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# Tricolore

NEWS OF FRANCE AT WAR



WHEN D Day came there was among French people in the free world a curious mixture of elation and anxiety. They said: "At last"; and they thought: "Yet all is not ready. France's position is still obscure. The liberation period is going to tax all the courage of the French, and yet they will not know where France stands with her allies." For there were no agreements between the French and the Allies. France was a vacant lot and seemed doomed to some form of temporary AMGOT.

Now D Day is nearly three months old, and what seemed incredible on the 6th June we already take for granted.

General de Gaulle has been to Washington, he has had frank talks with President Roosevelt and made friends with him. As a result the Government of the U.S.A. has recognized the Algiers Committee as the *de facto* authority for the Government of liberated French territories. The agreements signed between our three powers will make this a reality. There is now a French Government among allied Governments. That it should be recognized as the authority over liberated territories might seem to mean that it could not yet make its voice heard in international matters. Perhaps General de Gaulle had this in mind when he asked as he left Washington whether it was "to be imagined that the subject of France's uncomfortable neighbour of the last 2,000 years could be settled without the participation of France."

Now that question of General de Gaulle's has been answered by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons. He hailed the days when France was again going to be raised and raise herself to her rightful place among all the great powers of Europe. He stated that it was "one of the main interests of Great Britain that it should be so," and added: "Our landing in Normandy, the course of the war, the whole tide of events show quite clearly that we shall presently once again have to deal with the problem of France and Germany along the Rhine and from that discussion France can by no means be excluded."

Nearly three months ago the Allies were landing in France. Next the first great provincial capital of France and one of the citadels of French patriotism, Rennes, was liberated and the Anglo-American *Blitzkrieg* of 1944 is establishing new records. The Allies have landed in the South of France and the most gigantic pincer movement of all times has started with magnificent dash. Three months ago some very young and inexperienced war correspondents were doubting the goodwill of the French. Since then the French Forces of the Interior have made their great contribution by liberating Paris. Throughout France they have consistently destroyed essential road and rail links, they have held up many panzer divisions and delayed the enemy's concentration at a crucial time. Their communiqués have become a daily feature and their participation in the battle of France has already received ample acknowledgment.

So France is vindicating herself and preparing to play a decisive part among her allies in the liberation of her soil and the construction of the Europe of to-morrow. At that final stage we shall remember all those who died that it might come; and that all heroic deaths are not in the field of battle. Pierre Viénot gave his life for his work. With him France loses a great Ambassador, in every sense representative of her spirit and her virtues. England loses a great friend. Together we shall keep his memory and let it be one more link between us as we go forward into the future.



General Leclerc talking to  
Lieut. Philippe de Gaulle  
in France.

# Tricolore

VOLUME IV

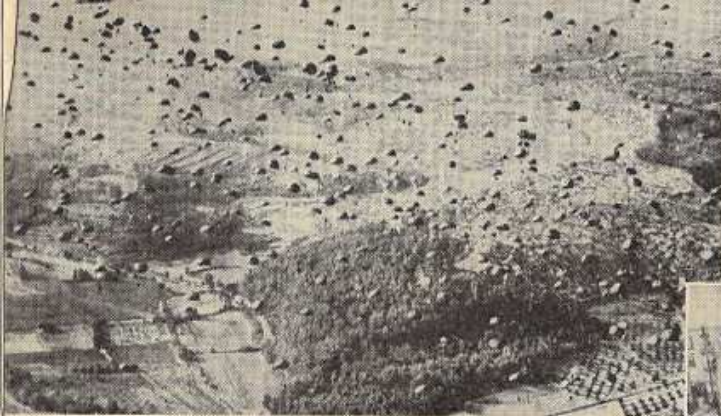
AUGUST, 1944

No. 4

## THE BATTLE FOR FRANCE

Paris is free! Paris, the citadel of Liberty, the corner-stone of the arch of Western civilisation, has been delivered from the vandal and the Hun! That is the crowning achievement of five years' battle for France—an achievement which gloriously rewards the suffering, the fortitude, the blood and tears and sweat, which, for the people of France, has been the incalculable prize of it. And to enhance the triumph, there is the proud consciousness that, in the supreme hour of her struggle, Parisians have themselves struck the decisive blow in the recovery of their own freedom. It is an event which will echo round the world, and establish itself among the unforgettable and signal incidents of history.

