

D-DAY PLUS SIX YEARS

Six years ago the first liberators crossed the seas into Europe, advance guards of the millions that were to follow, making their landings when it seemed that none could land and live.

It's strange how Fate brings history to little places. Today to Arromanches come advance parties of the Royals as they did six years ago. Today the liberators are coming back! Past old Victory they sail from Portsmouth as they did then when the world waited. They remember the tense hours as the vast armada steamed towards the unknown. The L.S.T. was there, too, and as Brigadier Foss, V.C., raises his glasses, a wreck looms in view, sunk to guard Mulberry harbour against angry seas ... Mulberry, where supplies arrived and rolled shorewards on lorries. But that was later. Today they come in peace, to remember.

Peacefully they lie, our dead, who fell that first day that others might pass on to free the unnumbered millions waiting. One shall be taken, the other left, it is written. And we who are left must still carry high the torch they lighted with the flames of life. To remember is not enough.