



## They fought for us

**Remembering the heroes  
of many different nations  
who fought and died  
for our freedom.**



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# They fought for us

## Introduction



We thought we'd have a break from the negativity of Britain First and take some time to appreciate the selfless courage and sacrifice of those who have defended freedom and liberty across the globe instead. Even the EBF team gets weary of constantly reviewing the antics of our species' worst and most hateful, bloodthirsty members. So just for one day we've published a series of articles about real heroes instead.

Each hour from 11am to 11pm on November 11<sup>th</sup> 2015 sees a different article on the EBF blog - an article that focuses upon courage and selfless heroism. Taking bravery in conflict as our theme we've collected these 13 articles into a single PDF document. Along with the rest of the day's EBF activity on Facebook and Twitter, these articles are our way of honouring the courageous, the wounded and the fallen heroes of armed conflict from 1914 until the present day.

Here at EBF we're dedicated to peace but we still respect those who were thrown into battles that they never chose but who rose to the occasion anyway. These are the men and women who fought and died for the freedom that we Brits continue to enjoy. These are stories of those real heroes whose courage and sacrifice represent a debt that can never be repaid.

We hope you'll find this PDF inspiring. It's possible to despise war and yet still appreciate the valiant individuals who, when faced with unimaginable horror still found it within themselves to give their all.

Please consider [making a contribution](#) to help those who gave so much and to support their families by donating as much as you can afford to the Royal British Legion [here](#).

You can view all the day's posts on line by clicking on the blog category [here](#).





## The eleventh hour

The Poppy is the symbol of the Royal British Legion. When you [buy a poppy from the RBL](#) you are helping to raise money for veterans and their families who find themselves in need. But what does the poppy represent?

World War I, 'The Great War' as it was known by those who lived through it was fought in many countries on different continents by combatants from across the globe. It was fought on many different 'fronts' from Gallipoli in the Dardanelles to Arabia and Belgium, from Egypt and China to Flanders and, of course to the Poppy fields of Flanders.



The Western front followed the line of the Somme where, in the lazy heat of summers before the war, the landscape had burned red, not with fire or with blood but with the vivid red of thousands upon thousands of wild poppies. As four years of trench warfare dragged on the poppies mingled with the blood and the bones of the fallen from both sides until the poppy itself became associated with the wounded and the dead. Eventually even they disappeared under the morass of mud and decaying flesh but not before they found a symbolic place in the hearts and minds of a generation.



In May 1915, apparently shortly after officiating at the funeral of his fallen friend, Lieutenant Alexis Helmer, Canadian artillery officer, Lt. Colonel John McCrea put pen to paper in remembrance of his fallen comrade. In doing so he forever associated fallen soldiers with the poppy that surrounded the battlefield of Ypres, In Flanders fields...





***In Flanders Fields by Lt. Colonel John McCrae***

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.*



*Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.*

Wave upon wave of reinforcements did indeed 'take up the quarrel with the foe' and wave upon wave met their end, not only in the long lines of trenches that scarred the landscape of the Western front but across the globe. 51 long months of war resulted in the deaths of 11 million combatants and 7 million civilian men, women and children. An additional 20 million were injured as a direct result of the war. This makes the period from August 1914 to November 11<sup>th</sup> 1918 one of the bloodiest episodes in all of human history. The localised conflict between Austria and Serbia that began on July 28<sup>th</sup> 1914 quickly escalated to encompass the globe with Germany declaring war on Russia on August 1<sup>st</sup> and on France two days later. Great Britain joined the war on August 4<sup>th</sup> 1914.





Four years of stalemate in France and unimaginable slaughter in other theatres of conflict created a protracted war of attrition with each side 'throwing men to their deaths' in the hope that the enemy's losses would be greater and more damaging than their own. It was a brutal, cynical time as commanders on both sides ordered sacrifice upon sacrifice, the British at sites like Ypres or Amiens, the French and Germans at the ancient fortress of Verdun.

In the end, Germany blinked first. Kaiser Wilhelm surrendered, his exhausted and greatly depleted forces were no match for the renewed vigour of his enemies following America's entry into the war. Hostilities ceased at 11am on the 11<sup>th</sup> November, 1918... the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, as it will forever be known.

The war was over.

On June 28<sup>th</sup> 1919, exactly 5 years after the assassination of Franz Ferdinand (the event that triggered The Great War) the victorious allies had the Germans sign the Treaty of Versailles. The treaty came complete with a commitment to crippling reparations in compensation for the losses and costs of the war. The payments would cripple the German economy and ultimately lead to World War 2 after what one French soldier, Marshall Ferdinand Foch described not as a 'peace' but as a '20 year armistice'. He was correct, almost to the day.

When we combine the armistice of November 11<sup>th</sup> with the image of the poppy we have a powerful symbol of remembrance, of gratitude and of peace. The poppy represents both the tragedy and the heroism of war. Here in UK it also symbolizes the work of the Royal British Legion, its fundraising and the charitable assistance it provides to the families of the fallen and to surviving servicemen and women in need.

That's why we urge you to [buy your poppy from the Royal British Legion](#) and in some small way give something back to those who bought and continue to pay for our freedoms.

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### A personal remembrance by an EBF supporter

Unlike many people I haven't been directly affected by war. My father wasn't in a war, I have no close personal friends who are or have been in the forces and I never enlisted myself. I did once admire the uniforms and considered a career as a WREN, although options in those days for women were quite limited.



My dad was a child in WWII. He was gas mask monitor at school - can you imagine that? Gas mask monitor?! They had drills to evacuate the school to show the children how to get into the bunkers. He told stories about how a plane crashed in woods nearby and all the children in the town ran up to the woods to see the Gerry, some got a piece of the plane as a trophy. My late father in law grew up next to an Italian PoW camp and told funny stories of how the local children used to run errands for the PoW's.

A more distant figure in my life, my Grandad, enlisted in a Pals Regiment for WWI. He was 16 years old when he signed up. Four friends went together to join for King and country, in response to their local landowner and employer parading on horseback through their village, in uniform with a band playing and flags flying. Two of them came back. Grandad's friend wrote a book about it. That's how I know his history. He never talked about it. Not at all. He just came back and picked up his life, married his sweetheart and raised a family.

An uncle, who I saw maybe twice a year, who was invalided out of WWII was in the volunteer fire service in his village. In spite of being somewhat distant, his relatively small experience of war impacted on me the most. He told me he remembered being at work - he was a farm manager for several estates - and he heard the village siren sounding and sure enough there had been a plane crash. He had been deeply affected by finding bits of a man's body scattered about the field, he couldn't erase the image of the man's severed hand just lying there.

