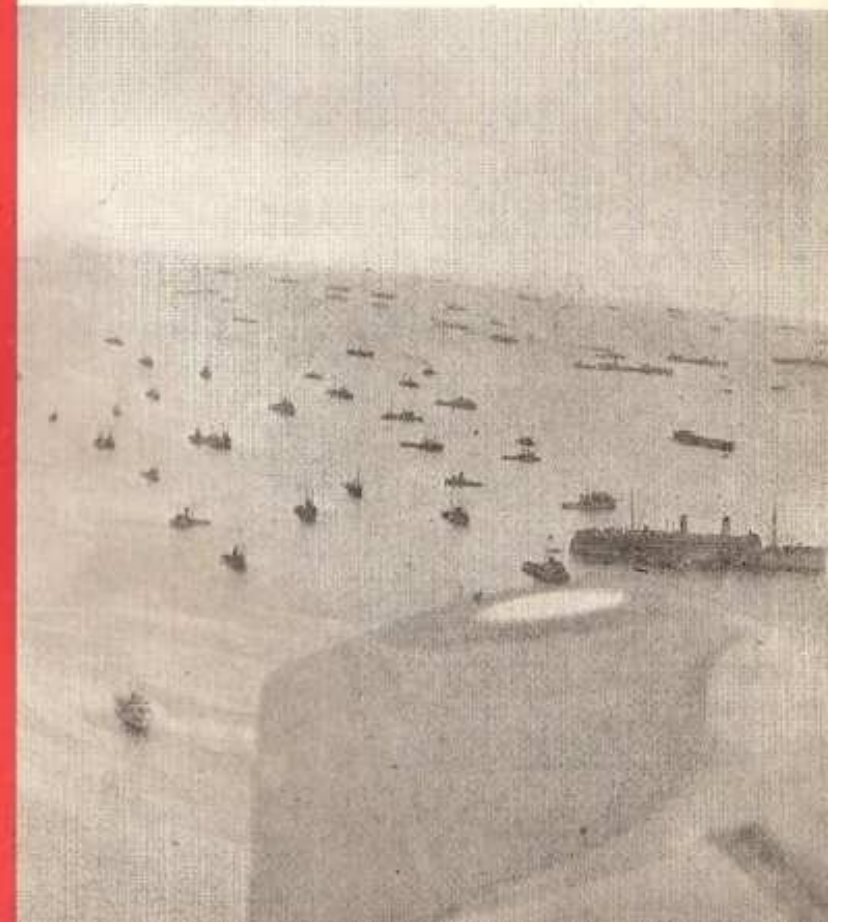


Tricolore

NEWS OF FRANCE AT WAR



CONTENTS

Editorial	<i>Inside Front Cover</i>
D Day	Page 49
Democracy and the Press in France—by Jean-Jacques Mayoux	52
The Victors of Monte Maio	54
From the British Press	56
General Alphonse Juin—by Jerome Willis	57
Italy : The French Advance (pictures)	58-59
Two Peoples . . . One Civilisation—by I. T. Bergeret	60
Escapist Camouflage (pictures)	63
Courage has No Age . . .—by François Joliet	64
“ Bouboule ”	66
May Session of the Algiers Assembly	68

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WHEN General de Gaulle speaks of French realities—and he has done so more than once in recent weeks—he is speaking of the truth about France. And when he says that these realities, although clear, are not always perceived, he means that some people cannot see the wood for the trees.

It is possible to be wrong about France, as the Germans have found and will again find to their most bitter cost. Is it possible that the enemy, or indeed the whole world, cannot yet see beyond all possibility of error, what are the realities of France? Those realities lie on the battlefields of scarred Italy, where the armies of General Juin have written a new page in the annals of a nation which, though naturally peace-loving, yet has one of the greatest histories of military skill and valour in the whole world.

They lie on the suffering fields of France, where silent battle is waged day and night by an army whose heroism almost surpasses belief and whose leaders will be giants, whose feats will be told with awe to our children's children. Can any Frenchman read the story of Médéric, the story of the man and the way he went to his death, and still doubt for one second?

Friends of France, as General de Gaulle pointed out in the Assembly last month, have the right to ask "Where stands France?" Yet the answer is not hard to find. For many, the affairs of France appear complex and bewildering. So often Frenchmen are asked by their friends, "What goes on in France? What do your people really think?" Let these friends brush the doubts and perplexities from their minds. Let them look to Italy and understand the realities of France. Let them look to France and let them look with confidence.



On the eve of D Day—General Eisenhower, Winston Churchill and General de Gaulle.



Tricolore

VOLUME IV

No. 3

D DAY

The Battle for France Begins

"Here I am in Great Britain, at the invitation of the Prime Minister and Government of His Britannic Majesty," said General de Gaulle in a D Day announcement. "I could not be away from her since France, at the height of her suffering and her struggle, can see the liberating armies coming towards her from the shores of dear and old England."

News of General de Gaulle's

arrival in England had been a closely guarded secret lest the enemy should have had reason to suspect that the invasion was at hand. General de Gaulle was accompanied by Mr. Duff Cooper, British Ambassador in Algiers, M. Gaston Palewski, *directeur de cabinet*, General Béthouart, Chief of Staff for National Defence, M. Soustelle, M. Alphand, Colonel Billotte and M. de Courcel. Re-

representatives of the British Government, the Services and French missions in London greeted him at the airport. Lunch with Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Eden and Mr. Bevin, together with M. Viénot and General Koenig, was followed by conversations with General Eisenhower.

DDay dawned. France heard the Head of the Provisional Government of the French Republic telling her the news for which she had been waiting for nearly four years :

"The final battle is joined.

"After so many struggles, so much violence and suffering, here at last is the deciding clash of arms. This is the Battle for France—and it is France's battle.

