

BRITISH ARMY CHIEF REVEALS—

# Secret War Diary: Valiant Churchill 'Never Took No'

LORD ALANBROOKE'S STORY



PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL  
In his "siren suit," like a child's romper, of light blue.

Probably the most controversial of the war memoirs is the new book, "Secret War Diaries of Lord Alanbrooke," who was chief of the British Imperial General Staff in World War II.

The Buffalo Evening News by special arrangement with the American publishers today prints the first in a series of excerpts from the book to give a comprehensive view of Lord Alanbrooke's major conclusions and acrid comment as to strategy and personnel.

The British historian, Sir Arthur Bryant, who wrote the diaries under the pressure of war's activities. He may not be prejudiced, but Sir Winston Churchill, British prime minister, and Lord Alanbrooke, appear as lofty figures while American participants such as Gen. Eisenhower and Gen. George C. Marshall, American chief of staff, will have to look to history for vindication so far as this book is concerned.

Alanbrooke's biographer says: "Eisenhower had never even commanded a battalion in action when he found himself commanding a group of armies in North Africa. No wonder he was at a loss as to what to do."

"Winston never had the slightest doubt that he had inherited all the military genius of his greatest ancestor, Marlborough. . . . To wean him away from (his) wilder plans required superhuman efforts and was never entirely successful."

As to Gen. MacArthur: "I put him down as the greatest general of the last war."

Sharply joining the issue, Prof. Samuel Eliot Morison, official United States Navy historian, in a series of lectures at Oxford University sharply criticized the World War II strategy of Churchill and Alanbrooke. Prof. Morison said Churchill was

"peripheral-minded" and when he proposed a peripheral landing anywhere between Norway and Dakar, President Roosevelt was apt to retort: "All right, but where do we go from there?" The retired rear admiral said this vexed Churchill "since from most of his favorite targets you could not go anywhere."

The American professor, with the Alanbrooke book evidently in mind, said the United States contribution to the war effort, aside from men, ships, weapons and supplies, was Operation Overlord, the cross-channel invasion of France in 1944.

He said that but for the "insistent, unremitting, often rude and tactless pressure by Roosevelt, Marshall, Eisenhower and others to cross the channel in force in 1944 and surge on to the heart of Hitler's Reich, there would have been no cross-channel operation that year."



LORD ALANBROOKE

His secret diaries—last great battle of World War II?

EDITOR'S NOTE: The text of this series of articles is from four sources. To help the reader distinguish one from the other, Lord Alanbrooke's original diary material is set in light-face type enclosed with double quotation marks; his later comments on the diaries have single quotation marks. The comments of Sir Arthur Bryant, who assembled the material, are set in fold-face type. The editor's continuity, to knit it all together, is set in italic type, indented.

By SIR ARTHUR BRYANT

**MANY FAMOUS MEN** cross Lord Alanbrooke's pages. . . The greatest of all is the prime minister with whom he worked in daily association for 3½ years. The picture he paints of him is not that of a man always pedantically right. It is the portrait of a leader, daring sometimes to the point of recklessness, who was often wrong in minor matters, who could be perverse, puckish, wayward and overbearing and make the lives of those who worked with him a burden, yet who won their love and admiration, never gave in, never despaired, never blurred the essential issues on which the survival and triumph of Britain depended.

One sees in his pages this formidable, poetic, indomitable, humane and humorous being, pacing the hall at Chequers in the small hours of the morning, expounding plans for Hitler's destruction while demonstrating his skill with bayonet and Bren-gun, dictating in bed in scarlet and green dragon dressing gown with cigar in cheek and papers strewn around him, or in impassioned argument with Stalin and Roosevelt or his own military advisers. Though the latter had constantly to struggle with him, they depended on him completely and knew that without him all they were seeking would be in vain. He was irreplaceable and, therefore, indispensable.

"I wonder if any historian of the future," he wrote, "will ever be able to paint Winston in his true colors. It is a wonderful character, the most marvelous qualities and superhuman genius mixed with an astonishing lack of vision at times, and an impetuosity which, if not guided, must inevitably bring him into trouble again and again. He is quite the most difficult man to work with that I have ever struck, but I would not have missed the chance of working with him for anything on earth."

