NO PASSPORT FOR PARIS

by Alice-Leone Moats

NO NICE GIRL SWEARS

BLIND DATE WITH MARS

NO PASSPORT FOR PARIS

OFF TO MEXICO

in collaboration with Leone Moats

NO PASSPORT FOR PARIS

Alice-Leone Moats

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Government wartime restrictions on materials have made it essential that the amount of paper used in each book be reduced to a minimum. This volume is printed on lighter paper than would have been used before material limitations became necessary, and the number of words on each page has been substantially increased. The smaller bulk in no way indicates that the text has been shortened.

Designed by Robert Josephy

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THIS BOOK IS FOR
MY MOTHER AND FATHER

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PART I

SPAIN

1. The Purpose of My Trip to France

Seven weeks before the Allied armies landed in Normandy, I went to France. Since that country was still under Nazi domination, I had to make a clandestine entry. That meant crossing the Pyrenees on foot. Once in France, I was able to travel by train and remained there, in all, three weeks. During that time I visited the Basses Pyrenées district, the southwest coastal zone, Paris, and Toulouse.

It was an arduous and dangerous journey, but a great adventure. It could have cost me my life, but as an experience it was worth all the risks involved. I obtained an invaluable insight into the spirit of a conquered nation. The thousands of Americans who arrived in France after I was there saw the French people at the moment of their liberation, when they were filled with the joy of knowing that their country was about to be freed. I saw them at the lowest point in their history, when their hope of being liberated had been dashed again and again, when they were being persecuted as never before by their enemies, and bombed by their friends.

In close contact with the Underground all the time, I was able to gauge accurately what was being accomplished in France in the way of active resistance. Passing as a Frenchwoman, I almost began to feel that I *was* French, and I was able to catch something of the spirit of the people. It was a revelation in how strong the will to live can be, not only in human beings but in a nation.

I also came to know the sensation which is a rare one for an American—that of being hunted. I understood what it felt like to tremble at the sound of a footstep, to jump every time there was a knock on the door. I had to learn to keep a close watch on my every movement and word. A mistake of any kind could easily have placed me in front of a firing squad.

What I learned didn't always fit in with what I had expected to find before I went to France. Often the news that leaked out was only a part of the truth or a distortion of the truth. I had to revise a great many of my ideas as to life in an occupied country. It taught me to ask many questions before believing everything I heard and to avoid making

snap judgments. It also showed me how necessary it is to keep a sense of proportion. The entire situation in France assumed a different aspect as soon as I began to deal in real facts rather than rumors.

The drawback to real facts is that they don't always fit the popular conception. When I returned from France, I discovered that I had come out with a story that many people were not prepared to hear. They had long been reading "inside" stories of France written in New York, London, or Madrid, and come to accept what they had read as true. That is an unfortunate situation which often confronts a reporter whose only object is to be accurate.

Before I took up straight journalism, I had the luck to make friends with many newspapermen of the old school who were sentimental and romantic about the press. To them, journalism was a vocation as well as a profession. They weren't in it because of the money they could earn. They didn't care whether or not they kept union hours. All they wanted was to get the story and serve the public. They succeeded in instilling some of their own feeling in me. They drummed in the principal tenets of their creed—"Be accurate, be honest, and never try to fool the public"—to such an extent that I came to believe in them as wholeheartedly as they did.

Therefore, although I belong to another generation, I am essentially an old-fashioned reporter. I believe passionately that a journalist should be a reporter and not a propagandist. There are innumerable government bureaus to take care of propaganda; newspapers and magazines should stick to their job of providing news, with no distortion of fact to fit political expediency.

Obviously this attitude can lead a person into difficulties. In my case, it certainly has. Every time I have found myself in trouble, it has been the consequence of obduracy in sticking to a job, or initiative in going out to get my own story, or stubborn insistence that the public has the right to know the real facts.

What I did in going to France was sufficiently unique and startling to make it difficult for some of my best friends to believe I had actually done it. It has become so much the custom for newspapermen to work in groups or to be led around on conducted tours that the public finds it difficult to realize that it is still quite possible for a reporter to undertake an independent action. Inasmuch as the southern part of France, where my Underground connections operated, had not yet been freed at the time of my return to the United States, I wasn't able to give a full account of exactly how the trip had been arranged when I first wrote my story for the newspapers. Too many details published at

that time could have cost several lives. Under those circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that there was some doubt expressed as to how I had managed to get into France.

That, of course, was natural. But there was one aspect which had never occurred to me—that once it had been proved that I had been in France, there should be a question in anybody's mind as to my reasons for going. They seemed obvious to me, and I thought they would be to everybody else. However, as I've been asked again and again, "Why did you do it?", it seems necessary to give some explanation.

First and foremost, I went to Nazi-occupied France because the story of what was taking place there was a big story. It was not only big; it was exclusive. Then, as I began to make preparations for the trip, I found another even stronger reason for going through with the plan. All arrangements were made through French friends who worked in the section of the Underground operating from Madrid, and they pointed out that it was high time that some American took the trouble to see for himself what was happening in France. They felt that the French people had been misunderstood in the United States and were very glad to find someone like me who could report from an American point of view. By going to France I had a chance to do something for the French people. That seemed an excellent reason for doing it.

The Underground provided me with a French identity card and made it possible for me to go wherever I pleased. It also saw to it that I met every kind of person, from members of the Maquis to collaborationists. I was left free to see and do what I wished and to draw my own conclusions. At no time did my friends feed me any propaganda, nor did they make an effort to emphasize one side of the picture in order to take my attention from another side. They were convinced that what I saw of the work being done by the Underground would impress me. They were right; it did.

2. A Summing Up of the Situation in Spain

In the spring of 1943, after the publication of a book on my experiences as a correspondent in the Far East and Russia, I wanted to go abroad on another assignment. It seemed to me that Spain had been off the front page for some time, and it was therefore reasonable to expect it might soon reappear in the news. Aside from that, it was a neutral country in which the Germans were said to be very active; it was right at the gates of Hitler's European fortress; and it offered a field which had scarcely been touched by foreign writers since the end of the Civil War in 1939. I happened to have special qualifications for working in Spain; I knew the country well, I spoke the language fluently, and I had a wide acquaintance among Spaniards.

These were the arguments I put to the late Charles Colebaugh, editor of *Collier's*. He agreed to send me to Spain for the magazine. The *New York Herald Tribune* also named me as its Madrid correspondent, and I received a request from the Columbia Broadcasting System to see what I could do about getting permission to broadcast. For seven months CBS had been unsuccessfully trying to obtain a Spanish visa for one of its correspondents. It had been three years since any American company had been allowed to broadcast from Spain.

When I went to Russia, I set forth with a passport reading, "Occupation, none," and no credentials whatsoever. It had been necessary to pass myself off as a tourist, but the attempted imposture involved me in many difficulties. This time I was taking no chances; my passport described me as a journalist and my purse bulged with credentials from the three organizations I represented.

When I left New York, I intended to spend three or four months in Spain and then go on to the Middle East. Instead, I remained fourteen months and then went to France. One of the reasons for not carrying out my original plan was that I kept hoping a big story would break, but principally I stayed on because I found that the situation was far too complex to be understood in a few months.

First of all, I had to rid myself of a lot of preconceived notions. There is no country, unless it be Russia, about which there is more feeling and less ordinary knowledge than Spain. The Spanish Civil

War churned emotions to a frenzy among Americans. Ever since then most of them have viewed events there through the blur of passion.

The average American has been unable to take a cold-blooded, common-sense view of Spain. Wishful thinking has tended to turn every skirmish into a new revolution and every rumor into a final crisis.

I traveled from one end of the country to the other. I came into close contact with people of every kind—from aristocrats sipping Martinis at the Ritz to Republicans gulping garlic soup in jail. I happen to speak Spanish as well as I do English. And Spaniards, even under a dictatorship, are remarkably outspoken in their opinions.

Nine out of ten Spaniards, of all social levels, expressed open dissatisfaction with the Franco regime. But nowhere did I see or hear about genuine organized resistance. There is a world of difference between discontent and organized opposition. It is the failure to distinguish between them that distorts so much of the news about Spain we are reading these days.

The number one caution I would offer to Americans, as a hedge against wishful thinking, is that it is unwise to assume that black is always coal black and white always lily white in Spain. The simplified version of affairs abroad—of a country divided between pro-Franco and anti-Franco groups, between fascists and anti-fascists—has no relation to the complex reality.

Over here there is a tendency to regard Nationalists as one race and Republicans as another. But the fact is that both are 100 per cent Spanish and share the same magnificent qualities and the same terrible defects inherent in their breed. The key to the country's agitated history, and to the more agitated future, is in the Spanish character.

The Spaniard is, above all, an individualist. He has a fanatical love of personal freedom and he has never developed an instinct for collective citizenship. He is ungovernable because he is undisciplined and detests all law and order. He is destructive, rather than constructive. He will die for anything, and live for nothing.

Spain cannot be measured with our familiar yardsticks. She cannot be judged as though she were Switzerland or Massachusetts. A Spanish republic will necessarily differ from an Anglo-Saxon republic, and a Spanish dictatorship necessarily differs from the German kind.

Also, in the tug of war between the two extremes, Republicans and Nationalists, the Center has been forgotten by nearly all foreign opinion. Yet the Center not only exists—it is the real Spain. The people comprising this Center group made the years of the Spanish Republic

stormy by throwing their weight now to the Right, now to the Left. Wishful thinking it is that makes every straw appear to be blown by a favorable wind. An example of this was the American reaction to news of fighting along the French frontier by Spanish members of the Maquis in the autumn of 1944. Instantly it was taken for granted by certain newspapers and commentators that the skirmishes were the spearheads of organized resistance which was about to oust Franco and set up a republic.

I am convinced that this is not true. And my personal findings are confirmed by others more recently on the scene. Philip Jordan of the London *News Chronicle* and an American press colleague, having traveled from one end of the Pyrenees to the other at the time of these frontier incidents, attested in dispatches that they found no sign of actual fighting. Without doubt there were local clashes that they missed, but these could not have been very important.

As to the widely reported guerilla activities within Spain, those rumors were current when I first went there. On tracking them down, I found that while there were many Republicans hiding out in the mountains, their attacks on villages and motorists were not political. They were the result of hunger, which forced the men to emerge from hiding to get supplies.

The most egregious piece of wishful thinking I find current in America is the belief that all Spaniards except the Falange and a clique around Franco ardently desire the return of the Republic. The only core of truth in this fantasy is that perhaps 90 per cent of the population are opposed to the present regime. But that opposition is many-sided, contradictory, and by no means all Republican.