"Enormous attacking armies—for us, liberating armies—are setting out from the ancient shores of England. It was not so long ago that the tide of German aggression fell back before this: the last remaining stronghold of Europe in the West. To-day it has become the advance base for the armies of freedom. For four years silenced and oppressed, but never vanquished, never humbled, France rises again to take her place in battle.

"Every son of France, no matter who he is or where he is, has one simple and sacred duty: to fight the enemy with every means in his power. The enemy who has crushed and defiled our land, the base and detested enemy, must be destroyed.

"He will do everything to escape his doom. To the last possible moment he will cling relentlessly to our soil. But even now the wild beast is in retreat. From Stalingrad to Tarnopol, from the banks of the Nile to Bizerta, from Tunis to Rome . . . he has come to know well the taste of defeat.

"This is a battle which France will wage with fury. She will fight it resolutely, with skill and discipline. Thus she has won her victories for fifteen hundred years; thus will this victory be won.

"Resolutely, with skill and discipline! To the army, the navy, the air force, this is no problem. They have never been more ardent, more skilled, more disciplined. Africa, Italy, the ocean and the sky have seen the re-birth of their might and glory. To-morrow France herself shall see it.

"For a nation, bound hand and foot, fighting an aggressor armed to the teeth, efficiency in battle imposes these conditions:

"First, that the orders given by the French government and by its authorised representatives, whether national or local, must be loyally and scrupulously executed.

"Second, our action behind the enemy lines must be co-ordinated as closely as possible with the combined offensive of the Allied and French armies. Moreover, we must expect the task of the armies to be arduous and long. This being so, the efforts of the resistance forces must endure and increase until the German armies are routed.

"The third condition is: that all those who can be of service, whether by bearing arms, engaging in sabotage, by giving information, or simply by refusing to do work useful to the enemy, should not allow themselves to be taken prisoner. They must anticipate and elude imprisonment and deportation—no matter what the hazards, for nothing is worse than to surrender without giving battle.

"The Battle of France is joined!

"The Nation, the Empire, the Armies are united in a single purpose, a single hope. Out of

the heavy cloud of blood and tears, France in her greatness rises again."

And from General Eisenhower, Supreme Commander-in-Chief, came this message to the people of Western Europe, and the Citizens of France.

"A landing was made this morning on the coast of France by troops of the Allied Expeditionary Force. This landing is part of the concerted United Nations' plan for the liberation of Europe, made in conjunction with our great Russian allies.

"I have this message for all of you. Although the initial assault may not have been made in your own country, the hour of your liberation is approaching.

"All patriots, men and women, young and old, have a part to play in the achievement of final victory. To members of resistance movements, whether led by nationals or by outside leaders, I say, 'Follow the instructions you have received.' To patriots who are not members of organised resistance groups, I say, 'Continue your passive resistance, but do not needlessly endanger your lives: wait until I give you the signal to rise and strike the enemy. The day will come when I shall need your united strength.' Until that day, I call on you for the hard task of discipline and restraint.

* * *

"I am proud to have again under my command the gallant Forces of France. Fighting beside their allies, they will play a worthy part in the liberation of their Homeland.

"Because the initial landing has been made on the soil of your country, I repeat to you with even greater emphasis my message to the peoples of other occupied countries in Western Europe. Fol-

low the instructions of your leaders. A premature uprising of all Frenchmen may prevent you from being of maximum help to your Country in the critical hour. Be patient. Prepare!

"As Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force, there is imposed on me the duty and responsibility of taking all measures necessary to the prosecution of the war. Prompt and willing obedience to the orders that I issue is essential.

"Effective civil administration of France must be provided by Frenchmen. All persons must continue in their present duties unless otherwise instructed. Those who have made common cause with the enemy and so betrayed their country will be removed. When France is liberated from her oppressors, you yourselves will choose your representatives, and the government under which you wish to live.

"In the course of this campaign for the final defeat of the enemy you may sustain further loss and damage. Tragic though they may be, they are part of the price of victory. I assure you that I shall do all in my power to mitigate your hardships. I know that I can count on your steadfastness now, no less than in the past. The heroic deeds of Frenchmen who have continued the struggle against the Nazis and their Vichy satellites, in France, in Italy, and throughout the French Empire, have been an example and an inspiration to all of us.

"This landing is but the opening phase of the campaign in Western Europe. Great battles lie ahead. I call upon all who love freedom to stand with us. Keep your faith staunch—our arms are resolute—together we shall achieve victory."

DEMOCRACY AND THE PRESS IN FRANCE

by Jean-Jacques Mayoux

We are fighting for Freedom; all the freedoms, and not least for the freedom of thought and expression. It is often recalled how the French revolution of 1830 was started by the suppression of freedom of the Press. Every Frenchman has his opinion on most subjects and holds them dear, and he wants to be able both to utter them and to see them uttered. He wants to find what he thinks in his newspaper. His paper (like his deputy) is his own mind become articulate; or so he believes.

But what common measure is there between the obscure mind of the man in the street and the enormous opinion-moulding machine that is the modern Press? One of the crucial problems, perhaps the crucial problem of the Press, particularly in France, is this: What do newspapers represent? They are no longer little groups of individuals with opinions, addressing the public as from a platform; they are big commercial affairs; they *sell* thought or thought-substitutes.

Again, there are two ways of selling thought and opinion: either as an honest product at a fair price, or by dumping it, but making the loss good by subsidies.

In France before the war, the honest way was the exception. Neither sales nor genuine advertisements paid. But the *Comité des Forges*, the big banks, Germany, paid. Thus a newspaper like *Le Matin*, while pretending to tell a million Frenchmen what other honest Frenchmen thought of foreign affairs, was actually telling them what Germany wanted them

to hear. A weekly like *Gringoire* was so blatantly Fascist that it is difficult to see how it could take anybody in, but its success showed that if you assert any thesis persistently enough you make converts to it and, what is more, you sap the strength as you destroy the absolute faith of your opponents. Giving bad names systematically was a feature of this sinister plot against all the young forces of democracy in France.

