

CONTENTS

Editorial	<i>Inside Front Cover</i>
France's All-Party Government—by André Laguerre	Page 25
Koenig of the Foreign Legion	30
General Koenig—by a "Desert Rat"	32
L'Armée du Rail: 250,000 Strong—by I. T. Bergeret	33
Patriots Strike at Grenoble (pictures)	34-35
I Am Not An Assassin (poem)	37
Lucie Aubrac: Member for France—by François Joliet	38
Tunis: Inside the German Camp—by Helen Beaumont	40
France and Britain—by Lord Vansittart	43

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Tricolore

NEWS OF FRANCE AT WAR



DWARFING all the other events of the month on the French scene, the broadcast made on the night of the 9th April by Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State, assumes an importance which grows on close study of the text.

True, it contains nothing which need surprise Frenchmen, the overwhelming majority of whom have long recognised the Committee of National Liberation as the war-time government of the Republic. But the world's press has for many weeks been full of speculation as to the definition which would be given by the Allies to the exercise of French sovereignty on the day when the Armies of freedom land in France, and many thousands of words have been devoted to various formulae reported, with more or less authority, to have been adopted.

"The Committee," said Mr. Hull, "will have every opportunity to undertake the civil administration (in liberated France), as well as our co-operation and help in every practical way in making it successful."

The vital principle enunciated here leaves the door open to discussions on all practical issues arising out of the liberation of France, except on the operation itself. It is of course clear that only the Allied Commander-in-Chief could command what must be primarily an Allied military operation. M. André Le Troquer, who has been appointed as the Committee's delegate for liberated Metropolitan territories, is coming to London and General Koenig, who will be his military delegate, has already arrived to open these practical discussions. The hero of Bir Hakeim, in his negotiations with General Eisenhower and the Commander-in-Chief's technical advisers, will certainly agree with Mr. Hull that "it is of the utmost importance that the civil authority in France should be exercised by Frenchmen, should be swiftly established, and should operate in accordance with advance planning as fully as military operations will permit."

A lot of work must be done. Mr. Hull's greatly encouraging speech has removed the preliminary obstacles.



General Koenig, *above*
(An exclusive picture
Howard Coster).

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VOLUME IV

APRIL, 1944

No. 2

FRANCE'S ALL-PARTY GOVERNMENT

by André Laguerre

The 4th of April will be an important date in the history of the provisional government of the French Republic, for it was on that day that the French Communist representatives entered the Committee of Liberation and made it the real government of national union which its president, General de Gaulle, had said the nation wanted.

At 11.30 a special meeting of the Committee of National Liberation

was called, and just before lunch it was announced that Fernand Grenier, Communist Deputy for Saint Denis (Paris), and François Billoux, Communist Deputy for Marseilles, had been appointed Commissioner for Air and Commissioner of State respectively.

A third newcomer to the cabinet was Paul Giacobbi, Radical Senator for Corsica, who took the post of Commissioner for Production and

Supply. There were no outgoing ministers, so the membership of the Committee is increased from 18 to 21.

André Diethelm, former director of cabinet to Georges Mandel, Minister of the Interior in the Reynaud and Daladier governments, left Production to become Commissioner for War in succession to André Le Troquer, Socialist underground representative, who joined the Committee last November. Le Troquer's new title is "Commissioner on a Mission," and he has been appointed the Committee's delegate for liberated France.

Four Days' Consultations Prior to Cabinet Changes

These decisions followed four days' continuous consultations between General de Gaulle and various Commissioners. In accordance with French parliamentary tradition, the President saw the leaders of all parties and groups in the Assembly before making up his mind. On Saturday the Committee decided unanimously to resign *en bloc* in order to leave General de Gaulle free to proceed with the reconstruction of his cabinet.

The entry of the Communists into the government does not represent a change of policy. When General de Gaulle became sole President of the Committee of Liberation last November, he told the press that Communist participation in the government was necessary: "It is impossible not to associate with the governmental team the party which in France is fighting Vichy with dynamism and courage, and to which we pay tribute."

The new decisions represent the climax to four months' conversations between the Committee of

Liberation and the French Communist Party. Throughout the weekend and often until late at night, a constant stream of visitors was seen at the Villa des Glycines, de Gaulle's Headquarters, as French political leaders conferred with the President of the Committee on the establishment of a government of national union.

Outside the Communist entry, the most significant move was the appointment to the Commissariat of Production and Food Supply of Paul Giacobbi, who has been a leading figure in recent debates at the Consultative Assembly. André Diethelm, whom he succeeded at this post, took the War Commissariat from André Le Troquer, who also ceded the Air Commissariat to Grenier and assumed the important post of Administrative Delegate of the Liberation Committee for liberated metropolitan territories.

Of the 21 members of the Liberation Committee, 8 held positions in pre-war political life, while 13 have no political background.

Fernand Grenier, who was born at Tourcoing, in July, 1901, was a baker before he entered politics. Elected Deputy for Saint Denis in 1936, he was arrested by Vichy in October, 1940, and escaped from the camp of Chateaubriand in April, 1941, on the eve of the massacre of the hostages which followed the killing of Nazi Colonel Holtz at Nantes. He was sent from Paris to London in January, 1943, as official delegate of the Communist Party to de Gaulle's National Committee. He is a delegate to the Assembly and was a spectacular witness in the recent Pucheu trial.

François Billoux, former textile worker, was born in May, 1903, in the Department of the Loire, and is one of the Communist Party's three delegates to the Assembly.



All three new ministers were at the Committee meeting of the 4th April and signed an important ordinance on the organisation of the High Command.