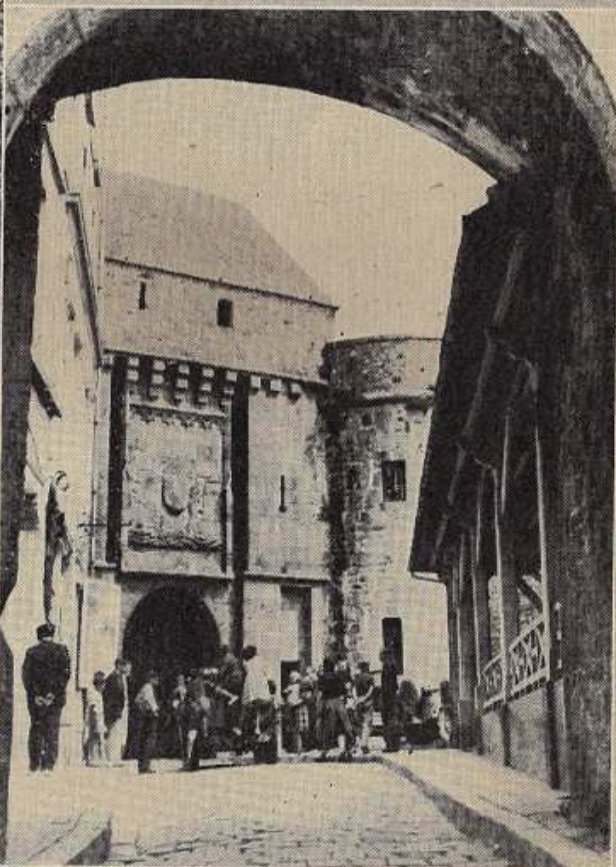
To give a clear picture of life and death in the far-reaching stretches of terrain which have been liberated, and of the multifarious problems which face the French people to-day, would take paper enough to fill a medium sized volume. Within the limits of space at our disposal, our attempt must be more modest. So we have tried, in photographs, to present as varied and representative a picture as is possible of the places about which the battle for France is raging.



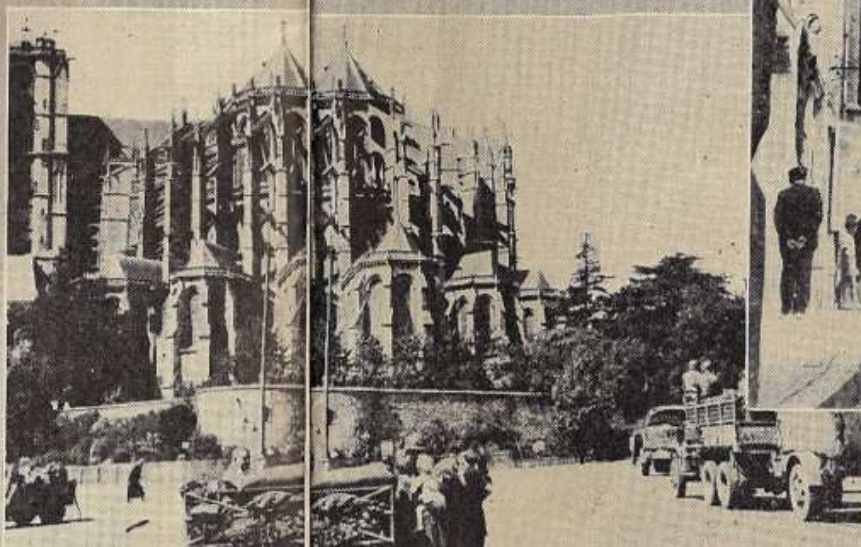
**SOUTH OF FRANCE**  
Early pictures of the Allied landing—  
Our airborne troops going in and German prisoners going out.