Roughly it is divided into four groups: The Republicans who want a democratic system of government; the communists who want a dictatorship of their own brand; the anarchists who want no government at all; and the royalists who want a monarchy. Each of these groups is subdivided into several others. The Republicans, for instance, range from middle-of-the-road liberals to extreme socialists, while the Monarchists are split by the Carlist faction.

Then there is the mass at the Center already mentioned. At the present time, its members merely want to be left alone to earn a living. Their attitude was summed up for me by a lottery-ticket vendor who supports himself, a wife, and five children on seven hundred pesetas (about sixty-five dollars) a month: "I am not interested in politics. I was poor under the monarchy, I was poor under the Republic, and I am poor now."

Because the Axis states and the Soviet Union became so deeply involved in the Civil War, it is too often assumed that the Spanish conflict would not have taken place without outside interference. It is a false assumption. Civil conflict is very much in the Spanish tradition and Spain is a country where history repeats itself with alarming regularity.

This was made very clear to me in a conversation with Count Romanones, the veteran statesman, during which he remarked: "In the eighty years of my life, I have seen two republics, three dictatorships, and three monarchies."

Spain is a small country and a poor one, exhausted by long struggle. Under these conditions foreign pressures cannot be underestimated. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that Spaniards have a strong antipathy toward outside influences of any kind and automatically resist any type of foreign pressure. Their experience in the Civil War, when foreign nations dominated both sides of the struggle, only intensified that antipathy. Thus, after the Civil War, in spite of all predictions to the contrary, Spain did not give up one inch of her territory to Germany or Italy; nor did she permit the Axis the use of bases.

It is safe to predict that whatever changes are made will be brought about by the Spaniards themselves. What is more, it is unlikely that refugee Spaniards will play any decisive role. The Republicans now in prison or recently released, or those who have had members of their families executed, are bitter toward the leaders who escaped not only with their personal freedom but also with several millions in money.

The democracies want a change in the present government. But at that point their interests diverge. The United States would probably favor a republic, while it is certain that England prefers a monarchy. Just how much pressure each of them can bring to bear remains to be seen. Those closest to the facts assume that if any foreign nation does have a hand in setting up a new regime in Spain, it will be England.

There are obvious geographical and economic reasons for British concern. Because of its place on the map, the Iberian Peninsula can never be left out of British calculations. If Gibraltar is to be an asset rather than a headache, England must be able to count on a friendly Spain. Moreover, England needs pyrites and other raw materials produced by Spain. The United States doesn't. The millions we spent buying materials in Spain from 1940 to 1944 were primarily for preemptive buying—to prevent the Nazis from obtaining wolfram and other essential items.

It became quite evident at the time of the wolfram crisis that where

American policy toward Spain conflicted with British interests, England would force through her own policy. In January of 1944 we suspended gasoline shipments to Spain in retaliation for the Franco government's payment of 100,000,000 marks to Germany on the Civil War debt. We claimed that this payment permitted the Nazis to reenter the market and purchase wolfram.

The suspension of gasoline shipments was a very big stick indeed to shake at Franco, and it was clear that America intended to keep shaking it. Unfortunately, the effect was to make Franco stubborn as well as miraculously to unify Spanish public opinion in favor of the Generalissimo. It became a matter of national pride and Spaniards of all classes announced that they would starve rather than have their government give in.

Negotiations dragged on for more than three months. Then England grew impatient. The materials she needed could not be obtained while the discussions went on. One day at the end of April, Mr. Eden made a speech in the House of Commons announcing that an agreement had been reached on the wolfram dispute. He didn't go into many details nor did he explain that the settlement had been made on Spanish terms, although that happened to be the case. By a strange coincidence, just at the moment that Mr. Eden was making his speech, Carleton Hayes, the American ambassador in Madrid, was in the Foreign Minister's office discussing the terms of a *possible* settlement.

Churchill's speech in May, 1944, in which he said that the Allies had reason to be grateful for Spain's neutrality gave a definite indication of the stand that England planned to take. It was the tip-off that the British were prepared to forgive and forget. It might also be taken to mean that England, always realistic, had decided that it would be better for the time being to leave the Franco government in power, rather than risk another civil war. For one thing is absolutely certain: the "ins" won't agree to go out quietly.

Franco will, of course, fall some day. Historical precedent precludes any other possibility. The question is merely when and how he will fall. At the present time he has the army with him, and according to tradition the army is always on the winning side in any revolt. Franco has played up to it in many ways. The army is very anti-Falange, and when the Falange militia was suppressed at Franco's order last winter it was regarded as a victory for the army. The Generalissimo has followed a policy of making rapid promotions. From a financial point of view, the officers are also satisfied. Aside from all that, Franco was their

commanding officer during the Civil War and loyalty to the man in command is a tradition in all armies.

A Spanish liberal put the situation to me with some cynicism but much truth: "All the generals have big cars to drive around in. Their wives love that. The day you see a Spanish general riding on the streetcar, you'll know that this government is about to fall." So far, there have been no generals riding in streetcars, either figuratively or literally, so it is to be assumed that the army is still with Franco.

As for the masses, they are tired. Three years of civil war and the terrible living conditions that followed have left them exhausted. As yet, they simply haven't the physical energy to start another fight. However, as material conditions are improving all the time, they should eventually get back into the fighting trim necessary to support their rebellious spirit.

Of the three tasks which faced Franco in 1939—balancing on the dangerous tightrope of foreign relations, the reconstruction of the country, and the spiritual regeneration of the Spanish people—it is generally agreed in Spain that he has been successful in the first two and failed lamentably in the third. By following a policy which he himself has described as *"hábil prudencia"* (skillful prudence), he has somehow succeeded in playing both ends against the middle and has kept Spain neutral. Although the Spanish people don't like him, they are grateful to him for that.

Spain ended the Civil War with her gold abroad, her rolling stock cut in half, trucks and other motor vehicles reduced to one-third, a tenth of the cattle killed, roads and bridges wrecked, the merchant navy practically wiped out, and thousands of houses and public buildings ruined. Just at that moment the war broke out in Europe, preventing the import of materials vital for reconstruction. In spite of that, living conditions have been gradually improving, and the task of reconstruction has been accomplished as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

The fact that conditions really have improved in Spain is not generally accepted in the United States or England. In this respect, too, there has been considerable wishful thinking due to the belief that hunger would surely bring about a revolt. That shows ignorance of the Spanish character. Spaniards take the gospel that man should not live by bread alone quite literally. Primo de Rivera did a great deal for the Spanish people materially and nothing for them spiritually. That was why he fell. When Franco falls, it will be for the same reason.

3. Arrival in Madrid

Instead of staying in Spain three months as I had intended, I remained more than a year. It took that long to find out enough about the conditions to make the summary in the preceding chapter possible.

It was April before I reached Madrid, as there were many delays connected with getting a passport and transportation. As it was obviously going to take a long time to get a place on the Clipper, I decided it would be wiser to go by ship, and in March, 1943, I sailed for Lisbon in the *Serpa Pinto* of the Portuguese Line. It seemed very strange in wartime to be on a ship painted white, decked out with flags, and brightly lighted from stem to stern.

Although I had paid just about what used to be charged for the best accommodations on a ship like the *Ile de France,* I wasn't surprised at finding myself in a bathless cabin so small that I could reach everything in it while lying in the narrow bunk. I had also foreseen that the food would be just as bad as it was. I hadn't expected a luxury liner, and it is always the custom of neutral nations to make money out of a war.

What I was unprepared for was the Portuguese passion for regimentation. It took the form of insisting that passengers be on time for meals, of limiting the bath hours, and serving breakfast in the cabin only until ten o'clock. Whatever arrangements had been made could never be changed, and passengers had to abide by the most inflexible rules.

There were two hundred English refugee children aboard who were returning home. They presented one of the more unpleasant features of life on shipboard, with their screeching and howling at all hours of the day and night. As far as I could gather, they never went to bed, and if they did they were sure to be up by six in the morning, running up and down the deck just above my cabin. As time went on, I began to wonder if the novelists who write so sentimentally about the patter of little feet had ever been exposed to the patter of four hundred little feet.

Most of us bore up fairly bravely, but there was an old lady, the wife of an American diplomat, who developed a violent hatred for the kids. She never stopped complaining about them or trying in some way to discipline them. One day I walked into the lounge just as she was backing a terrified tot of seven into a corner. Pointing a stern finger

at him, she ranted, "You ill-mannered, nasty little boy! Why should you be allowed to travel? What have *you* done for the war effort?"

Cowering away from her, the child finally managed to stammer, "I c-c-collected w-waste p-paper."

Life was fairly monotonous, as it is apt to be on a ship of that kind, but I was lucky enough to find several pleasant companions—Gabriel Pascal, the movie director; Francis Harley, Twentieth Century-Fox representative in London; Maxwell Anderson; and June Dunderdale, a tall, very good-looking American married to an Englishman. She was on her way back to England after spending several months in the United States in connection with work for the British War Relief Society.

The crossing was supposed to take fourteen days. This one took eighteen, what with going off our course several times on receiving radioed instructions to avoid belligerent ships and with calling at four ports in the Azores to pick up the survivors of torpedoed Allied merchantmen. They came aboard looking thin, haggard, and shabby. Their clothes were either the tattered, crumpled remains of uniforms or a strange assortment of garments collected from villagers on the islands. None of them, however, felt sorry for himself, and one, a Norwegian captain who had been torpedoed five times, was counting the days until he could get back to England to take out another ship.

My favorite was an English captain, a tough little cockney with large gaps between blackened teeth. He had spent eleven days in a lifeboat. According to his account, one of the men in the party had gone crazy and, in spite of all efforts to stop him, had started drinking salt water. Eventually he jumped overboard. The captain's only comment on that episode was, "I was glad to see him go. He was a coward."

Asked what he and the other men had had to eat and drink, he answered, "Two dry biscuits and three ounces of water a day." Then he went on to tell us something which, far more than any other part of his story, exemplified the admirable British creed of keeping a stiff upper lip as well as the typically British brand of unconscious humor. He said, "Two of the sailors and I kept our minds off our troubles by playing poker with some old cards I happened to have in my pocket. The stakes were drinks to be paid off when we arrived in London."

To my inquiry as to how he had come out, he replied, "I lost. I owe one chap ten Guinnesses and the other eight."

When we finally reached Lisbon I was delighted to see Mrs. Edward Crocker, the wife of the counselor of our embassy, waiting for me on the dock. I had known the Crockers in Japan, and on hearing they

were in Lisbon had cabled asking them to reserve a room for me at the Hotel Aviz. It was cheering to see a familiar face at the very moment of my arrival in a foreign country.

Monsieur Henri Martin, the Swiss minister, famous in Lisbon as an excellent host and a discriminating connoisseur of feminine beauty, was at the pier to meet June. He whisked her through the customs in record time, and they departed while I was still trying to sort out my luggage from the many trunks and bundles belonging to the refugee children.