That night de Gaulle spoke to the French nation from Radio Algiers:

"The war has entered its decisive phase. For France the supreme trial is at hand. That is why France must now make a supreme effort. We will leave until a later date the reckoning of our sufferings. Until the day of victory, nothing but victory counts. All else is mere waste of time and effort.

"France's fight for her own salvation and that of others demands two conditions. First, the effort of all Frenchmen depends on a unified directorate. Frenchmen must unite to beat the enemy, subordinating to this sacred duty all quarrels, all private, all collective and all party interests.

"Second, the direction of the French people in the war devolves upon the provisional Government of the French Republic and upon it alone. This Government, over which I have the honour to preside,

General Giraud, when he was Commander-in-Chief of the French Forces, with M. Le Troquer (second from left), who was then Commissioner for War.

and which is meeting on French territory at Algiers until the day when it can meet in Paris, is solely responsible for its actions undertaken in the name of national sovereignty until such a time as the national will can express itself.

"The composition of the Government is in accordance with the national unity. From the Moderate Right to the Communist Left, all are co-operating with me in the pursuit of a unified policy.

"National unity demands that all Frenchmen support their Government. No matter wherever they may be or what happens, they must take orders from this Government alone, as soon as the enemy ceases to have any control over them. No authority can be considered valid which does not act in the name of the Government. No action must be taken in the name of France except on the Government's authority. For Frenchmen there can be no public order except that set up by the Government in the

name of justice. No international obligations will be recognised other than those contracted by the Government.

"There are a few traitors who have directly served, and will no doubt serve in the future, the interests of the enemy, but they have received or will receive the punishment they deserve.

"But the overwhelming majority of Frenchmen, whatever their opinions, and even though they may have erred, which is understandable in the face of the terrible national upheaval, are nevertheless united and ready to save the country which is their common possession.

"The enemy, the hated enemy, finds his allies and armies gradually dwindling. He has not yet ceased to fight, to oppress and to destroy. But his ultimate defeat has begun, and the whole world watches as the end hastens. At the same time the whole world is watching France rise from her temporary misery, and sees that she is living again, and that she is ready to strike.

"In the period of the war that we are now entering, the supreme battle will be the Battle of France. For us Frenchmen, our destiny as a great nation is at stake, so is our right, and that of our children and grandchildren, to see the French flag flying high before us without hanging our heads. We are achieving complete unity in this holy and just war. Our French victory will be the recompense for our suffering."

A series of vital decisions about the exercise of civil and military authority in liberated France was adopted by the Committee of National Liberation on the 14th March, communicated through diplomatic channels to the governments of Great Britain, the U.S.A. and

the U.S.S.R., and released for publication on the 1st April, a few days before Mr. Cordell Hull made his important broadcast.

Here is a six-point summary of these decisions:—

1. For each theatre of operations which could lead to total or partial liberation of metropolitan France, the Liberation Committee will appoint a delegate to exercise the authority of the Committee in that area until the Committee can wield its authority directly.

2. In each such theatre, the delegate of the Liberation Committee will have at his disposal an administrative delegate and a military delegate.

3. Liberated territories will be divided into two main zones: forward zone and internal zone.

4. The delegate of the Liberation Committee will be responsible:

(a) in both zones—for the reconstitution of civil and military administrations and for the resumption of the economic activity of the country. The execution of measures decided upon will be the responsibility of his military delegate, who will have liaison missions at each echelon of the Allied Command. He will be responsible for the supreme direction of the civil and military administration and for the satisfaction of the needs of the population.

(b) in the internal zone—for the exercise in addition of the powers emerging from the laws of the state of siege.

5. The military delegate, subordinated to the delegate of the Liberation Committee, will be responsible:

(a) for liaison with the Allied Command in the matter of communications in the forward zone, and in the operational field for the



The Villa des Glycines, General de Gaulle's Headquarters in Algiers, where political leaders discussed the establishment of a national government. In the photograph above the Senegalese sentries are presenting arms to members of the Chinese military mission, after a recent interview.

execution of orders emanating from the French Command.

(b) for the execution—on the military plane and in liaison with the Allied Command—of decisions of the Liberation Committee regarding the intervention of combat elements of the resistance.

(c) for the reconstitution of the military administration in liberated areas and the application of a state of siege as defined by the law in forward zones.

(d) for liaison between the Allied Command and the French civil

and military administration, with a particular view to meeting the needs of the allied armies in the field.

6. The military delegate has three types of liaison organisations at his disposal:

(a) a tactical and strategic liaison with the Allied Command.

(b) liaison between the resistance movements and the Allied Command.

(c) an administrative liaison with the French or Allied Command occupying liberated territory.



General Koenig at Bir Hakeim (right). Rommel's surrender ultimatum (left).

KOENIG OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

At 45, General Koenig, Veteran of the Campaigns of Norway, France, Syria, Libya and Tunisia, has been appointed French Military Delegate for the Zone of Operations

In September 1940, a Captain (temporary Major) Koenig sailed for an unknown destination—actually Dakar. In April 1944, the same man, now General Koenig, flew from Algiers to London to take up his appointment as France's Military Delegate for the Northern Zone of operations. In the intervening years between 1940 and 1944 the men of the French forces fighting under General Koenig had achieved success after success. Greatest of all—Bir Hakeim.

"He's a popular commander," one of Koenig's young captains will tell you, "because he leads his men to victory, and where's the soldier who doesn't love a

victory?" A professional soldier, just old enough for the last war and still young for his rank, Koenig's power lies in his will to win. "Even when he was playing bridge on the boat going out to Dakar, he was lucky"—to cite the captain again. "Although he wasn't such a good player, he usually won. He certainly enjoyed winning. Most times he played with two old friends of his in the Foreign Legion — his regiment. Colonel Amilakvari was one of them, and occasionally I made the fourth.

