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

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

—The Editor.

LETTERS FROM LIBERATED BRUSSELS

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

Tuesday, September 5

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

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

For ten days almost everyone was in hiding. Papa was living with M., for the Rexists intended to assassinate everyone who was connected with the University. All the more or less well-known people were in hiding so as not to be taken as hostages, the men in order not to be carried off to Germany, the young girls likewise. For the remaining Jews too, the terror had redoubled. . . . We were sewing flags out of dyed sheets. A heavy atmosphere hung over the country. Bombardments. Trolleys machine-gunned en route. No radio. Then we began to see the Boches evacuating: carriages and autos of every description, covered with branches, in an endless file. On the boulevards, all day long, rows of people stood on the edge of the sidewalks, smiling blissfully at the spectacle and saying aloud what they thought of it. There was no longer any need for caution. . . . Saturday evening Brussels was almost emptied of Boches, and silent, as if it was preparing for a celebration. I had been betting for two weeks that the first English tanks would be here Sunday about 5 o'clock. No one would believe me. In the evening I went to the movies. Sunday we strung the
Flags on strings. Saturday I had been to look for champagne. ... From my window I saw dive bombers in the direction of Linkebeek, cannon, etc. I learned that the English were at Rhode. We waited to see them, but in vain, and at six o'clock I went back home and suddenly from my window I heard such an uproar, near the Globe, that I understood they were here. I jumped on my bike. Everybody in the neighborhood had already heard this yelling and they were all running like fools in that direction, while the last German autos were going by, armed with machine guns. Some stragglers almost took my bicycle away from me. J., who was in the Vivier d'Oie, met the first English tank and a last German auto at the same time. The tank opened fire, killing the German, a child and a man. M. at the Globe saw the crowd peppered with shot from a passing German car while the people, clinging to the first English tanks, hindered them from maneuvering to return the fire. Everybody was running around like mad, and all Brussels was shouting with joy. They shouted all night. English autos went through the streets with men on the hoods, a machine-gun in the front, to clean up the city. All night the panic-stricken flight went on, and there was still firing here and there. Monday morning, we went on foot, R., the children and I, as far as the Porte Louise. In all the streets, people had built fires on the sidewalks, with the furniture of the Rexists that they were throwing out of the windows; portraits of Hitler hung from trees, and the yelling! Tanks, soldiers, crowds of people, — it was incredible. That lasted all day. Everybody who had been in hiding came out for the first time.

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

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

... My letter sounds like a sports announcement on the radio. It is really a madhouse here. I don't know if you can ever understand.

Tuesday, September 5

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

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

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

As for food, if one had money enough, he could get anything. But how many people died of hunger, how many children were tuberculous.

The War

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

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

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

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

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

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

And there was no coal in freezing weather. Frightful. And besides there were the air bombardments. The young people cleared away the dead.

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

Administration

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

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

Political Life

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

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

In Antwerp, also, the free new- pearing, under the

All the leading clamation by the G parties. Le Peu this was only an with the past coll does not affect collaboration in made among the

All the newspa swift and inexo traitors and coll strict fiscal legis return to the co made during the

The Nation B Government has It describes the s ernment and its German propaganda the Belgian peo fully with the to the members of absence from Be

Though certain ing judgment at work, only the j serves on the st constructive role ment abroad and it suspends crit

A few of the urge their rea King with the same time empha importance of the of Belgium.

Foreign polic the Belgian press mentions that B the past. Justifi now ceased to rea realities of the d is prepared to c extent of her po al security.

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

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

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

BY ABSURDITY...

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

But perhaps outside the walls of Paris, Brussels and a few other continental towns no one knows the appearance and habits of these young native war fauna? To tell the truth, the species was born in the queer early part of the war.
If it has multiplied under the occupation it must be chiefly owing to the idleness into which these young people have fallen by force or from choice as a consequence of the innumerable upsets in every sphere of education. You must not think that these young people were only garnered from middle-class families. There were adepts in all classes of society. Nor must you think that they comprised all the young people between 16 and 20. Far from it. Nevertheless there were swarms of them. 

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

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

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

If some of them are still frisking about in dance halls it is not their fault nor that of their parents. It is simply because the dance halls are still open and the authorities are still allowing 'the party to go on'. In fact there reigns in Belgium an euphoric climate due to the liberation. The Belgians haven't yet recovered from it. The citizens of Brussels who sang during the happy week of 3 to 9 September that the days of the liberation were the most beautiful in their lives and that the days of the approaching armistice would have less significance and splendor were sincere. The liberation, for the Belgians, shut up in their country under the 'Nazi yoke', has suddenly taken on the meaning of a rebirth which passes the understanding of the liberated people themselves. Slowly and painfully they are realizing that this liberation has brought new and other duties. The example of England, totally concentrated on the war, where food restrictions are fully accepted and respected, where the civilian population is contributing to the smooth working of the formidable war machine, where the sacrifices and sufferings are at least equal to our own, only penetrates their consciousness with difficulty. They have unconsciously confused liberation with the end of the war. They need to come to themselves.

They need to rediscover the civic spirit and the spirit of a fully accepted discipline. They need to be placed face to face with the hard necessity of bearing their part simultaneously in the restoration of their country and the continuation of a victorious war. The great problems of the reconstruction of the world which the occupation made them forget and of which it falsified the meaning in their eyes must be made clear to them. And it is for their leaders to make them understand and willingly and enthusiastically accept the fact that to be born again from our ruins and enter into a new world what we need above all is to obey and to serve.

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

1. Belg

Attempt to

Economic

Trade Units

provisional delegates of...
The White Brigade - Robert Coffin

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

XV

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

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

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

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

The second problem was less metaphysical. The managers of the plant knew how great was the danger of combustion. A vast and deep concrete vat had been built into which each day’s production was put and every precaution against fire was taken. Every combustive agent, however insignificant, was scientifically eliminated.