When I walked into the Aviz I found Monsieur Martin in the hall engaged in a furious argument with the room clerk. Something had gone wrong with the reservation he had made for June and she had no room. The clerk was making excuses and explaining how difficult it was to run a hotel smoothly when, owing to the erratic airplane schedules, there was no knowing when guests would arrive or depart. As I approached, Martin was thundering, "Don't try to explain the management of a hotel to me! Not to me, who am the minister of the country of hotelkeepers!"

My name was actually down on the list of reservations, but the best that could be done for me was the writing room on the main floor. I offered to share it with June and another cot was moved in. The room was known as the "Salon Bleu," and for very good reason. The walls were papered in blue. The four desks, the big center table, and the innumerable straight chairs were all a bright, electric shade of the same color.

There were no cupboards or drawers, so we had to lay our things out on the table and hang our dresses around the walls. Ten minutes after we had moved in the place presented all the aspects of a second-hand clothes shop.

When we wanted to take a bath, we had to trail up the public stairway in our dressing gowns, but there was a lavatory on the main floor. It was reached by going through the cloakroom and a pantry or through the lobby by way of a door with the word *"Désir"* written above it in gilt Gothic characters. The hotel had once been a private house and must have belonged to someone with delusions of grandeur which took the form of wanting to live in the atmosphere of a castle. The bedrooms were comfortable and quite pleasant, but the lobby and bar were hideous with some of the worst, most elaborate chairs and tables ever manufactured in an antique furniture factory.

The only way to obtain ventilation in the "Salon Bleu" was by opening a French window that led onto a terrace. The first night six

young men who were at a student party being held in the dining room drifted in through the window and departed only after I had used some rather strong Spanish terms. They may not have known what the words meant, but the tone apparently made my unfriendly attitude quite clear.

In the mornings we were awakened by the owner's pet dog, a great Dane the size of a calf, who usually put his head on June's pillow and gazed at her soulfully. She used to try flattery to get rid of him. Opening the door, she would coo, "Pretty little doggie, nice little doggie. I'm sure you want to run along now!" He seldom did want to run along.

June was in charge of a shipment of medical supplies being sent to the Anglo-American Hospital in Madrid. She intended to wait for it in Lisbon and then take it on to Spain. After a long residence in Latin countries, I knew just how slow such things could be and advised her to go to Spain with me and wait there. She took my advice, which was just as well, for the supplies didn't turn up in Lisbon until three months later.

According to the hotel porter, it would be impossible to get any space on the Madrid train for many weeks. That didn't suit my plans at all so I went about getting the reservations myself. I found that by greasing the right palm, it was possible to get a compartment on the sleeper leaving April 17, just one week after we had arrived.

Lisbon is a very pretty city with a great many places of public amusement, such as picture theaters with American movies, night clubs, and the gambling casino at Estoril. Still, it struck me as a dull place. Having no acquaintances among the Portuguese, I found myself locked in the small diplomatic circle. The diplomats, particularly the Americans and the English, had few Portuguese friends and saw one another day in and day out to exchange gossip and "vital information."

Somehow I failed to see the glamour of Lisbon. The intrigue that was supposed to go on and has been so much described by writers seemed to me to be just the same old kind of intrigue that goes on in small, gossipy groups all over the world. The unattached women who were always said to be spies just looked like rather down-at-the-heel girls who were trying to earn a living in a profession that existed long before espionage was thought up. The ones I met seemed so abysmally stupid that I couldn't believe any government would really pay them good money to gather information. There was one, a really very pretty Hungarian, who apparently wasn't too bright even about the material things of life, in which girls of that stamp usually display shrewdness.

When she mistook my dyed skunk jacket for sable, it was quite clear she didn't even have the makings of a successful kept woman.

Rumors were the staple of every conversation. Five times a day I would hear a different version of some wild report that was going the rounds. Each one was believed implicitly and repeated with embroidery. The favorite was the one about Russia making a separate peace. I was glad I didn't have to work in Lisbon, for I saw no way of ever being able to separate fact from fiction.

All in all, I was pleased when the time came to leave for Spain. The train was seven hours late. June and I were tired and hungry when we reached the Ritz in Madrid, but the sight of our two rooms with two baths did much to raise our spirits. We raced from room to room joyfully opening the many cupboards, spreading our things out on the dressing tables, testing the innerspring mattresses, and fingering the linen sheets with awed pleasure. The Ritz showed no ill effects from having been used as a hospital during the Civil War. Architecturally it is one of the best-planned hotels in Europe, and now it is again not only comfortable but luxurious.

After eating and resting a bit, we took a drive around the city. It was very much as I remembered it from earlier visits. The big trees along the Castellana (Madrid's Champs Elysées) were as green as ever. The tables on the sidewalks in front of the cafés on the Avenida José Antonio and the Calle Alcalá were crowded with people talking animatedly. There were a great many taxis, somewhat rattletrap and broken down, but running nevertheless, and there were also many small private automobiles. Streetcars and busses clattered by, festooned with people who clung to steps and bumpers. Lavish displays in the shop windows indicated that there was plenty of merchandise on hand. The only queues I saw were in front of shops selling cotton goods, and they in no way resembled the queues I had seen in other countries. There were lively goings on in every one, with women pushing and kicking to get ahead and shouting insults at any policeman who dared to try to keep order.

Madrid isn't a beautiful city, and it lacks atmosphere. It could be the capital of almost any Latin country. I expected to find it looking half ruined and very shabby. Instead, it was neat and well groomed. Every now and then on a back street I could see a trace left by the Civil War in the form of an empty space where a house had once stood. But the rubble was all cleared away. It was only at the outskirts of town, going toward the University City, that there were still remains of ruined buildings with no glass in the windows and walls scarred

with bullet holes. The University City itself was in the process of being rebuilt.

There were restaurants of all kinds on every street, and they seemed to be doing a thriving business. The food served in them, I discovered, lacked variety, but there was plenty of it. I never had any occasion to open the packages of vitamin pills which my friends had insisted upon giving me before I left home on the theory that I would be undernourished.

The prices were staggering, particularly as the peseta had been pegged at 10.95 to the dollar. At 25 to 1, life would have been expensive in Spain, but at the official rate it was exorbitant. A meal at the Ritz or a similar place cost at least six dollars; smaller, cheaper restaurants had prices ranging from two to three dollars. The high prices were explained by the fact that first-quality meat and oil, butter, white bread, and all delicacies had to be bought in the black market.

The black market, known as *estraperlo,* flourished on all sides because retail ceiling prices had been set with no regard for wholesale prices. Milk, for instance, had to be sold in Madrid for ten centimos less than it cost in the country. So, of course, it was watered or sold *estraperlo.* The same thing happened with other foods.

The black-market rates were a very accurate gauge of conditions. There was a marked improvement during the fourteen months I was in Spain, and in that time the *estraperlo* prices dropped 30 per cent. Usually it is taken for granted that the black market is an advantage only to the rich, but in Spain it has also helped the poor. Peasants come into the towns from their villages carrying hams or meat or butter and sell them for large sums. Workers in the town resell whatever they don't want on their ration cards at a big profit. Everybody in the entire country either buys or sells in the black market.

In other respects, I found that the picture of Spain which is usually painted over here was not entirely accurate. Nobody in the United States, for instance, believed that the Spaniards were really neutral. After talking to all classes of people, I found that the Republican elements and most of the Monarchists leaned toward the Allies because they thought an Allied victory would bring about a change of government. The Falange leaned toward the Axis for the same reason. But on the whole the people were neutral in the truest sense. They didn't care who won the war so long as someone did it quickly. The reconstruction of Spain can't take place while the importation of such things as lumber, rolling stock, trucks, and so on is prevented by the war. Spain needs many foreign products and her people look forward

anxiously to the day when they can be obtained in order to restore conditions to normal.

The government had its own peculiar interpretation of neutrality, and the Germans were allowed to operate in ways that aroused justified indignation among the Allies. On the other hand, 30,000 refugees from France, as well as all American and British flyers who had escaped over the Pyrenees, were released from internment camps and allowed to leave Spain. And that in spite of the fact that 20,000 of the French were of military age and, with the flyers, were admittedly going off to join the Allied armies. The vague Spanish interpretation of neutrality obviously worked both ways.

4. The Seville Fair

The day after my arrival in Madrid I telephoned the press section of the American Embassy to ask how to go about getting a press card and making arrangements to file. Needless to say, nobody could give me any information on this subject. The press section was too busy with propaganda work, which took the form of issuing daily news bulletins, a monthly magazine called *Mundo Católico,* and occasionally showing American movies, to look after American correspondents.

Charles Foltz of the Associated Press, with whom I then got in touch, not only knew all the answers, but very kindly took me under his wing. According to some new regulation, I had to have a letter from the OWI representative to send in with my application for a press card. We both thought this would be a purely routine matter. We were mistaken. When Charles took me over to the Casa Americana (the name given to the OWI headquarters) we were informed that there would be some delay over the letter as the Ambassador had to be consulted. The Ambassador was in Andalusia at the time. That suited me, as I wanted to go to the Seville Fair, and since I couldn't file until I had a press card, I could depart for the south with a clear conscience.

Everybody laughed when June and I announced that we were planning to go to the fair. We were warned that there was absolutely no

chance of getting either railroad or hotel accommodations. Everything had been reserved for months in advance. However, my usual luck held. I dropped in to see the Duke of Alba, an old friend of my mother's, who was staying at the Ritz. During the conversation he casually mentioned that he had a double compartment in the Seville sleeper four nights from then. He wasn't going to use it because he had decided to travel by car, and he offered it to me.

That part settled, I went to work on the manager of the hotel and persuaded him to use his influence to get us rooms at the Andalusia Palace. After he told us that he had been successful, we relaxed and spent the next few days looking up old friends.

We arrived in Seville on the morning of April 24 and found ourselves in a city in which every inhabitant had shed the cares of the world for a week's holiday. While the fair went on, the battle of Tunisia was reaching a crisis only a few hundred miles away. It might just as well have been several thousand miles away in distance and two decades in time.

During the ten days we were in Seville the only occasion on which the war was mentioned in my presence was one afternoon when an Allied diplomat inquired casually, "Have you heard any news about Tunisia?" I replied that I hadn't. He said, "I haven't either," and wandered off.

Again and again, as I saw an entire city dedicated to the pursuit of holiday pleasure, I had to remind myself, "This is taking place on the continent of Europe in the year 1943. There really is the most terrible war in history being fought not so very far away." Considering what I had expected to find in Spain, it was even more difficult to keep remembering that I actually was in a country which, only four years earlier, had been in the midst of a civil war. The gaiety, the elegance, and the lavish expenditure I saw on all sides were incredible.