These aren't huge or heroic stories. These are the stories of ordinary people who lived their lives...but when my uncle told me about his experience, he was crying. I was around 7 and was in church with him on Remembrance Sunday and I asked him why he wasn't singing. We were supposed to be singing 'For Those in Peril on the Sea' and he didn't sing. The answer was, he couldn't. I can still see the look on his face as he turned to me and the tears spilled over his eyes. He gestured for me to shush and dried his eyes as we sat down. Afterwards, after the laying of the wreaths and the last notes of the last post had died away, he sat me down in front of the war memorial and told me about all his friends who had died, how he lost everyone he knew and wasn't with them. Instead of being





there he was picking up severed arms in fields, and he cried. I'd never seen a man cry until then and his pain was so real. He impressed upon me the belief that we must never, never forget.

And I haven't forgotten. As I've got older I've become much more left wing than any members of my family, joined CND and the Stop the War Coalition. I've learned the [history](#) of the [White Poppy](#) and the [Purple Poppy](#). I've considered how I should still remember without glorification of war and the military and how I could show that I sought peace without insulting those who have suffered.

I am asked, occasionally, why I wear three poppies. Not many are aware of the purple poppy to remember how we have abused animals in the name of war and that is easily explained, but people seem to think that I should choose the red **or** the white. I should choose between remembering and a belief that killing should stop. I ask them who they think would go through war again; the old boys and girls who lived through WWII and parade with their polished medals remembering comrades who didn't come home? Those who stayed here and lost friends and family? Those who came back with life changing injuries? What about the Falklands veterans who have told me their own horror stories or the young men now, returning from Afghanistan having seen things that humans should never have to witness and endure. Do they still think it's a good idea for more people to go through that? I don't and it's my right not to want that to happen again. My white poppy represents both remembering the loss and pain, and the desire for peace.

So why wear a red poppy at all? Because my white poppy offends people. Because wearing a red poppy has become almost compulsory, and not to wear one is thought to spit on the memory of the fallen. Because it can be seen as an affront to all those old boys and girls who think I hate what they did. And because I do remember them.

Because I am anti-war, doesn't mean I am anti soldier/airman/sailor. Because I want peace, doesn't mean I don't realise that sometimes we are told that war is a necessary evil and because I wear a white poppy next to my red one it doesn't mean that I don't respect and remember the dead and injured from conflicts past and present.



As the mother of four sons, who cried as ships set sail for the Falklands with my baby son on my knee, so sad that some mothers babies wouldn't be coming back, I empathise with families today who are still facing their terrible loss. And not only for people who have lost their lives, but for those who didn't, like my Grandad who never spoke about his experience but who's friend's book told it all, and explained why Grandad didn't sleep. And my uncle who's relatively minimal experience of war affected him and subsequently me, so much.







I now wear three poppies, to remember and to wish it never happens again. I no longer attend Remembrance Sunday with its military and quasi-military parades encouraging children to march - even the Brownies - to glorify the war dead. I go instead on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month to a small handful of graves in the corner of the local cemetery and I stand there in silence - well, not always silence, I must admit, sometimes my sobs can be heard.

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Ali Haidar, VC

Without orders, and on his own initiative, Sepoy Ali Haidar, leaving two men to cover him, charged the nearest post which was about 30 yards away. He threw a grenade and almost at the same time the enemy threw one at him, wounding him severely in the back. In spite of this he kept on and the enemy post was destroyed and four of the enemy surrendered.

With utter disregard of his own wounds he continued and charged the next post in which the enemy had one Spandau and three automatics, which were still very active and preventing movement on both banks. He was again wounded, this time in the right leg and right arm. Although weakened by loss of blood, with great determination Sepoy Ali Haidar crawled closer and in a final effort raised himself from the ground, threw a grenade, and charged into the second enemy post. Two enemy were wounded and the remaining two surrendered.

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## Mir Dast VC 1915 Ypres

The battle of Ypres in 1915 was one of the First World War's bloodiest exchanges. The entire landscape was reduced to an eerie, barren world where lifeless trees stood sentry like the macabre sentinels of an alien world. Between the trees huge craters, formed by the constant shelling collected rainfall. The muddy, slippery-sided pools became nightmarish pits where many a man would drown, weighted down with the heavy accoutrements of soldiering. Above the water's surface and beyond the craters' lips, poison gas crept relentlessly across no man's land, its ghostly extremities fingering their way silently through the barbed wire.



Mir Dast V.C.

Mir Dast was awarded his Victoria Cross in 1915 following his courage in a battle in Ypres.

Mir Dast and his platoon were in reserve in the trenches and witnessed the first detail's advance halted by machine gun fire and the use of gas, behind which the Germans came closer. Mir Dast went out and collected all the men he could.

So many officers had been killed so he assumed command and kept the men together until ordered to retire, all the while holding up the oncoming Germans with rifle fire.

After dusk he left the trench again with his small force

and picked up many men left in trenches and brought them to safety.

Throughout this he encouraged each man and kept up their morale.

He found and brought in eight wounded officers although he was exposed to very heavy fire, was wounded and was suffering from gas inhalation, the effects of which he never fully recovered from.

Lord Kitchener, Jemadar Mir Dast & Sir Walter Lawrence at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton

<http://www.reelto.com/databy.php?author=188&book=1809&story=indian>



This was the landscape Mir Dast knew only too well. He knew the dangers from above, from below and from in front. German Spandau machine guns and poison gas had already beaten back an advance, resulting in high casualties when he headed out into the space between the lines.

Facing heavy fire, Mir Dast and the small group he led carried on regardless, ignoring the risk as time and again they ventured out to retrieve their wounded comrades. Even after his own wounding Dast continued, refusing to allow injury or gas to prevent his heroic actions.

Mir Dast was awarded the Victoria Cross, the highest honour available in the British army for his trouble. He and his men saved the lives of many of their fellows at great personal cost. Their story shows how even in the worst situations, perhaps even because of the horror they faced, heroic men and women are capable of rising above their fears to do what needs to be done.

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it proudly in honour of Mir Dast.

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## Walter Tull

Walter Tull wasn't only a war hero, he was a pioneer in the fight against colour prejudice too. He didn't campaign about race relations and as far as we can tell he never involved himself in politics. He just lived his short life on his own terms and set an example that represented one more step along the road toward racial equality.

He was born in Kent and was one of the first to join up when war was declared in 1914. Despite the institutional colour prejudice that was rife in the military of the day he served with great honour and commitment on several European battlefields.