That Brooke was at times exasperated beyond endurance and at others reduced to laughter by his formidable, unpredictable master only adds to the stature of the titan who emerges.

The Prime Minister's virtues as a war leader were immense. The higher the tide of trouble rose, the higher rose his courage. In a prison cell there are but two things a man can do to dispose of the years. He can utilize his time by reading, or he can waste it staring at the ceiling and walls.

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SIR ARTHUR BRYANT

The Eminent British Historian  
tion to foresee dangers and opportunities that others would have missed and the dove to ensure that neither took the country unaware. He would never take "No" for an answer. For five years he was a spur in the flanks of every military and civil commander in the land.

He was an orator, a poet and a sage with a taste for splendor and good living, an aristocrat who possessed the common touch that the English like to see in their rulers. For all his 18th Century eloquence and Victorian imperialism, he was the ideal champion for a people whose favorite song was "The Lambeth Walk" and whose pet hobby a daily flutter on a horse.

They liked his cigar, his glass of brandy, his bulldog face and figure, the twinkle in his eye. They loved his humor, his way of pronouncing foreign names, his indomitable courage.

Above all, he had the power to touch chords in men's hearts that transcended politics of his sense of history never failed.

Two weeks after Dunkirk, Lt. Gen. Alan Brooke was ordered back to France to take command of nearly 150,000 British troops still on the continent, and to support the crumbling French armies. He fought again under conditions of unimaginable difficulty.

June 14, 1940: "The telephone bell rang and I found myself talking to Dill on that very different line which had been kept going between Le Mans and London. He asked me what I was doing with the 52d Division. I gave him an account of the dispositions. He replied: 'The Prime Minister does not want you to do that.' And I think I answered: 'What the hell does he want?' 'He wants to speak to you,' and he handed the receiver over to him. To my surprise, I found myself talking to Churchill on this very bad line of communication. I had never met him, I had never talked to him, but I had heard a good deal about him!"

"He asked me what I was doing with the 52d Division, and after I had informed him, he told me that that was not what he wanted. I had been sent to France to make the French feel that we were supporting them. I replied that it was impossible to make a corps feel, and that the French Army was, to all intents and purposes, dead. He certainly incapable of registering what was being done for it. However, he insisted that we should make them feel that we were supporting them. I insisted that this was quite impossible and would only result in throwing away good troops to no avail."

"Our talk lasted for close on half an hour, and on many occasions his arguments were so formed as to give me the impression that he considered that I was suffering from 'cold feet' because I did not wish to comply with his wishes. This was so infuriating that I was repeatedly on the verge of losing my temper."

"At last, when I was in an exhausted condition, he said: 'All right, I agree with you.'"

The qualities that most impressed Brooke about Churchill in those early days were his courage, wonderfully stored memory and inexhaustible energy. Several times in these early months he remarked with amazement on this last quality.

"It is surprising how he maintains a light-hearted exterior in

spite of the vast burden he is bearing. He is quite the most wonderful man I have ever met, and it is a source of never-ending interest, studying him and getting to realize that occasionally such human beings make their appearance on this earth—human beings who stand out head and shoulders above all others."

The character of their partnership was illustrated by a remark made at its beginning by a hostess of the Prime Minister after Brooke had come to visit him at her country house. "I don't know," she said, "how he is going to get on with Winston, but he spent all the afternoon sitting on the sofa, and seemed all the time to be saying, 'No, no, sir, you can't!' Yet, though of all attitudes this was the one the Prime Minister most detested, their partnership remained unbroken. . . . Hardly a day passed without their being together in consultation, discussion and argument, in private conference or in committee with others."

Dinner at Chequers, the P. M.'s country estate lasted till about 11 P. M. by the time we had finishing having snuff etc. After dinner, the P. M. sent for his dressing gown to put over his 'siren suit,' a one-piece garment like a child's romper suit of light blue. The dressing gown is a marvelous garment, rather like Joseph's many-colored robe. We then went upstairs where he has a small cinema. There, we watched Russian and German films until about midnight.

