

# TUNIS TELEGRAPH

FIRST BRITISH PAPER IN TUNISIA

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Editor: Capt J. M. MACLENNAN

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## AXIS KEY-POINTS HAMMERED

### Berlin's 63rd

### raid

Day and night Allied air craft are pounding enemy occupied territory in Europe.

Berlin had its 63rd raid on Saturday night. Huge fires lit up the German capital and the city was covered by a thick pall of smoke as our bombers flew home. Flak was intense but all targets

were success-fully bombed.

France, Holland and Britain were also bombed on Saturday night. Yesterday the day-light offensive was resumed and strong forces of Allied aircraft kept up a shuttle service, morning and afternoon. Again last night our bombers visited Germany.

The Germans lost four aircraft in attacks on the Greater London area. They were received by a mighty barrage. Damage was slight.

A convoy was attacked by our aircraft and a 2,500 tons ship left burning.

### Four Pages

TUNIS TELEGRAPH appears for the first time today as a four page paper. For several reasons we are not in a position to repeat this performance with every issue.

Most important reason is shortage of news-print, which must be husbanded jealously if we are to keep going. Then, we are still handicapped by lack of staff. And finally we are not yet receiving any regular service of news, features and pictures and are having to improvise all the time.

Fortunately we know a good deal about improvising and so we hope to go on publishing three times a week and — if the gods are kind — giving you atleast one four page issue each week.

Letters and contributions from readers are always welcome. We start a post-bag in this number.

This week we change the days of publication.

TUNIS TELEGRAPH will in future appear on Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays. Our next issue will therefore be on Thursday.

### EDGAR LETTS CALLING...

All the troops who have had the privilege of seeing Tunis have been amazed at the beauty of the local girls, who can be warmly thanked for giving us all such a Royal welcome. They have smiled at us, shown us around the places of historical interest, and invited us to their homes.

The troops are sincerely grateful.

Yesterday morning in a Tunis Hotel I met the two Chinese Generals who are visiting the North African Command in order to study organisation and battle procedure. They are, General HOO and General LAM. They speak perfect English, and sitting there very over breakfast, talking about the part China was playing in the war, it was difficult to realise that these unassuming gentlemen had to fight their way from Shanghai to Burma.

Lt C.F. Gould, R.A., who is conducting officer to the visiting generals, was in

### Home Guard is three years old

Britain celebrated yesterday the third anniversary of the Home Guard.

In Hyde Park, 5,000 members of the Home Guards, ranging from youths to old men, many of the latter wearing war ribbons on their uniforms, were reviewed by the King who was accompanied by the Minister for War, Sir James Grigg.

They marched impressively afterwards through the streets of London to music provided by four military bands, and the long columns also included the American London contingent, which was formed in 1940.

Instead of the primitive weapons with which the Home Guard had to train in its early days, they had modern weapons of every kind, and even mechanised units.

London taxi drivers have taken a large part in manning the latter.

In his speech, marking the occasion, made from the White House Washington, Mr Churchill said the time was approaching when the Anglo American forces would cross the seas to take part in a terrible battle on the continent.

The Home Guard, said Mr Churchill, now consisted of 2,000,000 resolute and well-trained men.

The degree of the danger of invasion depended entirely on the strength or the weakness of these forces and of our precautions.

In conclusion Mr Churchill said the Home Guard must now be in a position to support a great part of the task of Home Defence, leaving the majority of our Armies free to attack strong-holds of enemy power.

China himself for 14 years, and speaks the language very well.

Congratulations to the Home Guard on celebrating its third anniversary! When the full story of the Home Guard is written it will be a record of wonderful progress in spite of what at one time appeared to be insurmountable difficulties.

In the Battle of Britain, I saw ample evidence of the heroic work which these men of the factories and offices did. When Coventry had its first big blitz, the Home Guard of the city were given the grim task of dealing with the hundreds of dead. One Signal company of the Home Guard a few days earlier had been issued with first field dressings. On the morning after, there were only about three



This is Joan Crawford, star of a host of Hollywood successes

### Descriptive story

## New Bey Enthroned

Amid Oriental splendour which Tunis is well able to provide His Highness Sidi Lamine Bey was on Saturday enthroned as chief of the Arab peoples in this country.