The British Army of the day forbade any soldier with negroid or Asian features from attaining an officer's commission. Yet Tull's cool-headedness and evident courage under fire led to his commission as second lieutenant with the Middlesex Regiment. That may not be the highest rank the army has to offer but his promotion from the ranks represented a significant watershed all the same.



Walter Tull, the grandson of a slave, became the first ever black officer in the British Army and the first black officer to lead white men into battle.

He was a professional footballer, the first black outfield player to play professional football in Britain.

He left his football career to sign join the 17th (1st Football) Battalion of the Middlesex regiment.

He was promoted three times in his career and after his return to France after suffering from PTSD he was recommended for an officer post. In spite of rules forbidding 'any negro or person of colour' being

commissioned as an officer he was promoted to Lieutenant in 1917. In Italy, he twice led his Company across the River Piave on raids and both times brought all of his troops back safely. He was mentioned in dispatches for gallantry and coolness under fire and recommended for a Military Cross. He was killed in battle in 1918.

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The challenges this junior officer must have had to overcome would have been manifold. He was the first black man to lead white troops in the whole history of the British army. And he did so with a cool head and a keen eye for battlefield

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strategy, returning from raiding parties more than once without the loss of a single man under his command.

We wonder what would have become of Tull’s military career had he remained in the army after the armistice was declared. Sadly, we can only speculate because Walter Tull never made it to November 11<sup>th</sup> 1918. A victim of shell-shock he left the front for a time but returned to be with his men and share in the execution of their duty to King and country. He died of wounds in the final year of the war amid the horror and carnage of the Western front.

Regularly mentioned in despatches, Walter Tull was recommended for the Military Cross for his gallantry and coolness under fire. However he never received it. A black junior officer was one thing. A *decorated* black junior officer may have been too much for the military establishment of the day to accept.

Happily, the British army has travelled far on the road to equality since Walter Tull broke the glass ceiling to become an officer despite the colour of his skin. Today colour and race are of no importance to most of us.

Let’s keep it that way!

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it with pride in remembrance of Walter Tull.

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Acknowledging the heroism of Muslims during the First World War, British former army chiefs have called for recognizing the first Muslim soldier to be awarded the Victoria Cross, in a bid to reveal the true face of Muslims whose image has been tarnished by the so-called Islamic State in Iraq and Levant (ISIL).

Khudadad Khan, a machine gunner in an Indian colonial regiment, fought on the Western front during WWI in support of the British Expeditionary Force. Khan was a member of the 129th Baluchis regiment fighting near in Belgium. On 31st October, 1914, at Hollebeka, Sepoy Khudadad carried on firing the gun on his own, after the five other men of his gun detachment were killed. Despite having been wounded, he fought on long enough to hold off an enemy advance until Indian and British reinforcements arrived. He was awarded the highest military award for gallantry by King George V in December that year.

<http://www.onislam.net/english/news/europe/479157-britons-recognize-muslim-wwi-hero.html>  
<http://www.britainlagion.org.uk/about-us/news/remembrance/100-years-since-first-vc-was-awarded-to-an-indian-soldier>

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## Sepoys who served Britain

When we think of the First World War, most of us think of green or blue clad, white-skinned Europeans in overcrowded trenches somewhere in Belgium or France. We forget the impact of The Great War on other nations and continents. We forget for example the huge contribution made to the allied war effort by the British Indian Army. The 1.3 million Sepoys (Indian soldiers under British command), including around 400,000 muslims fought on diverse battlefields and were among the first to reinforce the Western front, arriving in the trenches along the Somme as early as September 1914.

The war memorial at the Menin Gate lists thousands of sepoy, among the dead, many of whose bodies were never recovered. At Ypres these brave commonwealth troops held a stretch of the line covering almost one third of the front and suffered heavy losses as a result. Rifleman Subadar Muhammad Agia wrote in May 1915...

*"It is just like the grinding of corn in a mill; there is no counting the number of lives lost. Not a single British or native officer of the old regiment is left, and not one sepoy."*

Acknowledging the vital contribution of the sepoy the British Army expected officers leading them to accommodate their cultural and religious needs, even to learn the language of their men. It must have been bewildering for young British officers, detailed to a sepoy regiment and suddenly realising they were expected to communicate in Urdu and understand the needs of Ramadan or Eid.

And yet that is exactly what happened. Muslim, Sikh and Hindu troops evidently appreciated the respect and accommodation afforded them by the British (an accommodation the French army failed to imitate with disastrous impact upon morale and fighting effectiveness). Many Muslim soldiers continued to observe religious practices including daily prayers and fasting during Ramadan. In July 1917, as Eid was drawing to a close around 1,500 Muslim sepoy gathered together just behind the line to pray. Included in their prayers was a request to Allah for the victory of the King over the forces of the Kaiser. Abdul Ali Khan recorded the event in his diary...

*"All of the Muslims of the Division had their prayers together and the assembly was close to our regiment. We, as far as possible, gave them food and tea. About 1,500 men assembled and prayers were offered for the victory of our King."*

Around 12,000 sepoy, many of them Muslim found their way to the military hospital in the Brighton Pavilion. The bodies of those who died were disposed of according to the traditions of their respective religion. Muslims who died of their wounds were buried initially close to the Shah Jahan Mosque in Woking before being transferred to a military cemetery where they lie alongside other fallen soldiers, comrades in life and neighbours in death.

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it with pride in honour of the Hindu, Sikh and Muslim sepoy who fought for Britain. It's their poppy too.





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## Private William McBride

Private William McBride, a young soldier who hailed from Co. Armagh was deployed with the 9<sup>th</sup> Battalion of the Inniskilling Fusiliers near Beaumont-Hamel. He died on April 22<sup>nd</sup> 1916 aged 21 (not 19 as Bogle wrote in his song).

Conditions in the trenches were particularly hellish that day. Constant heavy rain left *The Tyrones*, as the 9<sup>th</sup> Battalion was known waist deep in mud, slime and filthy water, unable to find refuge as the Germans dropped shell after shell on top of their position.

Willie was one of four children in a Presbetarian family from Lislea in Armagh. He attended Crosskeys school and planned to be a cobbler. Still a youngster he had started serving his apprenticeship when war began. William McBride enlisted in Belfast in the summer of 1915. Nine months later he was dead.

