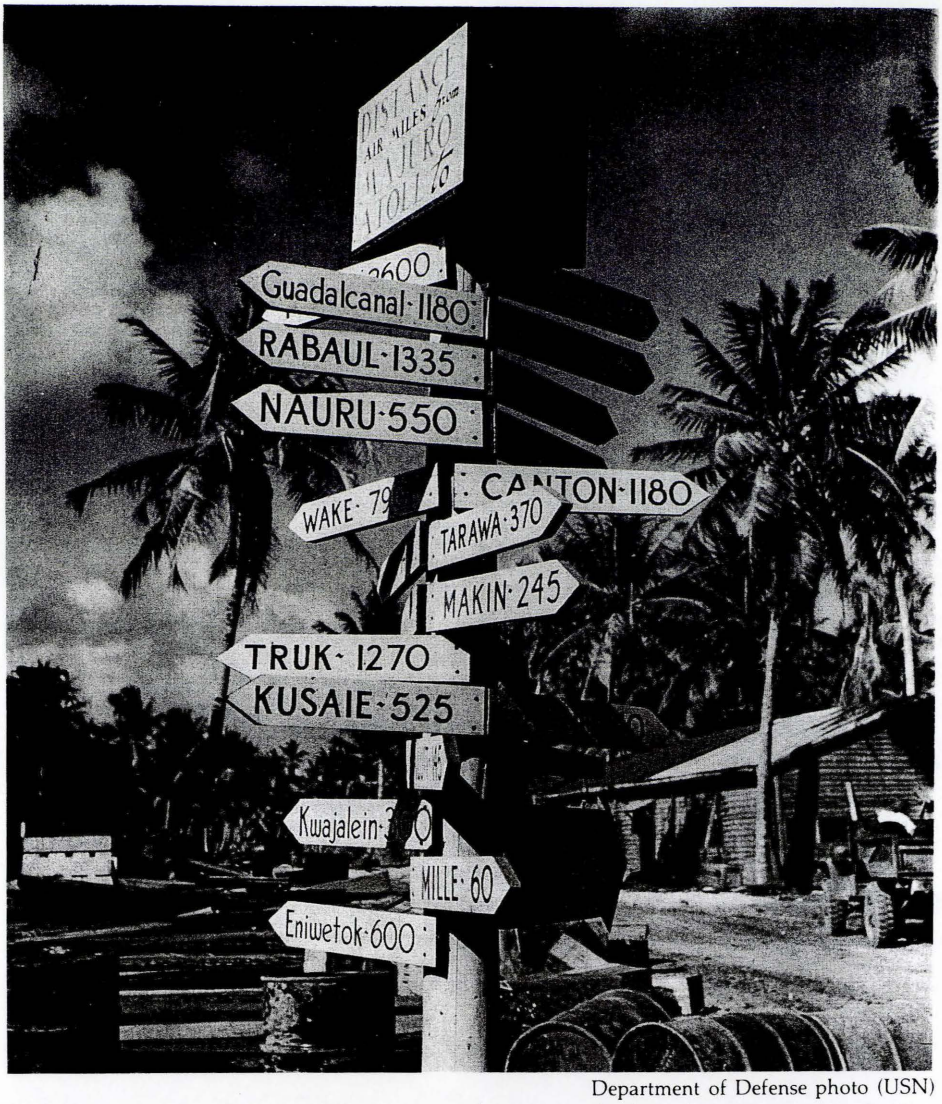
alerts, finally firing on a radar return from a suspected surfaced Japanese submarine on 28 March. The 51st assumed responsibility for defending Eniwetok in September, replacing the 10th Defense Battalion, but actual combat continued to elude the black Marines despite unceasing preparation.

Signs of the Times

Once established ashore in the Gilberts and Marshalls, the defense battalions rarely, if ever, faced the threat of marauding Japanese ships or aircraft. As the active battlefields moved closer to Japan, the phenomenon of sign-painting took hold. One of them summarized the increasing isolation of the defense battalions from the fury of the island war. "Shady Acres Rifle and Gun Club," read the sign, "Where Life Is a 155mm Bore." Such was the forgotten war on the little islands, described as "almost microscopic in the incredible vastness of the Pacific;" which became stops on the supply lines that sustained other Marines fighting hundreds of miles away. According to one observer, the captured atolls served as "stopovers for the long, gray convoys heading westward," though some of them also became fixed aircraft carriers for bombing the by-passed enemy bases. While the defense battalions prepared for attacks that did not come, a relatively small number of airmen harassed thousands of Japanese left behind in the Marshall and Caroline Islands.