I have no hesitation in stating that the preparation of French opinion for Munich, that the lukewarm temper of the war spirit, were the work of a section of the Press. Those who were not in France on the morrow of the Armistice, those who did not see the merchants of opinions selling pro-German sentiments before the last British flags had been furled and before the pressure of the new regime became effective, those who did not see *Le Matin*, *L'Oeuvre*, *Le Petit Parisien*, hastening back to Paris to take German orders, cannot understand the spirit in which the Algiers Assembly tackled Press reform. It was entirely a spirit of reaction against such betrayals. It has been claimed that there seems to be more awareness in Algiers of the peril of licence on the part of the Press than of its subjection to authority. Can anyone really wonder why?

It is not a paradox, nor hypocrisy, but maybe an indication of our innocence that the state control we dream of is not meant to ensure subjection but to strike at the moral roots of licence and

subjection, which are the same.

In the Press plans that have been drafted, every article is a retort, betokening some rankling memory. Exceptional guarantees against libel and slander! Was not *Gringoire's* masterpiece its campaign against Blum's minister Salengro? *Gringoire* drove him to utter depression and suicide because 20 years before, during the last war, he was listed missing (having been captured by the Germans) and tried in his absence for possible desertion. The Salengro campaign was the most efficient piece of mud-slinging against the Popular Front.

In the old days, François Coty, the Fascist perfumer, bought up the *Petit Journal* and sold copies for 5 centimes, that is, he practically gave it away to spread his views. Is it any wonder that we ruled in Algiers, however clumsily, that the proprietor of a newspaper could not derive his main income from some other source? In the old days you could also wield a dominant influence in a paper by cornering the advertisements. Is it any wonder that we want advertising carefully regulated—the advertisements to be handed in through co-operative organizations and not through the Havas monopoly? The great principle of the new France—is it not the essential democratic principle?—must be responsibility. Responsibility as opposed to anonymity—anonymity of funds, anonymity of writers.

Many of the great newspapers have acted in the past as the defenders of big business, of vested interests, as doughty mercenaries of this modern feudalism which has prevented democratic rule from becoming effective and efficient in France. Let us then suggest this formula: the so-called free Press

of France was not a democratic but a feudal power.

Now if popular—no, this time, *national*—opinion in France tries tomorrow to establish a social democracy, is it likely that the old plutocratic system will go out without a kick? And that it can be counted on to state its case fairly?

The problem of the Press and the freedom of the Press in the France of tomorrow is *technically* a problem in itself. It is none the less part of the problem of democratic freedom in a country where freedom has been diversely and fatally misused. We have to point out the road and see that the right turning is taken. We have to prepare everything for a new start. This immense yearning for a new start is characteristic of the France of to-day, perhaps more than of any other European country. France wants to make a clean sweep of shameful yesterdays. Hence all these drastic measures, suppressing Vichy papers, investigating the identity of newcomers to the newspaper world—all this makes some of our friends wonder whether we are not becoming slightly totalitarian. They must understand that in fact we want to bring into the world of tomorrow something of the atmosphere of proud and heroic purity which to-day characterizes our clandestine Press, this clandestine Press of which A. J. Liebling writes admirably in the *New Yorker*:

"The only great nation with a completely uncensored Press to-day is France. All valid French newspapers are illegal, printed at the risk of death and circulated under penalty of long imprisonment, conditions which at least ensure their freedom from official guidance."



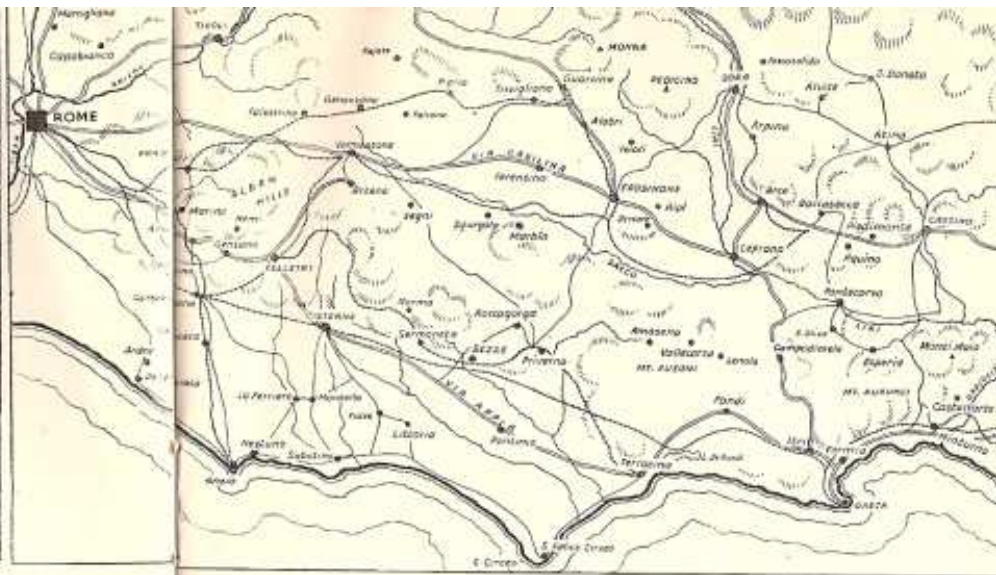
General Alphonse Juin, Commander of the French forces in Italy.