"We were still together at Bir Hakeim, but, mind you, we'd gone a long way — Equatorial Africa, Abyssinia, Eritrea, Syria,

Libya. When Rommel sent his first ultimatum written in German saying we would be blasted to bits if we didn't surrender, Koenig, who, like all Alsations, is as fluent in German as he is in French, replied, 'I do not speak German.' When the third and last emissary came, the General said to Amilakvari, 'I've had enough of seeing these people, go and tell them so.' Amilakvari supplemented the message with a fine declaration of his own. 'We are men who have lost everything—our country, our homes, our families. The only thing that is left to us is our soldier's honour. That we will never lose!'

"Rommel never sent again after that."

The epic of Bir Hakeim has passed into history. For sixteen days Koenig's men held that sandy, wind-swept ridge which Rommel wanted to capture at all costs, and thereby shorten his supply line feeding Axis troops south of "Knightsbridge". Rommel himself commanded the German 90th Division and the Italian Motorised Trieste Division in the attack. Pressed on all sides, dive-bombed incessantly by 120 Stukas, suffering enormous losses, Koenig held firm. The captain said, "I was the only officer left in my company, and 30 out of my 120 men were all I had left. During the night of 10-11th June, the order came to evacuate. We cut a comparatively small hole in the defences, and 2,000 of us set out together, followed by 500 gravely wounded in lorries and ambulances. Our losses were pretty heavy during that night. I would put them at 500 men."

Swift recognition came to Koenig and his men from Cairo G.H.Q. "Rommel planned to take Bir

Hakeim on the 27th May. This plan failed because of the splendid resistance made by the garrison, who repulsed the enemy with heavy loss . . . The United Nations owe a very great debt of gratitude and admiration to the 1st Free French Brigade and its gallant commander." A personal message from General Ritchie to General Koenig said "Yours is an example to us all."

To those who have an intimate knowledge of General Koenig, his entire military career is exemplary. At school in Caen, in Normandy, until the age of 17, Joseph Pierre Koenig joined up in 1915, and for his services received the Military Medal, and his name was mentioned in several despatches. After the armistice of 1918 he joined the Chasseurs Alpins, and later transferred to the Foreign Legion, with whom in 1939 he took part in the heroic fight at Narvik, where he was promoted major in the field. Evacuated to Brittany, he just had time to participate in the final action there. When France fell, Koenig determined not to be beaten. He boarded a fishing boat, and joined General de Gaulle in London.

At the camp of Morval, in the Aldershot Command, General de Gaulle was collecting, training, and re-grouping his small but enthusiastic force. To Major Koenig fell the job of organising, with General Monclar, the expedition to Dakar. "We were talking about it again, the other day," the captain said, "and Koenig repeated that he felt certain victory could have been ours, if we had been willing to fire on our fellow Frenchmen. This was our first encounter with our countrymen, and we hoped it would be bloodless action. Later, of course, we were

compelled to fight, and fight hard, against them in Syria."

Syria, however, is two stages ahead. From Dakar, Koenig was asked by Leclerc to join forces in the taking of Libreville, capital of the Gabon, the only portion of Free French Africa which had not rallied to the Allies. The operation over, Koenig was appointed Military Governor of the Cameroons. His Foreign Legionaries, however, were embarked at Libreville for further action in Abyssinia and set off via the Cape. To their surprise, on disembarking they heard that Major Koenig had succeeded in arriving by air ahead of them—although at that moment he lay gravely ill in Cairo. When Koenig next joined his troops, it was in Syria, as Chief of Staff to General Legentilhomme. After hard, tragic, and successful fighting, Colonel Koenig was nominated Free French Delegate to the Syrian Armistice Commission.

Early the next year, in 1942, Koenig began a series of military actions which were to lead his troops half way across the African continent to victory. Commanding a brigade composed of the same Foreign Legionaries, and some additional colonial troops, Koenig's name was first associated with Halfaya, followed in quick succession by Mekili and Gazala. At Gazala, his brigade changed places with a British force holding Bir Hakeim. The Libyan fighting at an end, Koenig's men joined up for the second time with the men of Leclerc for the final stages of the North African campaign. Under the direct command of General de Larminat they went into action at Enfidaville. When the reckoning came, 25,000 prisoners had fallen to the French forces. Triumphant, they entered Tunis.

GENERAL KOENIG

By a "Desert Rat"

I knew General Koenig's Fighting French Brigade in the 8th Army well—who didn't? I even worked with them on one occasion. So probably I knew them better than most. Of course I heard many stories of their brilliant commander—who hadn't? But, in spite of the close contact I made with this gallant band, I never met the General—who had?

That is typical of General Koenig. He exercised his control without fuss from the back-ground. He was for a time one of the most discussed figures of the desert. Yet he never courted publicity, never showed any desire to be known among any but his own beloved army. They worshipped him—make no mistake about that. No body of troops which had not a fanatical faith in its cause and its commander could have achieved the desperate bravery of this brigade of Frenchmen. For, let us be frank, their equipment was still inadequate (much of it was captured from the enemy) and they were a motley crowd, held together only by their love of France and their devotion to their general, who, they believed, led them wisely and served France well.

When we of the old 8th Army look back on those campaigns, there are a few names we shall always remember, great men who led us and did not count the cost to themselves. Among them is Koenig. And we are glad and proud that he has been picked to work with us in the coming fight for the Liberation of France.