His now famous grave can be found at Authuille British Cemetery close to Beaumont-Hamel, scene of some the war's most bloody fighting and heaviest loss of life. The young soldier's life and tragic death has been immortalized in the famous song by Eric Bogle, [\*The Green Fields of France\*](#)

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it in honour of young men like Willy McBride who as Eric Bogle says were '*butchered and damned*' by '*man's gross indifference to his fellow man*'.

## ***The Green Fields of France***

***Well how do you do, Private William McBride***

***Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave side?***

***A rest for awhile in the warm summer sun,***

***I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.***

***And I see by your gravestone that you were only 19***

***When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916.***

***Well, I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean***

***Or, William McBride, was it slow and obscene?***





**CHORUS:**

*Did they beat the drum slowly?*

*Did they sound the pipes lowly?*

*Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?*

*Did the bugle sing 'The Last Post' in chorus?*

*Did the pipes play 'The Flowers o' the Forest'?*

*Did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?*

*In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined*

*And though you died back in 1916*

*To that loyal heart are you always 19.*

*Or are you just a stranger without even a name*

*Forever enclosed behind some glass-pane*

*In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained*

*And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?*

*Well, the sun it shines down on these green fields of France,*

*The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance.*

*The trenches are vanished now under the plough*

*No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now.*

*But here in this graveyard it's still No Man's Land*

*And the countless white crosses in mute witness stand.*

*To man's blind indifference to his fellow man*

*And a whole generation that was butchered and downed.*







*And I can't help but wonder now Willie McBride*

*Do all those who lie here know why they died?*

*Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?*

*Did you really believe them that this war would end war?*

*The suffering, the sorrow, some the glory, the shame -*

*The killing and dying - it was all done in vain.*

*For Willie McBride, it's all happened again*

*And again, and again, and again, and again.*

*Did they beat the drum slowly?*

*Did they sound the pipe lowly?*

*Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?*

*Did the bugle sing 'The Last Post' in chorus?*

*Did the pipes play 'The Flowers o' the Forest'?*

<https://youtu.be/ntt3wy-L8Ok>

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## World War II

Almost twenty years to the day after the Treaty of Versailles was signed in a French railway carriage, thus officially ending the Great War, the world took up arms again.

Once again the conflict that was to blight most of the planet began with German expansion. However the underlying causes were very different from the egotism that led to World War I.

Following the Treaty of Versailles the German people were thrown into desperate poverty. The country struggled to pay the enormous damages demanded by their former enemies. Their economy nose-dived, inflation ran wild and many were unable even to afford a loaf of bread, let alone anything more substantial. The people were starving and they needed a solution. They also needed someone to blame.

Adolf Hitler didn't start the Nazi party. He was the 555th member of a Nationalist group, *The German Workers Party*, started by an obscure Munich locksmith called Anton Drexler. Drexler had an axe to grind and a pathological hatred of Jews. Hitler soon rose to prominence within the little group using his natural cunning and impassioned oratory to become both its leader and its hero. A gallant former infantry corporal who had himself been decorated for his courage as a communications 'runner' in the trenches of France, Hitler was a useful propaganda hero for the fledgling party. He shared Drexler's hatred of Jews whom he blamed for Germany's capitulation in 1918 and, like many Germans looking for a scapegoat, he wanted revenge.

From these ideologically irrational beginnings the doctrine of racial purity and Lebensraum (living space) took hold and spread through the German psyche. The modern blood libel grew gradually at first but with increasing momentum until, by the time Hitler manipulated his way into high political office the country was more or less behind him and the fate of Europe seemed sealed.

Ambitious building projects and job creation gave the German economy a much needed kick-start and under Hitler's determined stewardship life for ordinary Germans improved. As it did so Adolf Hitler acquired an almost messianic status as deliver of the 'Volk'.

And then he turned his sights further afield.

German Jews were already suffering, along with the country's communists, blacks and Roma, all of whom Hitler considered to be racially inferior, sub-human '*untermenschen*'. With this discriminatory ideology before them, Adolf Hitler sent the newly revitalised German war machine into the Slavic Sudetenland, which he quickly annexed for Germany. Expansionism was so far proving straightforward for the army of Blitzkrieg (lightning war)

The Nazis continued their expansionism by force, visiting death and slavery upon the 'inferior subhumans' wherever they went. Supported by fascist Italy and





imperial Japan it looked as though they might control the whole world. It took the combined effort of even more allied nations than had fought in the Great War to stop the march of Fascism and usher in an era of tolerance and human rights that, although imperfect, still remains. A culture of tolerance, equality and the defence of human rights remains the prize won by the allies against Nazism in that terrible worldwide war.

Over the next few blogs we'll meet some of heroes who helped defeat fascism during those dark days

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it proudly in honour of those who gave the lives in the defence of freedom from fascism.

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Mahmood Khan Durrani was a Captain, later a Lieutenant Colonel, in the 1st Bahawalpur Infantry, Indian State Forces. He was the only Japanese POW awarded the George Cross and surviving his captivity to be presented with the medal.

Captain's Durrani's award of the George Cross was published in the London Gazette on 23 May 1946. The citation is reproduced below:

For outstanding courage, loyalty and fortitude whilst a prisoner-of-war.

With a small party he was cut off during the withdrawal in Malaya. They succeeded in remaining free in hiding for three months until betrayal, when they were arrested and confined. Refusing to join the I.N.A this officer devoted himself to rendering valuable service:

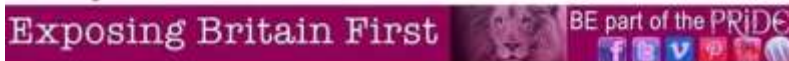
He then conceived and put into execution, a plan for thwarting the Japanese plans for infiltrating agents into India. After many delays and set backs due to falling under suspicion he ultimately achieved much of his objective. Presumably as a result of the suspicion that he had been responsible for the failure of their plans, he was arrested by the Japanese. For ten days he was subjected to third degree methods including starvation, deprivation of sleep and physical torture such as the application of burning cigarettes to his legs.

Subsequently he was given a mock trial and condemned to death but the execution was postponed in order that information should be extracted. He was then tortured by various particularly brutal methods continuously for several days. The exact time is uncertain as there were periods of unconsciousness, but it was certainly lasted for some days. No information whatever was obtained from him. Thereafter he was kept in solitary confinement for several months, with occasional interrogations and was given little medical treatment and just enough food to sustain life.

When finally liberated he was found to be permanently affected in health and still bears the marks of physical torture. He will never be the same again. Throughout he was fully aware of the possible consequences of his actions and, when discovered, he preferred to undergo protracted and cruel torture rather than confess his plans and save himself, because he still hoped that he might achieve his purpose. To confess would have endangered others' lives and might have influenced the enemy to change their plans.