His predecessor, His Highness Sidi Moncef Bey had been deposed by General Giraud's order. The new Bey who is 64, was born on the day on which the Protectorate of Tunis was established.

The chief ceremony took place in the Palais du Bardo, which for centuries has been used for this purpose, but previously, in accordance with time-honoured custom, General Juin, Resident General of Tunis, accompanied by other high French officers had visited the Bey's palace in Carthage to call on him formally and escort him to the Palais du Bardo. When the party came to the Palais du Bardo they were received with colourful and regal splendour. A guard of honour of Spahis, mounted on white horses the officers with naked swords held at the position of attention was drawn up in the courtyard, the marble stairway was lined by Arab troops, and units of the French Army were alert by their guns in the background in order to fire a salute as soon as the ceremony had taken place.

At the top of the steps stood numerous officials. There were the familiar uniforms of French troops; the French Mayor and Arab Mayor were present in their traditional robes, accompanied by Justices of the Peace, Mohammedan priests, and representatives of all the civic authorities.

Within the small marble pillared courtyard, with a picturesque fountain set in the middle the notabilities assembled. Near the courtyard is the Salon des Glaces, where the first part of the ceremony took place.

When His Highness entered the Salon

with the cortege, the Resident General invested the Bey in the name of France, and gave him the Grand Cordon de La Legion d'Honneur, placing it over his shoulder.

At one end of the room was a golden throne, approached by marble steps, bearing luxurious Eastern carpets. To the throne the party moved slowly while officials formed ranks at either side. The Bey approached the throne, and sat down, while the heralds, holding staves of office, welcomed him.

An Arab military band waited in an alcove at the other end of the hall, and when the appropriate moment came, played an Arab air, and the Marseillaise, while all the company stood to attention.

### Even a Newspaper!

In the radio news from London this morning, it was announced that a cinema had opened in Tunis, despite difficulties over the electricity supply, and it was stated that even a British newspaper had made its appearance. Thats us!



# TUNIS TELEGRAPH

5, rue Saint-Charles.

— TUNIS —

Telephone

Tunis 04-12

## Call to Arms

From Washington across a thousand leagues of ocean has gone a call to arms addressed to the veterans of Britain: a call no less stirring and not less pressing than that which went out to them three years ago when our home land lay almost helpless at the mercy of the foe.

Then, it was a matter of life and death. And the response of the life-source of eternal Britain — our fathers and our elder brothers — was in keeping with the sacred past.

Remember how, as the miracle of Dunkirk was taking place, the elder men of Britain were changed over night from peace-ful civilians into vigilant warriors.

At first their equipment was almost pathetic. There were not enough rifles to go round. Of more powerful weapons there was a grave shortage.

Uniforms were almost non-existent.

But they were glad and proud to don the arm-band with the letters L.D.V. — Local Defence Volunteers, subsequently changed to Home Guard.

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Very different is the situation today. We have a mighty Army in England. But we still need the Home Guard. And soon, as Mr. Churchill has warned us in his broadcast speech from the White House, we shall need it more than ever.

Mark the Premier's last passage in which he says the Home Guard must be capable of shouldering a great part of the burden of Home Defence, leaving the Army free to carry the war into the enemy's own country.

So it was not for nothing that the old soldiers and the non-soldiers gave up their beloved leisure and kept on training, training, training after the perils of 1940 and 1941 had been negotiated.

### TYPE-WRITER REPAIRS

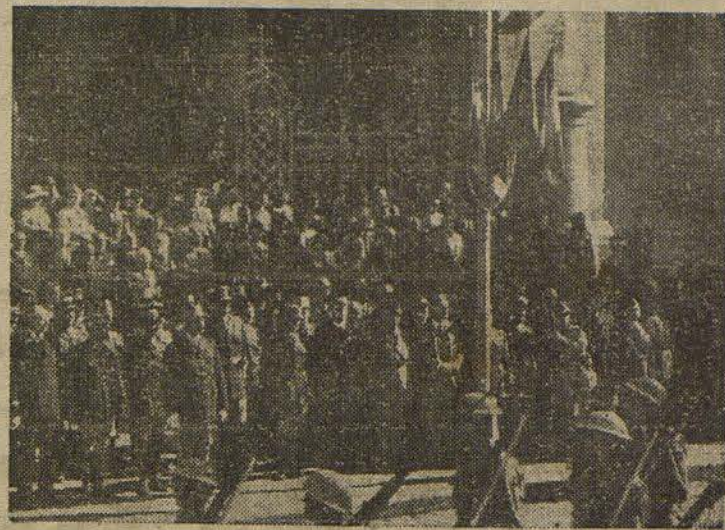
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## An Englishwoman in Tunis writes of occupation

# SIX MONTHS

# UNDER THE HUN



It is all over, British troops march in Tunis...