L'ARMEE DU RAIL—250,000 STRONG

By I. T. Bergeret

The express—one of the rare passenger trains of the depleted French railway service—headed south through the Rhône valley. Like all trains, it was crowded. In one of the third-class carriages, the only free space unencumbered by baggage was the forward vestibule—a wet and draughty spot where rain beat in through a broken pane. A passenger stood there, wedged in the corner by the door. The ticket-collector who had just elbowed his way through the corridor, stopped for a moment to take breath before passing on to the next carriage.

"Bad news," said the passenger as he held out his ticket. "I see that forty *cheminots* were arrested yesterday . . ."

The *contrôleur's* face froze stonily.

"So the papers say," he remarked in a cautious voice. Then gruffly, with a sidewise glance at his interlocutor, "It's what they have to expect . . . those fellows . . ."

The passenger gave a short laugh and, leaning forward, said something in a low voice. The railwayman's face cleared.

"Sorry, I might have known . . ." he muttered. "But you understand, we cannot be too careful. The Boche have spotters on every train. Yes . . . they've jailed forty of our men—but it's not going to get them anywhere. For every forty they arrest, forty others stand ready to carry on. We're in this war to stay—every *cheminot* worthy of the name. They'd have to put every man Jack of us in jail . . . and then where would they be?"

* * *

That incident—related in London

by a resistance leader—dates back months ago when organized French resistance was only just beginning. But even then, the words of the railway man voiced the conviction of thousands of his comrades. They were a sober statement of fact.

Already in the first weeks following the Armistice, French *cheminots* were "in the war." At the outset a spontaneous reaction on the part of individuals, the demand for resistance spread rapidly through the ranks of the corporation. Within an amazingly short time, it took shape as a definite, organized movement.

In the Occupied Zone, it made itself felt almost at once—when communications were cut between the two zones, when all mails stopped, when every traveller and every pound of freight had to pass through the meshes of the German net drawn taut across the map of France. For through that barrier, the trains still ran . . . From the summer of 1940, their crews formed the only category of Frenchmen (except for the "collaborators") who still passed in and out of the restricted areas in the North, and who circulated regularly between the western seaboard and the Centre, and between Paris and the Mediterranean.

By the very nature of their calling, the great body of railway workers became an important factor in the organization of resistance. They passed from the Occupied Zone (where direct contact with the invader acted as a powerful spur to the growing movement) into Vichy France where that stimulus was

(Continued on page 36)

PATRIOTS STRIKE AT GRENOBLE

An entire German artillery park as well as the De Bonne Barracks at Grenoble were reduced to smouldering ruins recently by French patriots as reprisals for the arresting of French hostages.



Large stocks of powder, munitions, guns and vehicles were completely destroyed in the first attack, and a few days later, 220 Germans were killed and 500 wounded in the destruction of the barracks. The photographs on these pages of the wreckage were smuggled out of France recently.



lacking and men were slower to grasp realities. Under such circumstances, each *cheminot* could be—and in hundreds of cases, was—a travelling propagandist for resistance.

The railway men did much more . . . as those who know the full story can testify. That early chapter, like much of their subsequent activity, is obviously not for publication. We can only say that the cause of liberation owes an incalculable debt to the *cheminots* for their aid and initiative during the months when the Resistance movement extended its organization throughout France and gathered body and momentum.

The Germans were not blind to this. They deported great numbers of *cheminots*. They brought in German railway workers (50,000 according to the latest reports) and installed them in all key points. They took over the stations and patrolled the train with troops and Gestapo. Their spies were everywhere. They tried out all their customary tactics: threats, provocation, repressive measures. To no avail. "For every forty arrested, forty others stood ready . . ."

No doubt the *cheminots*, like any large body of Frenchmen, had their quota of capitulards; older men, for the most part, near-candidates for the retired list and concerned about their pensions. Men convinced that the Germans had won the war and who backed the Vichy regime, doggedly hopeful of its integrity. Other men who preferred to play safe, to "wait and see"—and who while waiting, kept themselves clear of "compromising" activities. A negative minority . . . so small in comparison with the number of fighting *cheminots* as to justify the latter's proud

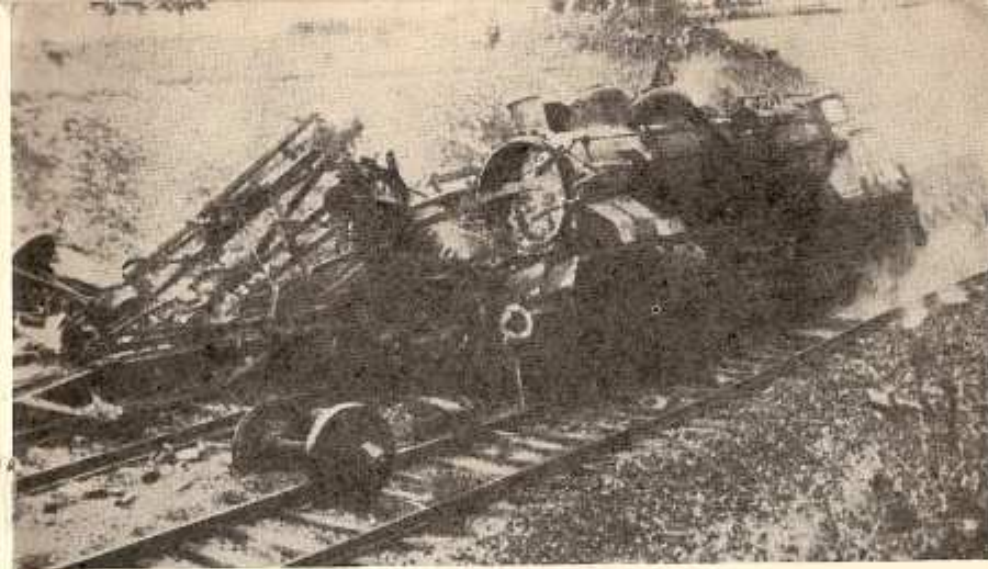
claim: "We are *l'Armée du Rail*, 250,000 strong."