According to all reports, the fair the year before had been quite a different story. There had been fewer people in Seville, and everything had been more restrained. I was told that in a manner of speaking what I was seeing was symbolic of how conditions had improved in twelve months. Certainly the atmosphere at the fair was not only pre-war but pre-1929.

Of course, the ball given by the Duke of Alba as a coming-out party for his daughter Cayetana two days before the opening of the fair had a great deal to do with bringing unusually large crowds to Seville. Diplomats and ministers of state made the trip from Madrid. Grandees and other members of the aristocracy arrived from every corner of

Spain. Several people, including the daughter of President Carmona, even came from Lisbon. For two months beforehand, the Alba ball had been the most important topic of conversation on the Iberian Peninsula.

Naturally, there were hundreds of rumors about the ball. It was said that the Duke had taken over the principal hotel in Seville, the Andalusia Palace, to house his guests; that he had chartered two big ships to be kept at anchor in the Guadalquivir for the same purpose; that several planeloads of important personages were going to arrive from London especially for the occasion; that 5,000 invitations had been issued and that the great number was to be accounted for by the Duke's desire to make the party a democratic gesture; that he was giving it to cement relations with England; that it was to be a costume ball with everyone wearing clothes copied from Goya paintings. The last rumor was taken quite seriously by several people who spent thousands of pesetas having Balenciaga run up magnificent creations for them. The dresses were already started by the time they discovered that it was not a costume ball.

None of the other rumors coincided with the actual facts either, but in view of conditions prevailing in the rest of the world, the actual facts were startling enough. The hotel had not been taken over by the Duke of Alba, but it was certainly true that all the people who crowded it to the roof were invited to the ball. The same applied to every other hotel and small boardinghouse in the town. No British personages arrived from England by plane, but most of the members of the British Embassy in Madrid, with the exception of Sir Samuel and Lady Maud Hoare, were present. The American Ambassador and Mrs. Hayes were there; so were the Argentine Ambassador and the Brazilian Ambassadress and a variety of ministers and secretaries representing other countries. There was a sprinkling of Axis diplomats, but they kept much to themselves, and I didn't see any at the party. Twenty-eight hundred guests turned up at the ball. Beforehand, a sort of black market for invitations sprang up. A number were sold for 1,500 pesetas apiece ($150).

Trolley-car service was suspended in the vicinity of the Palacio de las Dueñas on the night of the ball to make it possible for the great number of carriages, cars, and taxis carrying guests to get through the narrow streets. Looking over the huge crowd which jammed the various courtyards, the gardens, and the reception rooms of the palace, it didn't seem possible that there could be anyone in Seville that night who wasn't present, but apparently there was, because the taverns and

bars were jammed with the local populace taking advantage of the fact that on that night all drinks served in Seville were on the Duke.

By midnight the guests began to pass through the grilled doors of the fifteenth-century palace. The men wore white ties and the women were dressed in gowns imported from Paris or especially bought for the occasion from the three most important dressmakers in Madrid—Balenciaga, Rodriguez, and Lafitte—at prices ranging from $300 to $600. Blonde Cayetana and many other young girls wore Andalusian dresses made of polka-dotted material with ruffled skirts and a little shawl around the shoulders. In their hair they tucked carnations and colored combs. Those among the men who were natives of Seville appeared in their Andalusian outfits with tight trousers, ruffled shirts, and bolero jackets.

They wandered through the patios and gardens where the trees were hung with red lanterns and the hedges gleamed with concealed lights. They went from the dance floor built in the corner of the garden, where an orchestra played waltzes, to the ballroom, where a colored band played jazz. When they grew tired of dancing, they moved on to another corner in the garden where gypsies danced and sang and old women hung over big caldrons of boiling oil containing *churros* (a kind of doughnut). They went upstairs to the long drawing room where, on a temporary stage, a gypsy troop headed by the old favorite, Pastora Imperio, performed. They ate lobster, cold meat, and ices, drank wine cup and champagne at the various buffets set up in the patios, galleries, and drawing rooms. Everybody kept moving; there was little chance to sit down in such a throng. When someone did succeed in finding a chair or bench, he stayed on it knowing it would be impossible to get another.

As a spectacle, it was magnificent; as a party at which to have fun, it was a failure. There were so many people and there was so much movement that I felt as though I had wandered into a glamorized Macy's during Christmas week. At four o'clock I decided to go home, but it was not until eight o'clock that I finally located the members of my party and was able to leave. During my search I ran into Juan Belmonte, once the greatest bullfighter of his time. In answer to my questions about my friends, he said, "This is like the valley of Jehosophat! Everyone goes around asking, 'Have you seen my father? Have you seen my mother?'"

The ball was on a Tuesday. On Thursday the fair opened in a village of wooden pavilions and booths specially set up on the outskirts of the city. Then Seville began to look like the colored postcard version

of Spain. Ordinarily, neither the Spaniards nor their country resemble the picture that foreigners have of them. It is not really a land of flowers and singing and gaiety. The tempestuous señorita with a carnation between her teeth isn't to be found on every street corner. On the whole, Spaniards are a stern, pessimistic people with a very strong sense of tragedy, and great stretches of the country are gray, cold, and bleak. But Spain is also a country of strong contrasts, and Seville, particularly at fairtime, is as different from Castile as Southern California is from Maine.

For five days the holiday noises never ceased. They went on all night and all day. There was music and singing. The tooting of automobile horns. An unending clatter of horses' hooves. The jingle of harnesses hung with colored pompoms and bells, which decorated the horses and mules driven singly, in pairs, four and five in hand, and in tandems of three, pulling barouches, landaus, and pony carts. There was the stamping of dancing feet that never stopped, and the click-click of castanets played by children, young girls, and even old women as they wandered along the streets.

Rich and poor, the smart visitors, the members of the local population, and gypsies all mingled in an extraordinary spirit of easy camaraderie. In many ways, Spaniards are among the most democratic people in the world, and class distinctions cease to exist on holidays.

The life they led during those five days was certainly an example of the unusual powers of endurance of the Spanish people. An ordinary day's program consisted of going to the fair at twelve or one o'clock. Visitors as well as natives wore Andalusian costumes. All the men, even those in ordinary sack suits, sported the broad-brimmed hat known as a *Cordobés*. Either they walked round and round or they drove in carriages or they rode on horseback. A few women, also, rode —some, like Doña Sol, the sister of the Duke of Alba, rode astride, wearing heavy leather chaps like the men. Others perched on side saddles, dressed in long Victorian skirts, boleros, and the *Cordobés*. Many of the girls in their long, frilly Andalusian dresses rode pillion behind the men.

The various pavilions put up by clubs, restaurants, and private organizations were invariably packed by one o'clock with people drinking sherry, which in Seville is always ordered by the bottle and never by the glass. With it they consumed huge platefuls of smoked ham, olives, and spiced sausages, as well as crayfish bought in paper twists from street vendors.

Some remained at the fair for luncheon. Others returned to their

houses or hotels, but nobody ate before four o'clock. The bullfights started promptly at six. They were the only event which ever did start on time. Although I don't like bullfights very much, I went twice for the spectacle. As a spectacle, it is one of the finest in Spain. The ring in Seville is small and quite charming. It has delicate arches circling the top and the sand in the arena is bright yellow. The women all wore high combs, lace mantillas, and flowers. Anyone who had a carriage made a point of using it to drive to the bull ring, and I always waited until the last moment before taking my place, in order to watch the people drive up.

After the bullfight it was customary to meet in the bar of the Andalusia Palace hotel, or to drive ten miles out of town to a roadhouse called Antequera La Nueva to differentiate it from Antequera La Vieja which was closer to town but was used more for lunches and evening parties. There one sat in one of the many summer houses in the garden or on a terrace overlooking an enclosure where the bulls to be killed the next day were penned. Again, one drank sherry and ate crayfish.

A five-course dinner costing at least five dollars a plate plus the fine imposed on people dining after hours was never eaten before eleven o'clock. After that, there were parties in private rooms or restaurants or people's houses with gypsy entertainers wailing strangely oriental flamenco melodies. At two or three in the morning everyone started on another round of the fair, to hear more singing and watch more dancing. Flamenco music inspires a sort of drunkenness in people who like it. To be at its best, a flamenco must take place in a small room with nothing but straight kitchen chairs. The listeners sit on those chairs for hours at a time making no noise except when they clap their hands or cry, *"Olé."* A Spaniard I knew told me that he and two friends had once organized a flamenco which lasted four days. They would sit up all night, go home to take a bath and change their clothes, and return for another afternoon and night session. After I had been in Spain awhile, I could well believe this story.

Going from booth to booth, the crowds would stay at the fair until eight or nine in the morning. Once I sat for four hours in the back room of one of the pavilions. Its corrugated iron roof and dirt floor gave it the aspect of a lean-to in a hillbilly shack. "El Chachi," a short, fat gypsy with an extraordinarily powerful voice, sang to the music of a guitar. There was a deal table in the middle of the room covered with bottles, and ranged round the wall on the usual hard kitchen chairs were the listeners, an oddly mixed group typical of Seville in fairtime. It in-

cluded the Mayor of Seville, the Minister of Agriculture, a prince of the house of Bourbon Orléans, young girls and men bearing some of the greatest names in Spain, three local lads who had joined the party at another booth, actors, dancers, the owner of a small café, and two peasants who had come from their village to visit the fair.

When, by dawn, people began to grow weary of the fair grounds, they moved on to an inn across the river in the Barrio de Triana (the gypsy quarter) for ham and eggs, or a breakfast of chocolate and churros. Sometimes they would call in singers even then. The next day at noon the whole round would start over again.

The fair had been going three days when Franco arrived in Seville. It was rumored that his visit was the result of a tremendous ovation which had been accorded General Queipo de Llano at the bullfight. I was present that day when someone spotted the general in the crowd, and the word went round that he was present. Everybody started to applaud and call his name. Finally he stood up and made signs for the cheering and applause to stop. It obviously made him nervous, as he knew that such an ovation would most certainly not please Franco. Queipo de Llano, because he gained Seville for Franco during the Civil War and is extremely popular with the Andalusians, is apparently untouchable, but that doesn't mean Franco wouldn't like to find an excuse to get him out of the way.

On Sunday morning the Generalissimo drove round the fairgrounds, accompanied by a cavalcade which included his daughter, Carmencita. Apparently she is not a very expert rider, and a safe horse had to be found for her. A friend of mine happened to have the best-schooled horse in the town. She had looked forward to riding it in the parade and had even gone to bed early the night before in order to feel fresh for the occasion. Early Sunday morning she was awakened with a telephoned request that she lend her horse to Carmencita. She absolutely refused and, what's more, got away with it.