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

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

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

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

On that April morning, as Freeman and Buchet and the others knew, there would be less than two hundred tons of material in the vat, for one thousand tons had been shipped out the day before. But what man would have the courage to scratch a match, to rub a potassium-chlorate tablet against
iron and produce the spark that would smash him and a thousand others into nothing? The man who dies bravely before a firing squad is honored in death even if only by an anonymous cross; the nameless soldier killed in battle knows that he will be symbolized in the memorials to the unknown soldiers. But the hero of Tessenderloo can never be known; he had not even the little satisfaction that posterity would honor him for a deed the courage of which no man can imagine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Four days later Buchet and Freeman were still aghast at the magnitude of the destruction that they had helped to
month, I could, perhaps in four or five months' time, have enough to add to the 500 francs to enable me to buy them.

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

Survival was all that mattered. Looking at these things and at the antiques gave me something to talk about with Geo, for I had come to realise that her interests and activities were also restricted by wartime conditions.

Towards the end of my walk, I made a detour along a dull back street of provincial residences. This avoided the photographer so often in position near the church in the rue de Fer. He had already photographed me at least twice when I had come by, leading Monique by the hand. Each time I had taken the slip of paper he held out to everyone whom he photographed without their permission. The piece of paper bore a number and told you when the photographs would be ready. I took it both times for fear of angering the man. Goodness only knows what he might otherwise do with it. I checked that no-one was following me.

Food grew scarcer still in the cities, steadily pushing up the black market prices for the few who could afford them and knew where to go. People would buy a little butter or margarine for a sick child, going without something essential to meet the cost. In the country districts, for old-established residents, things were less difficult. The gendarmes were stepping up their searches of travellers' luggage, and imposed heavy fines or imprisonment on anyone caught supplying food for the illegal trade in the cities, even if the traveller assured them that some small quantity he carried was for his own family's consumption. At the Sasseraths', a main meal that consisted of black pudding, red cabbage and mashed potatoes followed by stewed apples was the height of luxury. Once I had received better identity papers, and had again become a registered citizen, I collected my meagre allowance of food coupons like everyone else, and these were naturally pooled with those of the Sasserath family. One Thursday Monique and Pierrot had begged their mother for some chocolate, so she asked me to call in at the grocer's to see whether his allocation had arrived. I left the shop with five bars of 'Côte d'Or' chocolate of different flavours and thought how nice it would be to eat a little of my share, but I restrained myself. I knew from experience that Geo expected me to give my chocolate ration to the children. So I headed up the rue de Fer in my thick navy-blue coat, my white wool turban and fur mittens, holding lightly onto the coarse brown paper bag containing the chocolate. I was going to the shoe-shop when suddenly, stomping towards me, I saw a group of men in German uniform, behaving rather strangely. As they came within earshot, I heard that they were talking in Russian: 'Hey, let's go in here. They've got plenty of booze in the window.'
A week before Christmas the general atmosphere suddenly changed. Rumours, growing ever-more-insistent, spread news of a German counter-attack in the Ardennes. Belgian radio reports were vague. Pierre questioned the American officers who visited us almost daily, but they would neither confirm nor deny the news. They said the situation was unclear, and they promised to tell Pierre when they themselves knew whether there was any cause for concern. We assumed that they were forbidden by their own security regulations to inform any Belgian civilians of the real state of affairs, for they were in the signals corps. In fact, time was to show that they were simply telling the truth, for the situation remained highly confused. The only certainty was that the Germans were fighting fiercely in some part of the Ardennes. As the hours turned into days, the reports became more alarming. The civilian population was quick to blame the attack on the carelessness of the Americans, on their not taking the threat seriously, and on their incompetence in handling the enemy attack. News that Montgomery's 'Red Berets' were coming to the rescue boosted morale but did little to reduce fear and scepticism.

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

The coach had hardly been driving along for more than 15 minutes after leaving Namur when I noticed the first British tanks proceeding in the opposite direction. All the passengers waved to the troops and expressed their relief at seeing them. The line of tanks stretched nearly all the way to the outskirts of Brussels, but seemed to be advancing very slowly. At least they were heading towards the front.

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

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

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

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

By four o'clock, in the fading light of a snow-laden sky, Geo, Monique, Pierrot, I and the family dog, Zut, were on the platform at the station. We were waiting with many other people for the train due to come from Liège and bound for Charleroi and beyond, passing through the Belgian coal and
steel country, the Borinage. Pierre had telephoned a relative in a small mining town near Charleroi and asked her to put us up until things had become clearer. He intended to join us only if it became obvious that we must all leave for France. Since the liberation, he had in no way disguised the fact that he had hidden me, so that a renewed enemy invasion of Namur would be fatal for both of us. Tales of atrocities committed by the returning Germans and their foreign volunteers, not only against the civilian population but also against American prisoners, were being confirmed all the time.

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

The most recent of these had begun when a caller at the Sasseraths' house had left the front door ajar on leaving. The poodle had been quick to discover this. Before any of us could find him, he had been adopted as a mascot by the American regiment billeted in the barracks that served as a supply depot for the front. More than two weeks later, when nearly all of us had lost hope of ever seeing the poodle again, one of the American officers befriended by the family called at the depot by chance in the course of his duties. From a lorry which had just returned from a mission, out jumped the long-lost dog, unkempt and twice his former size. We were all delighted at finding him again, but Geo insisted on sending him straight to the vet to have him purged, bathed, shorn and disinfected. It was a pity that he could not regale us with the tales of his travels, although judging by his restlessness he would not have been in a mood for it on that particular night.