The P. M. then proceeded to discuss impending operations in North Africa and the Mediterranean. Finally at 2:15 A. M. he suggested we should have some sandwiches, and I hoped this might at last mean bed. But no! We went on till 10 to 3 before he made a move for bed. He had the gramophone turned on, and in the many-colored dressing gown, with a sandwich in one hand and watercress in the other, he trotted round and round the hall, giving occasional little skips to the tune of the gramophone. On each lap near the fireplace he stopped to release some priceless quotation or thought. For instance he quoted a saying that a man's life is similar to walking down a long passage with closed windows on either side. As you reach each window, an unknown hand opens it and the light it lets in only increases by contrast the darkness of the end of the passage."

"The Towers of the Tides" Copyright 1957 by Arthur Bryant. Distributed by Doubleday Syndicate.

MONDAY — Churchill's Temper Tried His Associates.

## Coney Isle Fishing For Way to Regain Its Lost Glamour

By EDITH KERMIT ROOSEVELT  
Special to The Buffalo News & North American Newspaper Alliance

CONEY ISLAND—This strip of sand, erstwhile "Sodom by the Sea," is seeking to shake off its blanket of orange peels and empty beer cans and emerge into the sun as a veritable "East Coast Riviera."

Focal point of what Coney Islanders hope will be a spectacular redevelopment, no matter what nostalgic concern it causes others who remember Coney as a place to see the sideshows and ride the roller-coaster, is the opening next Thursday of the \$10,000,000 New York Aquarium.

Overlooking Coney Island's beach, where innumerable beach balls have ricocheted among the packed humanity and where as many sun-blasted children have been temporarily lost to their parents, the aquarium will house the most comprehensive exhibition of aquatic life in the history of man.

Financed on a 50-50 basis by the New York City Department of Parks and the N. Y. Zoological Society, it will serve the nation as an educational and scientific research center.

As though to keep up with their illustrious new neighbors, the area's jungle of cheap rooming houses, flea-bag hotels and antiquated fire trap houses are giving way to modern residential buildings and better-class restaurants.

The rehabilitation of Coney Island—which is really not an island since the filling of most of Coney Island Creek—has been long overdue.

IN 1940 WHEN William O'Dwyer was district attorney of Brooklyn, he secured confessions from Abe (Kid Twist) Reles, Anthony (the Duke) Mafatore, and Abraham (Pretty) Levene, sluff killers for Louis Capone who accounted for more than 60 murders—of which one-half dozen were on Coney Island.

On the western end of the island at Sea Gate, Communist agitators rubbed shoulders with millionaire figures in the criminal underworld.

In spite of its lurid reputation, millions of New Yorkers continued to "go to Coney and eat baloney," as the old song goes. By the 1940s the crowds were so dense at this "nickel empire" that New York City Park Commissioner Robert Moses observed with characteristic dry humor that the beach afforded its bathers less than the 16 square feet required for a coffin.

The Dutch, its discoverers, gave the area its name because of the many "conies," or wild rabbits, on the island. On Sept. 4, 1609, Hendrick Hudson stood off the eastern shore of Coney Island in his vessel "Halve Moene" after having sailed from Amsterdam in search of a western path to the East Indies. He sent his men ashore and proudly recorded in his journal they "caught ten great mullet and a ray as great as four men could haul into the ship."

BUT CANARSIE INDIANS attacked the sailors, fearing the white men were after their wampum which they derived from the island's hardshell clams. A few years later a group of religious dissenters led by Lady Deborah Moody, a woman of wealth and considerable charm,

established the nearby town of Gravesend, only to be arraigned by the New Amsterdam authorities for repudiating infant baptism as an ordinance of God. During the Revolution, Coney continued to make news by serving as the base for capture of a 20-gun English corvette.

In later years, Coney became a place to get away from people. Herman Melville, working on his novel "Moby Dick," chose Coney in 1849. Henry Clay and Daniel Webster stole away to Coney to discuss the trick maneuvering necessary to guide the Missouri Compromise through Congress in 1850.

Coney's second discovery was fortuitous. A New York banker named Austin Corbin had an invalid child, and the doctors prescribed sea air. No air was purer than Coney's, then, and Corbin, too, chose Coney. His affluent friends came to visit, liked what they saw, and formed the New York and Manhattan Beach Railway. The island became a fashionable resort.

MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMAN made Coney Island their playground, building docks to moor their yachts, and stables for their horses. By 1886, with three race tracks going full tilt, Coney Island became the racing capital of the nation.