**RENNES (below)**  
The cheering population masses to greet the Allies.  
**MONT ST. MICHEL**  
Approach by Jeep (right) and a view through one of the Abbey gates.



**FALAISE**  
After returning to greet the Allies, these refugees were once more made homeless—  
by a German fire-bomb raid.



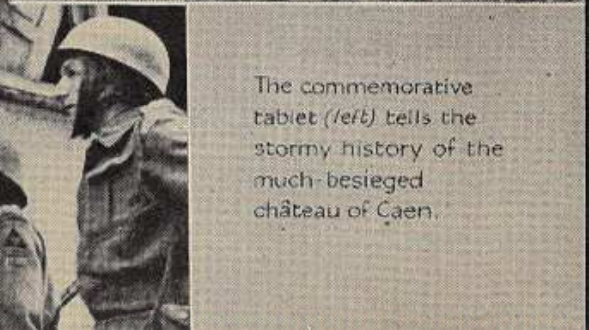
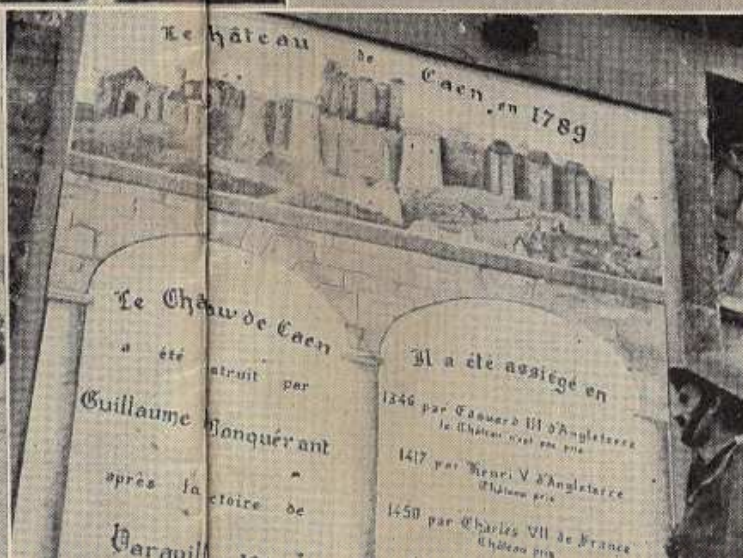
**LE MANS (left)**  
An American convoy halts by the XIIth Century Cathedral.



CHERBOURG - The freed people of Cherbourg cheer from the balcony of the Town Hall (above). German prisoners are marched in (below) - their captured commanders, Von Schlieben and Hennecke stand on either side of General Joseph Collins, Commander of the American Seventh Corps.



CAEN - Ruined main street in which stands the damaged XIVth-century church of St. Pierre.



The commemorative tablet (stèle) tells the stormy history of the much-besieged château of Caen.



**BAYEUX** (right) - A British convoy moves in. A French child (above) pays tribute to an American soldier.



**ISIGNY** - one of the first towns to be freed (above). A German anti-tank gun (below) in the Rue Victor Hugo.



Townspeople of Isigny crowd round to listen to a Psychological Welfare unit loud speaker.



**TREVIERES** (below) after the liberation. (Above) 10-year-old Jean Louis and his father have their injuries attended to at an American first aid post.





## THE FRENCH NAVY WAS THERE . . . .

By I. T. Bergeret

I have seen others since. He was the first. He stood in the centre of an eager group, sturdy and square in his blue uniform—its rings of gold braid tarnished by long months at sea. That day something set the young officer apart from his comrades. His Breton eyes had a new sparkle, his voice a new intonation. Still in his twenties—and a veteran of the war at sea—he seemed suddenly to have acquired a new gift of youth. The other men in blue crowded about him, bombarding him with questions. To them, too, he was the first. . . the first man among them who had been to France.

Since 1940 his ship had carried out many a mission, shepherding convoys over the winter Atlantic and north among the icefloes into the dark Arctic. But this had been

the gravest mission of them all. The one that men yearned for and awaited during months on end. It was the goal and the recompense for all the rest . . . France.