You may wonder if German troops of occupation are really as black as they are painted? Briefly, in seventy cases out of a hundred they are a good deal better, but the brutality of the other thirty per cent makes the balance even.

Their orders allow them to be terrible if they want to be — to certain people.

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On the whole, the French, British and Maltese here didn't get too bad treatment — and they might well have done, considering the whole French Tunisian Army was fighting with the British. But the German policy was to show us that as long as we were obedient we would get no spanking — only the Jews, of course. This, one of Von Arnim's first proclamations, was priceless in its brevity.

« As International Jewry is responsible for the war, the Jews of Tunis are immediately to provide forty million francs for the victims of bombardments »...

Not Jewish victims, of course! But one realised that the Nazi treatment of Jews really isn't a political problem but a racket. Hitler just treats them as one immense bank on which he can draw what he likes, when he likes.

Actually, quite a lot of them who were taken as workers were decently treated by the Germans. But there were hideous isolated cases — a young lame Jew who couldn't keep up with the rest on a forced march was shot by the roadside for « malingering ». The awful fact was that the Germans could do these things every time they wanted to.

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There was a good deal less terrorism here than in Europe and the reason was that their reputation had come well before them — one of their trump cards. Candidly, most of us were seized by « cold feet » at the first grim sight of those field grey overcoats, and we knuckled under at once.

Luckily, we soon found that the Boche is a highly disciplined animal. He is allowed to loot, to murder Jews and to brutalise certain civilians — but if you can persuade him that anything is verboten by his own Army, you can always get away with it.

A Jew I know saved his house from being looted by solemnly producing a Government authorisation to buy hen — food and assuring the bemused German who couldn't understand a word of it that it was an Exemption from Requisition order signed by the Resident and therefore valid. The sight of any piece of

paper with an official stamp on it always hypnotised them.

There was little sabotage here but we did indulge in a mild form of passive resistance when they came to requisition rooms. Sometimes they would go to fifty houses before getting what they wanted. They invariably strode blustering in without a knock on the door — and then one would explain there had been diphtheria or scarlet fever in the house — or that a family or refugees from Bizerta were just arriving — or that we had good rooms but no extra beds — anything, everything!

If we could make them see that they'd be sufficiently uncomfortable they al-

Eggs are now 20 francs each, milk 18 francs a litre, butter 230 a pound, meat 100 francs a pound. All this, when we can get it. First you have to find the money and then you have to find the food. I could write a whole book about that weary quest for food which got to be our obsession. We would stand in queues from 4 to 8 on cold winter mornings, if any shop was known to have a little stock of cheese or jam or date jelly — we considered it no hardship if we succeeded in the end, but I've seen women not only weep but faint with disappointment if the supply gave out just before their turn came. We bought what we could get for our children, at any price, but very

Into these office two days ago walked an English woman. It was DOROTHY BUCK, who wrote this article and whose works are well-known to British readers. In private life Dorothy Buck is the wife of a French Army officer and she describes in this article some personal experiences during the German occupation of Tunis...

ways went away I once had one who behaved just like the overbearing German officer you might expect to see in a rather exaggerated propaganda film.

« Open the gate instantly » he yelled. « How dare you keep — German officer waiting? Take your hand out of your pockets — is that a respectful attitude? » (this to my son who was staring transfixed.) « I'll show you who are the masters in this country and the way to speak to them » — and so on, a flood of invective that roused me from a peaceful siesta.

I was so angry that the frightened-rabbit complex momentarily left me and I rushed out and asked him how he dared to come storming into my house like that?

An awed crowd of neighbours who had leaked in listened to the subsequent slanging-match, but after he had gone — was a complete despair, certain there would be disastrous consequences. However, nothing happened. Many people who had stood up to their bullying found the same thing. But I'll admit I never had the nerve to risk it on other occasions.