His outstanding example of deliberate cold-blooded bravery is most fully deserving of the highest award.

After World War Two Durrani resumed his military career in the Pakistan Army, retiring in 1971. Colonel Durrani became one of the first George Cross Committee members of the Victoria Cross and George Cross Association.



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## A wartime childhood



I was born in 1937 so by the time the second world war began I was not old enough to understand what was happening.

I suppose I must have been about four or five years old before I was able to begin to understand that life was not necessarily the same as it had always been. However my parents and those of my friends made a very good job of hiding the realities of war from us.

My father had his own Joiner's business and began to find it difficult to obtain timber so of course our income was greatly reduced. Food began to be in short supply but everyone was in the same situation so we made the best of it. It was made more difficult when the local butcher decided that because we were a small family we did not have enough coupons to buy meat, so obtaining enough nourishment was difficult. Week after week my mother would go to the butchers shop and stand in the queue only to be told "There is no meat for YOU this week Mrs H." We have often wondered where it went! Perhaps the man and his wife who used to visit certain houses after dark with bulging overcoats could have told us.

Many families had very little to eat for Christmas Dinner. My friend's family were going to sit down to egg and chips one year. Fortunately my Father was able to help them out. He happened to be a very good chess player and every Christmas the local Chess Club held a competition with a Turkey as first prize. So that was Christmas Dinner taken care of!

One night there was a knock on the door and a neighbour was standing there. He was home on leave and had managed to get hold of a bunch of grapes. He had carefully cut the bunch into smaller parts enough to give one little 'bunch' to every child in the street. I had never seen a grape before. Fruit has never tasted so sweet. Thank you Bob for your kindness.

Toys were in short supply so every Christmas my dad would make sets of bricks for all the neighbours' children and distribute them on Christmas Eve.

My schooldays were happy ones. The teachers appealed to parents and the general public to let them have any spare paper for us to work on, but I was blissfully unaware that it wasn't usual to write on squares of wallpaper. It doesn't seem to have done my education any harm though!

We had few evacuees in our area, but I remember one shy little girl arriving at our school and not receiving a very kind welcome from some of the local children. She was a Londoner and they had never heard her accent before so





several of them decided to bully her. However a number of us decided to befriend this child and as we outnumbered the bullies they soon slunk away. 'Twas ever thus!!

Living in a fairly quiet part of the North we didn't have the horror of the bombings taking place in cities all over the country. I vividly remember my mother taking me to visit her cousin in Manchester in about 1942 and being taken by my half cousins to their favourite playground. A heap of rubble opposite their house which had once been someone's home.

Dark nights were the norm. No street lights, absolutely no lights shining from windows and only the tiniest amount of light allowed from hand torches which had paper stuck over them with only a tiny slit for the light to shine through.

We would sometimes go to the Cinema with some neighbours and their daughter. Coming home in the pitch dark seemed a great adventure to us as we happily skipped along singing 'Who's afraid of the dark?' One night we left the cinema to discover it had been snowing and the ground and rooftops were white. There was a full moon which made everything look as bright as day.....We couldn't understand why we were shepherded home as fast as possible. We would have loved to play snowballs.

In common with every town in the land there was a possibility of air raids. My mother decided that the safest place to shelter from any bombs was in the understairs pantry, where she provided cushions to sit on. As she also left all the tins, glass jars and bottles on the shelves, it was probably not the safest choice!

None of these things had much impact upon me as I grew up until at the end of the war I was taken to the cinema by my parents. There they showed a newsreel of the first soldiers entering Belsen and finding people in the late stages of starvation, literally living skeletons waiting to die and heaps of bodies piled up to rot. The result of Nazi hatred and inhumanity. I can remember it still.

I pray that the present threat of Fascism is defeated so that never again will people be persecuted because they are perceived to be 'different'.

Let us embrace and rejoice in our differences and stand firm against such oppressors. For then our world will be a richer and more peaceful place.

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it proudly in honour of all those parents who never made it back to help their children grow up.

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## Noor Inayat Khan

Have you ever been afraid? Not just a bit scared or worried but really, really afraid? Terrified perhaps? What about the deep, instinctive fear that comes from being surrounded by strangers who, even though they don't know you at all wish only to do you harm?



Noor Inayat Khan, a descendant of the legendary Tipu Sultan, was a secret agent in the Second World War. She was infiltrated into France by the Special Operations Executive (SOE), Churchill's secret organisation that sought to "set Europe ablaze".

Armed with only a false passport and a pistol, the beautiful and gentle Noor became the first woman radio operator to be sent to occupied Paris.

However, she was betrayed and captured by the Germans. Despite being repeatedly tortured and interrogated, she revealed nothing. She was executed by an SS officer on September 13, 1944, at Dachau Concentration Camp. She was only 30. Britain posthumously awarded her the George Cross for her extraordinary bravery, and France honoured her with the Croix de Guerre.



<http://www.noormemorial.org>  
[http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/historic\\_figures/inayat\\_khan\\_noor.shtml](http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/historic_figures/inayat_khan_noor.shtml)

How many of us can honestly say they know what that feels like? How many of us would willingly choose to put themselves in such a situation?

Our next hero wasn't a uniformed soldier giving her all on some battle-scarred battlefield surrounded by flashing artillery and the unburied corpses of fallen comrades. She was an altogether different kind of warrior with an altogether different method of operation.

Noor Inayat Khan was a courageous young Muslim woman who despite her light brown skin (a considerable handicap in Nazi occupied Europe)

chose willingly to serve undercover in occupied France on behalf of Britain's Special Operations Executive (SOE). With full knowledge of the horrors that would await her if captured she trained as a radio operator and worked alongside the French resistance. She operated right under the noses of both the German army and the universally dreaded Gestapo, Hitler's sadistic secret police force. The dangers were immense and the likelihood of survival once discovered were microscopically small.

Without the remarkable contribution of special agents such as Noor Inayat Khan and her comrades and the information they channelled both to and from the Allies and the French it is likely that the war in Europe would have cost many more innocent lives and the Germans would have been able to divert more resources to other theatres of war. The constant harassment of occupying forces by resistance fighters and saboteurs, supplied and orchestrated from London was a vital part of the war effort but it wasn't without cost. Noor was captured, tortured and abused before being shipped off to Dachau concentration camp where, brutalised and starved she was finally executed in 1944. Her sacrifice, though not as dramatic as the battlefield exploits of decorated commandos or battle-scarred Brigadiers was every bit as tragic and every bit as altruistic as theirs.