He was full of it. All his life, he said, he would carry with him the memory of the great Armada, the Fleet of Liberation—4,000 ships and countless small craft, with 400 mine-sweepers in the lead—setting out for the assault on the fortress of Europe and guarded by another mighty fleet—the Armada of the sky.

His own personal part in it all was of no consequence. . . . But his ship had been there, along with other French ships—cruisers, destroyers, frigates, corvettes and submarine chasers. The Navy of France had shared in the task of D Day together with the Allied

Navies. That was what counted.

"You can imagine . . . when the Normandy coast loomed ahead out of the night . . . we couldn't help envying our Commandos. They were going to fight the Germans at close range . . . ashore."

"But you went ashore—" said a voice.

"Yes, afterwards. When our first objectives were attained and the beaches cleared of the enemy. My group had a couple of hours. And, believe me, that was something. . . . When the craft that carried us ashore grounded on the beach . . . when the men felt the land, our land, under their feet. . . (For some of them, like me, it had been four years. . . .) Yes, when that moment came, it was . . . well, you can understand."

He broke off, as words failed him.

Indeed, we did understand. As he spoke, every man in the group thought of the day when he, too, would feel beneath his feet the soil of home—

"One of our men came from thereabouts. He could see the church tower of his village. He pointed out all the landmarks—those that remained, for some were missing from the picture. Yes, in a way it was hard on him to be so near. . . Still, it made him happy to have seen it. And now the waiting will come easier. His part of Normandy is free."

"What of the civilians?" someone asked.

"There weren't many of them about; not where we were. You see, it was still a battle zone. But what a welcome from those we met! One old chap, when he saw our uniforms, broke down completely. 'I've prayed for this,' he said—and he couldn't stop shaking hands.

"Do you know—" the officer

went on (and here again it was the sailor that spoke) "do you know . . . the impression I brought away from that coast? A feeling of utter security and confidence. All those great ships, riding at anchor . . . and under their guns, the ferrying and unloading going on constantly, methodically—as if the Channel were one big lane joining Great Britain to the Continent. . . . In comparison, our biggest convoys were mere dots on the ocean. It's tremendous. When you've seen it you realise: we hold the sea, we hold the air . . . we'll hold the land, too—it's the next step—inevitably.

"Yes, the land," he repeated. "I almost forgot . . ." From the inner pocket of his jacket he drew out a fat envelope and opened it with careful fingers. "I brought this back. I thought you would be glad. It's . . . it's the real thing. . ."

The envelope, with its contents, passed reverently from hand to hand. Within it was a powdery, dark-brown something, shot through with thread-like roots and little green grass-blades. French soil—the soil of freed Normandy.

\* \* \*

Since that day in early June the world has learned something of the part taken by the French Navy in the operations of D Day. In his broadcast from London, Admiral d'Argenlieu, Commander of French Naval Forces in Great Britain, gave the first list of French ships participating and a brief outline of the task accomplished.

The destroyer *Combattante*—already known for her action against enemy E-boats in the Channel—helped protect the landing of French Commandos, and by accurate gunfire silenced several shore batteries. The frigates

## RETURN TO FRANCE

"We are all of us deeply moved at finding ourselves again in one of the first towns of metropolitan France to be liberated; but this is not the moment to talk of our emotions. What our country expects from you in the rear of the front line is that you should continue to-day fighting as you have never ceased to fight since this war started in the June of 1940. Now, as ever, the call to us is the call to fight on because the fighters' road is the road to liberty and the road of honour.



In France again—after four years' absence.



Accompanied by M. Pierre Viénot, the late Ambassador to Great Britain.



More flowers, more Tricolore flags, more cheers.

"It is the voice of the motherland that calls. We shall go on making war to-day with all our forces—land, sea and air—just as we are making war to-day in Italy, where our soldiers have covered themselves with glory, and as we shall make war to-morrow in metropolitan France. Our Empire, solidly rallied around us, is rendering its potent assistance. We shall fight for France with passion, but also with good judgment.



Cheering crowds line the road to Bayeux.