The Germans certainly didn't « live hard. » They had wonderful rations — endless butter, ham and chocolate — and within a month they had seized all our foodstuffs and were sending them to Germany. We used to watch, in bitter silence, lorries go by towards the port, laden with our meat and our fruit. Prices rose madly from day to day.

few parents in this city have tasted an egg, or any meat, for many months. Even macaroni was a luxury, so we lived on vegetables.

At Christmas came the bitterest sight. Nobody could get hold of even a bar of chocolate for their children, even in the black market, few people had enough sugar to be able to make them a cake — and all the confectioners of the town, long unemployed, were kept busy making glorious cakes for the Germans, which were triumphantly carried through the streets while we looked on hungrily. They made them with our three years' stock of sugar, which they had seized.

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They took all the gold from the jewelers, took machines, condensed milk, materials — sent everything off to Germany that they had time to. We felt this pillage so bitterly that even their occasional acts of heroism couldn't soften us. In an air raid I once saw two German soldiers climb up a burning, crumbling house to rescue a woman and a baby on the top floor. But when they got down again, the sullen crowd gave them no cheer. The iron had entered into our souls by that time.

The British Army arrived in the nick of time to save us from far worse things yet. Our boys had just been called up for the Obligatory Work Service, possibly to be sent to Germany. For the last fortnight high officials were being taken off at the point of the revolver every day — partly to punish those whose sympathies were suspected, partly to disorganise everything.

Wives and families of generals in Barres army were also seized. The last days of the siege were really days of terror. My own husband was on the next list, and knew it, but dared not go into hiding in case they seized our boy instead.

British troops arrived exactly in time to save many of us from deportation and the rest from famine — and that's why the crowds who first saw the first British tanks rolling into the town were so delirious with joy that they flung themselves upon them, though the tanks were still firing at fleeing German cars.

The Boches were so completely taken by surprise at the last moment that some of them were still drinking beer in the cafés while the British tanks were taking possession of the town a few hundred yards away from them.

## TELEGRAPH POST BAG

Now that plans have been made for recreation for troops of the First and Eighth Armies, here is a suggestion.

There are scores of Roman ruins in and around Tunis. Can parties be arranged with French guides — to visit these ruins? A start might be made at Carthage.

Alec Braithwaite  
A.C.C.

There are plenty of German and Italian « ruins » in this neighbourhood too. The prosecution of the war must be the primary consideration of all ranks, and at the moment this is no time to rest on our oars. We suggest that the ruins of Berlin and Rome should be visited first.

As a matter of interest however, we are running an article on Carthage in an early issue of this newspaper.

Here is a soldier writing to pay tribute to our Medical services during the North African campaign.

All the wounded, who were treated by the field ambulances and carried to the rear hospitals by the motor ambulance convoys have nothing but praise for the attention they received.

Thanks to the R.A.M.C. for a grand job!

Lt., R.A.S.C.

We heartily endorse this well earned tribute. Having been evacuated through the Army medical services ourselves, we

know just how much the soldier owes to these grand chaps!

Please may I draw your attention to the disparity in Army and Tunis times, which at the moment do not agree.

On going to breakfast this morning, which was at 7-30 (Army time), I arrived at 8-30 (Tunis time). I lost my breakfast. Can something be done about this?

Horace Fleichen

R.A.S.C.

We cannot give you breakfast, but we can assure you that this matter is being considered by the military authorities, and will be cleared up as soon as possible.



# YOUR GUIDE TO TUNIS,

## BAEDEKER FOR YOU!

NOW that we are in Tunis, we are all eager to learn something about the town which means so much to us in this war.

TUNIS TELEGRAPH hopes to give you a series of articles on this historic part of Africa. We publish on this page the first article in this series. The author is already well-known to many of our readers.

In a later article Mr Dunbar will deal with ancient Carthage.

## HOW YANKS SMASHED HUNS

(BY ANDY GRAY)

«The 2nd American Corps will take and hold Bizerta», was the dramatic order given to the crack US force in Northern Tunisia on the eve of the big

Well they knew that the country between Beja and Mateur was one of the toughest fighting assignments possible. Every hill was a hot-bed of Nazi infantry, mortar-men and machine-gunners.