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it proudly in memory of Noor Inayat Khan

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## Remembrance, what it means to me, by a supporter

On every Remembrance Day there is one person in particular I remember - my grandfather. I had a very close relationship with him, or so I thought but it was actually after his death that I learned the most about him.

Way back when I was a child, my grandfather lived with us after he was widowed. He was actually a fairly quiet and private man but he had a lot of patience for 'little me' who followed him round constantly.

When I was about 10, he remarried and went to live with his new wife but I always went round to visit him. I never, ever thought at the time, that he was just listening to me and didn't actually speak about his life before he first married.



When I was 13, I was taken on my first school trip to Belgium to see all the WW1 sights. Excited, I told him everything about my visit and he just listened intently. My step grandmother fought in both world wars and she was happy to talk me through her experiences but not my grandfather. He just listened to me, nodding and agreeing in all the right places. I have to make a brief mention that I was lucky enough to visit the Menin Gate during a remembrance parade with WW1 veterans. It is something that will never leave me. I feel so honoured to have been able to do that and even at a young age it had a lifelong effect on me.

When I was 15, I got the opportunity to go to France to visit all the WW2 sites in Normandy. Again, I sat and told my grandfather about the trip and again, he listened while I spoke. I remember so vividly, that rather naively, I asked him what the air raids were like. He just said 'frightening' but not much more. He reached for a tin which had an old brass pencil sharpener in it and he told me I could have it. 'It's seen two world wars' he said. I treasure it.

My grandfather died when I was in my late teens. It tortured my mother. That's when she changed. She started to tell me that her father was a very difficult man when she was growing up. He became rather dependant on alcohol when my grandmother was ill and he could be abusive at times. She said she resented him and his relationship with me because I could see the good in him but she couldn't. She struggled to see past the alcohol abuse when she was losing her mother.

As the years went on, time heals as they say and slowly my mother realised that she knew nothing of her father, his family or his past. He meant so much to me, I thought there must be more to his life to explain his difficult past and why he never spoke of it. I started doing a family tree.





My grandfather was born in 1910. His father, was a leading boatman for the coastguard so that meant moving about. In 1916 my great grandfather was seriously injured defending the north coast and died shortly after. I located his grave but it was unmarked - a paupers grave. It took several years for my great grandmother to get his war gratuity so I'm guessing it left them poor. They also lost their house because it was provided by the coastguard. My grandfather started work when he was 14 as a butcher boy. My grandfather, losing his father at such a young age was bound to have had an impact but it may not explain everything so with the help of my mother, I requested my grandfather's war record.



Nothing could have prepared me or my mother for what was in that record. We had no idea. For the ten years previous to WW2 my grandfather had lived and served in India. In 1939 at the outbreak of WW2 he lost his mother. This explained why he didn't ever speak of his parents, he'd lost them both so long ago.

My grandfather started the war in Africa, then in 1942 he served in Burma. He was part of the first wave as a driver/mechanic in the second royal tank regiment. It was hell. There is no doubt about that. The Japanese were brutal and the troops couldn't do anything but leave. My grandfather was responsible for destroying tanks and cars to stop them falling into enemy hands and he had a long, long walk, a very dangerous walk, to India. It took around two months. Having read the book 'Exodus Burma' I got a sense of the horror he faced.

My grandfather had experienced the most horrific conditions, in a battle the troops were completely unprepared for. Dropping supplies was risky for allied forces because the Japanese also benefited from the drops and going out in the open was dangerous so food and supplies were very scarce. The Japanese were experts at jungle warfare and were beyond brutal, They used humans strapped to vehicles, setting traps to draw men out to shoot them. The roads were lined with rotting corpses and dying/injured men, women and children. The troops faced horrendous weather conditions and dangerous rivers to cross. Many drowned, became injured or too weak to make the journey. My grandfather was one of the lucky ones. He made it. He was emaciated and suffering from Dysentery but he made it. He earned the Burma star. But the war didn't end there. He was given a few weeks to recover and then he was off to Iraq. Then he was stationed in Italy to end the war and earned his Italy star.

So there we had the facts and it went such a long way in explaining my grandfather's past. I initially felt very sad that I was not able to listen to his story, in his own words but he must have made a decision to never revisit the horrors of war. I've since learned that many who served in Burma kept the







horror to themselves including my father in-law. It's a miracle that he manged a full working life after and he raised four children. He really was an incredible man and my mother sees that now as well. War clearly had an impact on him and it defined him - we just didn't know it. So now, every remembrance day I think of my grandfather. An amazing man who served in, what has been named as, the forgotten war.

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it with pride in honour of those who fought and died in 'the forgotten war'

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### 302 and 303 squadrons – The Free Polish Air Force in Britain

On September 1<sup>st</sup> 1939 the German army invaded Poland. The successful Blitzkrieg (lightning war) tactic of swift invasion supported by armoured artillery, rapidly moving infantry and massive air support got them to Warsaw with remarkable speed and the city fell, effectively signalling the collapse of Poland itself on September 17<sup>th</sup>.

Unable to continue the defence of their homeland, many Polish pilots and air crew fled to France where they joined the French air force and returned to the fray as the Germans continued their advance there. Once again however they were defeated. Undeterred, the surviving Polish pilots and air crew made their way to Britain and the Royal Air Force.

302 Squadron was formed on July 13<sup>th</sup> 1940 with 303 Squadron close on its heels coming into existence on August 2<sup>nd</sup>. Both squadrons fought in the Battle of Britain, the gallant action that drove back the Luftwaffe, prevented Germany from establishing air superiority across the channel from France and thus forced Hitler to abandon Operation Sea Lion (AKA the invasion of Britain). These two squadrons, although late to the Battle of Britain were responsible for one fifth of all German planes shot down over Britain. Without the aid of these 139 Polish airmen (303 squadron shot down more German planes than any other RAF Hurricane squadron) it is doubtful that the German invasion would have been halted. Britain may well have been occupied. That in turn could easily have



resulted in a quick victory for Germany and for Nazism throughout Europe with no effective opposition to launch a counter-attack.

Without Britain's continued resistance to the German war machine there would have been little or no commonwealth involvement and the Americans would have ignored Europe completely, concentrating all their forces upon the Pacific war with Japan instead. To put it another way,

without the Polish airmen of 302 and 303 squadrons Germany would almost certainly have won the Second World War. And it wasn't just the Polish pilots we need to be grateful for. In total around 17,000 Polish nationals fought for Britain. They represented their country (and ours) over air, land and sea and bled just as deeply as any Brit in the defence of freedom from Nazi totalitarianism.