General de Gaulle greets the townspeople of Bayeux.



General Montgomery's headquarters. The return with Admiral d'Argenlieu and General Bethouard.

"You who have been trampled under the enemy's heel and who have taken your part in the resistance groups—you know what this war is like. This clandestine war, this war without arms, is an especially hard war. I promise you that we shall continue it until the independence of every inch of French soil is re-established. None shall prevent us from doing that.

"We shall fight at the side of the Allies, and as an ally among allies, and the victory that we shall bring back with us will be a victory for liberty and a victory for France.

"I am going to ask you to sing with me our national anthem, the Marseillaise.

★ ★ ★

"In my person, the Government of France, the Provisional Government of the French Republic, salutes the liberated town of Bayeux."

General de Gaulle, Bayeux, 14.6.44



*Aventure, Découverte, Surprise* and *Escarmouche* joined with their Allied comrades in protecting the Armada during the Channel crossing and throughout the initial landings. The corvettes *Roselys, Aconit, Renoncule* and *d'Estienne d'Orves*—many times mentioned in dispatches during the Battle of the Atlantic (and one of which, *Aconit*, bears the Cross of Liberation)—shared with the frigates the same task. The powerful guns of the cruisers *Montcalm* and *Georges Leygues* supported assault troops as they landed, destroying batteries, pill-boxes, and other defence works of the famous "Wall" and, as the troops pushed forward, pounded targets farther inland.

The French Navy was represented among the shore forces—by its Commando-Marines, the *Fusiliers-Marins-Commandos*. Some of these men had already made a name for themselves at Dieppe, and since that day many more had taken part in secret, dangerous missions on the French coast. On D Day they had the honour—a courteous gesture on the part of their British comrades—of being the first Commandos to leap ashore in their allotted sector. They stormed their first objective under heavy fire with brilliant success. In six hours they advanced nearly seven miles under constant bombardment from land and air—and for thirteen days they remained in the thick of the fight, never losing contact with the enemy.

During this grilling action the French Commandos suffered heavy losses—but they added a glorious chapter to the fighting record of their countrymen. In a recent broadcast to France their com-

manding officer quoted what high-ranking British officers have said of the French Commandos :

From the General commanding the Division (to the Commanding Officer of the French Commandos): "Your men fought like tigers. You have done splendid work. I am proud of you all. I mourn with you your dead."

From the General commanding the Brigade: "I thank and congratulate you on the magnificent fighting qualities of the troops you command. I can only remind you of the words taken from your own language, that belong to history: they were '*Sans peur et sans reproche*.'"

From the Colonel under whose orders the Commandos went into action: "We have passed together the greatest and most significant day of the war. I shall always retain the proud memory of having had you—you French—with me during the assault."

These are comforting and heartening words to all Frenchmen. They stand as additional evidence that the fighting forces of France, wherever they are—on sea and on land, in the air and in the underground of the Maquis—have proved their courage and their will to fight on, no matter what the sacrifice, to the inevitable victory.

#### . . . and in the South

*General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean Theatre of Operations, stated recently that the French Navy had also taken part in the landings on the South Coast of France. A later announcement estimated that French participation—Commandos and naval personnel—amounted to 12,000 men.*



## Pierre Viénot

### A SERVANT OF THE NEW FRANCE

by André Gide

My friendship for Pierre Viénot began in the time of Marshal Lyautey, and long before the latter's death Viénot showed for that great leader the same generous ardour of which he gave proof on behalf of General de Gaulle, who has lost in him one of his most devoted followers. Others will speak of his career and of the important part he played in all the posts which he was called upon to occupy. It is of the man himself that I wish to speak. Having had the honour of living under the same roof with him for several months in the house of a common friend, I have shared his expectations and his fits of impatience. He had an ardent heart and a cool brain. I mean that passionate feeling never deflected and never falsified his sure judgment; his immense intelligence was never satisfied by dubious arguments, and his resolution was maintained so much the more firmly, because it was supported by motives that he had accepted and followed only after patient and scrupulous examination.