The valiant action of the French railway unions in the fight for freedom is quite in line with their history and traditions. A powerful body, highly organized, with a past that for the last twenty years has been closely linked with the history of the nation. Every phase, every change of national policy, whether political or social, found a corresponding echo in their ranks. So true it was, that the railway unions came to be regarded as a highly sensitive barometer of public opinion. This has never been more clearly apparent than to-day.

To-day the railways of France are a battlefield. "Resistance," says one of the *cheminots'* clandestine bulletins, ". . . is the German train that goes tumbling into the ravine, the loaded waggons for Germany set afire, the hopeless congestion of marshalling yards . . . Resistance on the railways means this: organized destruction of tracks and rolling stock."

For a time, the Allied air-offensive struck at French trains and locomotives. To-day Allied planes bomb other targets: the *Armée du Rail* has taken over the task . . . Thirty-three locomotives destroyed or seriously damaged during one week in January; eighty during a second 7-day period. The figures are typical.

Together with the destruction of locomotives goes that of munition, supply and troop-trains—blown up or derailed. This is generally the work of carefully trained resistance groups, operating in close collaboration with men of the railways. ("Resistance . . . means passing on valuable information; helping our fellow-fighters to carry out their task.") The *cheminots* may not be



I am not an Assassin . . .

*My engine . . . Dear old girl, I was fond of you, God knows—
For months on end, for years, I coddled and cared for you,
I never thought of you as a lifeless thing, a man-made creature
To me you had a heart, a brain, a soul . . . [of steel—
I panted with you on the up-grades; I thrilled to your deep, even
As, oiled and shining, you bore me on to the horizon. [breathing
The rails seemed to part before your stride—
The warm red glow of your fire box
Made up for all my pains.*

*And yet . . . I struck you down, savagely, in cold blood.
In a jet of steam like a freed soul, you came to rest
When the shock had burst your lungs . . .*

*Before your broken body, should I weep?
Yet I rejoice. Old girl, you were for the enemy . . .
Do you understand? You would have slaved for him,
Slaved for his troops . . .
Old girl, it was not to be,
And so I killed you.
Now you lie inert. One last look—
And now good-bye.
You will forgive—I know you have forgiven—
For you and I are children of France.*

Translated from the "Bulletin des Chemins de Fer."

LUCIE AUBRAC: MEMBER FOR FRANCE

Wife, Mother, Teacher and Combatant, She
is now to Sit in the Consultative Assembly

The MUR, the united "wall" of French resistance, has sent a woman delegate to the Consultative Assembly. This is a wise choice, for the women of France are taking a highly important part in the struggle for liberation. You find them on all sectors of the underground front—caring for the families of prisoners, washing and mending for troops in the Maquis, printing and distributing clandestine news-sheets, participating in the work of sabotage squads and groups of *franc-tireurs*.

That this is so, should not surprise anyone who knows France and French women—anyone who has seen a French woman in her home. . . . Her efficiency there has never been questioned—nor the sense of responsibility that presides over every task, even in its smallest detail. Her energy and initiative, her apparently limitless capacity for work, are all traditional traits of work-a-day France—fundamental qualities that make for the strength of a nation in times like these. They underlie the more glamorous attributes of elegance and charm, which the world at large always associates with the women of France.

It is true that the life of the average French woman centres on her home. This is her basic and initial responsibility which she never willingly abdicates. But she has long shown her readiness and ability to shoulder other burdens. They may lie close to the hearth—in the countless little shops and workrooms of Paris and the provinces, or in the gardens and fields of little farms that dot the country. Or her work may take her into

factories and offices, or into the professions. And here, like all working women, she must carry a double task and a double responsibility—that of homekeeper and wage-earner. That she has carried it well, any friend of France can testify.

To-day the women of France have made it clear that their sense of responsibility extends beyond the hearth and the workroom. Whatever their function or their place in the social pattern of their country, France stands first in their thoughts—France and the cause of freedom.

* * *

In normal times, the outside world might never have heard of Lucie Aubrac. Like most women, she moved within a restricted circle—that of her family, her friends, her students. Yet hers was a full and busy life. Married to a mining engineer, she was the mother of a baby boy; *Agrégée d'Histoire*, she lectured on history in one of the great French schools. A busy life, yet uneventful. There was no hint that one day Mme. Aubrac would pass from the teaching to the making of history.

Mme. Aubrac and her husband were among those who, from the first, refused to accept capitulation. For them, the war did not end in June, 1940. It went on inexorably. Every Frenchman, every French woman had a part to play in the struggle. In the early days of French resistance, we find Mme. Aubrac among the founders of the important movement, "Libération." To the two main tasks of her daily life she had added a third: that of militant in the French underground.

As the months passed, Mme. Aubrac's life at home and in the classroom grew to be a façade. It masked a day-by-day existence of ceaseless activity and constant risk. From the field of organisation, the teacher of history soon entered the field of action. As the world was to learn eventually, she became the leader of a group of *franc-tireurs* (the only woman in that particular group) carefully selected and trained for a definite and special task: to deliver patriots from the hands of the Gestapo and to organise their escape from France. This task, as Mme. Aubrac herself relates, required "initiative and a cool head."

For many months Mme. Aubrac and her associates carried out their mission. They rescued many a victim of the Gestapo and the Vichy police. A long list of men and women owe this intrepid group their life and liberty. The last exploit in which Mme. Aubrac took part happened several months ago and is already history. Fourteen prisoners were freed—of these, eleven had been sentenced to death. Among the eleven was Raymond Aubrac, Mme. Aubrac's husband.