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it with pride in honour of the Polish flyers who fought and died in defence of Britain. It's their poppy too.

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## **Fighting for Poland and for Britain too**

My grandparents were immigrants. But just as the vast majority of modern immigrants, they were more than worthy of their place in our society.

As with most of our grandparents, they didn't talk too much of their trials during WWII but this is their tale, as accurate as I can make it.

Dziadek (Polish for granddad) was a young man from Postawy in Eastern Poland.

He joined the army and fled along with thousands of compatriots when Germany annexed the country.

Why did they run? Why didn't they stop and fight? Sounds familiar huh?

Imagine charging Panzer Divisions on horseback or trying to shoot down Stukas with antiquated rifles.....Damn right you'd run!

Anyway, he eventually made his way across Europe and ended up in Scotland, where the 1st Polish Independent Parachute Brigade was formed.

They were formed intending to drop into Poland and assist in the liberation of their homeland but the British government pressured them into joining Operation Market Garden.

On September 18th 1944 they were due to drop, alongside the gliders of the 1st British Airborne at Arnhem in Holland in an attempt to push German forces south, toward France and the allies advancing from that direction.

Bad weather meant the British gliders were able to deploy but it was too bad to parachute in so the Poles followed three days later, out of position, on the wrong side of the Rhine and where the Germans were waiting.

The battle of Arnhem is widely regarded as one of the biggest mistakes in military history, massive casualties were inflicted on both sides, Dziadek was extremely lucky to survive as many of his countrymen died alongside him and the whole thing ended up in a stalemate over THAT bridge, made famous in A Bridge Too Far



Meanwhile, in Warsaw, Babcia (grandmother) was fighting her own battle alongside the Polish Resistance.





On August 1st 1944 the Russians were advancing from the east and liberation was imminent.

The sound of Chopins Polonaise rang through the streets of Warsaw, signalling the start of what was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. The Russians halted outside the city so the Poles were left to battle against a far superior army, with spontaneous help from allied air forces. Over the course of two months around 20,000 Poles were killed, wounded or went missing in action compared with nearly 23,000 German troops. Nearly 200,000 civilians were killed and a further 700,000 were displaced due to the near-total destruction of the city.

15,000 Polish freedom fighters were also captured, Babcia one of them. She took a piece of shrapnel to the leg and spent the rest of the war in the hellhole known as Belsen. After the war she was in a demobilisation camp. One day she was struggling to get her hairdryer to work when a dashing young paratrooper happened to pass and fixed it for her, the rest is history



They spent a brief couple of years in Germany where my father was born and then decided to move to Britain as many Poles who'd fought alongside British forces did. They didn't have much choice anyway, Dziadek's hometown was now part of Belarus after the allies carved up much of Poland and Warsaw was all but levelled.

Looking back now I wish I'd questioned them more on their experiences but they were proud, strong people and it didn't seem right to drag up their past and memories they might not want to recall.

We found out that Dziadek was younger than we thought after he passed, like many of his generation he'd lied about his age to join up (can't imagine a proud biffer doing that, somehow! )

During one of our family get-togethers, alcohol fuelled, as Poles tend to do, Babcia came into the room with four bottles of homebrew held between the fingers of each of her hands. My brother and I jumped up to help but she shoed us away with, "this is how we carried the petrol bombs in Warsaw!"

A pair of awe inspiring heroes, much loved and sadly missed. I oppose Nazism out of respect for them, for their courage and for the hardships they endured xxx

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it proudly and remember those brave poles who sacrificed so much for all of our freedom.

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**Matt Goslin's remembrance : A personal journey**



[https://m.facebook.com/story.php?story\\_fbid=10206254037324812&id=1081845726&rdr](https://m.facebook.com/story.php?story_fbid=10206254037324812&id=1081845726&rdr)

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it proudly in honour of Lt. Harry Goslin and all who lie alongside him in that Italian war cemetery.

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### Abdol-Hossein Sardari: Islam's Oskar Schindler

Yes, it's true. We promised not to mention the Biffers at all on the EBF blog today but some things just need to be said. Britain First regularly publishes false information about Muslims persecuting other religious groups, especially Jews and Christians and they often point to the weakest of historical events to try to prove it. In truth the record of history tells a very different story that our next hero illustrates so well.

Abdol-Hossein Sardari was the Iranian ambassador in Paris when the occupying Nazis began rounding up the country's Jews for forced labour or liquidation. As we have already seen they did this because of an ideological assumption that was based not upon observable science but on blind faith. The Nazis did try to evidence their claims about racial purity, even financing extensive but fruitless archaeological expeditions in the attempt but they could not. There was no evidence to be found because the cultural construct of race makes no significant sense anyway in any reasonable context.

Abdol used this lack of evidence to his advantage. If there was no real evidence to support the Nazi claims about racial purity, there was no need to worry about finding any. All he'd need then would be an emotive argument, persuasively delivered. That was all the Nazis had needed to consign central European Jews to their labour and death camps so presumably it would work in reverse too.



Speaking first on behalf of his own nationals, Sardari was able to convince the German authorities that Iranian Jews were genetically different from the rest of Jewry. They were descended from a different blood line and therefore not 'tainted' by the genealogical deficiencies of other Jews. He invented an entirely fictitious collection of research that 'proved' that Persian and Iranian Jews weren't Semitic at all. He actually convinced the Nazis that 'his' Jews were really pure Aryan's, like themselves! In other words, Iranian Jews were most definitely not '*Untermenschen*'. Having nothing beyond a perverse sense of their own 'righteousness' and 'purity' to guide them the Nazis fell for it, hook, line and sinker. Iranian Jews were spared the holocaust.

But Sardari didn't stop there. Since there was no objective genealogical evidence underlying the policy, all a Jew needed to be saved was an Iranian passport. Provide the illusion of citizenship and the Nazis, like the Angel of Death at passover, would simply move on.





Actually there was nothing 'simple' about it. Abdol-Hossein Sardari ran considerable personal risks, arranging Iranian passports and documents of citizenship for countless Jews. He had no authorisation from Iran to do this. Sardari was actually recalled by the Iranian government but he refused to comply. He remained in Paris, using his own considerable fortune to fund the elaborate deception and escape plan. Estimates vary but the lives he saved certainly ran well into the thousands if not the tens of thousands.

