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 center 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. To that firing could be "seen" each battalion organized a mobile spotting team equipped with a two-way radio to assure 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 No. 3.

Upon reception of the alert, "registration" and "zero height of burst" fire problems were to be initiated, using the mobile spotting teams for sighting. 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 No. 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, etc., 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.

dedicated to the 22,000 artillerymen from the U.S., Britain, and Poland that comprised Antwerp X
All text and images are from the U.S. Army pamphlet, *The Story of Antwerp X*, published in 1945 by the Antwerp X Command prior to its official deactivation.

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**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 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 became 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.

dedicated to the 22,000 artillerymen from the U.S., Britain, and Poland that comprised Antwerp X
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 man 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
The Story of Antwerp X — page 40

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 long as 5 and 8 minute 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-116-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/R 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 tactic 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 the line of fire batteries outside the alleys of approach. These belts varied from 10,000 to 15,000 yards apart, with the inner belt approximately 10,000 yards from the outer edge of the vital
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."

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.
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 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 military targets with precision, but collateral damage resulted in the deaths of more than 7,000 citizens of Antwerp. Occasionallly, 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.
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 ...
The British master of air raids about 60 bombs being dropped by October 7, 1945. The average number of bombs fell in all the area was 60 bombs fell on a total of 1111 in an area. Of the Westwezel acreage of 1111, the greatest number of buildings badly damaged include, of which 1,639 buildings were damaged significantly. Bakery British casualties were, but the number of bombs and children were, of which 2 were badly damaged. 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.
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 Liège, 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..."
end. There was the screen was I just as that could see the his hand.

ear, and some-... I decided to be tearing the gut. All at that the movie know how to Isn't happen in happened all

The building... Wake up... miles away, I. med my eyes began to choke. figured, if I'm ve. I couldn't

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ended me, be... was pinned balcony and rd screaming and screaming. a dust... e and awake. for days. I of me would they got me. thing—so it it about how

war. I was i for it—that all the other back home

made 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, Luxembourg, 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 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.”
V-Weapons Over Antwerp
An Eyewitness Account

By GEORGE CARAKER

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 3960 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 Rundstedt’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
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 throbbing 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 were standing on a street. He was a refreshing sight.

The Allies were busy clearing away apartment houses. Said the bulldozers when the petty vandals of the Negroes were right on the own dirty work?” The French.

During my stay in Antwerp many bombs fell day and night, very long and real cuts the question. When these raids were general, it was not so lucky. Whole families were 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 throbbing 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.

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During my stay in Antwerp, V-1 and V-2 bombs fell day and night. Lulls were 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.

Oftem 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 throb 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
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.
Natives Act as Solomons in Leopoldville

It is well known that the natives in the Congo have 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 reactions.

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, 1866, 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.
that we acclaim sacred cause."

"Prime Minister Budge message it joyfully to the Presi-
ding you their con-

In NEWS FROM BELGIUM may be reprinted without suchness feeling of American people, v rejoice to see its conclusion, arrived on for-
cy."

"Visits Great d in London formed Bel-

"IN DESE STAD SIJN ALLE MENSCHEN VRIJ"

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

Drawing by Laura Turner

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,
Antwerp was, in the XVth century, 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.

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” (ansversois) “in favor of them-
News From Belgium

ty of mighty centuries their coming Belgium revolution gave it back in inspected once. In sol­twerp is a gun. He wants an Armada that invasion, but splen­s of galley, Leon's Todt construction knock out Antwerp. He has been centre industrial which grew to x one of ing nations wwerp more soon rank-continental Hamburg ench ports han 50,000 s about 30 visting ap-five freight e than 200 first class r is abund­nessman's t, coincides s and with who are the and port? trious lot, their ability life. A poor is always er 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 "Sinjor," a señor: that means a man of means, a man of the world, a man who understands "grandezza." Therefore, he delights in the ornamental baroque: 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 Antwerpener 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 inky 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 majesty 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 kind­hearted, 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
take. 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 pro­
longed visit: the Plantin Museum. Plantin
was a French bookbinder who came to Ant­
werp around 1549 and who started the big­
gest and best printing office in Northern
Europe. He was the first to print the poly­
glot Bible and his name is as famous as that of
Elsevier. His house and printing office be­
came 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 attack­
ing Antwerp with their Vergeltungswaffe 1
and 2. They avenge themselves basely, idi­
otically, 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 col­
lar workers waiting for their streetcar, on
card players in the cafés and on housewives
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 sky­
scraper 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 mili­
tary 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 re­
member 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, with­
out proving, however, that Rubens was not
Rubens. The reproductions of the painting
recently acquired by the Metropolitan
Museum of Art, New York, which repre­
sents mythical Atalanta and Meleager on
the celebrated boar-hunt, seem to indicate
that Rubens after all was a painter.
Oral history interview with Charles S. Sussman [sound recording], 1996.; Sussman, Charles S., 1919- interviewee.; Sound recording :2 sound cassettes (ca. 120 min.) ; analog, 1 7/8 ips.; Transcript :44 p.; Master sound recording :1 sound cassette (ca. 120 min.) ; analog, 1 7/8 ips.; (ocm)56349532 Locations: (1) My Library
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WDVA Wisconsin State Historical Society
Antwerp X Operation (a pre-Battle of the Bulge)
intelligence operation