THE VICTORS OF MONTE MAIO

Four years ago the British Expeditionary Force left a bewildered French Army laying down its arms on French soil because French leaders gave the word—*cesser le combat*. How hard those orders were to bear, only a Frenchman can really understand. Had not conscription and total mobilisation made him part of what, between the two wars, he believed to be the finest army in Europe? If for the Frenchman the situation was stunning, for his English ally it was inexplicable. And for the Frenchman, temporarily, there was no solution. How the words of a French *agent de liaison* with the B.E.F., evacuated from Dunkirk, remain clearly in my mind. "If we killed a hundred Boches, there were a hundred more behind him, and a thousand behind that hundred waiting to fill the gaps." Was this the end of the *armée d'élite* which he and his ancestors had known, and the beginning of a new war where numerical superiority of men, tanks, guns and

planes was the sole decisive factor? Mass production, in fact, had come into its own on the battlefield.

In time the men of the French Army found the answer to the new war-problem, and French armies with new ideas and new equipment re-entered the fight. The heroic action at Bir Hakeim proved that these men of the *armée d'élite* were of the stuff that is indispensable to the making of a first-rate fighting force under the new conditions as under the old. Three years after the collapse, re-equipped with the finest American material, the French armies are back on the Italian fighting front, proudly conscious of deserving to rank on an equal footing with the Allies. The British Press has given unstinted praise to the men who captured Monte Maio, and to their commander, General Juin. The British soldier, too, has been quick to hold out a welcoming hand to his French ally. One who had been in the thick of the fighting in Italy wrote in a letter to his father, recently published



in the correspondence columns of *The Times*: "So far the outstanding feature is the performance of the French. All the glory of the French Army has been reborn and Frenchmen when attacking are truly formidable. They press on and on with great dash. The loss of valuable lives and the inevitable suffering are merely attributed by them to 'C'est la guerre.' They are an inspiration."

The sector which was allotted to the French troops, and which they had occupied some weeks ago without the enemy observing the troop movements, included the bridgehead on the lower bend of the Garigliano and stopped north of the confluence of the Liri and the Rapido. This terrain was the pivot of the attack, wrote a French war correspondent, and the Germans had neglected none of the precautions to make the heights which the French forces had to take as impregnable as was possible, with mine-fields, block-houses and barbed wire. Our success was due to the surprise, violence and speed of the assault.

Breaking completely with all

military tradition, orders were given that the assault would take place at 23.00 hours, and that it would not be a mere "coup de main" limited to the first enemy defence lines, but a general attack pushed to its utmost limits. In addition, there was to be no preliminary artillery preparation. When the firing started on a line from Cassino to the sea, the infantry was to attack. Finally, at the break of day, the air force was not to bring its support to the troops engaged, but merely to isolate the battlefield, to make it into a closed area by attacking the enemy in the rear. Fierce resistance was expected, and the battle was indeed very violent, but the first objectives had been reached by morning. Faito was taken, the French were on the edge of Castelforte, and at the foot of Monte Maio.

On the evening of the second day, all along the Allied offensive front, notable successes had been obtained. The fierce resistance put up by the Germans had an important information value: it proved that the Gustav line was

the spine of the enemy defence system, and that once this line was crossed, victory would be well on the way.

And, in fact, the skilful capture of Monte Maio on the 15th May, and the six-mile advance in three days by the French troops smashing through the Gustav line, forced the Germans to retreat to their next line of defence—the Adolf Hitler. How this act of valour influenced the course of events was enthusiastically reported in the British Press—extracts from which are quoted in the next column. Subsequently, British and Indian troops of the 8th Army, battling through the Liri valley, and American troops of the 5th Army advancing near the coast had the way considerably eased for them. Next success of Juin's forces came at Esperia, at the foot of Monte d'Oro, while the British troops of the 8th Army a day later took Cassino. A letter on a captured German soldier which he had written to his wife said, "Our Free French and Moroccan opponents are remarkably good. My heart bleeds when I look at my poor battalion—after five days, 150 men lost." Pressing on through Ceperano, the French troops, operating as the hinge between the 5th and 8th Armies took part in the capture of Frosinone, last important junction in Highway Six before Rome.

When Rome fell on the 5th June, General Juin's forces had the satisfaction of knowing that their contribution had been great to the fall of the capital of the country which, on the 11th June, 1940, seven days after the evacuation from Dunkirk, had stabbed a lone and out-classed French army in the back.

M.I.M.K.

FROM THE BRITISH PRESS--

The French Corps, fighting with typical *furia francese*, has broken clean through the Gustav Line. . .

It is impossible to rate the French achievement too highly.

The progress of the French troops of the Fifth Army in the tangled hills between the Liri valley and the sea has been remarkable. These fine troops, well trained in mountain warfare, have already given proof of their quality during the winter. Their work in this offensive shows that the high opinion which has been formed of them was justified.

THE TIMES, 16:5:44.

The magnificent advance of the French on the left flank through high mountains has forced the Germans at the southern end of the valley to swing back very near to their second defence line—the Adolf Hitler.

NEWS CHRONICLE, 16:5:44.

The speed and power of the French attack has been the surprise of the offensive. On the map their sector is shown as consisting almost entirely of mountains and steep valleys.

DAILY MAIL, 16:5:44.

There is a buoyant confidence throughout the French forces and they say that they have only just begun.

DAILY TELEGRAPH, 16:5:44.

French troops in twin-thrusts have made the most sensational gains—"whirlwind" is one description from the front of their advance.

DAILY SKETCH, 16:5:44.

The spectacular French advance overran the defences of an entire division.

DAILY EXPRESS, 16:5:44.

GENERAL ALPHONSE JUIN

by Jerome Willis

Four years ago the Germans rendered homage to a French general and his troops for their brave fight against terrific odds.

That general was Alphonse Juin. On 17th May, 1940, Juin was retreating before a sea of German tanks. He was bringing back the remnants of his division into France before the avalanche. He halted before Lille, when everything to the left and right of him was going.