That night the military governor of Seville gave a party in Franco's honor in the palace which once formed part of the 1929 exposition. An old countess who owed the Swiss Minister in Lisbon several favors agreed to take him, June, and me to the party. We foresaw difficulties, as everyone was supposed to present his invitation at the door, but she solved the problem by writing "and family" after her name on the invitation. Nobody challenged us at the entrance, and we went right in to join the other guests in the patio, where they stood about awaiting the Generalissimo's arrival. At a given signal we all separated to form lines on either side of the gallery surrounding the courtyard. A mili-

ary band struck up the national anthem and the Generalissimo appeared, preceded by Madame Franco, who looked very pretty indeed in a white satin Balenciaga dress and a red shawl. They were followed by the host. As they passed, the guests raised their arms in the Falangist salute.

The Swiss Minister standing beside me noticed that my arms were hanging at my sides and whispered, "Aren't you going to salute?"

"Of course I'm not," I replied. "I am an American, and I wouldn't dream of giving the Falangist salute."

He glanced about uncertainly and finally compromised by raising his right hand waist high. It was such a wonderfully neutral gesture that I was overcome by a fit of schoolgirl giggles which attracted the amazed glance of the Generalissimo as he went by.

On one side of the patio a row of chairs flanked an extra-large armchair, very much carved and gilded. It looked like a throne. Franco sat down on it with his short legs missing the ground by about six inches. Dignitaries such as the Caliph of Spanish Morocco, ministers of state, and ambassadors occupied the other chairs. There was a dull entertainment performed on a small stage which had been built in the middle of the courtyard. Two gypsy children danced, alternating with singers and guitar players. Everybody had had a hard week, and I noticed several of the dignitaries nodding sleepily. When the entertainment was over, Franco and the important personages retired to a private dining room for supper, while the rest of us made our way to the buffet set out downstairs for a meal so lavish that it even included sandwiches made of white bread. When Franco left there were cheers and music.

The next evening I went to a ball given at a country house about fifteen miles out of town. As I drove along that evening, it was obvious that the rumor that Franco was going to be present was true; members of the militia were stationed in pairs along the road at half-mile intervals. As far as I could see, that was the only precaution taken, for nobody was asked for his invitation on arrival, and I saw no guards around the house or in the garden.

Again, the gardens and patios were dreams of fairy-tale lighting, and, again, a show was put on by singers and dancers. This took place on a stage set up in the garden, and right after the performance the Generalissimo left the party. All the guests accompanied him to the courtyard where he got into his car, but this time, as it was a private party and not an official function, no one felt called upon to cheer or salute. There was complete silence as the car drove out. Next to me I

heard a woman say to the wife of a very highly placed official, "If it had been the king, he would have stayed to dance."

Her friend answered, "Of course. But this one's different. What can you expect of such a *cursi*?" (*Cursi* is an untranslatable word, but in this case it would be fairly accurate to say that it meant pretentious nobody.)

The next day the fair was over. The noise subsided. The music and the singing and the clicking of castanets were heard no more. Trains and cars carried visitors away. Seville returned to its normal, quiet, sleepy ways. Indefatigable merrymakers went on to the fair at Jerez, and the diplomats returned to Madrid, presumably to catch up on the war news by listening to the BBC.

5. Life in Madrid

The Germans, I soon found out, weren't at all pleased at having me in Spain. My fluent Spanish and wide circle of acquaintances made it possible for me to get around too much for their liking. They made three attempts to get me out of the country. The first came at the end of my stay in Seville. On this occasion they also picked on June, whose immense popularity didn't suit them either. Aside from that, she suffered the fate of every tall, good-looking blonde who travels nowadays and was, of course, suspected of being a secret agent.

Her visa happened to be valid for only three weeks. Afraid that she might have some difficulties if it ran out before we got back to the capital, I asked the advice of the Chief of the Madrid Police, who happened to be in Seville for the fair. He assured me that there would be no trouble but, to satisfy June, he promised to speak to the local Chief of Police. We were to see him before leaving, and he would do whatever had to be done.

We didn't get around to the police station until two days before our departure. Then, although we had an appointment with the Chief, we were told that he was out and informed that we had to leave national territory within twenty-four hours.

Growing stubborn, we refused to budge until we had seen the Chief.

Once in his office, we bewildered him by flinging around a lot of big names, and he ended by begging us just to go quietly and leave Seville immediately. He was very embarrassed, and it was quite obvious that his attitude was due to outside pressure. When we complained to a government official, he looked into the matter and insisted that it had been a case of mistaken identity.

Later, I found out that the whole thing had been engineered by the Germans in an attempt to frighten us into leaving Spain without delay. This had been accomplished by the German Consulate in Seville, which used its influence on the Falange, which in turn used its influence on the Chief of Police.

The Germans always seemed to be stronger in the provinces than they were in the capital. They were certainly more in evidence in the small towns than they were in Madrid. At two parties in Seville, for instance, I saw several Nazis in uniform wearing swastika arm bands. That was a sight we were spared in Madrid except at official functions.

In the end, we left Seville according to our original plan on April 28. Some Portuguese acquaintances of June's were going north by car and invited us to drive with them.

On the way, we stopped overnight at Granada. The big hotel had just been reopened and was being furbished for the *Caudillo's* approaching visit. Although I had been to Granada several times, I was delighted to be able to see the Alhambra again. It has always seemed to me one of the most romantic and lovely places in the world. Unfortunately, it rained steadily so that the others who had never been there before missed seeing the old Moorish palace in the sunlight, when it is at its best.

On this trip I stopped for the first time at an *albergue.* It was in Baylen and was one of the ten inns run by the government tourist bureau. They were built during the time of Primo de Rivera and are among the best things of their kind I've ever seen. Very modern in architecture with a big bay window at one end, all ten are exactly alike. Downstairs there is a dining room and a sitting room with a fireplace and big comfortable chairs. The bedrooms and baths are on the second floor.

The service was excellent and the food edible, which, considering the way I feel about Spanish cooking, is high praise indeed. Aside from the *albergues,* there are several other larger inns called *paradores,* which are old castles converted into hotels and also run by the tourist bureau. They make motoring in Spain a pleasure and are so placed that it is usually possible to reach one at the end of a day's drive. This

is a great advantage in a country where small towns and villages provide only very inferior, dirty accommodations.

Driving in a leisurely fashion, we stopped at every village that looked interesting. I made a point of getting out of the car to talk to peasants in the fields and to look over the inhabitants of the towns and villages. I had expected to find them and their children turned into skeletons and covered with sores. Instead, I saw no one who appeared to be starving. The people looked ragged and poor, but not actually hungry. It was only on reaching the outskirts of Madrid that I began to see small children who were pinched and yellow. I noticed two with skin diseases.

Once back in Madrid, I took an apartment at the Ritz and settled down to work. As taxis were scarce, I hired a small car at 2,500 pesetas a month. Gabino, the chauffeur, wore a blue suit that had been exposed to the elements for some years and a filthy beret. In other ways, he was scarcely the conventional chauffeur. He kept up a steady stream of chatter and even insisted upon talking to June, who didn't understand Spanish. He listened to all conversations and interrupted whenever he had anything to say.

He was just out of prison after serving two years of a six-year term. Nine months of that time he had been in a labor battalion working as a mason in the reconstruction of Brunete. The whites of his parrot-like eyes were always yellow. He was sour about everything and openly critical of many of my friends. But his remarks about them, like his comments on politics, were so comically phrased that I never could resist listening to them. Every now and then he would stop the conversation long enough to stick his head out of the window and shout curses at policemen and doormen.

I also hired a young girl as a secretary. The first day I discovered that she had been overly optimistic when she said she understood English and could typewrite. She couldn't even read English, and when I asked her to type a short letter, she spent two hours over it while I thought I would go mad listening to the typewriter keys slowly being pushed down and making a sound like water leaking off a roof.

However, her salary was only 300 pesetas a month (that is high pay for a beginner in Spain) so I kept her on. She and Gabino loathed each other on sight. Every day one of them was sure to come to me with some long complaint about the other. Gabino took the stand that she was an employee just as he was, so he made her ride on the front seat with him and positively refused to get down to deliver a letter or run

any errand for her. I kept out of their quarrels as much as possible, but there were times when I had to interfere.

The secretary came from a middle-class Republican family who had fled Spain during the Civil War. She was, therefore, according to present-day Spanish ideas, just as much of a Red as Gabino, but she confided to me that she was terrified of the thought of what would happen when the next civil war began. She was convinced that Gabino would make a beeline for her house and hack her up before starting on anyone else.

It was spring and the height of the social season in Madrid. Every day the lounge of the Ritz, the garden of a café across the street, the Palace Bar, and a small place called the Bakanik were crowded at noon and just before dinner with what, for lack of a better phrase, must be described as the "smart set."

The Ritz and the garden café attracted the members of the old aristocracy. Every day of the world, they formed in groups, exactly the same groups I remembered having seen when I was in Madrid as a child. Those who had died of old age had been replaced by their descendants. They exchanged gossip and discussed last night's party and made plans for other parties. The Palace attracted a more mixed crowd—politicians, businessmen, members of the Foreign Office, journalists, actors, tarts, and touts. It was there that the political rumors flew over the driest Martinis I've ever seen. It was possible to count on at least one good rumor a day at the Palace. If everything else failed, there was always the one about the Pope's fleeing Rome and preparing to set up in the Escorial. The Germans used the Palace as their stamping ground and were seldom seen at the Ritz.

The Bakanik was a favorite haunt of the younger people of Madrid. It came as a surprise to me to see how things had changed since the Civil War. In the old days ladies didn't go to bars and young girls of good family never appeared in public places. At the Bakanik they came in either with their beaux or in groups of two or three. It wasn't unusual to see a young girl dining alone with a man in a restaurant or at a bullfight or some other place of amusement quite unchaperoned.

There were many dinners and balls. June and I went out every night and seldom got to bed before four or five in the morning. It was either habit or the altitude, but we found that we could keep going with remarkably little sleep.

Feeling the need of fresh air and exercise, I used to ride in the Casa de Campo (the former royal park) in the early mornings. The Captain General of Madrid, a colorful old fellow with mustaches at least two

feet long and the appearance of a Mexican revolutionary general, very kindly allowed me to ride his horses. I was accompanied by an orderly in a tattered uniform who had fought with the Nationalists on the Madrid front, and had many stories to tell of his war experiences.

After returning to the hotel and changing my clothes, I would set forth with June to inspect the various quarters of Madrid. Once, guided by a foreign priest, we visited Vallecas, the worst slum, where most of the houses are made of gasoline tins. Each tin house was tenanted by a large family. There was no ventilation, no plumbing, the sewage was bad, and the inhabitants lived mostly on food that had been thrown out of markets. Sometimes eight people had to subsist on the ten or twelve pesetas a day earned by the man of the family. June was feeling quite sick by the time we got home. I didn't feel too well either, but I was better prepared for such sights after having seen how the poor lived in China and Russia. Aside from that, I have visited the slums in New York and therefore don't find it easy to assume the righteous indignation common to most American travelers when they discover that poverty exists abroad. Apparently they aren't aware that it is also to be found at home.