That is why was picked for this dangerous mission an Infantry Combat team.

Day and night they inched their way to their objective — Mateur, with orders to hold positions there and lure enemy reinforcements to thrust at them while our flanking troops slipped round to the rear and cut them off.

The plan worked like clockwork. The seasoned, tough, athletic Americans pressed on over the worst possible country, sending the desperate, cornered Jerries ever back until they reached their given objective.

Once there, they consolidated. The enemy came, wave after wave, but the tough yanks met and repelled each one of them, until the flanking troops had encircled and cut off the enemy.

After that it was finale for the Germans who surrendered in hundreds.

Once again, the Combat Team had done its job.

### RECORD DRIVE

Landing on November 8, the Combat Team's orders were to take and hold Oran. This was done in record time.

The next assignment was the fiercely fought El Guittar, which ended in a rout for the Germans after successes on both sides.

Swinging Northward again, they did their job in the battle for Bizetta.

During these battles they have lost men dead, wounded and as prisoners, but recently there were some terrific meeting parties when officers and men who were thought «dead» were found to have been prisoners, left behind by Axis.

Lieutenant H. Elguson was put on a Nazi prison ship bound for Sicily when an American bomber scored a direct hit on it. Naval units picked him up and brought him back safely to land.

«I never thought I'd be glad to be bombed by my own side», he said.

Lt Col Beck, Infantry Combat Team told me: «In many of our operations out here we have fought alongside the British and our relations have been wonderful. We want to thank especially the British artillery for their magnificent support: their accuracy and speed is amazing.

The Combat team now start special training. And also, I am told, to learn some more off-the-record British songs from their liaison officer, British Major Jim Bridle, who knows them all!

Well done American infantry, we'll hear much more of you.

## PARIS OF AFRICA

Tunis la Blanche — Tunis, the White — how little this gem of the Mediterranean was known in those days, just before the present war, when it was a matter of such ease to «go about the sea in ships.» Overnight as it were the eyes of the world are once again focussed on Tunis.

Strategically and as a potential granary Tunisia has future; was it not at one time the mighty Empire of Africa whose ships carried its produce to every country washed by the Mediterranean.

There are few countries in which are found such indelible marks of varying civilizations, the country teems with remains of wonderful towns and of beautiful architecture, with aqueducts proving a vast system of irrigation, with relics of pottery, glass and crystal, with gold silver and bronze ornaments testifying to prosperity science and culture.

### THE SOUKS. (The Bazaars).

The Souks of Tunis in their extent, their zealously guarded native character,

### THE KASBAK — (Fort).

It was here in days gone by, Christian slaves were imprisoned in special dungeons.

### THE MOSQUES.

There are several beautiful mosques in Tunis, but these cannot be entered by the foreigner — we content ourselves with gazing only on the outside walls and decorative doors.

In Kairouan — one of the holy cities

By the Rev Isaac Dunbar, pastor of the English church of St George, Tunis.

and the wealth and variety of a rare craftsmanship, may be rivalled only by the famous bazaars of Cairo and Damascus.

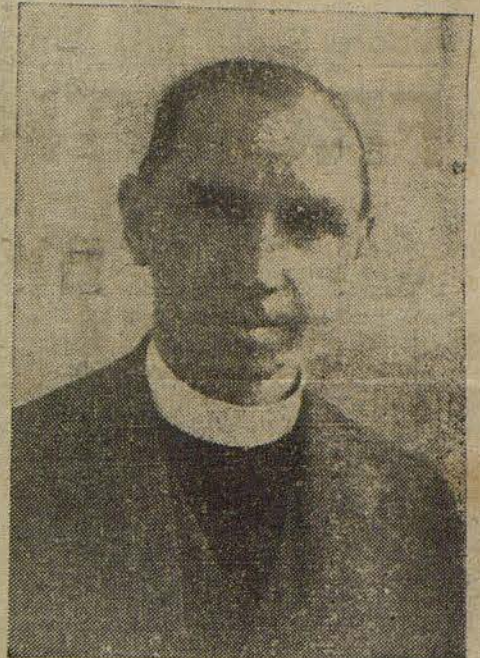
In the souks one may find the Street of the Shoemakers, the Street of the Perfumers (Souk el Attarine) etc. The Souks may be entered through the Porte de France.

of the Moslem, the unbeliever may enter even the Great Mosque.