He declared his opinion only with full knowledge of his case, so that no later objection could disconcert him. If he debated willingly, it was with others, for between him and me there was a perfect communion of ideas. I admired above all, perhaps, his bravery. It never forsook him even during those crises of acute suffering to which his wounds from the last war subjected him periodically. He would not allow himself to think of giving up or even of changing any work on account of them; and handicapped as he was by his health I believe that it was thus weakened, and that it was in consequence of his devotion he succumbed to his task.

He leaves an inspiring example of what a true servant of France can be and should be. Of all our recent afflictions, there is not one which would not have saddened us more if his memory had not also remained vivid and shining in our hearts and in our thoughts.





Claire (second from right) completing her final training in England.



Nearing the French coast (left) Arrival in Bayeux (right), Claire, wearing a mackintosh, is on the right in both pictures.

## CLAIRE GOES BACK TO FRANCE



Claire Descartes wearing her Croix de Guerre.



"Claire Descartes has shown exemplary daring and courage in the fulfilment of her missions. This citation carries the award of the *Croix de Guerre* with bronze palm."

With these words 28-year-old Claire Descartes, *Volontaire Française*, received her decoration from General de Gaulle. Her missions? Most of them were secret. Only one has so far been revealed: when André Philip, Commissioner of State of the French Provisional Government, was in hiding from the Gestapo in France it was Claire Descartes who hid him.

But, like André Philip, and like so many other patriots, Claire's turn to face arrest came eventually. When the Gestapo surrounded her house Claire was away from home. She never returned. Instead she reached England.

"Nearly a year has gone," Claire said, in an A.B.S.I.E. broadcast, on the eve of her return to France, "since the Gestapo chased me out of my country. A long, long year, during which not for a single moment have I ceased to live the life of my own countrymen and women, of those who suffer pain or sorrow, of those who are hungry

and cold, of those who have not yet been able to take up arms again, of those who, in the last week or two, have found themselves able to fight once more."

In England Claire worked at General de Gaulle's headquarters. Instead of secretly collecting clandestine documents to be smuggled out of France to England, Claire was now acting as receiver. Working with the "voice" of the Fighting French Movement, the "speaker" of the B.B.C. "*Honneur et Patrie*" programme, Claire could not have been closer to the

France to which she awaited so anxiously to return.

When volunteers were called for the first contingent of French A.T.S. for relief work in Normandy Claire at once went into uniform. After hard training—in which firing a rifle was part of the day's work—she qualified for a commission.

Several days later she said goodbye to me in London. And then—silence.

Yesterday her first letter came. "I'm working in a maternity hospital and crèche near the German



General de Gaulle, General Arnold and General Marshall

## MISSION TO WASHINGTON

*"I met de Gaulle in Ottawa last week, heard him speak, and attended his Press Conference. He made a tremendous impression and got almost all he wanted in Washington and here."*

This spontaneous and personal testimony of a prominent member of the Canadian press on General de Gaulle's visit to America is worthy of being put on record. The achievement which it records was a very great thing, and it has had a profound influence upon the conditions in North Africa and in

Metropolitan France as well as in the relations between France and America. General de Gaulle has made himself not only understood in America, but liked and trusted. At a touch, as it were, he has removed prejudices and established not only official but popular goodwill. That is a remarkable tribute to his personality.

Another spontaneous and personal testimony comes from a lady in New York, writing to her sister-in-law:

"Then in the evening, I was at

the Stadium (Lewisohn Stadium) to hear Marian Anderson, and as if that wasn't enough of a thrill for the tremendous audience, the Mayor made his appearance on the stage during intermission and brought with him Gen. Chas. de Gaulle. Yes, mam, did you ever see de Gaulle in person? Well, I did. Helen, if you just let your imagination ride, you might be able to capture some of the thrill that we experienced there last night. Before the introduction was even completed, the crowd began to shout, and cheer, and applaud, and stand up on the seats, because they surmised he was there. You know he's on a trip here, and arrived in New York yesterday. He said not a word, but simply stood on the platform while Marian Anderson sang the Marseillaise (have you got goose pimples now, like I had when I heard it?) and the crowd joined in the singing of it, and then marched off with the color guard. However, the thrill of it lasted all evening—it was really a moment in history . . ."