We visited many charity hospitals and other organizations. June, who has always been interested in welfare work, got in touch with various heads of charities who showed her what there was to see. I often went along and inspected food kitchens, hospitals, and clinics. Many of these organizations had been founded by the former Queen of Spain, Victoria, and were still run by old ladies of the aristocracy with money donated by them and their friends. Others were managed by Auxilio Social, the feminine section of Falange, which, incidentally, has turned out to be the one worth-while branch of the party. It actually has done a great deal for the poor with its food kitchens and maternity clinics. What's more, it has not discriminated against the wives and children of Republicans.

There was one fault to be found both in the private enterprises and those of Auxilio Social. Far too much attention was paid to externals, and the same money could have been spread much thinner and helped more people. June, who knew far more about such things than I, agreed with me that the management could have been much more practical and economical.

I was particularly interested in the reconstruction work being done by Regiones Devastadas, a department of the Ministry of the Interior. Any town or village that was more than 75 per cent destroyed during the war is "adopted" by Franco and rebuilt by Regiones Devastadas.

During the drive up from Seville, I had noticed entire new villages under construction. They were made up of small, whitewashed houses, and the whitewash was a startling sight in Castile, where towns usually merge into the brownish gray countryside.

Getting in touch with the architect in charge of the work in Castile, I visited four of the towns near Madrid. Brunete, which had been 98 per cent destroyed, was one of them. Its layout followed more or less the plan of the other reconstructed towns. The hub was a three-sided public square with colonnades where all the government buildings and amusement centers were placed. The church was behind the square, and from there radiated streets of one-story houses. Every house had a courtyard with a storage shed. In each the principal room was the kitchen. As is the custom in Spanish farmhouses, there was an open fireplace built several feet off the ground where all the cooking was done. Sometimes there were two and other times three or four bedrooms, and there was always a lavatory with a shower.

The architect took me into every house, and I became fired with his enthusiasm. I could see what it must mean to a man of his profession to be commissioned not to build just one or two houses, but to create entire towns. In one village he had run out of lumber and steel, so most of the houses had vaulted brick roofs.

In Brunete, the architect showed me with great pride a house that had been furnished as a model. The furniture was simple peasant stuff and quite charming. Anyone would have been glad to live in it. I wanted to see a place that was actually inhabited. We called on the mayor across the street. He was out, but his seventy-three-year-old mother received us and showed us over the house. It presented quite a different aspect from the model. Most of the furniture, such as it was, was in the kitchen. It was badly battered and had never been very good. One bedroom boasted a roll-top desk and served as the mayor's office. The other was shared by the mayor and his mother, and the third was being used to store coal and potatoes.

When we left, the architect practically had tears in his eyes. "You see what happens to my beautiful houses," he said. I pointed out that this was due to the fact that Spanish peasants weren't used to living in such quarters. He agreed with me, but was optimistic over a program that had been outlined for the priest and the schoolmaster in every village, assisted by the girls of Auxilio Social, to educate the people for better living conditions. Somehow, from what I knew of the distance that usually separates planning from action in Spain, I doubted that much would come of it.

At that time about eighty towns and villages had been adopted and the expense had run to 11,000,000 pesetas. That is about $1,000,000. On the whole, it was a worthy project, not only from an artistic point of view, but because it was taking the peasants back to the land again. Many farmers, when they had been bombed or burned out of their villages, had moved to the cities. The houses were turned over to these people on an easy-payment plan. They cost between five and ten thousand pesetas, which could be paid off like rent over a period of twenty years.

When I told my chauffeur, Gabino, that I had been to Brunete, he mentioned the one great fault in construction which I, being a city girl, had missed. He agreed that the houses were delightful and comfortable and better than any the Spanish peasants had ever had, but, he said, the courtyards were too small to accommodate farmers' wagons and the hay and feed which had to be stored. It occurred to me that this could have been remedied by building a big center courtyard in every block of houses for the use of several tenants. Gabino and the other Spaniards to whom I made the suggestion laughed heartily. According to them, I was forgetting the Spanish character, which puts any form of communal life out of the question. A Spanish farmer would be as likely to share his wife as his courtyard.

Seeing streets and buildings wasn't enough. I wanted to know people of all classes and conditions in life. Through the various contacts I already had, I soon had a wide and varied acquaintance. The porter of the hotel, who was reputed to be in the pay of the Germans and, therefore, expected to turn in the lists of all my visitors, must have been very bewildered when he worked on the accounts of my activities. One day a Republican with prison haircut would come to tea and a minister of state to dinner. The next day a lumberman from one of the suburbs would turn up for a drink before lunch. In the afternoon I would go out with a bullfighter and return with a priest. One evening I would have a long conference with a Monarchist and the next with a zealous member of the Falange.

Many of my friends didn't like to come to the hotel. They felt it might be dangerous to be seen entering my rooms. Aside from that, I was warned again and again that there were probably microphones installed in my walls. I never quite believed that, for I have heard the microphone story everywhere I have gone, and anyway I saw no reason to assume that, in a country where nothing mechanical ever works, delicate instruments like microphones would be kept in running order.

Nevertheless, I decided to take an apartment where I wouldn't be so closely watched. It took me three months, however, to find one.

While gathering opinions from these varied sources, I came to realize that, although as far as the physical aspects were concerned the Civil War scars were being removed, there was still a deep gash left in the spirit of the people. Unfortunately, instead of doing everything to make the scar heal as quickly as possible, Franco keeps reopening it.

The Church and the Monarchists hate the Falange but, like the Party, live in continual terror of their former enemies, whom they lump under the heading of "Reds." The Reds, on the other hand, dream of the day when they can take revenge for the years they've spent in prison and for the discrimination against them by employers. I had anticipated this, for a Spaniard never forgives or forgets. The Spaniards still hate England because of the Armada, and, although the Americans may have forgotten the *Maine,* the Spaniards haven't and continue to hold the Cuban war against us.

What did startle me was that the griefs listed by the Nationalists against the Reds were exactly the same as those listed by the Republicans against the Nationalists. "You can't imagine what those people are like," a Monarchist would say. "They murdered my mother and my brother." One hour later, I would hear precisely the same words from a Republican about the Nationalists.

6. Censorship and the Press

Comparatively speaking, I didn't find working in Spain too difficult. After Japan and Russia, the fact that I could move about freely and travel wherever I liked seemed the height of liberty. The major problem was trying to sift fact from fancy. Madrid was a rumor factory where every report was passed on as gospel truth. Had I taken them all seriously, I could have filed four contradictory stories every day. Getting figures was practically impossible. Spaniards just have no use for figures, and they will subtract or add zeros with airy indifference.

There was one person whom I found invaluable to me in my work—Ralph Forte, the UP correspondent. A top-notch newspaperman with

a highly developed competitive spirit, he nevertheless was so generous that he always did whatever he could to help me. Every day at noon we talked for about an hour over the telephone. He repeated all the latest rumors as well as giving me an outline of the actual developments. Together we sifted the news I had picked up.

Aside from being enlightening, these telephone conversations put me in a good humor for the rest of the day because Forte's way of expressing himself was always so comical. Of Italian parentage, he spoke with an accent and his intonation was almost as funny as his choice of words. Some of the most amusing times I spent were in his company. A little round fat man, he looked rather like a Walt Disney fish and waved his hands like flippers. His eyes, round as marbles, gleamed merrily through thick glasses. He was always bustling about, full of vitality. I never knew him to be anything but gay, and I could call on him for any favor and know he would break his neck to do it for me.

The press section of the British Embassy proved to be another great help. Whenever I was in need of advice and assistance I called on either Tom Burns or John Walter. Tom had many Spanish friends and even belonged to a *tertulia.* (A *tertulia* technically is a mixed group of people which meets daily in a café, but the word is now loosely used to describe any group meeting often.) This particular *tertulia* was made up of writers, actors, painters, sculptors, and bullfighters. When Tom married the daughter of Doctor Marañon, the principal witnesses at the wedding were Sir Samuel Hoare and Belmonte the bullfighter. That was a gesture worth all the propaganda leaflets printed at the embassy in one year.

Tom's assistant, John Walter, was a very intelligent but extremely vague young man, who suffered tortures every time he had to make up his mind about anything. Even something as trivial as where he was going to dine could reduce him to agony. Once he was sent on a very secret mission. On his return he could, of course, give me no details, but he reported that it had been frightful. "Think," he said. "There was a moment when I had to make a decision just like that." That experience left such a mark on him that afterward he had more trouble than ever making up his mind. In spite of this vagueness, he was politically shrewd. His torpor and cynicism acted as a good balance against Tom's impetuousness and wide-eyed enthusiasm for all things Spanish.

Once the news had been gathered and analyzed there came the real hurdle—the censorship. Censors are the natural enemies of reporters, and it is never to be expected that they will get along peaceably. The

censorship was under the Falange in a department called Vice-Secretaría de Educación Popular. My principal complaint against it was its slowness. There was never any knowing how long it would take to get a story through.

Some of the Allied correspondents, feeling that Falange wasn't friendly toward the democracies, kept hoping that the censorship would be put under the Foreign Office. Forte, however, was all against this. His argument was that the young men in the Foreign Office had all traveled and spoke fairly good English, while those in Falange understood about one word in three of our copy. "We don't wany anybody reading our stuff," he used to say, "who can really understand it."

I seldom went to the censorship office, but on my rare visits there found everyone very friendly. And on the whole I was allowed to get away with more than I ever had been able to do with the censors in other parts of the world. The ones working there at the time were used to censoring terse agency copy and were therefore very surprised to find writing in which an attempt was made at style. Since it was the first thing of the kind they had ever seen, they were convinced that I was a very great writer indeed and treated me with considerable respect.

However, my relations with Vice-Secretaría were not all conducted in an atmosphere of honeysuckle and moonlight. The first run-in took place when I wrote an article about the Spanish press. I described the three leading Madrid dailies—*Arriba,* the Falangist organ and undoubtedly the worst excuse for a newspaper ever put out; *ABC,* formerly the Monarchist paper, which has remained very conservative, and is in the form of a tabloid with the first two or three pages made up entirely of pictures so blurred and dim that one can scarcely distinguish a photograph of the ruined Alcázar from one of Franco; and *Ya,* the nearest approach to a real newspaper. Its outstanding feature was a page devoted entirely to letters from abroad. The one written from London, by Assia, was particularly good, beautifully phrased, witty, and factual. It also was very pro-British.