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

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

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

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

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

A miner's widow and her grown-up daughter greeted us with relief, for they had been worried by our arrival being so long overdue. We were given a warm drink and a sandwich in an immaculate kitchen, and were then shown into the narrow stairs. The varnish glistened on the bannister, and intricately-patterned carpet muffled our steps. Textured curtains were drawn over the windows. Pierrot shared a small double bed with his mother in one little room. Monique and I squeezed into a single bed with a kapok mattress in another. Although we were worried by what lay ahead, all of us managed to sleep. During the day the wireless was switched on all the time, so that no news-flash was missed. Late on Christmas day, Pierre telephoned after spending most of the day in the barracks with Joe and Dick. As his English was still very poor, and only one of the Americans spoke any French, their conversation had been helped along by a great deal of whisky. He hoped that he would not need to leave, but there had been an air-raid, and the Germans were still advancing. However, the fact that they had as yet been unable to break through to the Meuse anywhere along its course through Belgium was an encouraging sign.
A Fragile Identity

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

On 29 December news came through that the German advance had been stopped on the twenty-sixth. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, but Pierre wanted us to remain in the tiny mining town for another few days. The immediate danger having been averted, Geo suggested that we should celebrate by taking the children to the cinema in Charleroi. I thought this premature, but on the way back from this outing I complimented Geo on her excellent idea, for I realised how much we needed that bit of relaxation. We were, of course, grateful for our hosts’ hospitality under such unusual circumstances, but we wanted to return home.

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

On my return to Namur, I already felt like a bird of passage. Any interest I had in the provincial circle into which I had been drawn began to wane from the moment I knew that I would soon be leaving the city for good. With my departure imminent, both I and the Sasseraths were anxious to have the actual parting behind us. Although their loyalty to me had wavered towards the end of the German occupation, they seemed fond of me and claimed they would miss me. The girl who was to replace me in the surgery between the hours of 9.00 and 5.00 would be part of the outside world, rather like Marguerite and the fireman’s wife who now came to prepare the meals. I had been one of the family, someone to whom all of them had grown accustomed to. For me, their failings did not obscure the deep gratitude I felt for the part they had played in my survival. They had enabled me to live in an environment which had been much more pleasant than most others at that period. I had never pictured my actual departure from Namur. It did not occur to me any more than to Geo or Pierre that we should toast the occasion or mark it in some special way. The war was still on, very much so. Things were still very difficult. The Sasseraths viewed the arrangements made for me in Brussels with misgivings. Despite my eagerness to take up my life there once more, I realised that all kinds of problems awaited me. I was alone with Pierre in the living-room when I tried to thank him before saying farewell. He cut me short. He would not hear of any thanks. Instead, he kissed me ‘Good-bye’ in a preoccupied way. Then he added, ‘Don’t wait for the outbreak of the next war to come back. Come whenever you want, for as long as you want. Regard this as home.’

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

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

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

‘They haven’t been too badly damaged. I wonder what they’re growing or tomatoes, or early strawberries, but whatever it was would be very expensive. She tied her silk headscarf under her chin and buttoned up her smart coat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My turn came after a long wait. I had no idea of what I was in for when I entered the dark surgery with its low-beamed ceiling and small windows. I had to sit on a foot-stool, and received three injections into my foot to anaesthetise the affected area. The third of these was exceedingly painful, and I was then left for a few minutes while the doctor, a heavy man with a grave face, attended to one of the boys who stood at the back of the surgery. This square room looked more like a study with the large oak desk and the fireplace of generous proportions. Before the many objects on his desk captured my attention, the doctor returned to lift the sole of my right foot towards the light. He scraped the skin with some sharp instrument and then seized the cautery (a long metal handle on an electric flex) from a
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Author: Rémy, 1904-
Title: The eighteenth day: the tragedy of King Leopold III of Belgium / by Remy [i.e. G. Renault-Roulier] ; translated by Stanley R. Rader

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Strangers Should Not Win
-Jon Albert Gore

pp. 127-138, 190-4
of compulsory flax quotas, any infringements of regulations will be punished. Penalties will also be incurred by any persons inciting others to infringe this order and fail to cultivate flax." The decree foresaw that the flax growers would have some difficulty in obtaining the necessary flaxseed. Elaborate instructions were given to them as to where to apply for the seed.

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

6.—No More Wings Over Belgium

If we believe the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—and who would dare question the authority of such an institution?—"Belgium may be considered as par excellence the home of the pigeon-racing sport." The fact that the Britannica had to resort to a foreign tongue to make herself clear shows that she is in earnest and that she has abundant proofs for her statement.

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

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

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

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

In Belgium pigeons are loved for three reasons: they
may be prized for their beauty, they may be appreciated for their tastiness when cooked, and finally they may be appraised for their ability to make money.

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

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

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

Since 1820 they have organized long-distance flying for pigeons. The first race was between Liége and Paris (90 miles). Then pigeons were sent to London, and gradually the racing distances were increased. They went to Rome (750 miles) and Barcelona (660 miles), to Ajaccio (630 miles) and even to Algiers (950 miles). Weather permitting, they traveled fast, doing as much as 70 miles an hour, but they traveled intelligently: they took 30 hours in a storm for a flight which took them three hours in fair weather. They stopped at night. Sometimes hawks attacked them and sometimes they hurt themselves on telephone wires.

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

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

But if some people care about what moralists say, who
Strangers Should Not Whisper

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

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

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

Chronicle of Oppression

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

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

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

That familiar sight was seen no more; the doves had gone from the Belgian skies. For a time no other bird flew above the rich loam of the Belgian earth and over the
Strangers Should Not Whisper

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

7.—The Battle of the Press

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

When the Germans marched into Belgium, in May, 1940, the first thing they did was to throttle the freedom of the press. Up to that day, Belgian newspapers had been in the habit of saying whatever came into their minds; now they were going to print what was in Mr. Hitler's mind. Of course, the Nazis told the Belgians that their newspapers before the invasion were no good. In fact, opinions may have differed on that point: some people felt that the Belgian press was a marvelous ensemble, others thought that they had just the press they deserved, but anyway the Belgians had their own press which fulfilled their essential requirements in that field and reflected both the qualities and weaknesses of the national character. It was not influenced by foreign money and, during the "phony war," it proved abundantly that it stood only for Belgian interests and was not afraid to proclaim its profound sympathy for the Allied cause. There were, however, two exceptions: one Flemish and one French newspaper, which had in the last few years been defending Fascist ideas and which were at the beck and call of Hitler and Mussolini, sided violently with the Axis. The first one, Volk en Staat (The People and the State), was the organ of the Flemish nationalist movement, which had adopted not only the basic ideas of the Nazi program, but which also used the despicable antics of Nazi journalism and polemics. On the other hand, there was the French newspaper, Le Pays Réel (The Real Country), which was the organ of the Rexist (Fascist) leader Léon Degrelle who, by the spectacular vulgarity of his political campaigns attained a fame entirely disproportionate to his intelligence and talent.

