

The Worcesters were then supposed to have counterattacked with our few tanks but this did not materialise as the tanks were very late in coming up and when they did most of them were shot up by the German 88s, a very powerful gun which was feared by all tank commanders. Our twenty-fivers were a better gun at a short range, up to say 500 yards. The 88s had a very long range and so could keep our tanks away. Of the 40 tanks I saw go into action I saw about five come back, one or two damaged.

The enemy tanks and infantry was moving in slowly keeping up a terrific fire and the Guards Brigade had to, eventually, withdraw towards Plasteno. General Klopper moved his headquarters back towards the coast to near the Police Brigade headquarters; our own Brigade headquarters had also fallen back.

Tanks were now approaching my headquarters and I had with me only Headquarter Company, a small group, transport and personnel and native drivers etc.

Presently, as the tanks approached my position, there were three of them, they stopped and the crews got out and sat on the tank turrets to get a breath of fresh air, I suppose. As they were only about four hundred yards away I thought, there was now my chance with my Bisley Match rifle, and though I say it myself am an excellent shot, and let go five or six rapid shots. The members of the crew soon disappeared, leaving a few of their members I had put out of action. Well, that raised a hornets nest and they started to give us a real doing. The bullets came like hail stones but, fortunately, we were under reasonable cover and had only one man slightly wounded. Presently there was a lull in the firing and I then took the opportunity of telling our native drivers to leave. Oh boy, they did run, keeping low under cover. Our intelligence section, or a few of them had been busy destroying all our documents. This was a quick process as we had some special liquid we threw over them and in no time there was just a lot of ash. Presently one of them came along and told me 'Pergy had shot himself'. This was a little German Jew, who had had some taste of the German handling of Jews and did not want to be taken. Fortunately, although he had held the 45 revolver to his chest, he missed his heart. We later got him to an P.A.P. where he was treated. After the war sitting in my office, who should walk in but little Pergy. He had survived the war although a P.O.W.

Before I thought of leaving these headquarters, I got the Sgt. Major, not a bit keen, to go along the transport and burn all the vehicles that we would not be able to drive out. He kept on saying: "Come on Sir, let us get out. Don't forget you have a wife". Well, we started a bon-fire of the eight we could not take out, I bet the Germans were damned annoyed. Having done all the damage I could, I drove back some distance to Palasteno where the Worcesters had taken up a position. On the way I took an occasional pot shot, at rather long range, at some German Infantry but doubt that I did any harm. Palasteno was where our 4th Brigade Headquarters were and the only person left was Captain Fannan, their Intelligence Officer. With the Worcesters I left the remainder of our rear troops and he and I decided to go on (in) his car to the new Divisional Headquarters near the Police Brigade on the North Western Perimeter. It must be remembered that Tobruk is a very small harbour, in which there were many sunken ships, with a small town. The surrounding country within the perimeter is not flat as one would imagine but has many high features. (Fannan, I might mention, is now a High Court Judge in Natal).

On the way to Div. Headquarters for which we were making in order to get the latest jen., I passed through Colonel Ian Whites artillery lines and he told me that some of his chaps were preparing to make a break. He told me that he had had no action at all, with the exception of firing on enemy Stukkas, but he had about two hundred rounds per gun left. His battery had not fired a shot at advancing enemy as there had been no attack on the Western Perimeter, where our Intelligence expected the attack.

We, eventually, arrived /