Ya was the most popular paper, so popular, in fact, that it never could be found on the newsstands after nine o'clock in the morning. The editors of *Arriba,* figuring that the foreign correspondents' articles were what sold *Ya,* suddenly inserted a similar page. It included not only stories from New York and Berlin where the paper actually did have representatives, but also from Algiers and Melbourne, where it did not. This slight difficulty was overcome by having a couple of people in Madrid listen to the radio and whip up columns based on

the little they could hear and understand. The innovation didn't turn out to be a great success, and in no way cut into *Ya's* circulation.

In my article I reported that the Spanish newspapers were at last printing Allied as well as Axis communiqués. That is, stories from American and British sources were being used, but there were never any Russian ones. No attempt was made to rewrite the communiqués into a running story or even to group them. An item from Allied headquarters, for instance, would be sandwiched in between two German ones. The result was complete confusion for the reader.

I told about the editorials which usually appeared on the front page. There was a sameness about them that was almost laughable. It was obvious that an order had been given to every paper to write on a certain subject, for they would all come out on the same day with practically the same lead editorial. It was just as though a teacher had given his pupils a specific theme to write on. I remember one occasion when, within two days, there were fourteen almost identical editorials in the three morning and four afternoon papers. As far as I could see, they had all been written by the same hand. I never did find anyone of any class who read the editorials, which goes to show that the propaganda put out by a controlled press is a waste of time and paper in Spain.

I finished my piece with a description of an edition of *Arriba* which could be regarded as typical. The front page was taken up entirely with such items as accounts of the travels of various ministers of state (traveling was about all they ever seemed to do) and an account of some special Mass which had been held the day before. There was sure to be a special Mass at least three times a week, invariably attended by Franco, his wife and daughter, and any ministers who didn't happen to be on tour. Tucked away on page three was the news that there had been a *coup d'état* in Argentina.

A few hours after the article was delivered at Vice-Secretaría, I was called on the telephone by one of the censors. He was still gasping. He said, "We simply cannot allow you to send this story. You have insulted the Spanish press."

"Haven't I given an exact description of this morning's *Arriba?*" I asked.

"Well, yes. But that's not the point." No amount of argument could budge him, and when he rang off he was still determined to kill the entire piece.

At dinnertime I happened to run into Miguel Primo de Rivera. When he asked me how I felt, I replied, "I'm in a very bad humor. I

worked all morning on a story which has just been killed by the censorship." He put a few questions, and I told him what had happened, adding, "I'm an American, writing from an American point of view, and I think your press is dreadful. You may like it, but you can't expect me to."

He smiled at that and said, "If you've actually told the truth, that story should be allowed to go. Let me read it, and I will see what I can do. I will call you tomorrow afternoon and tell you what I think."

The next afternoon I heard nothing from him, so I came to the conclusion that it had all been just so much pretty talk. The morning after that I sent my secretary to the censorship to see if the chief censor had relented enough to allow part of the article to go. The girl at the desk told her that it wasn't worth her time waiting for the chief censor because she knew the whole thing had been scrapped. Just at that moment he walked in and said, "Oh, that story was filed last night. We received a letter from the Foreign Office instructing that it be sent with no changes."

That was when I first discovered the usefulness of the Foreign Office. Although the censorship and everything connected with the internal press were under Falange, the Gabinete Diplomatico in the Foreign Office was also supposed to look after foreign correspondents. Having found out that, on matters of foreign policy, the Party and the Ministry of State seldom saw eye to eye, I began to play one against the other.

Whenever I had treated some ticklish subject, I would take the story myself to one of the young men in the Gabinete Diplomatico and sit by while he read it. In most cases I was able to make him see reason and there, at least, I could count on finding someone who was aware that a world existed outside of Spain. Once an article was stamped by the Foreign Office, the Falange censorship was almost sure to pass it meekly enough. Like most government officials in every country, the Party censors preferred not to have to think. They were perfectly content to have anything go out so long as they didn't have to take the responsibility for it.

Vice-Secretaría controlled not only the press, but also the censorship of all publications, including magazines, books, and movies. Besides the Party boys, the board of picture censors included the father of a family and a priest. What with these two and the Party members, it was surprising that any movie ever got on the screen.

The foreign films were given Spanish subtitles and the results were often quite amazing. In *Back Street,* for instance, the censors, blushing at the thought of adultery, made the hero tell the girl that he couldn't

marry her because his sister lived in his house. Even in a family-ridden country like Spain, that puzzled the public. In most cases, people assumed that it must mean that his relations with his sister were abnormal, so that the only result achieved by the censorship was to substitute incest for adultery. In *Lady Hamilton,* the English beauty was presented as Lord Nelson's niece, and for political reasons Nelson wasn't killed at Trafalgar. He died in a battle during a completely imaginary invasion of England by Napoleon.

Writers for the stage also had their troubles with censorship. The high standard of morals set by the pater familias, the priest, and Vice-Secretaría left few subjects for drama. Even historical plays ran into difficulties unless they presented former rulers of Spain decked out with all the virtues imaginable. The classics, however, were permitted to be played as they had been written. I saw an excellent performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Teatro Español and was greatly surprised at how well Shakespeare translated into Spanish. What's more, in that environment, the plot of *Romeo and Juliet* seemed perfectly logical to me for the first time. Whenever I've seen it in the United States or England, it has seemed absurd that Juliet shouldn't just walk out of her father's house and get married. In Spain, where parents still control their children no matter how old they are, the whole story made perfectly good sense. The actress playing Lady Capulet was terribly lifelike because she reminded me of every Spanish mamma I had ever known.

A young man called Luís Escobar, the son of the Marqués de Valdeiglesias, had taken over the María Guerrero theater where he had a repertory company. He was trying to put some life into the theater by staging modern plays. He made an interesting experiment with a dramatization of Dostoievsky's *The Demons* which didn't quite come off, but he did have unexpected success with a comedy called *Neither Poor nor Rich, but Quite the Contrary.* It was written by Tono and Mihura, two zanies who edited a satirical weekly called the *Codorniz,* which had a circulation of 25,000. That, in Spain, is tremendous. It represents about ten times that much in another country. The play was very much in the slap-happy mood of the magazine and incensed the critics. There were even furious editorials written against it. The public, on the other hand, loved the comedy, and the title became a sort of catchword.

In the way of other amusements, there were the bullfights. They attracted the same huge crowds that they have always done and were even more popular than they had been for some time because of the

advent of two new stars—Manolete and Pepe Luís Vasquez. The country was divided into Manoletistas and Vazquíztas. Each rooted wildly for his man at every fight. Pepe Luís is a very graceful fighter, but he can't kill. He's too weak and too short in the arm. Manolete, on the other hand, has all the physical qualifications of a good matador and a perfect technique, both with the cape and the sword. He's no personality kid, however, and goes through every fight with a dead pan that an Indian might envy. Even in private life his lack of expression is remarkable. I once went to an all-night party which he also attended, and he never said a word or cracked a smile during the entire time.

There were a great many restaurants, bars, and night clubs operating in Madrid. The Spaniards' favorite form of relaxation traditionally is sitting around in a café discussing politics. This still continued, and the tables of the sidewalk cafés were full of shouting patrons at all hours. Restaurants of all kinds were doing a big business, and the night clubs were crowded. They ranged from small intimate places with tiny orchestras to a huge one called Pasapoga. It had two floors, with the second formed by a gallery overlooking the dance floor. The decorations were dazzling, to say the least. Mirrors, gilt, velvet hangings; nothing had been overlooked. It was the final expression of the Spanish term *"Cursi,"* so much so that a flamboyant and very *cursi* South American ambassador was nicknamed "Pasapoga" within two days of his arrival in Madrid.

This and the other large places attracted the playboys and the more successful courtesans. Ladies were not supposed to be seen in them. However, when an orchestra made up of French refugees which had had a great success in Barcelona came to the Pasapoga, the ladies forgot their scruples.

The trouble with the night clubs was that they closed at one o'clock in winter and one-thirty in summer. This was the only law I ever saw scrupulously observed in Spain. Inasmuch as nobody dined before eleven, it meant that there was seldom time for more than one quick dance at a night club before it closed. Still, there was a solution for those who insisted upon staying up late. There were several restaurants in the suburbs where it was possible to take a private room after one o'clock and hire gypsy guitarists, singers, and dancers. These gypsies sat all night in the front hall waiting to be selected by the patrons.

A private room always makes any party sound like an orgy. These flamencos were anything but that. The fans of this kind of entertainment like it so much that they preserve complete silence while the per-

formers put on their acts. If they don't, the gypsies are very apt to quit. The Villa Rosa was the most popular of these places, and its private rooms would certainly not have lent themselves to orgies. They were about as dismal as a Third Avenue boardinghouse: high ceilinged, papered in either nauseous green or poisonous blue, and furnished with a couple of tables and several straight, very hard chairs.

It was an expensive form of amusement because each of the performers received a minimum of 150 pesetas and there could never be fewer than three. Then there was all the dry sherry, which is what everybody drank, and such food as ham, sliced sausage, and bread and butter. The gypsies alone could be counted on to consume at least two bottles of sherry apiece during the course of a long night. They were firm in their demand for plenty of what they called *"Gasolina."*

I soon had many friends among the guitarists, singers, and dancers. One of the guitarists used to come to the hotel every afternoon with a weazened little gypsy known as Estampio who had started out to be a bullfighter, but had failed at that because of the cowardice typical of his race. Then he had become one of the best dancers in Spain. He informed me that he was sixty-three years old and had been drunk sixty-four years. The guitarist would accept no money for playing, but I paid Estampio five pesetas each day for dancing lessons. He also managed to consume an entire bottle of sherry every afternoon.

I learned the *Sevillanas* and several other typical dances from him, with the result that I usually ended out on the floor with the performers whenever I went to the Villa Rosa. This amused them greatly and they took tremendous interest in my progress. Eventually they assumed a rather parental attitude toward me and always referred to me as *"nuestra señorita."*

One evening I went there alone with an American friend. That was rather unusual because, as a rule, a flamenco with only two in the audience doesn't quite come off. This evening, however, was an exception and the gypsies outdid themselves. As I was leaving, the guitarist patted my escort on the shoulder, saying, "He's a charming young man. You know, when we first saw our señorita arriving here alone with a gentleman, we were very shocked. But now that we see he's such a nice, quiet young man, we are very pleased."

Through my passion for flamencos, I became involved in a great expense. One of the singers, aged thirty-five, had a grandchild and asked me to be its godmother. Without knowing what I was letting myself in for, I agreed. It meant that I had not only to buy the child a present, but to pay for the entire christening party. I was the only

non-gypsy present, and I must say that in the end I almost considered the money well spent, for the evening ended with the best show I've ever seen. Those people sing and dance because they like it better than anything else in the world, and on that occasion they were in top form.