Reorienting the Defense Battalion

At Marine Corps headquarters, General Vandegrift, now the Commandant, faced a problem of using scarce manpower to the greatest possible effect. Vandegrift's director of the Division of Plans and Policies, Gerald C. Thomas, promoted to brigadier general, received instructions to maintain six divisions and four aircraft wings, plus corps troops



Department of Defense photo (USN)

As this sign on Majuro indicates, the advance in the Pacific war to this atoll in the Marshall Islands had many interesting and challenging stops along the way.

and a service establishment—all without a substantial increase in aggregate strength. Most of the men that Thomas needed already were undergoing training, but he also recommended eliminating special units, including the defense battalions. Abolishing the defense battalions promised to be difficult, however, for the Navy Department felt it would need as many as 29 battalions to protect advance bases. General Vandegrift exercised his powers of persuasion on Admiral Ernest J. King, the Chief of Naval Operations, and talked the naval officer into agreeing not only to form no new defense battalions but also to accept deactivation of two of the existing 19 units, while reorienting the 17 survivors to meet the current threat. The process began in April 1944, and five months later, the defense battalions that began the year had converted to antiaircraft artillery units, though a few retained their old designation, and in rare instances the 155mm artillery group remained with a battalion as an attachment rather than an integral component.

A new table of organization appeared in July 1944 and reflected the emphasis on 90mm and 40mm antiaircraft weapons, though it left the manpower level all but unchanged. The document called for a battalion of 57 officers and 1,198 enlisted men, organized into a headquarters and service battery, a heavy antiaircraft group, a light antiaircraft group, and a searchlight battery. Only three

Coast and Field Artillery

The first defense battalions were equipped with 5-inch/51-caliber naval guns which were originally designed for shipboard mounting and later extensively modified for use ashore. These weapons were then emplaced in static positions, but with great difficulty. The guns fired high explosive, armor piercing, and chemical shells.

Initially, the defense battalions were issued the standard M1918 155mm "GPF" guns, which had split trails, single axles, and twin wheels. These World War I relics deployed to the South Pacific with the defense battalions. Later, the battalions were issued standard M1A1 155mm "Long Tom" guns. This piece weighed 30,600 pounds, had a split trail and eight pneumatic tires, was pulled by tractor, and was served by a combined crew of 15 men. It was pedestal mounted on the so-called "Panama" mount for its seacoast defense role. It combined great firepower with high mobility and proved to be a workhorse that remained in the inventory after World War II.

units retained the designation of defense battalion until they disbanded – the 6th, the 51st, and the 52d. In the end, most of the defense battalions became antiaircraft artillery outfits and functioned under the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific.