- info on troop supply of Brig.-Gen. Clair H. Armstrong

Clare H. Armstrong in 50th AAA Brigade
(anti flying bomb command)
Wisconsin Veterans Museum Research Center
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Madison WI 53703

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

OH
85

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.
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: 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 disembark 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 a 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—
Mark: --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
Sussman: 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. Oberkommandant 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.
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 on the 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 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 Gilberte—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-a-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 Klauswitz. 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 statute 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 an 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.
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—

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.

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

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 there, 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
"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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hey are not the source of
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ay not identify with them,
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Ryan and Katharine Hepburn
ud by Sir Laurence Olivier
ed by Sir Michael Redgrave
icroft in English productions.

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

ANTWERP. ant'warp, 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 call at 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 quay 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 mythical 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.
ANURADHAPURA, a-noorah-poor-yuh, 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 457 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 Buddha Gaya (in India), under which Gautama Buddha attained enlightenment. Population: 105,000 (1993 est.).

ANUS, a-nus, the terminal opening of the intestinal tract through which body wastes are expelled. The opening is richer in pigment and presents a much darker appearance than the skin of adjacent areas. In repose the anus is wrinkled 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, particularly in cases of anal atresia 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 1.5 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 and the levator ani muscle, prevent the emptying of the rectum. The nerve supply and its pattern of arrangement are responsible for good 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, stricture, occurs when excess scarring follows injury or extensive surgery.

JOHN U. SCHWARMAN, M.D.

ANVILLE, a-nvil, 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 is spherical and 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 1773, which was later published in a revised edition by his publisher, the Raynal brothers, from 1754 to 1776. It included maps of the Americas, the Indian Ocean region, Africa, and other parts of the world. In 1754 to 1776. It included maps of the Americas, the Indian Ocean region, Africa, and other parts of the world. In 1773 he died at Paris on Jan. 28, 1782.

ANUBIS, an-vee-iss, also known as Anpu, Anpu-si, and Anpuu, 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 Egyptian afterlife, 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.
Franz Hellens, and Cornelius Crul, supported the Catholic doctrine, 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 Kanderen (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 Virgie Loveling. The first daily newspaper in Flemish dates from this period. In poetry Albrecht Bodenbach 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, the art-for-art's-sake ideals of the generation 1980.

Guido Gezelle was the greatest Flemish poet the 19th century. A priest with a Gothic spirit, he wrote 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.**

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 Vermanen, an internationalist, author of wandelende Joed (1906; The Wandering Jew). Naturalist writers included Cyriel Buyse and Herman Teirlinck, whose Het Ivooren apje (1927; The Ivory Monkey) demonstrates his powers in the domain of the psychological novel. There was also Stijn Streuvels, a nephew of Geze, an epic novelist whose love of his native homeland and its inhabitants is demonstrated in Werken (1927; Works). 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 Flemish literature in the 1920s, which was to equal that in French. The political and religious struggles of the 18th century produced an intellectual apathy in the country, and Flemish literature disappeared until the 19th century.

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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 Filipe de Pellecyn, 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 verwoesser (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 experimental writers include Paul De Wispelaere, Yvo Michiels, the poet Paul Snoek, and Jan Wahlraans. 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.

**Robert A. Meeningen, University of Nebraska**

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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 disorder, 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 Pirmoz, a writer of major novels of the period, especially Peires, and Jules Verne, who founded the review La Jeune Belgique. The period of utilitarian art had ended. The Parnasians and Symbolists united, and the group had for its motto "Be Ourselves." Around Max Waller, who was later joined by Émile Verhaeren, Valère Gille, Georges Eekhoud, Georges Rodenbach, Maurice Maeterlinck, Charles Van Lerberghe, Grégoire Le Roy, and Max Elskamp. The naturally ambiguous 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 La mort de线下是的 our to Love, 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 Edmond Gilson and around them François Flamand, whose masterwork was Les Quatre Hommes (1927). His third novel, the epic heroics of aristocratic literature, which included Hop Signor, Escurial, and Pensegleise. In the 1960's José Lacour and Georges Sion showed great promise.