It also became the most important world center for professional fisticuffs. Here was held the 25-round bout generally regarded as the most savage in the annals of boxing history—between ex sailor Tom Sharkey and the ex boiler-maker, Jim Jeffries.

But a year later New York Gov. Theodore Roosevelt signed a bill that brought prize fighting to a halt, and in 1910 all Coney Island's race tracks were closed for good when betting was outlawed.

This marked Coney's last era of glamour; but in 1897, George Cornelius Tilyou installed his slep-chase matal horses, and in 1916 Nathan Handwerker was selling the first all-beef hot dog for a nickel.

Coney Island still boasts more amusement gadgets than any other amusement park in this country. Here a man can sample one of 30-odd different rides and swings in Steeplechase Park, which includes three roller coasters, the largest Ferris Wheel in the world, 40 bathhouse establishments, 5 dozen carousels, five tunnel rides, three fun houses, a waxworks museum, six penny arcades, a score of shooting galleries, a variety of other games, rides, entertainments and souvenir shops, 32 frozen dessert stands and 330 food and drink establishments.

Carrying Lions to Africa

This "coals-to-Newcastle" episode occurred in Dakar, where a German-film company was shooting a movie about Africa. They needed a lion, and, after consultation, with a company specializing in the supply of animal extras for films, a lion was shipped from Hamburg. Much time and money were saved by thus crating a king of the beasts and having him brought by plane. Otherwise the movie people would have had to organize a lion hunt.

## How Man Who Went to Prison Toured World

LIKE most boys in their adolescence, I dreamed of one day traveling throughout the world, visiting places, seeing and experiencing things that most people were acquainted with only through pictures in magazines and in movies. I felt that I could never be completely satisfied or happy until I had made these journeys.

Before I had reached my 21st birthday, however, I found myself serving a life sentence in prison. There are no horizons to cross in a prison yard; no rivers, oceans, boulevards, or even tree shaded parks.

In a prison cell there are but two things a man can do to dispose of the years. He can utilize his time by reading, or he can waste it staring at the ceiling and walls.

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## How Man Who Went to Prison Toured World

The man who wrote the accompanying article has been in prison for many years. As a child, he dreamed of world travel, but a life sentence to prison before he was 21 ended that. Books, however, opened a new world to him, and here he tells of the wonders he has found in it. Condition of his being allowed to have his article published is that neither his name nor that of the prison be used.

In my literary jaunts, I was greatly assisted by the globe-trotting scribe, John Gunther. Through his "Inside" series, I was able to travel throughout four continents at no cost.

Having visited every country on earth, I decided to pick out certain exciting periods in history and make a leisurely trip. After all has not everyone at some time or another wanted to ride a chariot through the streets of ancient Rome? Possibly a boat ride down the Nile to gaze upon that famous Egyptian beauty, Cleopatra, and the exquisite ancient Egyptian architecture? Who has not wondered what the oriental splendor of "Old Cathay" really was like at the time of its greatest heights?

Luckily there was a traveler, Marco Polo, who had made the trip and he proved to be a most engaging companion. The fact is I made this particular trip so many times, I believe that ultimately I came to know more about Asia than he did.

When it came to ancient Rome, Gibbon and his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" provided many engrossing hours of pleasure.

IN READING about man and his civilizations, sooner or later one asks himself some questions. "Where did it all begin? How did it all come about and what is more important? Why?"

To the curious and inquisitive there are many mysteries and as soon as one is solved, it is solved happily presents another. At this point I came across what many consider to be the most comprehensive book ever writ-

ten, H. G. Wells' "Outline of History." Wells' book solves so many of the mysteries of our earth that he makes Elery Queen look like a floor walker.

"What of our earth before man? What kind of animal life inhabited the continents, one or two or five hundred million that perennial question of both years ago? Let us not forget children and adults: Why did the dinosaur become extinct? The answers to these and related questions are given in the many fine books on paleontology."

AFTER I HAD TRAVELED extensively throughout our world and in many time periods, there was one more geographical journey to make, and that was to the planets of our universe.