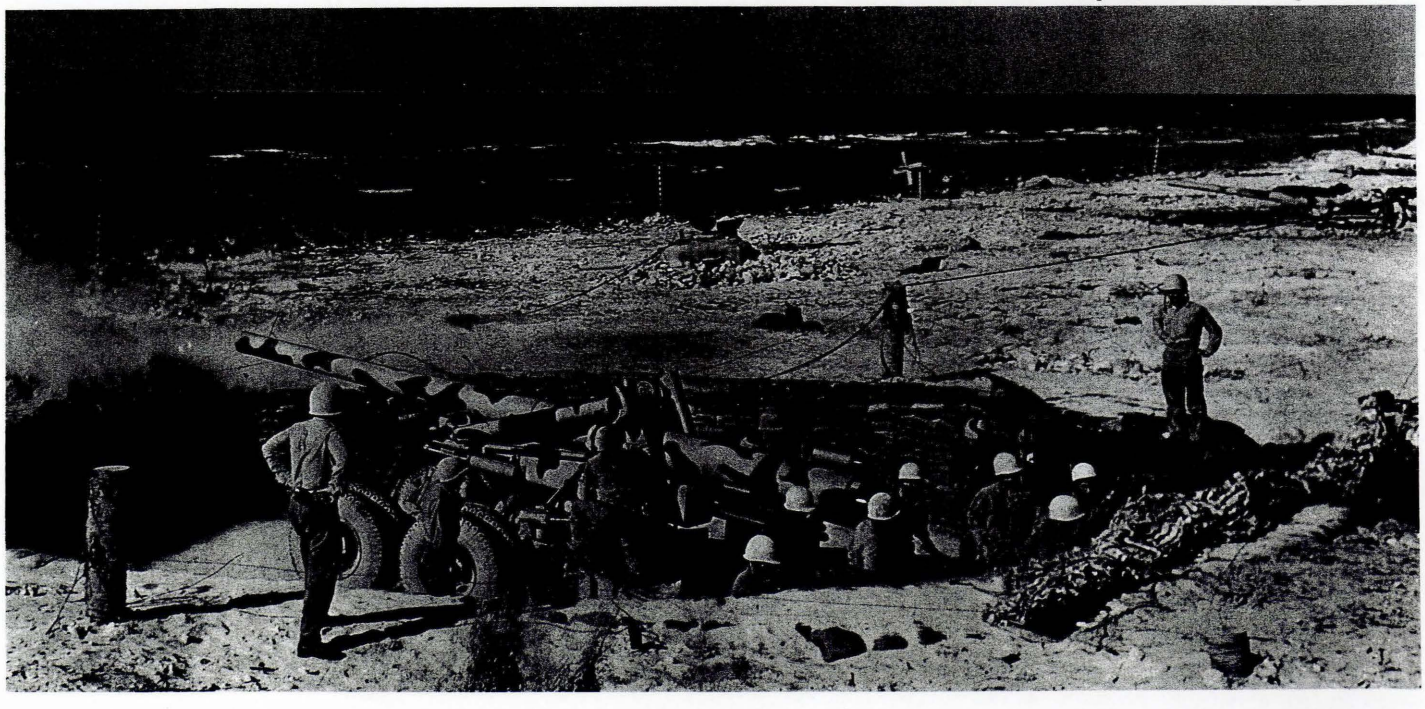
While these changes were taking place, defense battalions participated in the final phase of the Central Pacific campaign – three successive landings in the Mariana Islands by V Amphibious Corps and III Amphibious Corps, and the destruction by American carrier pilots of the naval air arm that Japan had reconstituted in the two years since the Battle of Midway. In the Marianas, the Marines stormed large islands, with broken terrain overgrown by jungle, a battlefield far different from the compact, low-lying coral outcroppings of the Gilberts and Marshalls. The Marianas group also differed from the recently captured atolls in that the larger islands had a sizable civilian populace that had lived in towns flattened by bombs and artillery.

On 15 June 1944, the conquest of the Marianas began when V Amphibious Corps attacked Saipan with the 2d and 4th Marine Divisions, backed by the Army's 27th Infantry Division. The 17th Defense Battalion, under Lieutenant Colonel Thomas G. McFarland, reached Saipan in July, where the 18th Defense Battalion, led by Lieutenant Colonel William J. Van Ryzin, joined it and became part of the island garrison. Although Saipan was by now officially secure, danger from various tropical maladies persisted. After a briefing on the island's innumerable health hazards, Technical Sergeant John B. T. Campbell heard a private ask the medical officer "Sir, why don't we just let the Japs keep the island?"

On 24 July, Marines boarded landing craft on Saipan and sailed directly to Tinian, the second objective in the Mariana Islands. McFarland's battalion landed at Tinian in August and

On drab, desolate Eniwetok, the 10th Defense Battalion test fires a 155mm gun out across an empty ocean. Despite the lack of threat of any immediate enemy attack, the weapon was camouflaged just in case Japanese planes flew over.

Department of Defense photo (USN)





Department of Defense photo (USMC) 97570

This Army-developed SCR-584 radar took over the work of the optical gun director on Peleliu, to provide automatic target tracking and gun laying for the Marines.

base defense forces. As the defense battalion program focused on antiaircraft weapons, defense units—most of them by now redesignated as antiaircraft artillery outfits—served in Hawaii (the 13th at Oahu with the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific; the 8th on Kauai with Fleet Marine Force, Pacific; and the 2d, 5th, 7th, and 16th with V Amphibious Corps) and at Midway (the 6th). In the Southwest Pacific, battalions were stationed at Guadalcanal (the 3d and 4th with III Amphibious Corps), the Russell Islands (the 12th with III Amphibious Corps), and the Ellice Group (the 51st). Locations in the Central Pacific included Eniwetok (the 10th with V Amphibious Corps), Guam (the 9th and 14th with III Amphibious Corps), Majuro (the 1st with V Amphibious Corps), Roi-Namur (the 15th with V Amphibious Corps), and Saipan (the 17th and 18th with V Amphibious Corps). The 52d Defense Battalion, which would reach Guam in the spring of 1945, stood guard at Majuro and Kwajalein Atolls.