There he stuck and fought for several days. It was a hopeless fight. To the south the Germans were flowing through to the sea. To the north the confusion that ended in Dunkirk.

Juin, with his Algerian, Moroccan and hard-bitten French desert troops, fought on. He was surrounded. He had lost 80 per cent. of his effectives. In the end Juin was forced to surrender.

The German General Wagner, on orders from Von Reichenau, paid tribute to Juin's courage by allowing him and his men to carry their arms through the streets of Lille, while the German troops presented arms.

This was the only instance of German homage to French generals in the Battle of France.

A close friend of Juin who fought with him in North Africa told me this story. Juin he termed "*un vrai général français*."

Juin went to a German prison with the men left from his division. There he fretted until Weygand, through Pétain, claimed him.

Pétain negotiated his release with the Germans, and the day arrived when General Juin was taken straight from his German prison to the shores of North Africa. The Germans, no doubt, are regretting this to-day.

Juin knows North Africa well.

He was born there 55 years ago, and went to school in Constantine, in Algeria, before going to St. Cyr.

In the last war Juin's right hand was crippled by a bullet. To-day he cannot raise it much above his ribs. When he writes he holds the pen between his second and third fingers. And he always salutes with the left hand.

When Juin returned to North Africa after the last war as a 30-year-old colonel, Marshal Lyautey took him on his staff. He was one of the chiefs who directed the operations in the Riff war. Juin acquitted himself brilliantly.

When the Allied campaign in North Africa started, Juin was put at the head of the French troops. They numbered about 78,000. The Armistice had stripped them of any real armament. Many of them were ragged, their only arms were primitive.

With these they fought their way beside the British and American armies that stormed their way into Tunisia. Then they were re-equipped.

It is this army, with General Juin, which is now forging ahead against the Germans.

Juin is a popular general among his officers. Before battle he takes them into his confidence and discusses his strategy with them. He is approachable, always open to new ideas.

With his light, quick step, alert figure and unlined face he looks about forty. He smokes a pipe for preference and plays bridge.

As a soldier he has one idea at the moment: To fight his way back to release the remnants of his old division in France. These men are still prisoners of the Germans.

(By courtesy of the "Evening Standard.")

ITALY: THE FRENCH ADVANCE

In the mountainous terrain - on the right - French troops commanded by General Juin (talking to General Roosevelt below) have achieved their spectacular successes over the enemy and captured 5000 prisoners - a few of whom are seen in the centre picture.



TWO PEOPLES . . . ONE CIVILISATION

by I. T. Bergeret

Another book has come out of France. Sixty pages printed with sober elegance; binding, paper, type and make-up are all in the best tradition of pre-war French typography. Yet the book comes from the underground—where the printing of the simplest tract is nothing less than a desperate problem, and where every scrap of paper, every stick of type, carries with it a death sentence.

This is the sixth publication in the series brought out by the clandestine *Editions de Minuit*, that began in February, 1942, with the "Silence de la Mer." The new book, whose author signs with the pen-name "Argonne," bears the date September, 1943, and the title "Angleterre."

It brings a reply to the question: What are Frenchmen thinking to-day about their ally, Great Britain? But first of all it evokes a memory.

June, 1940 . . . Like Argonne, those of us who lived through those "black and interminable days in France," have not forgotten what Frenchmen were thinking then.

"All is not lost. England stands firm. She has refused Hitler's peace offers. She fights on alone. England—sole ray of light in the blackness of our night. English tenacity, our one buckler against despair. All France has mind and heart fixed on the besieged island. England . . . last and only hope for France."

Like Argonne, we remember the fear that darkened our hope as the might of the Wehrmacht gathered on the Western sea-board and the Luftwaffe roared overhead to bomb British ports and cities.

How we prayed for storms during those calm summer nights, and—with Argonne—wondered desperately as we watched and waited: "Will 'They' land in England to-night? Will this night be our last?"

All the while, Hitler's threats rang constantly in our ears: "After Warsaw and Rotterdam, London . . . I will wipe out every British city." We thought—with Argonne—of the great ports, the industrial cities, the mediaeval towns, the cathedrals, palaces, universities . . . "All that glorious past, that rich future . . . was it doomed?" How we listened to the B.B.C.! The calm British voices . . . Churchill, promising days of tears and blood and an indomitable will to resist and conquer. How we waited each night for the re-assuring boom of Big Ben—England still stood. "Oh, England, we had to live through those hours, tortured by fear and powerless, to understand what you mean to us."

* * *

That was four years ago. Four years of prison for France and Frenchmen, in air that was charged and poisoned with Nazi propaganda. Having lost the Battle of Britain and abandoned the invasion of the British Isles, the enemy intensified his propaganda onslaught. The radio, the Nazi-controlled French Press, thousands of posters on the walls of French cities, flattered and cajoled, called all history to witness, repeated the incessant refrain: "Germany is no enemy of France. France has but one adversary, an adversary of all time—England."

It was a challenge to all thinking Frenchmen.

Argonne, as spokesman for countless other Frenchmen, accepts the challenge. Others than Germans can journey into the past and interpret the lesson of history. In his book he examines the record, not content to accept it at face value or to trace the influence of one nation on the other at a given period, with no other object than to show that such influences existed. Argonne studies them at the source and analyses the underlying causes. What are the inherent qualities of each nation and what are the points they share in common?