There was "initiative"—a distinctly feminine initiative—in the planning of the rescue; and its execution required an extraordinary degree of "cool-headedness". The story has been told many times in the British press: the fiction of a marriage *in extremis* to "save a young girl's honour" (the "young girl" being Mme. Aubrac, who at the time was expecting her second baby); the permission wrung from the Gestapo for an interview at Gestapo Headquarters, and the subsequent—and successful—attack on the German lorry which was conveying Raymond Aubrac and 13 other prisoners back to the military prison. . . . A daring and

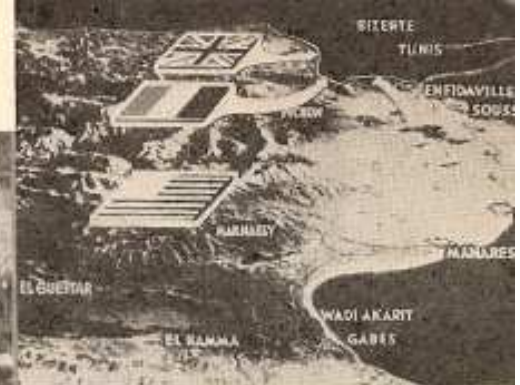
dangerous scheme, carefully plotted and brilliantly carried out.

After such an exploit, Mme. Aubrac's "façade" was definitely destroyed. She could no longer appear in public. Hunted by the Gestapo, she took refuge in the Maquis with her husband and her little boy. A short while ago, we saw her in London, on her way to the Consultative Assembly in Algiers. For a moment, we had the illusion that Lucie Aubrac was back again in the classroom. . . . She sat at the conference table, calm-eyed and objective, facing the rows of newspaper men, answering their questions with quiet precision—as if they had been her students. Again she was lecturing on history: her own and that of her countrymen.

Soon, in North Africa, Lucie Aubrac will take on new duties—the first woman from Metropolitan France to be appointed to the Consultative Assembly. In Algiers, she will join her husband—also a delegate to the Assembly. It is significant that they should both be there—husband and wife who together founded a family, together helped lay the foundations of French resistance, who fought shoulder to shoulder in the struggle for liberation, and who now will work together at the task of building up a new France. They typify embattled France to-day and the France of tomorrow whose representation "will be elected by all French men and women."

It is not enough to say that Lucie Aubrac represents the women of her country in the Consultative Assembly. She is more than that. Like all the resistance delegates, she stands for the French Republic and all its free citizens. She is a member of the Consultative Assembly . . . for France

FRANÇOIS JOLIET



*Tunis on Liberation Day.
Pictures on this page from
the film "Tunisian
Victory."*

TUNIS—INSIDE THE GERMAN CAMP

by Helen Beaumont

A Year Ago This Month, an Englishwoman Watched the German Army Destroying Its Own Supplies as Montgomery's Forces Entered Tunis

I was in hiding in Tunis—a year ago this month—and from that besieged North African capital we were watching with eager, almost desperate hopefulness the Allied armies closing in on our city. Many amongst the French population wondered every morning if he or she would "last," escape arrest, imprisonment, or deportation for yet another twenty-four hours and be there to see "the others" arrive. We had been waiting for that day for five long months and during that time Tunis-la-Blanche had become a Nazi armed camp and front-line base.

The German Air Force had begun to arrive in strength the day after the first Allied landings in Morocco

and Algeria, bringing with them orders signed by Marshal Pétain to the effect that the city's aerodrome at El Aouina should be handed over without resistance. The days that followed saw the arrival of the first troops, quickly followed by hundreds and then by thousands of men and vehicles. Great fleets of low-flying transport planes, which were to become such a familiar and forbidding sight, began to blacken the skies two or three times daily, bringing men and material. Nazi boats were sunk in the Sicilian Narrows but others got through and Von Arnim's army began to take serious shape.

The occupation of Tunis itself developed with great rapidity and

thoroughness. All hotels, all Jewish and Maltese property were taken over to begin with, but soon hundreds of villas and flats were commandeered, families who had lived in them for years being turned out at two hours' notice with a formal request to leave the greater part of their furniture behind. The Nazi system was to occupy the houses even if women and children had to seek shelter in the olive groves. Miles of cable and telephone lines were laid, transmitting stations set up, messes, canteens and hospitals organised for men coming down from the line. We also observed stocks of munitions being hidden around hospitals and schools. As our homes were taken, so was our food. We lived for months on what stocks of rice and lentils we had, while German trucks went by each day full of meat, vegetables and fresh fruit.

The bread card came into force as the stocks of flour began to take the route to Germany.

The discipline of the German troops was good. It was only on farms well out in the country that their behaviour was appalling. On the streets in the towns they were smart and orderly, and supremely confident, and had evidently received orders to make themselves pleasant and, if possible, popular. Looting was a masterpiece of organised pillage. It was carried out in such an orderly manner that it might almost have passed unperceived unless you happened to be near the harbour when beautiful furniture, precious china, silver and pictures were being loaded on to German boats for shipment to Italy and to the Reich.

As the months went by and winter set in, it became evident that the Germans were going to have

time to take an interest in Tunis other than merely as a base of strictly military operations, and, with the arrival of the Gestapo, they began systematically to organise their occupation. There had already been many arrests and hostages taken from amongst the Jewish population. Now all Jews of 16 to 45 years of age were mobilised for forced labour; they were forbidden to own a wireless, and the synagogue was looted and turned into German offices. It was never, I think, officially stated that listening-in to foreign stations was expressly forbidden to Aryans, but people were known to have been arrested for less. Nevertheless, the great mass of the European population followed events day by day, almost hour by hour, on the radio. Conversations became very guarded, and when a band of Quislings arrived to organise a movement of collaboration with Germany, the atmosphere of oppression became increasingly intolerable and arrests were frequent. Many familiar figures disappeared and it was felt that if the Allies were too long in coming there would be no French left in Tunis. During the last weeks, many of them were in hiding.