In 1881 European troops, part of a punitive expedition entered the Mosques of Kairouan: once defiled, always defiled, and the stranger to Islam, can now penetrate at this city doors so religiously barred to him elsewhere.



This striking picture shows the Mosque of Hamouda Pacha in Tunis with its imposing minaret. In the back-ground is the Grand Mosque.



The writer

**BELVEDERE PARK**, in which is situated the Koukba, a Moorish pavilion with five cupolas, decorated with very fine examples of arabesque plaster carving and lovely old Moorish tiles.

**BARDO AND MUSEUM ALOUL** (Five kilometres from Tunis on route to Medjez). This palace, once the winter residence of the Beys, is approached by a flight of steps; guarded on either side by splendid lions in white Venetian marble, eight in all.

The Museum is in the building and here are some fine old Roman mosaics, statues, glass, pottery, etc; the decorative art in some of the rooms is of some value and beauty.

**ROMAN AQUEDUCT**. Very fine ruins of this prodigious work are to be seen close to Bardo. It was by this aqueduct that water was brought to Tunis and Carthage all the way from Zaghouan.

**ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH**, Rue Bab Carthage.

Few Britons realise that a portion of the British Empire is to be found in Tunis. He who enters the Church or cemetery stands on British ground.

This parcel of ground was obtained from the Turkish Bey of Tunis by the British Consul, in 1645, and has remained British ever since.

(Left untouched by the Germans during their occupation of the city!)

In olden days when the slave trade was rife, the slave who escaped and got into the cemetery was accounted in sanctuary and free.

This famous cemetery became a place of refuge for escaped Christian captives, whence, under cover of darkness many a heroic soul rather than abjure his faith, has stolen to the harbour and escaped on an English vessel.

The oldest tombstone is dated 1648 and the most notable one 1852 erected over the remains of John Howard Payne, the United States Consul 1841-52 and author of «Home Sweet Home».

The Church was erected in 1901. A few minutes walk away stand the fine Mission Schools of the Church Missions to Jews, in the Place des Potiers (Potter's place) on the site of an old Arab pottery.

School work has been carried on since 1861. This was the only elementary school in Tunis to remain open throughout the German occupation — a Jewish school at that!

Nearly 200 Jewish boys and girls receive here a Christian Education. The school is free, there is no government grant. The influence of this school and its work is felt all over the country.

### SOLDIERS AT CHURCH

Many troops attended St George's Church, in the Rue des Protestants, yesterday when it was very evident that they were pleased to attend a service in a church instead of in the open olive groves, or hills of Tunisia, with the guns rumbling in the neighbourhood.

Hundreds of Jewish soldiers from the First and Eighth Armies as well as Americans, Frenchmen, South Africans and Palestinians attended the Great Synagogue, Tunis on Saturday for the first service held there since its desecration by the Germans, who requisitioned it as a rallying point for Jewish forced labour, a store for radio sets confiscated from the Jews, and as a billet for troops.

The service was one of thanksgiving, and was conducted by Rabbi Dr L. Rabinowitz, Senior Jewish Chaplain, 8th Army.

The Rabbi said in his address that it was fitting that the soldiers who contributed to the Allied victory should rededicate their House of God, and the service closed with the Jewish Hallel, God Save the King, the Marseillaise, the Star Spangled Banner and the Benediction.



Isidore Green talks to you

FROM THE SPORTS  
FRONT

Isidore Green, who starts this sports column today, has spent 25 years in sporting journalism and knows every body who matters in all the games you're interested in.

In peace time Isidore edited The Weekly Sporting Review. He is now a private in a R.A.S.C. company which has been doing good work in North Africa. Here we go, then, boys. Presenting Mr. Green...

**A** BRIEF MEETING with Capt. Graham Sharp, now with an R.A.S.C. unit, brought back some grand memories of the good old days in the skating world.

Capt. Sharp, as everybody interested in skating must know, was one of the most brilliant amateur performers of his day and the trophies he has won represent exhibitions which have been demonstrated through-out the world.