Had Sardari been discovered in his clandestine mission of mercy he would almost certainly have died. Yet his faith in Jihad, in the Islamic struggle to be righteous drove him, as it has so many others to protect the weak, the helpless and the non-combatant. Taking his inspiration from the Koran he held so dear Abdol had no option but to follow the demands of his religious conviction and risk everything in the name of peace and justice.

So the next time you read about the alleged hostility of Islam, remember Abdol-Hossein Sardari and the many like him who's personal Jihad, what Muslims know as the 'greater' Jihad, was to be the best, most compassionate and most honourable person he could be, even in Nazi occupied France.

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it with pride in honour of Muslim men and women like Abdol-Hossein Sardari. It's their poppy too!

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## **Post WW2 conflicts**

Since the end of World War 2 the British military continues to be involved in conflicts across the globe. Some of these operations are easier to justify than others. The British support of America in the first and second Gulf wars for example attracts a great deal of criticism and condemnation. But that's not the point of this series of Armistice Day blogs. Politicians start wars but servicemen and women are the ones who fight them.

Today we honour the individuals who find themselves under fire, regardless of the political process that placed them there. Those arguments are for another day.

From Belfast to Iraq, from The Falkland Islands to Afghanistan, British and Commonwealth fighters have risked their lives in the name of Queen and country every day and they continue to do so.

Armistice Day on the eleventh day of the eleventh month recalls the end of the Great War but remembrance must encompass more than that.

Here at Exposing Britain First we'd like to say thankyou to all those who serve in defence of our country and its freedoms.

It's true that sometimes we wish there might be a better way to deal with the world's problems but that doesn't detract from the courage individual military personnel show or from the fact that they deserve our respect and our thanks for having the courage to do what most (but not all) of us in Team EBF can only imagine.

To the men and women of the British army, the Royal navy and the Royal air force... we salute you!

When you [buy your poppy this year](#), wear it with pride to honour the men and women who continue to face the dangers of war across the globe.

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From WW2 to the modern world

So far today we've posted blogs about historical wars and the heroic men and women who fought and died to preserve our freedoms. In the last blog we commented upon those brave soldiers, sailors and aircrew who continue to face dangers across the globe. And throughout it all we've hardly mentioned Britain First or the perils of modern Nazism. That's not like us, is it?

In this final Armistice Day blog we'd like to invite you to think – really to think about what this country fought against during World War II. What would the world be like, what would Britain be like if Hitler's jackbooted bully boys of the SS and the Gestapo were in charge?

If you're at all unsure of the answer to that just think about what happened in occupied Europe when the Nazis were in power. Think of the enslaved Slavs, the murdered children, the euthanised disabled, the dispossessed non-Aryans and the imprisoned, tortured and executed politicians whose 'crime' was to disagree with fascism.

Think of the religious faithful, not just Jews but many Christians too who, unwilling to swear allegiance to Hitler were persecuted and exiled.

**BY 2050, BRITAIN WILL BE A MAJORITY MUSLIM NATION**

If they only knew how silly they seem

DID OUR GRANDPARENTS DIE FOR THIS?  
IT'S TIME TO WAKE UP!

Actually...YES... WW2 was fought against Nazis (like Britain First) to secure many human rights including the freedom of conscience and religious expression!

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Social media comments from a screenshot:

- Jean Russell: NOOOOO they didn't, Betrayal on a scale thats never been seen in our history. DISGUSTING, WE OUGHT TO OPEN THE TOWER AGAIN FOR TREASON
- Bill Gleason: This should scare everyone who is concerned about the future of your land!
- Gerald Taylor: Yep'er Daf's Right open season on them.
- Steven Walker: Shocking the government will allow this to happen we need get rid of thm before they take over for good
- Joe Smith: Ulster will still be standing like Israel. No surrender
- Ali Yousefian: Start making babies and deport Muslims close mosques

Think of the gas chambers and the labour camps.

Think of the brutal regime that saw twins, mainly children tortured to death in the name of Nazi 'science'.

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Think of the Jews forced to endure extreme cold until they died of hypothermia to help develop warm flying jackets for the Luftwaffe.

The screenshot shows a Facebook post from 'Britain First' with the text: "Coming soon to a town near you. Savour that (a)ffroma of enrichment! Britain First." Below the post is a photo of a group of people, with a caption that reads: "QUAINT AND PICTURESQUE ROMA IMMIGRANTS TO BRITAIN! HAS YOUR TOWN BEEN ENRICHED YET? IF NOT, NEVER FEAR! THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY!"

Comments include:

- "Good luck to em coming on our estate.they would not last 5 mins.same as last time council tried to move them in.smashed windows,paint thrown on em when they walk out door and just run out of our area.if u don't want em there.do summat the min they move in.give em hell,they will beg to be moved.give them no time to even sit on a tax payers sofa.happens every time in our area,kids on our estate don't mess about ha!!"
- "I hope they die"
- "one of the few things Hitler was right about - wiping out these scum-bags"
- "ITS TIME THIS WORLD HAD A NEW HITLER"
- "Hitler had the right idea for these scum bags !!!!"
- "I hope they die"
- "Gypsy - problem on the way ... same as muslims ..."
- "Send the Roma to the Muslim areas. The Roma will groom muslim girls and sh\*t on the front lawn of the hate preaching mosques."
- "Put both lots in pig sty's..... one lot live like pigs, the other are pigs, & they both behave like dirty uncivilized smelly pigs !!!"
- "Bought myself a nice new baseball bat and I'm itching to break her in when they move near me"
- "Molotov petrol fire will keep them out!"

At the bottom of the screenshot is a historical photograph of four children, with a caption: "Sinti and Roma children who were abused by SS Doctor Mengele in medical experiments in Auschwitz Birkenau extermination camp (Mengele was the camp doctor of the section B II e which was called "Zigeunerlager": "Gypsy camp" by the SS).

Text overlaid on the screenshot asks: "Do Britain First supporters truly understand what they are saying? They WANT this? They approve of THIS?"

A URL is provided at the bottom: <http://grthm.natt.org.uk/event-history-seminar-review.php>

Think of the horror that is Nazism and then, think about Britain First, its threats to all who disagree with Nazi ideology, its incitement to murder Muslims (just as Hitler incited murder of the Jews), its contempt for law and order and its open hostility to human rights. Think of the Biffers' hatred of Islam and the way they deceive to make Muslims look like a threat.

Then ask yourself this...

How can anyone support Britain First and still respect the men and women who fought and died to defeat the Nazis in World War II?

Our ancestors most certainly did not fight World War II so that we could hand power to British Nazis 70 years later!

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