A great number of my friends had their husbands fighting on the Tunisian front with the Army or the Air Force. These wives were splendid. The French Army had gone out to join the Allies early in November, little thinking that they were leaving their families to face a six months' siege. And it wasn't easy for those left behind. As wives of "dissidents," they were put on half-pay or no pay at all. They had no news whatsoever of their men and were threatened all the time with

enforced repatriation to France. They were openly proud of the part their husbands were playing, and would accept no favours at the hands of the Germans. This was true of the great majority of the French people in Tunisia, who lived throughout the occupation under the most difficult conditions and never grumbled. Many of them, in spite of German surveillance and reprisals, were hiding British pilots who had been shot down, or were otherwise actively helping the Allies.

The Germans seemed so firmly to have taken root in the town that it was difficult to imagine their ever going. Yet hopes rose high as the Allied attacks of early April turned to sharp success, and by May 1st we dared to hope that this might be our last month of Nazi occupation. And then, after all, the end came more quickly than we had expected. The dawn of Friday, 7th May, saw the Germans normally installed in Tunis, and it was not until 10 o'clock that morning that the first columns of smoke began to fill the air. Gradually, as explosions followed each other in rapid succession, we began to realise that the Germans were actually blowing up their own material and reserves. By early afternoon a column of British armoured cars had passed through the town cutting off the headlong German flight to Hammam-Lif and Cap Bon. By evening these had been followed by tanks and lorried infantry, and the German rout was complete. No-one who has not been through a period of enemy occupation can imagine the exhilaration and emotion of those early days of liberation in Tunis, days which we all hope are soon to be repeated in metropolitan France.

FRANCE AND BRITAIN

By Lord Vansittart

(B.B.C. Broadcast, 11th April, 1944)

Just forty years ago was signed the historic Anglo-French agreement; and, as I was intimately concerned with its course from beginning to end, I've been asked to give some account of it. It was high time for understanding. The two countries were usually bickering about some wishbone of contention and behaving rather like naughty children in the naughty nineties. On both sides of the Channel there were vague and tenacious memories of the centuries during which we had fought each other. Of course, the old battles were so out of date that they ought to have been out of mind; but they weren't, because most people aren't particular about dates. So we still talked of the French as frogs, while they talked of us as "rosbifs." Indeed, we called each other a lot of other things too, and our presses were continually hostile. The British stage Frenchman was an amorous, gesticulating chatterbox, and the Briton of French caricature and comedy was a figure of unfriendly fun with long teeth and drooping red whiskers. Our common enemies were only too anxious that this state of things should continue.

I'd grown used to this chilly atmosphere, when in 1903 I was sent as an attaché to our Embassy in Paris. Then in 1904 came the great change. France and Britain actually agreed about something, indeed quite a lot of things; the world seemed suddenly to have gone sane. It felt so normal to have drawn closer to our closest neighbour, and so silly not to have done it sooner. I've never forgotten that Spring in Paris. One doesn't usually notice Springs enough when one's young.

The political differences between the two countries seemed supremely unimportant to me; one has something better than international affairs to think about at that time of life. The differences never seemed quite serious even when I was older. There were moreover very serious reasons why we should be friends. Here were two peoples next door to each other, with splendid records and tranquil desires. Between them they had contributed more to civilisation than any other two countries. Why shouldn't

they combine to guarantee peace on which civilisation depends? One didn't need to be old or clever to see how much we had both done for the art of living, and that's an enormous bond. What else are we here for after all?

There were naturally temperamental differences, but they didn't seem quite serious either; besides if one waits for identity one will never have a friend. I felt then exactly what I wrote when France fell in 1940:

So we were mingled, destined side by side

To face a world we could not face alone.

Alone we could not face what was coming, and came in 1914; but in 1904 it did seem possible that the new friendship might change the face of the world. There's something wrong with those who are not optimists at twenty.

The Treaty didn't look anything remarkable. We cleared away some troubles, and undertook some diplomatic obligations—that was all. But the Germans didn't like it for two main reasons. They wanted to show France that she mustn't do anything important without German permission, and they wanted to keep us isolated. So in the next year they tried to break the agreement, and the French were forced to discard their Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had negotiated it. I remember saying timidly to a French politician: "I hope you're going to keep him." And he replied, "What exactly can you or will you do to help us?" Of course I couldn't answer. That was frequently the dilemma.

So the start was shaky; but agreement grew, mainly because it was the natural course for us both, but partly because the German threat forced it into its second stage—the Entente. We wouldn't go as far as an Alliance. We were afraid of becoming a European power, though we weren't far enough from Europe to avoid that destiny. I think everyone realises that now, but in those days the Channel still looked broad, and we used expressions like "I'd no more dream of doing this or that than of flying."

It's arguable that the first World War might have been avoided if our

relations with France had been more clearly defined. I'm personally convinced of this. As it was, we might have been fools enough to leave France to her fate when the long-expected war did come, if the Germans hadn't been greater fools still and forced us to respect our moral obligations by tearing up theirs and marching into Belgium. In 1914 the Entente was at last welded into an Alliance by the most pregnant act of perfidy in all the long German tradition.