Some explanation of the occasion to which this last communication refers may be welcome. On the final day of the General's stay in America, he was giving a dinner in his hotel to his intimate friends when Mayor La Guardia, following a telephone message, appeared in the dining room and insisted on conducting the General to Lewisohn Stadium, where an audience of 25,000 had gathered to hear Marian Anderson, the coloured singer. Arrived at the Stadium, Mayor La Guardia waited only for the interval and then conducted the General to the front of the stage and introduced him to the vast audience. The General acknowledged his tumultuous reception but did not speak. The significance of this

incident was that it immediately followed and was a sort of celebration of the recognition which had been accorded to General de Gaulle by the American Government.

A letter written by an American soldier from a New Jersey training camp to a friend said:

"The newspapers, which hitherto, have been rather divided in their attitude toward the de Gaullist movement, were almost unanimous in their approval of this move (viz. the change from the former attitude of aloofness). Could it be a case of refraining from crying over spilt milk? After this visit in Washington, de Gaulle visited New York and was accorded a reception as only New York can offer. Over 500,000 people turned out to see him. The newspapers say the demonstration was even greater than that which greeted the King and Queen of Great Britain when they were visitors here. De Gaulle made a very nice speech in English, and it too was very well received by the press."

An article in the *New York Times* by the distinguished American journalist Anne MacCormack contained this passage:

"It is not merely a coincidence that the visit of General de Gaulle to Washington occurs after the opening of the door to France by the Allied armies. His presence is the sign that we are again in contact with a country which has been excluded from our world for four years. France is no longer an abstraction. Her voice is no longer merely a clandestine voice."

It is gratifying to know that the cordial reception which General de Gaulle has met with everywhere in America and Canada has been almost unanimously applauded in the press of those countries.

The sentiments which Miss MacCormack has expressed in the *New York Times*, just quoted above, epitomise in fact those of nearly all the organs of public opinion on the further side of the Atlantic.

\* \* \*

The importance of General de Gaulle's visit to America was officially signaled in his reception at the landing ground. A salute of seventeen guns was fired in greeting and he was met as he stepped from his plane in Washington by General Marshall, General Arnold and Admiral King, the Service chiefs respectively of the Army, the Air Force and the Navy. These officers were the first to shake his hand. In response to his greeting, General de Gaulle made an impromptu speech into the microphone, and after posing for photographs he drove straight to

the White House, as is the ceremonial custom, to present himself to President Roosevelt. After this formal meeting, the General went to the residence officially allotted to him.

One of the most interesting incidents in the General's stay was his visit to the Washington Museum where he was shown the original key of the Bastille. This relic was sent to America in the early days of the nineteenth century by the Municipality of Paris. In the course of his tour of inspection, the General placed a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, which stands in the Arlington National Cemetery, and paid a visit of pious homage to the tomb of Lafayette. He also called upon General Pershing, who commanded the American armies in France during the last war.

*Arrival in Washington. General de Gaulle and his party at the airport.*



## SONG OF THE FRENCH CORVETTES

By the Commanding Officer of a French Corvette which took part in the Invasion.

*Here's to you, men of the old corvettes  
That sailed through all weathers, and all winds that blew—  
A fine sight they were, under cross-jack or ring-tail—  
Lads, here's to you !*

*Here's to the bosuns, the cooks and the deck-boys,  
Top-men and caulkers, ever on call,  
You of the jibs and you of the spankers,  
Here's to you all !*

*We've come to tell you : you're still living—  
What's more you're with us—Christ, it's true—  
And your corvettes still sail the oceans  
As they used to do.*

*Our lads and yours are the same timber  
And we won't slow down—never fear,  
For we've got top-men by the pistons  
And courage . . . here !*

*Chock-up with pride, like your ships, grand-dads,  
These are the same corvettes to-day  
Up from the deep we call you : Join us—  
Hear what we say !*

*We'll haul you out from where you're lying,  
And with us, arm in arm you'll come ;  
We'll moor your ships alongside our ships  
When we go home.*