I asked Capt. Sharp whether he contemplated returning to the skating sphere after the war and he replied with an enthusiastic «Sure thing!»

I was glad to see him looking so fit, well and remarkably young. He is exceedingly popular with his men and I know how eagerly they are looking forward to again when we return to «civvie street!»

\* \* \*

**I** LEARN with regret that Eric Boon, Britain's lightweight boxing champion, may hang up his gloves for good. It appears that following a road accident (in which his car collided with a bull!), Boon somersaulted and fell on his head and this, combined with other injuries, has seriously jeopardised his physical condition.

It is also possible, according to my informant, that Boon will, as a result of this mishap, be discharged from the R.A.F., in which he was a Sergeant physical training instructor.

The boxing career of Boon is one of the most spectacular in fistic history and it is indeed a pity that it has been cut so short. There has been considerable controversy in the past year or two over his title and Ronnie James, of Wales, has been clamouring to meet Boon for it with a persistence that has set the whole boxing world buzzing with excitement and speculation.

If Boon does retire from the fight game, James will certainly go ahead and see to it that he becomes Britain's next lightweight «King.»

\* \* \*

**F**ROM LONDON I have heard from Victor Berliner, the well known boxing manager and promoter, and he tells me that for the time being, anyway, John Muldoon, who staged the memorable Len Harvey — Freddie Mills fight, is not running any more tournaments at the Royal Albert Hall.

It seems that the Marquess of Queensberry has the «monopoly» of boxing in London to day and that most of the Big Fights are being staged at the increasingly popular All Services Club in Old Compton Street, W., where the Marquess is «entertaining» nightly thousands of troops.

I know for a fact that the Marquess intends to develop Boxing on a tremendous scale after the war and in the meantime he is encouraging fistic talent in every possible direction.

Incidentally, Victor Berliner is staging a number of tournaments on behalf of war charities and in his last effort, raised over four hundred pounds for the Merchant Services. I am awaiting some interesting sports items from Victor and shall pass them on to you as soon as I receive them.

\* \* \*

**I**T IS HARD to believe that Dickie Corbett, the popular East London boxer, is dead. Poor Dickie met his death during a London blitz and already many donations have come in to swell the fund that has been set up for his dependants. Dickie fought the cream of the world's boxers and although he himself did not reach championship heights, he gave 'em all a fight — and many a fright! I last saw him box Ronnie James in Glasgow and before James defeated him, the Welsh boxer was indeed baffled by Corbett's notorious defensive cunning. Dickie was

a boxer — he had no punch but what he lacked in brawn he made up in brain. His record covers many years of magnificent performances and although he was no youngster, — from a boxing point of view — when he met his untimely death, he was still good for many a fight. His brother, Harry, was an outstanding boxer in his day and was featherweight champion of England way back in 1930. Harry is now in the Army.

LET'S HEAR  
FROM YOU  
SPORTS FANS!

I shall be delighted to hear from you. Please let me know what kind of sport you'd like to read about. I shall endeavour to meet the demand. Don't be afraid to tell me what interests you most. The TUNIS TELEGRAPH is at your service. So am I. Please address your queries, etc., to Isidore Green, «Tunis Telegraph» 5, Rue Saint-Charles.



«He came up to me and asked me for a room with a view and I said with a view to what?»

## The Rhino Roars!

By Capt. Colin Morris

The Rhinoceros, has just completed rounding up the men of two German Divisions.

For many months this formation has had the hardest nuts to crack and the least spectacular roles to perform. Now we can tell you about its defeat of the Hermann Goering Division, third division in the Reich, and the 10th Panzer Division, the ace armoured division which advanced within nine miles of Moscow.

On the tenth of May the assault on the pass between Djebel Bou Kournine and Djebel Ressas began in harmony another armoured assault on the coast. The enemy had meant to hold this line even after the loss of Tunis but accurate artillery and tank fire forced him to surrender. Despite that fact that many battalions decided to fight till the last round there were many unspent rounds seen beside each gun defending the pass.

A German prisoner said our artillery was terrific. As an example he said fifteen shells fell around the slit trench in which he with the rest of an eighty-eight millimetre gun crew were sitting. And in the afternoon of May 10 the first fruits of the barrage were gathered.