Here are his conclusions:

The conflicts of the past between English and French have the characteristics of civil rather than national warfare. Leaders in any given camp found partisans on both sides of the Channel; passions and opinions were shared or opposed by corresponding groups in either country. These were fratricidal quarrels which "never assumed the proportions of a vital national or racial conflict. Frenchmen fought Englishmen as the Armagnacs fought the Burgundians; the English, the Scots; the Albigenses, the crusaders of Simon de Montfort . . ." But in the 19th century, when throughout Europe the nations "crystallised" in their modern form, when the "national factor took precedence in the life of peoples over dynastic, religious, or political quarrels," the two rival "provinces," France and England, drew together to preserve their common patrimony—Western civilisation.

As Argonne points out, England and France share a past that goes back to the sources of Western civilisation. When Spain was half-

LES CAHIERS DU SILENCE

VERCORS

LE SILENCE
DE LA MER

FOREZ

LE CAHIER
NOIR

CHRONIQUES
INTERDITES

THIMERAIS

LA PENSEE
PATIENTE

LAURENT DANIEL

LES AMANTS
D'AVIGNON

ARGONNE 870

ANGLETERRE

(D'ALCUIN A HUXLEY)

Islamized, when the German and Italian states were still prey to feudal anarchy, when Russia lay in the grip of the Golden Horde, England and France were already firmly installed in their national identity. "They were Europe. Their princes, their ruling classes and merchants might indulge in fratricidal wars; nothing threatened the civilisation which they alone incarnated as powerful nations."

This common civilisation, as Argonne testifies, transcends the long record of battles. "There are bonds which no sword can cut—those of the spirit." For centuries the thought and culture of England and France have interpenetrated: they are interlaced and woven together—strands of a mighty fabric "that no political conflict can tear or destroy."

Writing as a Frenchman, Argonne reviews the great names of Britain's past—philosophers, men of science and letters—who throughout the ages brought their acknowledged contribution to the culture of France. He shows how, beginning with the Middle Ages, men and ideas crossed the Channel in a brilliant and uninterrupted procession. There was Alcuin of York, who came to France at the call of Charlemagne to found the *Ecole du Palais* and begin the renaissance of Western thought after the Germanic invasions. Scotus Erigena, his successor, who proclaimed "All authority not based on true reason is null and void." Chaucer, the friend of Froissart. William of Occam—"the first of the great thinkers who with Francis Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Voltaire and Cordillac have built the civilisation by and for which we live."

The record extends on through the centuries—the 16th, with Spenser,

Bacon and Shakespeare; the 17th—Newton and John Locke, "that soldier of liberty" whose doctrine "taken over and adapted by Montesquieu, Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau, was to transform the world." The 18th, when Voltaire told his countrymen: "To the English we owe our system of annuities and rents, ship-building, the law of gravity, differential calculus, the colours of the solar spectrum, vaccination . . . Gradually we will also adopt their noble freedom of thought and their deep scorn for the twaddle of pedants."

To Argonne, here lies the fundamental contribution of English thought to the common culture: the cult of liberty, of reason based on experience; the cult of the individual, of human dignity as opposed to brute force. "But this is also the ideal of France—the France of St. Louis, Joan of Arc, Descartes, Pascal and the Revolution . . . Two peoples . . . but one civilisation." And Argonne concludes by stigmatising the "absurd presumption of barbarians who imagine they can destroy by the sword the work of a thousand years."

It is no mere chance that this brave book should come out of France to-day. After four years of enemy occupation and propaganda, Frenchmen are still profoundly conscious that the "entente" with Great Britain is no passing phenomenon: it is knit in the bone and sinew of both peoples.

That Frenchmen should feel this so acutely, is significant. That they should risk torture and death to proclaim it to the world like an article of faith, implies even more. Argonne's "Angleterre" is not only a scholarly and moving document. It contains rich promise for the future.

ESCAPIST CAMOUFLAGE



*General de Lattre de Tassigny
—as he appears to-day.*

*As disguised for his escape
from France.*



*M. Louis Marin (Right Wing
Republican Leader)
—as his friends knew him in France.*

*As, with shaved face and dyed
hair, he arrived in London.*

COURAGE HAS NO AGE . . .

by François Joliet

She comes with a decided step—a compact little figure, round-faced and alert, short grey hair under the simple hat. "Very like my mother, don't you think?" says my London friend as we rise to greet her.

She is mother and grandmother, with daughters—where are they now in the France of Himmler and Laval? . . . and sons in the Maquis. On her coat lapel she wears a bit of striped ribbon, the Medal of Resistance. Because of what that ribbon signifies, she is here to-day in London. In France, it would be prison, perhaps the firing squad . . .

She sits between us at the table, composed and faintly smiling. It might be her own tea-table; the restaurant, its shaded lights, the hum of well-bred voices—her own drawing-room. I ask for news of former friends, a painter and his wife—(Always that question, the first we put to newcomers: "What of So-and-So? Where is he? How is he reacting?") The reply comes briskly. "I have not seen them for months. They are collaborating." At my startled "What?" a glint of malice kindles her dark eyes. "In his case, call it sheer stupidity; in hers . . . well, you know, she liked to pose as an eccentric. Besides, there was that big place of theirs and the inherited fortune. They had"—with biting irony—"so much to lose . . ."

We speak of others who had also "much to lose" and who, without hesitancy, made the sacrifice . . . "if you can call it 'sacrifice.' What are mere things to us in France to-day?" I ask, "Have you news of C . . . and her

invalid son?" "They are in hiding. Could she escape with that poor lad of hers?" "And M . . .?" "In hiding also. You know she is a Jewess . . ."

How often the phrase recurs as we talk on—"in hiding," "somewhere in the provinces, under an assumed name." "Perhaps 20 per cent. of the population lives illegally, away from home, with a false identity—refugees in their own land. Perhaps even more. . . ."