*There at the side will stand our skippers  
Gravely saluting ; then you'll see—  
Hip, hip, hooray!—all hands cheering,  
Three times three !*

*So close we'll moor you—stand by, caulkers !  
The shadow of your rigging tall  
Will fall alongside and athwart us  
And dance over all.*

*All sails set and a fair wind leading,  
With our corvettes your past will berth—  
Dear lads, it's for your graves we're fighting :  
Our native earth.*

*We'll look up at our colours streaming  
Heads high—for we've no cause for shame ;  
If we're alive—(and this will please you)—  
We're not to blame.*

*And then we'll drink to what we've been through,  
Lads of yesterday, lads to-day—  
On board our proud ships, all flags flying  
For the great Day.*

(The original French version is on the next page)



## CHANT DES CORVETTES

*Salut vous autres des Corvettes  
Qui t'naient la mer, fallait voir ça !  
Sous la fortune ou les bonnettes  
Salut les gars !*

*Salut boscos, mousses et maît'coqs  
Gabiers d' misaine, foutus calfats—  
Ceux d' la brigantine et les foés  
Salut les gars !*

*On vient vous dire vous êt' pas morts  
Mais avec nous ; Bon Dieu de bois—  
Et vos corvettes vivent encore  
Comme autrefois !*

*Notre clique c'est votre clique—  
As pas peur ! on ne mollit pas,  
On a des gabiers d'excentrique  
Et du coeur là !*

*Ce sont vos corvettes, grand'pères  
Chargées d'fierté à couler bas  
On vous appelle au fond d'la mer  
Ecoutez ça !*

*On veut vous déhaler, nous autres,  
Et vous crocher à notre bras,  
Amarrer vos navires aux nôtres  
Quand on r'viendra !*

*Nos cap'tain' s'mettront à la bande,  
Et se salueront chapeau bas  
Puis on guêul'ra. Et que ça scande !  
Triple Hourrah !*

*On vous amarr'ra si serré  
Que l'long du bord—pas vrai, calfats?—  
Ce s'ra vot' ombre haut voilée  
Qui dansera !*

*Votre passé plein vent arrière  
Avec nos corvettes accost'ra  
On se bat pour vos cimetières  
Les bons vieux gars !*

*On pourra r'garder la têt' haute  
Ce pavillon qui flottera  
On s'ra vivants, pas par not' faute  
Ca vous plaira !*

*Et nous trinqu'rons à nos misères  
Gars d'aujourd'hui, gars d'autrefois !  
A bord de nos bâtiments fiers  
Sous l'grand pavois !*

★ ★ ★

The freed people of Bayeux celebrating the Quatorze Juillet in the ancient cathedral, which was undamaged by the Allied advance.

## CLAIRE GOES BACK TO FRANCE

(Continued from page 87)

lines at F—," she said. "We've 150 children here, who have been living in the most terrible conditions during these last few weeks. Since D Day mothers and children have been sheltering, eating and sleeping in the basement—and, what is worse, there is no electricity. New babies are born in the chapel cellar in the grounds, and it is by the light of a petrol lamp that the birth takes place.

"The courageous woman who runs the maternity hospital wears the armband of the Resistance"—as does Claire herself—"and as she

took me round on my first visit I saw one of the young men she had been sheltering—one whom, thanks to Madame V., the Germans never succeeded in deporting for forced labour in the Reich."

In the years before the war Claire taught little children in a French school. In the years after the war she hopes to return to her teaching. In the meantime she and the *Volontaires Françaises* who went back with her are trying to lessen the grievous burden of the children of France, whose lives, in these early days of liberation, are so tragically close to those of the Allied soldiers in the field.

J. B.

"**WE** hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men."

Declaration of Independence, Philadelphia, 4th July, 1776.

"**MEN** are born and remain free and equal. . . The natural and indefeasible rights of man are liberty, property, safety and resistance to oppression. . . The principle of all sovereignty resides essentially in the nation."

Declaration of the Rights of Man, Paris, 27th August, 1789.