Four years of war, sacrifice and victory should have drawn the Alliance closer, but we were both tired and irritable after the great effort. France was completely exhausted; she had lost more than twice as many men as we, though her population was smaller. We both began thinking too much with our heads and not enough with our hearts. The real trouble began when we and the Americans persuaded France to renounce her plan for security on the Rhine in return for an Anglo-American guarantee, which the Americans failed to ratify. We foolishly followed their example. Thereafter French policy was governed by fear, which turned out to be only too well founded. The French were still afraid of the Germans, and we were still afraid of becoming a European power. So the Allies began to fall out, and German propaganda leaped into the breach. The ill-humours of the naughty nineties began to creep in again.

The breach widened when the French went into the Ruhr. The action was unwise but not unnatural, because the Germans were deliberately bilking on reparations. We were entitled to stand aside, but not to cry out, as we did, almost as loudly as the Germans. Again German propaganda exploited the opportunity. The face of the world wasn't changing after all; indeed the old wrinkles and crows'-feet were reappearing. I sometimes fancied that Anglo-French relations might even go into reverse and, having progressed from Agreement through Entente to Alliance, regress from Alliance through Entente to Agreement—and not even enough of that.

Outwardly there seemed no change in the relationship, but inwardly it was deteriorating. To be a whole-hearted Francophile in those days—I'm talking about the thirties now—was to be a member of a criticised minority. The

same process was at work on the other side of the Channel. My opposite number, the head of the French Foreign Office, once said to me: "We could count on our fingers those who are really keeping the Entente together." That spring day of 1904 was passing to midsummer madness.

The two democracies had their pacifism in common, and both failed to note or to check Germany's growing preparations for her Second World War. When the danger began to loom, we should both have done better to realise that criticism, like charity, should begin at home. I needn't touch upon the contentious events of 1938 and 1939. It may simply be said that we lost faith in each other, and that France lost faith in herself.

There will be historic interest but no political advantage in arguing who failed whom and why. If the argument is begun in my time, I shall have something to say, but not tonight. It will be enough to recall that we were saved from the fate of France by those twenty miles of sea that seemed so broad in 1904 and so narrow in 1940.

Let's rather look to the future. France has suffered immeasurably for shortcomings that we shared; but where there are no graves there are no resurrections, and we shall see in France not only a resurrection of the body politic, but of the spirit that makes it alive. To that spirit the men of the Maquis are already bearing witness. When the art of living has triumphed over the science of killing, I shall look forward to our old unity, though it will henceforth be part of a wider unity. No narrow friendship can now ensure our common prospects; that is where we were too optimistic forty years ago.

But there's an IF in all this. If we really mean to recover lost ground in more than the geographical sense, we must both avoid recrimination. The temporary failure of an ideal does not affect its validity—thank God; and I've only touched on the weaknesses of the Entente because I want to revive it without them. We must remember when all is said and done—and preferably earlier—that together we did break the first attempt of the new barbarians to enslave mankind; and mankind might have been more lastingly grateful to us both had we been more lastingly grateful to each other. We must remember too that, if the

French were infected by German propaganda in the inter-war years, so were we. That propaganda has been intensified during the last four years. It hasn't checked the overwhelming hatred of the Germans, but it has been industrious to sow distrust of the Allies. If we are to defeat the Germans in that field too, we must resist all tendency or temptation to interfere, or direct, let alone dictate. Only the other day General de Gaulle said that France "declines to take lessons from abroad," and France may be a test case. It will be both foolish and fatal to treat liberated countries as if they couldn't manage their own affairs.

May I give you one example? The peoples of the occupied countries are naturally not going to forgive the quislings who betrayed them. They will cleanse their own house as they choose. Do please let us mind our own business. There are unhappy tendencies in this country and the

L'ARMÉE DU RAIL

(Continued from page 36)

among those who attack the trains but they run the trains that are ambushed . . .

"When you destroy a train, are the train-crews German?" a resistance leader was asked recently in London.

"No," came the answer. "They are French *cheminots* . . . the very ones who notify our sabotage squads."

The men of the *Armée du Rail* do more than sacrifice their means of livelihood. They are giving their lives.

They also save lives . . . In December, 2,000 railway men of Dijon, by a prompt and well-timed strike, forced the Germans to free seven of their comrades—sentenced to death for "intelligence with the enemy, possession of fire-arms and sabotage."

And so the struggle goes on. 58 blows struck at the railways in one week; 64 more in the space of ten

United States to barge into other people's domestic affairs. We must understand in advance that the liberated peoples will be sensitive. They will be grateful for release, but we shall revive neither this nor any other entente except by the cordial of fact.

The story of the Entente contains a further lesson for us. One cannot have a policy without a very simple principle: never shake the confidence of friends by listening to the complaints or cajoleries or intrigues of foes. To ignore that rule is not diplomacy but lunacy. We shall all need to practise that principle on a wide, a generous and a pertinacious scale after this war, for of course our enemies will go on trying to make mischief between us and all our Allies. We mustn't let them succeed again, for we know the consequences. I'm still optimist enough to believe that in this respect at least the coming generation will be wiser and therefore happier than my own.

days. The *Armée du Rail* is in the thick of the fight. The *cheminots* of France are "in the war to stay"—until Victory when, to quote the prophetic words of the *Bulletin*:

"La France blessée se levera pour embrasser leurs mains noires."

KOENIG OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

(Continued from page 32)

"Koetig was only a captain himself, you remember," his captain said, "when he set out four years before on this military adventure. *Il était toujours très près de ses troupes*—the men who had fought with him from Narvik to Tunis. A general now, he wears neither the buttons appropriate to his rank, nor his decorations on his tunic. In compliment to his men he wears the buttons of the Foreign Legion; in compliment to his cause—the Cross of Lorraine."

M. I. M. K.