And now we come to other names—"in prison" . . . "deported" . . . "dead." The motherly face under the grey hair loses its look of unquenchable youth. "So many of our best have gone," she says wearily. "With each day that passes, we lose others. And if it were only death . . . To-day every man, every woman of the resistance knows what to expect if taken . . . Oh, I understand, it is hard for people here—decent people—to believe such things. They listen, politely incredulous, and their look says: 'propaganda.' Sometimes I almost despair—must we always wait until it happens to us, before we realise . . .? Yet these things *must* be told. Over and over I repeat—these are not isolated cases, the work of a few. Torture is part of the Nazi policy—applied methodically, implacably and universally . . . a means to an end."

Name after name . . . M . . . whom we both know, a girl in her twenties, frail and blond. Tied to a chair and questioned—without food, water or rest—for 52 hours by relays of inquisitors. T . . . stripped of her clothes, locked for days in a cell that contained

nothing, literally nothing, not even straw to lie on.

"That is the mildest treatment for women prisoners, militants of resistance; take away their clothes, allow them no water to wash in, no facilities whatsoever, subject them to countless, unspeakable indignities.

"They shot one of the men in my group. His wife saw the body, covered with burns (burning is one of the milder methods) and flesh wounds. Sometimes they let the family have the body, to serve as an example . . . Though you have heard, when they hang or shoot our lads of the Maquis, they refuse to let them be buried—leave them exposed for days and weeks in the open street. Yes, it's like the Middle Ages . . . and worse . . .

"If I were to tell you . . . things that belong to the field of psychiatry, that make you shudder to think of . . . and that no paper would print. Perhaps even you would hesitate to believe . . . But not the Russians or the Poles, or the Jews everywhere . . . They know.

"When I think what some of our people have endured, without revealing a name, without uttering a word . . . But it takes super-human strength. Not all of us have that. Besides, you have no way of gauging in advance how you will react. There is a limit to what human nature will stand. To-day if you are caught, it is almost a duty . . . to make certain of your silence by the only sure guarantee: suicide. But not all have that luck . . ."

A little shiver, and for a while she said nothing. We sat staring at our lunch plates. At that moment, it was as if the restaurant, the people about us existed no

longer. It had all become dim and unreal, like something seen in a mirror. Then our guest spoke again.

"Yet all who have been in prison—all who escaped or were rescued—tell the same story. The marvellous spirit that prevails in spite of everything. Messages filter from cell to cell and penetrate the thickest walls. As one woman told me—'We never felt abandoned or alone. We never lost the feeling of our union, the knowledge that we all stood together. It gave us strength to resist and endure, to be equal to anything. Even death. We would have gone to meet it—and many did—singing the *Marseillaise*.'"

It came over me then . . . in all our talk there had been no word about herself. So many things we longed to ask, yet had we the right? I pointed to the ribbon on her coat.

"Is there anything you can tell us? I mean, that you are free to tell . . . For instance, how you began working for resistance?"

At the question, her face grew young again, alive.

"It was quite simple, in fact only natural. I had always hated the Nazis and what they stood for—even before they began spreading their evil network across Europe. And when they came to France and us . . . well, how could anyone sit idle? Concretely, it began with my sons . . . You see, we expected that what is happening to-day would happen at once, immediately after the Armistice. We did not foresee their plan: to divide France into two zones; their attempt to divide Frenchmen with the insidious slow poison of their propaganda. All our thoughts, all our efforts in those first days were concentrated on



"BOUBOULE"

Stocky and round-faced, Edouard Pinaud was given this Sobriquet by Guynemer

Thirty years ago, Edouard Pinaud took to the air, to fight the Germans. He began as an air mechanic in the "Cigogne" Squadron that first made history during the Great War—the squadron of the great French ace Guynemer. Tradition has it that Guynemer gave the young air mechanic the sobriquet that has stuck to him for thirty years. Stocky and round-faced, with eyes that could be both keen and merry—he was "Bouboule" to Guynemer and his comrades, and Bouboule he has remained to three decades of young flyers who have every reason to remember him with gratitude and affection. Bouboule. . . .

By the time the first war ended, the young air mechanic had climbed into the pilot's seat. He had all the obvious qualities that make for an airman: daring, initiative, accurate judgment, steel nerves and a healthy body that answered its "controls" like a finely-adjusted mechanism. He had also another

gift—that of imparting his skill to others. The war had ended—as men then thought—but the world was becoming air-minded. Whether for peace or war, France must have flyers in the skies of the future. So reasoned Bouboule—and he set out to train them.

He chose Alsace, his native Strasbourg, as the site for his flying school. With the years it grew constantly in size and importance. When the Blum Government came to power, the state took an active interest in the school, which became a centre for popular aviation.

In 1939, Bouboule, like all Frenchmen, joined the colours. Again his Alsace, like all France, was threatened. With Bouboule, his flying school went into uniform. It became School No. 23 of the Army Air Force.

Months passed. May, 1940. . . . June. . . . As the blitzkrieg thundered through the Low Countries and poured like a tidal wave into

Bouboule—Comrade of Guynemer—with a cadet in an English village—more trained pilots for France

northern France, School No. 23 fell back with the retreating armies. From Alsace, across France to Brittany—to Le Mans, to Rennes, to Morlaix. At Morlaix, fresh orders: "Head south to Quimper." Bouboule brought the school to Quimper, intact; 120 flying cadets, ground staff, 'planes and material. But at Quimper there were no instructions. Bouboule telephoned Air Headquarters at Rennes. A German voice answered the telephone. He called Brest. This time a French voice: "Stay where you are."

Stay and capitulate. . . . Pétain had asked for an armistice. The armies of France were to lay down their arms. Was France irremediably defeated? The answer came over the ether—General de Gaulle speaking from London: "I call upon all Frenchmen, wherever they are, to join me. . . ."

For Bouboule the hour of decision struck then.

"I am leaving," he said. "No-one will make me a Boche." And to the 120 pilots: "You are all

volunteers. You are free to make your choice. Those who want to carry on the fight, come with me."