Two men of the Panzer Grenadier Regiment walked in under a white flag and said they had fired their last round and wished to surrender. Terms of unconditional surrender including undamaged equipment handed over, and minefields lifted, were offered and accepted, and soon hundreds of Germans, with a few dozen makeweight Italians, began to march in.

At the capitulation the commanding officer of the Regiment asked to whom he was surrendering. Who told, he said: «It is an honour».

Meanwhile one tank regiment moved up the pass against those portions of the division which had shells to fire.

Dialogue such as the following was taking place among the gunners amid the cactus plantations at the foot of the pass:

«Cease fire. Your target has shown the white flag.» And then, a few moments later: «Commence firing your target has withdrawn the white flag.»

And a gunner was heard to observe as a few shells pelted round him:

«Blimey, they must have found some more rounds underneath a ruddy waggon!»

The enemy was firing to the last round in a few genuine cases and to that end he was putting down high explosive, armour piercing

and smoke with complete absence of discrimination.

The road through the mountains was the only possible route. Deep ravines slashed in the surrounding country made the terrain intensely difficult for tanks. At every bend in the road an eighty-eight, seventy five or fifty millimetre gun, screened in trees and camouflaged with shrubs tied round the muzzle, faced the armour.

These had been parth, silenced by men of a motor battalion who had left their carriers and sat astride hills and machine gunned the German crews so that they were pinned to the ground and could not operate their guns.

The tanks passed over a bridge which the enemy had failed to blow up — the inadequate charge having made a small hole in the road surface — and, turning a corner, met a road block of trucks and trees. Immediately they were shelled by tanks, 105, and 50 mm. guns from the right. Ordered to get on quickly the leading squadron settled the road block by sending a round of high explosive into it, setting it on fire, while another squadron came up and tried to pass between the first squadron and the mountains on the left.

In the middle of the slogging match between German tanks and innumerable guns against our two squadrons a Frenchman running out amid a hail of shells from a neighbouring farm offered the colonel of the regiment a glass of cognac.

(To be concluded)

Chinese  
Generals in Tunis

A Chinese military mission has arrived in Tunis on a visit to the First Army to study organisation and battle procedure. It is headed by General HOO, of the Chinese Tank Corps, and General LAM, of the Chinese Air Force.

A military spokesman with the mission told a Tunis Telegraph reporter that given the guns and equipment, the Chinese feel confident that they can overcome the Japanese.

Yesterday the Generals had lunch with General Anderson. After lunch they handed over to the General a portrait of their Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Chek. The Generalissimo had entrusted them with the task of presenting it personally to the General.

Army doc's  
return

One of the British officers to be released when Allied troops entered Tunis was Major O'Neill, of Killeagh, Cork, a company commander in a Field Ambulance.

Describing his adventure to an observer officer, Major O'Neill said that he was asleep at Medjez el Bab when he was awakened at two o'clock in the morning and told by a colleague that the Germans, in this case, the Herman Goering Division, had broken through. Rather drowsily, he replied «Don't talk so bloody silly». Nevertheless, when he listened, he could hear the sound of firing in the distance.

«I put on my trousers and shirt», he continued, «and dashed into the house where we had our field dressing station. I had just got inside when a gunner officer followed me in, and said the Germans were outside. I said «How do you know? He went purple and said Don't you think I recognise them?»

«Machine gun bullets then started to come through the window and a couple of hand grenades burst on the window sill. I heard German voices outside, and on opening the door I found we were surrounded by a platoon of Germans armed with Tommy guns. This happened on April 31st.

## VON ARNIM WAS THERE

«We went outside and they marched us five to 30 miles. When we were searched, all our first field dressings were taken away from us. While we were at the German divisional H. Q., von Arnim, now a prisoner himself, came through, but he did not speak to us.

Later on I was taken to an Italian military hospital, and on May 7 I was told that Bizerte had fallen and that our comrades were 25 kilos away. Half an hour afterwards I was told that the Allies were within 10 kilos, and a little later I was told that British troops were at the docks. I heard sounds of shots, and a couple of 17 years old de Gaullists then began firing at some Italians in the vicinity of the hospital, with a couple of Tommy guns.

Italian officers came in with revolvers and asked me to defend them, and said «We are your prisoners now». We took command of the hospital, and shortly afterwards British troops appeared on the scene.»