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

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

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

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

3. “I Adorn the World, but I Despise It”

Some time ago a young American, who for some reason or other was unable to join the army, was heard complaining about the fact that for the duration at least he couldn’t see anything of the world. He said in dead earnest, “I am practically encaged in these United States.”

Oh, wonderful cage, and how jealous would be those millions of people in Europe and elsewhere who all their lives for religious, political, linguistic, or simply economic reasons are unable to move farther than one hundred miles from their homes! But after all, Mr. Paul Morand wrote a book called Rien Que La Terre, a title which throws the regrets of the young American into the shade. “Nothing but the earth,” says Mr. Morand, and the globe's
dimensions continue to become smaller and narrower, while our desires and ambitions are supposed to exceed its size and shape.

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

The Golden Age of the dreamers, nature lovers and globe trotters was between 1400 and 1600. Christopher Columbus, as the locker-room song has it, “that navigatin’, calculatin’, son-of-a-gun, Colombo,” unleashed something in millions of minds and hearts from which we all still suffer. When Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic everyone was elated: we—all of us humans—had done something the elements didn’t want us to do. It was glorious, but at the same time we felt the earth was shrinking. In our subconscious we understood that in our quest for the truth we would soon no longer have the excuse of going places to find out what other people have discovered. We saw that the solution for our problems was no longer to be found in the study of a diversified mankind but in ourselves. Now there is no place on earth which you can’t reach in sixty hours. The fact that mappemondes do not look global any more but have acquired the shape of a trigonometrist’s nightmare is but a diversion. The modern man is told that the world is a small, third-rate planet and that we know all about it.

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

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

Strangers should not whisper as it is one of inventories and encyclopedic surveys.

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

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

We know little about his character, but still enough to appreciate him as a great liberal mind; in the troubled times of the second half of the sixteenth century he was brave enough to write: “I think that the writer is under the obligation of speaking the truth as he sees it.” When the freedom of the spirit was completely oppressed by the tyranny of Philip II, he wrote: “The wise man must keep silent these days . . .” He was honored by the bigot’s suspicions and he probably belonged to a circle of influential, highly cultured men who understood that the conflicts of the sixteenth century were not to be reduced to dogmatic quarrels but that the stake was the very dignity of the scientist, of the writer, of man. Somewhat disillusioned, he chose as a motto for his crest, which represented a globe: “I adorn it, but I despise it.”

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

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

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

**4.—Birth of the Saxophone**

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

Some Belgian People

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In 1844 he perfected the most famous of the instruments he was to create—the saxophone. By so doing he achieved for the wind instrument what had long ago been done for the percussion instrument, which had developed from the thin-sounding spinet and harpsichord to the piano. Before his time wind instruments were built on the supposition that the composition of the metal or of the other material determined the timbre of the sound. Sax discovered one of the basic laws of acoustics, that “the proportions given to a column of air vibrating in a sono-
rous tube, and they alone, determine the character of the timbre produced, not the wall, provided it offers enough resistance." On this basis he was able to develop the volume and the quality of the sound of his instruments to such an extent that he could outplay any combination of instruments and still stay within the boundaries of music and good taste.

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

In 1845 he had his first decisive triumph: his orchestra was to compete with the most powerful group of his day on the Paris Champ de Mars, a kind of Golden Bowl. His competitor was a Mr. Carafo; the Paris music world was divided between the Saxons and the Carafons. Sax came out triumphant, and the government made the use of his instrument compulsory for all the military bands of the country. In 1852 he beat with twelve sxtubas of his invention a group of fifteen hundred instruments. Nothing and nobody could outblow or outfanfare the "cuivres de Sax" which had become a byword through all Europe.

The Revolution of 1848 reverted to less sonorous instruments, but the Emperor Napoleon III reinstalled them. Out of Germany Sax's enemies brought the batyphone, a tube cylindrical in shape except for the bell, to combat his dearest brain child, the saxophone, which was parabolic. The batyphone turned pale and went back to the oblivion of its Teutonic woods. At one time his competitors filed a lawsuit against him to prove that the saxophone did not and even could not exist. But in La Belle Hélène Halévy

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

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

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

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

Can do without this Belgian invention. This is immediate. since many people can do without "serious" music. The American orchestra, interpreting the frenzy, the great achievements: the highway bends slightly before entering the village, as if to slow down traffic and prepare the visitor without the voice of the saxophone, which all of a sudden becomes for a surprise. Always the center of interest, the largest of among the cacophonous and conflagrating noises, most impressive building, is the church. It is usual for jazz band rises up and grips us somewhere between the heart and the stomach in a region of our being as we are transformed by the frequent rains, venerable and venerated sufficiently explored, but important and sometimes decisive?

5.—Damien the Leper

Recently one of the American Red Cross planes was given the name of Father Damien. It was by gifts collected in four Catholic high schools in Honolulu on the occasion of the commemoration of the priest. What did this Belgian missionary do that should go through the skies of the Pacific as an homage to his life and work?