Flemish Literature in Belgium in the 20th Century. It was in Flanders that the literature of the language was born and flourished during the Middle Ages. The great works of the early period include the Sint Servatius Legende (about 1175) written by the Limburgian Heinrich von Veldeke and Beatrijs, a legend concerning the nun Beatrix who returned to secular life and whose place in the convent was kept by the Virgin herself. Maître Nivard of Ghent wrote a satirical epic, Ysengrimmis, predecessor of the series. Related was the Reinaert van Mechelen, a popular epic, a parody of the heroes of aristocratic literature. This type of parody was to be adapted by most of the cultures of Europe.

In about 1250, Jacob van Maerlant began a didactic work, the Spiegelhistori (The Mirror of History), which was to earn him the title of "father of Dutch poetry." There are also dramatized poems, such as Esmoreit, Lamia, Salmot, and Floriant, but the greatest and the influential work was the symbolic Eftkens (Everyman), which gave birth to German versions of the Everyman theme.

Two mystic writers stand out during the Middle Ages: Jan van Ruysbroeck (the Admiral) and Petrus van Ruysbroeck. The former was a monk who lived in the forest of Ghent, and the latter was a great poet and thinking. Flemish expression of European avant-garde lettenkunst and espoused elan vital revolted against intellectualism in its own right. Its language was the idea. The poets of the movement were Paul van Osteyen who wrote Beza (The Occupied City), Wies Moesen, and Jan-Albert Goris (then), whose masterpiece is Van Babylon (1948). A traditionalist school continued in rural society. Among them Timmermans, espousing a poetic (Boerenpsalm, 1935; Fijne Handen, 1948), and Maurits Sabbe, whose masterpiece is Een boek om Babylon (1948). Several powerful novelists carry forward tradition: Maurice Roelandt, whose Huisseren (1927; Come and Go), and lamps and Cornelius Cruc, supposing the political and religiousthe separation of the soul from the north at the end of an intellectual apatia Flemish literature disappeared.

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dersed 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 com-
plaint, “one half of the world ignores how
the other half lives,” may become an ob-
solete statement. For the peace of the world
it is imperative that this should be so.

Comment by The Commonweal

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 civiliza-
tions have survived. Or as North Africa has
survived after Carthage: the fields are des-
erts; 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 Aus-
tralia, 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 Eu-
rope surviving in photomontage at the Mu-
seum of Modern Art; Versailles and the
Guild Houses of Brussels surviving at the
Metropolitan; the library of Louvain com-
pletely 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 parish-
ioners. This would not be sufficient—even
if we were the new Athens, the new Rome,
the new Paris, the new Europe. It is Eu-
ropean 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 civil-
zation,—the way they baked the bread—
have been preserved by other living French-
men; 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.

1. Belgium

The War

Letter from an American Soldier in Bel-
gium — The following letter of M/Sgt. Sidney
Wilkins to Miss Shirley Diamondstein is re-
printed 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.”

[35]
**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 lawsuit.""

"Many residents were evacuated as bombs fell on Antwerp and near-by communities. One fell at an Antwerp crossroads during the mid-day 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."

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**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 Belgium 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 1 3/4 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 Broûckère writes in Le Peuple that the margarine ration is now only 150 grammes (about 5 1/2 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 alone are "statistically" short of 125,000,000 pairs of clothing, shoes as well as blankets. The bulletin of the Union Internationale de la Protection de l'Enfance for War I announced that "Belgium's Key Problem is clothing."

"Behind the lines we'll have to wear our clothes..." European shoes were destroyed and the "bedroom" for all its needs for crude cotton from the British Empire. "Who will save our children," the bulletin asked, "by making the current production of mules a success?"

**Belgian Supplies and Portugal** — Food, replying to the appeals concerning pure wool, announced that "in the near future we can expect to receive large quantities of Portugal's wool for processing."

**Deficient Coal Situation** — The Belgian government has just announced that "in the near future we can expect to receive large quantities of Portugal's wool for processing."

**New Restrictions** — The government has expressed the hope that "we should begin the production of our own coal as soon as possible."

Most of the coal that we can expect to receive from Portugal will be put to use in greater Brussels, but the children will not be allowed to gather it themselves.

**Schools Close** — The schools were closed daily output of 8,000 tons during the war.