The 120 cadets stepped forward like one man. Then they set to work; their planes—baby Lucioles, unfit for the Channel crossing—they destroyed, along with material and equipment. After two days and two nights in the Channel, they reached a Cornish port in safety. Bouboule has never forgotten, will never forget, the welcome that met them on British soil. Within a few weeks, School No. 23 was functioning again, equipped with aircraft, training material and airfield, all complete—the first nucleus of the French Air Force that was to be born again.

Four years have gone by. Bouboule and his training school are still hard at work. Hundreds of young flyers have passed through his capable hands.

As for Bouboule himself—though too "old" for flying, according to air force standards—he has totalled 1,500 flying hours since his

(Continued on page 69)

MAY SESSION OF THE ALGIERS ASSEMBLY

The Consultative Assembly opened its fourth session on the 2nd May, and two ballots were necessary to re-elect Félix Gouin, Socialist Deputy for Marseilles, as President of the Chamber. At the first count he obtained 31 votes out of a possible 62, while Metropolitan Resistance Delegate Pierre Claudius got 24. At the second ballot, Gouin was elected by 39 against 19. André Mercier, Albert Bosman, Jean Hauriou, and Father Carrière were elected Vice-Presidents.

When the proceedings opened under the presidency of doyen Paul Cuttoli, Senator for Constantine, who is 83 years old, there were cheers for the newcomers and an ovation for the first woman delegate, Madame Odette Simard.

The forces of resistance in France, of whom—according to Marshal von Rundstedt—175,000 are awaiting the call to “stab the German Army in the back,” are to be given a definite status in the French Army, and are to be known as the French Forces of the Interior. It is hoped this status will be recognised internationally.

Emmanuel d'Astier, Commissioner for the Interior, said this when the first big debate of the session—aid to the Resistance—opened in the Consultative Assembly.

As examples of conditions in France, he said that 120,000 people had been shot there since the Armistice, according to Vichy. Of 347 Frenchwomen held in the prison of Romainville in January, 1943, only 70 were alive to-day.

The first day of the vital debate

on France's foreign relations, which followed a discussion on aid to the Resistance, was calm enough, though pleasantly enlivened at the finish when General de Gaulle intervened to tell delegates the first news of French successes in Italy. Previously René Massigli gave a long report on the Liberation Committee's relations with the allied and other powers, and made special reference to the recent statements by Cordell Hull and Anthony Eden: “The Allies now recognise in France's war-time government the natural defenders of French interests. Doubtless the support which the Committee receives from the Resistance Movements inside France, and the solidarity of the Empire are responsible for this evolution, which we might have preferred to have been more rapid.”

It was during the course of this debate that a motion was put down by Albert Gazier, underground delegate of the Central Trade Unions, to the effect that the Committee of National Liberation should officially adopt the title of the Provisional Government of the Republic. A vote of confidence in the Committee ended the discussion.

A three-day debate on the problems of youth and the usual day devoted to answers by Ministers to written questions were the last highlights of the May session. The Assembly adjourned in principle until the first Tuesday of July, but seemed to think they might well meet before that date. The Assembly can be summoned at any time at the request of two-thirds of its members.

ANDRÉ LAGUERRE.

COURAGE HAS NO AGE . . .

(Continued from page 65)

“escape, evasion . . . the hope to join our forces overseas and carry on the fight. My sons and all their friends were planning and contriving . . . And so, I happened to meet someone who was helping soldiers who had been hidden since Dunkirk. One day, I sheltered two fugitives myself and helped to guide them on their journey. That was the beginning. One thing led to another. At last”—she spread her hands with a little laugh—“they came in swarms . . .”

“It was then, in the months that followed, that I came to know my people. The simple people of France—factory workers in Paris and the provinces, country folk . . . No hesitancy there: they saw clear from the first. Such willingness to take risks. Such decision and courage. Even the children—helping to hide refugees, giving them food and clothes, passing them on . . .”

“And no-one ever refused to help?”

“Even the timorous would tell us of a neighbour who . . . In every community, the cowards and traitors were never more than a handful—and everyone knew them.

“BOUBOULE”

(Continued from page 67)

arrival in Great Britain. He has no equal, say the flying cadets, in the expert handling of a plane.

In the little village near the airfield, all the townfolk know Bouboule. They call to him from doorways: “Good morning, Commandant. Good morning, Monsieur Bouboule.” And he answers invariably “*Bonjour, mon ami.*” He has friends everywhere, even though he speaks nothing but his native French. He has never

And so the underground movement took shape: letters, messages and men passed in contraband; clandestine newspapers were printed and distributed . . .”

“But you . . .,” I prompted.

“Me? Oh, I kept on for months, until the Gestapo marked me. When that happens, someone else must take over and carry on in your place. And you see, I was lucky . . . When the time came, I, too, was ‘passed on’ to safety, out of the country. That day, as it happened, I was not alone.” Her eyes danced. “In fact we were quite a large party . . . Now here I am in free England, and that is all there is to the story . . . at least for the present.”

* * *

On the pavement before the restaurant, we took leave of our guest. We watched her set off down the street with her firm decided step and the air of one whose task is far from finished.

“There goes France,” I thought.

“So like my mother,” murmured my London friend. “I am trying to picture . . . my mother . . . How true it is,” she added thoughtfully, “there is no age . . . for courage . . .”

learned English. He has not had the time.

To-day he wears four gold rings on his blue sleeve, and on his tunic the green-and-black ribbon of the *Croix de la Libération*. Like all true Frenchmen, he is working and hoping for French freedom. That is the immediate goal. But Commandant Pinaud looks further ahead and sees no end to his task. In war or peace, there must be French flyers in the skies of the future. And in peace as in war, Bouboule will be there to train them.