He was born in 1840 in the village of Tremeloe, a sandy land that has been cultivated and improved for centuries by the labors of countless generations and transformed into a gently rolling, prosperous country. The horizon is low, and in the distance are the Congo. For in every village a few daring
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Belgium in Bundage - Jan - Albert Coix
Chronicle of Oppression

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

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

3.—Belgium’s Internal Problems

On a normal July 21st the average Belgian would either get up very early and go fishing—(we may leave him there for we know the rest of his sad and boastful story)—or he would rise very late and have a look at his newspapers. The one he had to read for professional reasons would be conservative, the other, read for information or sometimes for pleasure, would be a little more on the left side. On that day both sheets would display large pictures of the royal family and in very bold type some politician would try to tell by means of an impressive anthology of platitudes why Belgium was such a good country and how its kings were the best and smartest on the European scene. At times a provincial poetess felt inspired and contributed a noble poem in which the words honor, liberty, blood—(poetical spinsters usually write a lot about blood)—would abound. Except for the author and her bridge partners nobody would read the poem. As for the politician’s text, notwithstanding the heavy type, only a few schoolteachers would look at it, as a possible source of inspiration for a patriotic address on next commencement day.

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

There was, of course, a military parade before the royal palace. The army passed by and connoisseurs tried to recognize some new trinkets among the weapons. Wise-crackers made saucy comments when a single tank showed up. “The other one is in repair,” they used to say. But mothers and sweethearts looked eagerly for their boys in the ranks and there always was a moment of emotion when Prince Charles, the King’s brother, marched past, lowering his officer’s sword to Leopold, the symbol of the State. The invalids of the last war sat in the front row and they had huge bunches of flowers in their laps. Under the strain of the heat and the weight of his equipment
some soldier on guard might faint or a horse might slip and sidestep, frightening the children on the sidewalks. Otherwise there were no incidents.

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

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

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

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

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

It was said that they were divided on the issue of religion, that Catholics considered Liberals as the devil incarnate and that Liberals regarded Catholics as mental troglodytes. But in matters of national and international importance, both groups worked beautifully together and
on both sides the best people knew that one school of thought would never be able to absorb the other completely: they were conscious of the fact that if some are willing to die for their belief, others are as ready to make that sacrifice to assert their lack of faith.

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

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

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

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

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

If we read the handwriting on the wall of the Europa-Festung correctly, the next national day will be celebrated in a free Belgium. Nobody will go fishing then. Nobody will make fun of those who say that they love their country and that they are ready to accept sacrifices in order that it may exist. Nobody will try to be smart about anything for everybody will feel that we, the living, will be watched by the dead, by the fallen soldiers, by the 10,000 civilians...
wantonly killed in the Blitz, by the thousands of patriots murdered by German courts, by the pathetic, innocent hostages, by the thousands of children who through starvation and cold have been physically ruined for life. They will watch the Belgians who survived the ordeal, they will watch the Allies, to find out if the living, forgetful and fickle as they are, will use the peace to apply some sugary ersatz of Christian charity to our enemies. For they expect us to brand the hot iron of treason on the front of those who failed us, and they want to see that those who took to the sword shall justly and rightly perish by the sword.

POLITICAL PROBLEMS AND HOW NOT TO SOLVE THEM

1.—In Flanders Fields...

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

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

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

**Keyword**

Belgium-antwerp

**Search History**

**68 results found. sorted by date.**

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<td>Survival: the story of a sixteen-year-old Jewish boy / Israel J. Rosengarten ; translated from the Dutch</td>
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<td>Pub Info</td>
<td>Syracuse, NY : Syracuse University Press, 1999</td>
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2 results found. sorted by date.

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

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

Description: 119 p. : port. ; 25 cm
Summary: The author describes her own and her family's experiences during the two and one-half years they spent in hiding in Antwerp, Belgium, during World War II

LC SUBJECTS: Isaacman, Clara -- Juvenile literature
Other Subj: Isaacman, Clara

LC SUBJECTS: Jews -- Belgium -- Antwerp -- Persecutions -- Juvenile literature
Holocaust, Jewish (1939-1945) -- Belgium -- Antwerp -- Personal narratives -- Juvenile literature

Other Subj: Holocaust, Jewish (1939-1945) -- Belgium -- Antwerp -- Personal narratives

World War, 1939-1945 -- Jews

LC SUBJECTS: Antwerp (Belgium) -- Ethnic relations -- Juvenile literature
Other Author: Grossman, Joan Adess
LCCN: 84014339 /AC
ISBN: 082760243X
OCLC #: 10912473
Grsn: 00344385

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Search results for 'longmate, norman'

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

Sort by: Relevance

Author
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British Broadcasting (2)
Freda Kergall (2)
Juliet Gardiner (2)
Gaskin M J (1)
Show more ...

Content
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Format
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Article (3)
Visual Material (3)

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English (40)
Chinese (2)

Year
1983 (5)
1978 (3)
1976 (4)
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21. Defending the island: Caesar to the Armada
by Norman Longmate
Language: English
Type: Book
Publisher: London: Hutchinson, 1985
Held by: WorldCat Libraries

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

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

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

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

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

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

28. Alive and well: medicine and public health, 1830 to the present day.
by Norman Longmate
Language: English
Type: Book
Held by: WorldCat Libraries
Search results for 'longmate, norman'

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

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

12. **The breadstealers**
   by Norman Longmate
   Language: English  Type: Book
   Held by: Summit Libraries

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

14. **Air raid: the bombing of Coventry, 1940**
   by Norman Longmate
   Language: English  Type: Book
   Held by: Summit Libraries

15. **The bombers: the RAF offensive against Germany, 1939-1945**
   by Norman Longmate
   Language: English  Type: Book
   Publisher: London : Hutchinson, 1963.
   Held by: Summit Libraries

16. **Strip death naked**
   by Norman Longmate
   Language: English  Type: Book  Fiction
   Held by: Summit Libraries

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

18. **Island fortress: the defence of Great Britain 1603-1945**
   by Norman Longmate
   Language: English  Type: Book
   Held by: Summit Libraries
### News from Belgium and the Belgian Congo / Belgian Information Center

#### Pub Info
- **Title**: News from Belgium and the Belgian Congo / Belgian Information Center
- **Pub Info**: New York, N.Y.; The Center, 1942-1945

#### Location
- **Location**: Suzz Periodicals Storage

#### Call #
- **Call #**: 940.53493 NE

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- **Lib. Has**: v.2 no.38-v.5 no.43 (Sept. 19, 1942-1945)

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

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Record 2 of 5

Author
Wallace, Robert F

Title
From Dam Neck to Okinawa: a memoir of antiaircraft training in World War II / by Robert F. Wallace ; edited by Jeffrey G. Barlow

Pub Info
Washington : Naval Historical Center, Dept. of the Navy : For sale by the Supt. of Docs., U.S. G.P.O., 2001

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Series
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Bibliography
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Wallace, Robert F

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World War, 1939-1945 -- Antiaircraft artillery operations

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United States. Navy -- Officers -- Biography

Idaho (Battleship : BB-42)

World War, 1939-1945 -- Campaigns -- Japan -- Okinawa Island

Other Author
Barlow, Jeffrey G., 1946-

Naval Historical Center (U.S.)