Scientific knowledge about it is in such volume as to seem incredible. Here we have planets tens of millions of miles away from us, yet man has learned enough about them to fill thousands of books with fascinating descriptions of their characteristics. If one were to make a trip to any of these worlds, upon arriving, he could be sure little would be encountered which had not been predicted by the astronomer-scientist.

As I said earlier, I became so interested in the ability of the human brain to retain so much diversified information, that I sought out books and articles dealing with this subject. Most of these were couched in plain everyday language and written in a style that provoked my imagination. It seemed that the

## Arabian Nights Fortune Stirs Up International Row

Special to The Buffalo News & North American Newspaper Alliance

JERUSALEM — Two hundred Israeli Jews, most of them destitute immigrants from Iraq, living in slums and barracks, are now locked in a bitter legal struggle with the Bank of England and other British banks over a fabulous \$392,000,000 inheritance that reads like a story out of the Arabian Nights.

The Levi inheritance story would be unbelievable but for the fact that Israel's finance minister, Levy Eshkol, ordered a thorough investigation of the entire affair, and found it to be serious and extremely important to Israel. Israel's Treasury could get at least 20 times as much foreign currency out of the Levi fortune as it receives now in grants from the U. S. Government.

The affair began, fittingly enough, in Baghdad in 1816, when two Jewish brothers, Elazar and Shimon Levi, decided to expand their junk-dealing business by opening a branch in neighboring Persia. One day, while sorting out the junk they bought in a small Persian city, they came upon an old cracked earthenware kettle, tightly closed on all sides. Wondering what to do with this piece of junk, one of the brothers dropped it absentmindedly on the floor. The kettle broke and thousands of glittering precious

gems spilled out on the dirty floor. The two Levi brothers stared at each other. They realized that Providence had placed a fortune in their hands, but they also realized that if the authorities learned of the find, they would probably confiscate the jewels and jail the brothers, too.

BEING PIOUS JEWS, the Levis went to the synagogue to pray. Upon their return they decided to smuggle the jewels out to Britain, which they did, selling them in the English capital and investing the money in shares of stocks, bonds and banks. They became millionaires and returned to Baghdad, where they drew up a will, divided the fortune evenly among their children.

Soon afterward they both died in an epidemic, and the money and securities remained in England. The will was lost, and the entire fortune accumulated interest for more than 120 years, until the total value at the end of 1956 topped \$302,000,000.

The lost Levi will was found 14 years ago, during World War II, but legal action was not started until 1956, when most heirs were gathered in Israel, after being expelled from Iraq.

Lawyers were at first inclined to dismiss the entire affair as a fairy tale, but after Finance Minister Eshkol instructed the Israeli ambassador to London to look into the entire business, and the late found the claims to be substantiated, the Bank of England became alert to the danger such a colossal withdrawal of funds and securities would present to English finance and the London Stock Market.

THE IRAQI AND Iranian Governments are also trying to join the legal struggle, to make it a four-cornered one. The Iranian Government claims that since the jewels were found in Persia and illegally taken out, it should get a large share of the inheritance. The Iraqi Government maintains that since the Levi brothers were Iraqi citizens and smuggled the jewels out of Baghdad, Iraq should get some millions too.

The Israeli heirs to the Levi fortune, however, believe that the Iraqi and Persian counter-claims were provoked and instigated by the Bank of England to make it more difficult for the heirs to regain their money.

According to the noted Tel Aviv lawyers, Meir Dinaï and Itzhak Levy, there is no doubt whatsoever that the English banks will have to turn over the money to the legal heirs in the end, although the legal struggle may be protracted and bitter. Once the Levi brothers' fortune is regained, another protracted and even more bitter fight lasting for decades may well break out over the division of funds between the hundreds of heirs. Scores of Iraqi Jews are constantly seeking legal advice, claiming to belong to the Levi family. Dozens of lawyers, in Israel and abroad, are ready to jump aboard the bandwagon of the Levi inheritance.

But first the money must be regained from the English banks, and once the main struggle is won, 200 destitute Israeli Jews, most of them doing hard, menial jobs and living in huts, tents and barracks for lack of appropriate housing, would overnight turn into millionaires, buy mansions, fine cars and jewels for their wives and quarrel with the Israeli Internal Revenue officials who will demand their cut of inheritance and income taxes.