Tributes to the Defense Battalions

Master Technical Sergeant Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., a Marine combat correspondent, wrote in 1944 that "since the beginning of the war many of the men . . . had seen action in units smaller than divisions—in defense and raider battalions and other special commands." These Marines "had been fighting for a long time," he said. *Leatherneck*, a magazine published by and for Marines, predicted in September 1944 that not until the war was won would the complete story of each defense battalion be told. Because of the vital part they played, "much information about them . . . must be withheld, but there are no American troops with longer combat records in this war."

Pacific Victory

MacArthur's advance from the Southwest Pacific by way of the Philippines and Nimitz's Central Pa-

Fire Control

A combination of conventional optical sights coincidence range finders, sound locaters, primitive radar sets, and searchlights comprised the fire control equipment in the early defense battalions. As the war progressed in the Pacific, most of these items were modified and improved.

The Sperry 60-inch searchlight fired up a 800-million-candlepower light beam with a slant range of 20,000 yards. Originally intended for illuminating ships at sea, the Sperry was soon employed in finding and tracking enemy aircraft overhead. The searchlights were also used to direct night fighters to intercept enemy planes, to guide friendly aircraft back to their bases, and in support of ground forces as their beams were reflected off of low cloud cover in order to illuminate the battlefield.

Searchlights, radar, and sound detectors worked in conjunction with gun directors to convert tracking information into firing data. Gun directors functioned as computers in providing the trigonometic solutions which predicted flight paths and furnishing fuze settings for the antiaircraft artillery. The input of height finders combined with information about the azimuth and elevation of the targets also was fed to remotely controlled 40mm and 90mm antiaircraft guns.

The radar and fire control equipment employed by the defense battalions in turn allowed them to become an integral part of the overall air defense of a captured target area. Although dispersed throughout the beachhead, this equipment was linked primarily by telephone with a radio backup. A battalion fire control center coordinated the operations of each group of weapons and in turn was incorporated with other Allied radar nets. The effective ranges for fire control equipment was variously 20-45 miles for fire control gear and 120-200 miles for search radar.



Department of Defense photo (USMC) 08087 by TSgt C.V. Corkran

over Okinawa during a Japanese air attack. A Marine fighter squadron's Corsairs are silhouetted against the spectacle.

fired by the 5th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion—
the 5th Defense Battalion—light up the night skies

campaign aimed ultimately at invasion of the Japanese Home To prepare for the climactic the 2d, 5th, 8th, and 16th Artillery (formerly Battalions formed the 1st Antiaircraft Artillery The group did not see action Jima in February 1945, but at the final objective before projected attack on Japan, it came the operational control of the Army's 53d Antiaircraft Artillery Brigade.

The Marine and Army divisions of the Tenth Army landed across the Okinawa beaches on 1 April 1945. On the 14th the first echelon of the newly redesignated 8th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion arrived at recently captured Nago, near the neck of Okinawa's Motobu Peninsula, to conduct normal AA [antiaircraft] defense operations." James H. Powers recalled that the battalion got credit for a Mitsubishi G4M bomber (nicknamed "Betty" by the Allies) and also helped secure a defensive perimeter against Japanese stragglers "making trouble in our vicinity." The 5th battalion set up in the Yontan-Kadena area by 6 May, where it received credit for making one kill and assisting in another. These antiaircraft battalions demonstrated that they had learned, in the six years since the first of the defense battalions was formed in 1939, to make good use of weapons, communications gear, and radar.

Technical Sergeant John Worth told of a Marine officer looking for firing positions and living quarters for his battery in one of the antiaircraft artillery battalions. The officer located a cave, free of booby traps, that would provide adequate shelter, but he had to keep some other unit from taking it. To enforce his claim, he put up a sign: "Booby Traps. Keep Away." After he left to report his discovery and deploy the unit, a demolitions man saw the sign and, blew up the cave, sealing it shut.

Japanese air attacks attained unprecedented savagery in the waters off Okinawa, as the *Special Attack Corps* pressed home the suicidal kamikaze attacks first employed in the Philippines. Hoping to save Japan—much as a storm, the original *Kamikaze* or divine wind, had scattered a Mongol invasion fleet in the sixteenth century—the suicide pilots deliberately dived into American ships, hoping to trade one life for hundreds. Other vehicles for suicide attack included piloted bombs,

Record 1 of 5

Previous | Next

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