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

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

I had been a Navy buff since receiving a beautiful battleship for Christmas in 1917. For a seminar in graduate school, I had presented a paper on the Battle of Jutland. As a “gun-nut” and a lifelong hunter, I was in my element. Since I had been one of the more-or-less observers at Price’s Neck, I had learned a good deal about the guns, but from a distance. We did not fire the guns at Price’s Neck because that job was for enlisted trainees. For its automatic antiaircraft weapons, the Navy had at first used the .50-caliber Browning machine gun and had developed the quad-1.1-inch, the so-called Chicago Piano. But the .50-caliber came to be considered more effective at punching holes in aircraft skins than in tearing them up, while the 1.1-inch proved to be a disappointment in many ways. A number of critics have mentioned the frequent premature explosions of the excessively sensitive shells within the gun barrel itself. Commander Gallery commented that they would “go off when fired into heavy rain.” Our “prematures,” like those at Dam Neck, tended to explode just abaft the flash shield, to the great discomfort of both crew and bystanders. Unlike at Dam Neck, however, we were lucky that nobody ever got hurt in the process. Even if satisfactory ammunition had been developed, our 1.1-inch required the nearly full-time service of a
gunner's mate first-class to keep it firing with a minimum of jams. My friend Walter Becker of the destroyer Clark (DD 361) recalled that during the carrier Lexington's (CV 2) abortive run at Rabaul in February 1942, a gun captain on the destroyer tried to keep the 1.1-inch going by employing a wooden mallet and a liberal use of profanity. Moreover, as I recall, the empty clips sometimes had to be removed by hand. Compared with a 1.1-inch loader, the proverbial one-armed paperhanger would have appeared to be an idler. We quickly dismissed the 1.1-inch automatic weapon. However, at the suggestion of the imaginative Julian, the "1.1-inch" became a tradition at Southlands as the name of a drink whose deceptive pineapple juice base concealed a delayed-action kick that would have done credit to the gun's eminent successor, the 40mm Bofors.

The light, free-swinging 20mm machine gun, which the Navy adopted in November 1940, was a product of the Oerlikon Machine Tool Works in Switzerland, although our guns were all manufactured in the United States. As automatic weapons go, it was unbelievably simple and almost trouble-free. At a cyclic rate of 480 rounds per minute (rpm), and using a spring-loaded drum of 60 rounds, the machine gun kept firing as long as the firing lever was held back or until something broke. And amazingly, there were only five parts that could break; four of these were located together on the breechblock. It was blowback operated—the explosion of a round hurled the breech forward against a powerful recoil spring that encircled the barrel and returned the block to pick up the next round extruded from the magazine. As the block returned to battery, it tripped the sear, releasing the rotating hammer that in
In early versions used by the British and U.S. armies, it had an air-cooled single barrel. That feature was not exactly what the U.S. Navy had in mind, but the breech mechanism—the heart of any gun—was, along with that of the Oerlikon, about as simple and trouble-free as a machine cannon could be. At the AATCs, firing literally millions of rounds, we experienced almost everything that could possibly go wrong. I still have a yellowed copy of my four-page mimeographed handout “40 MM CASUALTIES.” My paper points out that, in spite of several possibilities, stoppages fell into two cases: breechblock open and breechblock closed, and as with the Oerlikon, this knowledge always gave the gunner’s mate a starting point.

We were all experts on stoppages, but when we went to sea, I suspect that my buddies, like me, learned that these guns seldom failed under combat conditions. When that rammer went forward punching a round into the chamber, the breechblock closed automatically, tripping the sear and firing the round. Stoppages were rare. The firing cycle, though a bit more complicated than that of the Oerlikon, was nevertheless simple, and a thing of beauty for those who had eyes for that sort of thing. Although the projectile weighed almost two pounds, it developed a muzzle velocity of 2,890 feet per second (fps), a speed equal to or exceeding that of many of our modern big game rifles. To anyone who has ever had the terrifying and helpless experience of being in an anchorage during a night or twilight air attack (real or imagined), in company with a lot of auxiliaries whose nervous 20mm gunners needed only a shot or two to cause panic, the 40mm Bofors had another advantage. The old saying “What goes up must come down,” while unfortunately true of the Oerlikon, did not apply to the Bofors. Once the tracer element burned out at 4,000 to 5,000 yards, the ammunition self-destructed.

But for all the Bofors’ simplicity and power, another feature must have had the early BUORD observers licking their chops. The gun’s loading arrangement seemed almost made for multiple mounts, which was exactly what our people had in mind. The loader stood beside the breech and simply dropped a four-round clip into a loading chute. On the sides of the chute were rods mounting spring-loaded pawls, which grasped a fresh round and pulled it down each time cam surfaces on the inside of the housing pushed the loading rods up and down through the firing cycle. Since the chute would hold two clips, it was easy to keep the gun firing. The
Close-up of a 20mm anti-aircraft mount.

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

With our 20mm and 40mm cannon, especially as the U.S. Navy modified the 40mm, we had the world's best automatic weapons. But every hunter knows the best gun is no better than the aim of the man who fires it. Against rapidly moving aircraft, volume of fire alone, however desirable, is not enough. When the beginner fires at a covey of quail without aiming at a particular bird, it may seem that a lot of birds are out there. But he soon learns there is also a lot of sky. In World War II the U.S. Navy took some very impressive movies of Japanese planes that kept coming, apparently unscathed, through what looked
like impossible clouds of tracers. There was a lot of sky out there too, so the question was, How do you get hits? Early on, gunners would aim tracers like a stream of water or use metal sights with concentric rings to achieve some sort of lead, or what the British called "aim off." But these efforts were unsatisfactory.

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

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

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

But the Mark 14 also controlled the 40mm Bofors. It was mounted on the Mark 51 director, a perfect combination. The Mark 51 was a simple handlebar arrangement with a backstrap for the operator. The gun mount followed the director's movements through a system of synchro motors. This remoteness from the gun mount eliminated the vibration that was
experienced when the sight was mounted directly on the Oerlikon. In firing tens of thousands of rounds, the vibration never bothered me, but I can understand that in the smoke of battle it may have been a distraction because under vibration the reticle tended to blur. The remoteness of the Mark 51 also avoided much of the smoke from a 40mm-quad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Floating Chrysanthemums"

There were no more big attacks in our area until 12 April, when we were told to expect heavy air attacks. Years later Admiral Morison, who was present at the time, wrote, "April 12 proved to be one of the most trying days for the Navy in this campaign." We always received warnings of impending big raids. These alerts came from the breaking of JN-25, the Japanese Navy's general purpose code. Our people were so expert at decryption by this time that the Japanese practice of changing the code's protective encipherment each month made little difference. For example, the change introduced on 1 April was broken the next day. Whenever the word came over the IFD net, "Exbrook. Exbrook. Conductor says, 'Flash Red [enemy planes approaching], Control Yellow [warning alert—nothing is near enough yet to shoot]," we would go to general quarters. General quarters was a startling and arresting break in a ship's routine. And after a while at Okinawa it could be scary. We had witnessed a lot of bloodshed in those first weeks. In the officers' wardroom I have seen glasses overturned at the table when people jumped up at the sound of the gong. Our alarm signal was not a semi-buzzer type found on later ships. It was a true, clear bell with a rapid, ominous ring that would wake the dead. Then, almost instantly from our superb bugler would come the staccato notes of general quarters: "Ta dadada. Ta dadada. Ta dadada. Ta dada. Ta dadada. Ta dadada. Ta dadada. Ta dada." And over the loudspeaker (and I do mean loud) would come: "General Quarters. All hands, man your battle stations." Then, allowing time for everyone to get in place (if you ran fast enough), the speaker would proclaim, "Now set Condition Zebra. Set Condition Zebra." This meant close all watertight doors, referring to most of the ship's hatches. This accomplished, the ship was now "buttoned up." However, on this day we had all gone to general quarters long before any raid reached our vicinity. We knew they were coming, and all of the bombardment ships were gathered together for mutual support. At one point, I counted 11 battleships and 10 cruisers in a great circle, reminding me of circling the wagons in the old Westerns. Outside and beyond these heavy ships was a thin pro-
Admiral Morison reported this day from his position in *Tennessee*, only 2,000–3,000 yards from us, and though all remained quiet until 1326, we kept to our battle stations and our ships kept their defensive cruising disposition. As on board *Tennessee*, we in *Idaho* had sandwiches at our battle stations. The automatic weapons crews had stacked extra ready ammunition around their guns, and the air was electric.

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

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

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

After a 40-second break, at 1449.15 the port side, including our forward sector, destroyed another plane in a 30-second flurry of firing that ended at 1449.45. Like the first one, this kamikaze was smothered by automatic weapons fire and did not even get near the ship. Then came a stellar performance by one of my teenagers standing in a 20mm gun tub right next to us in Sky Control. He was a nice, quiet kid from somewhere in the South. One of the Japanese pilots, possibly noticing that his compatriots were not having much luck with *Idaho*, or perhaps by a prearranged plan, swerved to go past, possibly to go around and attack the ship from a different angle. (This also happened to *Tennessee*.) He could not have been much more than one or two football fields away as he tried to pass ahead on our side. The kid had been one of my most conscientious charges in working hard to master the Mark 14 reticle, and he didn’t miss a beat in quickly getting a smooth track. He held his firing lever back for just 15 seconds, but that was enough. We could clearly see his tracers, in a full 90-degree deflection shot, seeming to curve into the cockpit. A ball of fire, the plane crashed harmlessly into the China Sea. Bish looked at me gleefully and
pointed to our 20mm gunner. It was clearly a one-man feat, done at his own initiative and without orders from anyone.

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

If we felt any elation at this sudden turn of events, it soon turned to dismay as the sagacious surviving pilot swung quickly in behind the sheltering pall of his companion's destruction. He was hidden and our Marines could no longer shoot at him. But the alert Marine loaders apparently took these brief seconds to put fresh drums on their 20mm Oerlikons. When he emerged from the smoke, determinedly bearing down on the ship and seeking to strafe with his machine gun, he began absorbing heavy fire from the Marines' 20mm. As the kamikaze approached the ship, I had the
impression of a man with great sores breaking out all over his face. He did not stop, but his plane could not take so much fire. As he began to fall he headed directly for a young Marine who, like our 20mm gunner in Sky Control, was a real pro. He stood there in his tub and fired down the throat of his attacker until the very moment of impact. As I saw the plane seeming to plow into the ship, I bent over to avoid the blast and shock.

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

The official reports gave different estimates of the plane’s distance from the ship when it exploded, ranging from 25 feet to 50 yards. Obviously, the man who wrote the 50-yard estimate was not a witness. I watched the plane to the moment of impact, and I would estimate it was more like 15 or 20 feet away, at most. A more distant explosion was not likely to do all the damage that this one caused. Eight blisters were flooded on Idaho’s port side, and the ship suffered extensive damage from flying shrapnel and the shock of the explosion. Personnel suffered a number of minor shrapnel wounds, but amazingly only two of these were serious enough to require a short stay in sickbay.

Both men were retained on board. The Marine who continued to fire up to the moment of impact was only slightly shaken up, I would guess because the bomb exploded so near that he was protected by the armored side of the great ship on which he was standing. An interesting footnote to this event was that several name plates of various kinds were found among the debris. I saw a small ballbearing race around which were the letters: “NORMA NAM MADE IN USA.”

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

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

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

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CONDITION RED:
MARINE DEFENSE
BATTALIONS IN
WORLD WAR II

MARINES IN
WORLD WAR II
COMMENORATIVE SERIES

BY MAJOR CHARLES D. MELSON
U.S. MARINE CORPS (RET)
SMOKE RISES FROM WAKE ISLAND AFTER A JAPANESE AIR ATTACK. THE COMMAND POST USED BY THE DETACHMENT OF THE 1ST DEFENSE BATTALION LIES IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND.

Marine Corps Historical Collection

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

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

Two African-American Defense Battalions

The wartime demand for manpower and the racial policy of the
taught in training or in the manuals. They learned about “air-raid coffee,” strong enough to “lift one’s scalp several inches per gulp.” Coffee pots would go on the fire when things were quiet; then the air-raid alarm would signal Condition Red, which meant that an air raid was imminent, and the Marines would man their battle stations, sometimes for hours, waiting for and fighting off the attackers as the coffee boiled merrily away. The resulting brew became thick enough to eat with a fork, and Master Technical Sergeant Theodore C. Link claimed that the coffee “snapped back at the drinker.”

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

While American forces secured

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

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

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

South Pacific Tales

Marines serving in the defense battalions learned lessons—some of them immortalized in legend—not Searchlights and antiaircraft weapons of the 3d Defense Battalion on Guadalcanal point upwards to detect and destroy Japanese aircraft bombing Allied forces.

Department of Defense photo (USMC) 63327
The defense battalions employed several different weapons against the attack of enemy aircraft. The M3 3-inch antiaircraft gun, initially used in shipboard and ground defense, was the heaviest weapon available to the Marines when the defense battalions were organized. When positioned, the gun rested on a folding M2A2 platform, dubbed a ‘spider’ mount, which had four long stabilizing outriggers. The gun fired a 12.87-pound high explosive round which had a maximum horizontal range of 14,780 yards and could nearly reach a 10,000-yard ceiling. The weapons, each having an eight-man crew who could fire 25 rounds per minute, were organized in the battalions in four-gun batteries. They were successfully employed at Wake, Johnston, Palmyra, and Midway Islands. By the summer of 1942, however, the M-3 was replaced by the Army’s 90mm antiaircraft weapon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Each Japanese flag painted on this 3d Defense Battalion 40mm gun on Bougainville represents a Japanese plane shot down.

Department of Defense photo (USMC) 74010

ties from typhus and other diseases, falling trees, and lightning. "There is no jungle in the world worse than in southwestern New Britain," a member of the 1st Marine Division declared. The effort to limit the effects of malaria, prevalent in the swamps and rain forest, involved the use of atabrine, a substitute for scarce quinine. The remedy required hard selling by medical personnel and commanders to convince dubious Marines to take a bitter-tasting medicine that was rumored to turn skin yellow and make users sterile. In a moment of whimsy, Second Lieutenant Gerald A. Waindel suggested adapting a slogan used to sell coffee...
alerts, finally firing on a radar return from a suspected surfaced Japanese submarine on 28 March. The 51st assumed responsibility for defending Eniwetok in September, replacing the 10th Defense Battalion, but actual combat continued to elude the black Marines despite unceasing preparation.

Signs of the Times

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

Reorienting the Defense Battalion

At Marine Corps headquarters, General Vandegrift, now the Commandant, faced a problem of using scarce manpower to the greatest possible effect. Vandegrift's director of the Division of Plans and Policies, Gerald C. Thomas, promoted to brigadier general, received instructions to maintain six divisions and four aircraft wings, plus corps troops and a service establishment—all without a substantial increase in aggregate strength. Most of the men that Thomas needed already were undergoing training, but he also recommended eliminating special units, including the defense battalions. Abolishing the defense battalions promised to be difficult, however, for the Navy Department felt it would need as many as 29 battalions to protect advance bases. General Vandegrift exercised his powers of persuasion on Admiral Ernest J. King, the Chief of Naval Operations, and talked the naval officer into agreeing not only to form no new defense battalions but also to accept deactivation of two of the existing 19 units, while reorienting the 17 survivors to meet the current threat. The process began in April 1944, and five months later, the defense battalions that began the year had converted to antiaircraft artillery units, though a few retained their old designation, and in rare instances the 155mm artillery group remained with a battalion as an attachment rather than an integral component.

A new table of organization appeared in July 1944 and reflected the emphasis on 90mm and 40mm antiaircraft weapons, though it left the manpower level all but unchanged. The document called for a battalion of 57 officers and 1,198 enlisted men, organized into a headquarters and service battery, a heavy antiaircraft group, a light antiaircraft group, and a searchlight battery. Only three
The first defense battalions were equipped with 5-inch/51-caliber naval guns which were originally designed for shipboard mounting and later extensively modified for use ashore. These weapons were then emplaced in static positions, but with great difficulty. The guns fired high explosive, armor piercing, and chemical shells.

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

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

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

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

On 24 July, Marines boarded landing craft on Saipan and sailed directly to Tinian, the second objective in the Marianas. McFarland's battalion landed at Tinian in August and
This Army-developed SCR-584 radar took over the work of the optical gun director on Peleliu, to provide automatic target tracking and gun laying for the Marines.

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

Tributes to the 
Defense Battalions

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

Pacific Victory

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

Fire Control

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

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

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

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

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The 5th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion—over Okinawa during a Japanese air attack. A Marine fighter squadron's Corsairs are silhouetted against the spectacle.

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