My liking for flamencos became so well known that a sporting paper called *Digame* published a front-page story about me with a photograph. It referred to me as *"La Americana Aflamencada."* For weeks after that, I used to be stopped on the street and in shops by strangers who would cry, "You must be the *'Americana Aflamencada!'* I recognized you from your photograph." All this stood me in good stead, for Spaniards are delighted when a foreigner shows especial taste for anything very Spanish.

Somehow there always seemed to be something to do which kept me out late. Nobody in Madrid ever goes to bed at a reasonable hour. Whether I went to a ball at a duke's house or to a restaurant in the poor quarter with a Republican workman, it was always three or four in the morning before I got home. In most countries, this would be a poor way of going about getting any work done, but in Spain, where everything is accomplished on a personal basis, it's the only way to work.

The word *"enchufe"* is one that crops up in every conversation. Literally, it means electric-light socket, but it is now used to mean some valuable contact. With an *enchufe* in the right place, one can do anything. For instance, whenever I wanted to travel I never had any trouble reserving a sleeping compartment, for I knew the right man to get me the compartment reserved for the Ministry of Public Works. (Most of the ministries had reservations on every train that left Madrid. That was one of the reasons they were so hard to get.) An *enchufe* doesn't necessarily have to be an important person; it often turned out that I got what I wanted through extremely modest channels. The amazing thing about Spaniards is that they actually seem to enjoy doing favors for people. What's more, they don't expect anything in return. It is possible to accomplish miracles by keeping this in mind. Demand something perfectly reasonable of a Spaniard as your right and you won't get anywhere. Ask for something completely unreasonable as a favor, and it will immediately be granted.

Of course, the system sometimes failed. That happened in the case of an interview I thought I had all lined up with the Foreign Minister. A friend of mine asked him to receive me. Count Jordana inquired whether I spoke Spanish, at which my loyal pal came back with "She not only speaks perfect Spanish, but she's a good-looking girl."

"Oh, in that case," the Minister replied, "I shall, of course, receive her." However, something seemed to happen to interfere with every appointment, and I never did get the interview.

In the matter of the broadcast for CBS I was more successful. In June I received a cable asking what the chances were of being allowed to speak over the radio. I went into the matter and found that I had to have a letter from the press section of the American Embassy. The OWI representative agreed to write it but assured me it was a waste of time because there wasn't a chance of the thing going through. The letter was sent to the Foreign Office. That ministry went on record as having no objection to the idea of my broadcasting, but—and it was a big but—the Falange would also have to agree.

Six weeks went by, and nothing happened. At the end of that time I began to grow impatient and decided that, as there was nothing to be done by official means, I would try the personal approach. I had happened to meet a young man who was a member of the Falange through being interviewed for a newspaper by his brother. During the interview I remarked that I hadn't met anyone who really liked the party or could tell me what it was all about. The newspaperman said his brother was certainly an enthusiastic Falangista and had even fought with the Blue Division.

He brought him around for tea one day, and after that I called on him whenever I needed some information about the party. When I mentioned the matter of the broadcast to him, he volunteered to see what he could do for me. A few days later I met him for a sherry. He introduced me, as though quite by chance, to two men. They invited me to dinner that same night and we drove to a restaurant in the country. When I started out with them, I didn't have the vaguest idea who they were. But during the course of the evening I found out that they were very big shots indeed. Next to the Minister Secretary General of Falange, they were the two most important members of the organization.

One of them, Manuel Valdés, was a broad, stocky, very blond man whom I found likable. He was earnest and, I think, really sincere in his belief in the Falange. I felt rather sorry for him because, having started out with José Antonio, he still thought of the party in terms of its beginnings and was too ingenuous to realize what had since become of it. I could foresee that his disillusionment was going to be very bitter. The other man I didn't like at all. He was shifty-eyed, obviously insincere, and talked in nothing but the old party clichés. There could be no doubt that he was in Falange just for what he could get out of it.

It happened that the restaurant we chose was full of Germans that night. The dismay written all over their faces when they saw me walking in with my two companions delighted me. This was a blow where they had least expected it. I told Valdés about the broadcast and announced that I was tired of waiting around for an answer from Vice-Secretaría. I added that I was being made to look foolish in the eyes of the people back home, whom I had told that everything could easily be arranged. Valdés didn't say much, but he took in all my arguments and shortly afterward the permission to broadcast was granted.

7. Interned American Flyers

Quite by chance, I heard that there were six American flyers interned at Alhama de Aragon. Five of them had formed part of the crew of a Liberator and had been there four months. The sixth, the pilot of a P-38, had been there two months. They had made forced landings in Spanish Morocco.

The person who gave me this information had passed through Alhama on his way from Barcelona and had told the boys about me. He had promised he would arrange to have me pay them a visit and set a tentative date, saying if I didn't arrive by one o'clock they would know I wasn't coming.

Of course, I immediately broke all engagements for that day, and without saying a word to anybody, for I was afraid the embassy would put forth some objections, I set out with June in a borrowed car.

Alhama is a sleepy little village tucked in the mountains of the province of Aragon. In summer it's a popular resort for people who wish to bathe in the waters of the natural springs. But this was May, and the hotel was empty except for the internees.

We reached Alhama after a four-hour drive at a few minutes after one. The car stopped in front of a gate leading to a public park, where a hefty, blond youth, dressed in khaki shirt and pants, was standing. He came forward, exclaiming, "So you got here! We were afraid you weren't coming." Before he spoke, we had spotted him as one of the Americans; his nationality was written all over his face, and it was

obvious in his loose stride. He stood out against that Spanish background like a cake of soap in a coal scuttle.

He was a lieutenant with an oversized grin. Shaking hands, he said, "Call me Stan." He led us across the street to the principal hotel, where we found his five companions waiting on the terrace. They were slicked up within an inch of their lives and all wore ties. This dandyism was especially in our honor. A short, slight lad of twenty-one with dark red hair took charge. He, also, was a lieutenant, and his name was Edward. It was he who was in command of the group, and I noted that, although the others were on familiar terms with him, they never addressed him as anything except "Lieutenant."

Some packages containing a ham, tinned food, and American cigarettes which I had brought along were turned over to him for later distribution. He introduced his buddies: "Jim, staff sergeant; "T. J.," sergeant; Tuffy and "Brooklyn Al," technical sergeants.

"What about going to eat?" Lieutenant Ed suggested. "Luncheon is at one o'clock, and we have to be on time. There are only two real restrictions put on us here. We can't leave the town limits, and we must be punctual at meals."

We trooped along a wide corridor to the dining room, the usual large dreary place with walls painted in the tenement tan which is characteristic of all Spanish provincial hotels. Only two tables were occupied. At one there was a middle-aged Spaniard, shoveling in food with great energy. At the other sat ten young men who were obviously foreigners. They all wore khaki shirts and two of them had prison haircuts.

I assumed we would sit down with them. Instead, Lieutenant Ed drew out a chair for me at the head of a neighboring table. The other lieutenant placed June at the opposite end.

"Who are those men?" I asked.

"Two are Frenchmen just out of jail who are passing themselves off as English, and the others are English flyers," Edward answered. "They came down in France and made their way over the Pyrenees. Most of them have been here as long as we have."

I made some remark to the effect that it must be pleasant to have company. "Sure," was the reply. "They're nice fellows, but they keep pretty much to themselves. We don't know any of them very well." I noticed that June's and my arrival had caused considerable interest at the next table. But all the men were careful not to stare.

During lunch, which consisted of hor d'oeuvres, meat, potatoes, chick-peas, salad, red wine, and bread made with American flour provided by the embassy, I tried to get the boys' story. It was difficult be-

cause they were the ones who persisted in asking questions. They were hungry to hear about home. "We get letters," they said. "Sometimes in two weeks, but they only give us family news. We also listen to the BBC broadcasts every evening, but that leaves a lot of gaps too."

They had left America in September, 1942, and wanted to catch up on everything that had happened since then. They asked every kind of question: Whether or not the people at home really knew there was a war going on. What things were rationed. They kept me hard at work explaining the alphabetical agencies; frantically I tried to remember them all—OWI, WPB, OSS, and OPA, however, were the best I could do. Brooklyn Al was particularly interested in hearing details of the latest escapades of "The Little Flower."

I finally had to give them the plot of every play and movie I had seen in the last six months. They howled with laughter over the Errol Flynn story, which had filled the papers just before I had left the United States, but they grew furious over the miners' strikes, which they had heard of over the radio, and wanted to know more about.

"Why don't they send some of those guys out to fight and let them take what we've taken?" Lieutenant Ed demanded.

Another said, "None of us is going to forget how they behaved during this time." They insisted upon my remembering all the latest jokes, and their faces fell when I confessed I couldn't carry a tune and was therefore unable to hum the newest American songs. They wanted to know exactly how New York and Washington looked, and what kind of life was being led in those cities. Were there many cars on the streets? Were the restaurants and night clubs going full blast?

This went on all through lunch, and even afterward, when we adjourned to a big sitting room where we sat at a table near a window overlooking the village street. The Englishmen came in and looked at June and me hungrily from a distance. The Americans ignored them. Four retired to a corner to continue what was said to be a continuous bridge game; two started a desultory game of ping-pong; others played chess and checkers. Every now and then they would cast surreptitious glances in our direction, but they did not venture to approach.

The maid brought coffee—American coffee, which was another luxury provided by the embassy. At last I got around to asking a few questions. Lieutenant Ed told me that their rooms were very comfortable. "There are just two of us in each one, and the bathrooms are perfectly swell. There are huge tubs, and water from the warm springs runs through them all the time."

"What do you do about money?"

"Of course our pay keeps on, but we won't collect it until later. In the meantime, the embassy gives each one of us an allowance of thirty-five pesetas a week. That's just for extras. Everything in the hotel is paid for, and the servants won't take tips from us. The only thing we buy in the way of food is eggs for breakfast. The Spaniards never heard of eggs in the morning."

Tuffy interrupted. "Right now we're lousy with money because your friend who stopped here on the way from Barcelona gave us five hundred pesetas. Let's go out and spend it. We want to show you the town and show you to the town."

We went first to the park across the road, where we visited the thermal baths. Then we went on to look at a lake. There were shorts of unmistakably American origin spread over some bushes on a small island in the middle. "Do you go swimming here?" I asked.

"Yes," Brooklyn Al answered. "Supposedly between the hours of eight and ten in the morning. But we can take sun baths any time we like. And if one of us slips into the water without too much of a splash, nobody pays any attention."

We returned to the cobbled, dusty main street and walked its length. Considering that it was siesta hour, there seemed to be an awful lot of people around. That was easily explained; everybody wanted to catch a glimpse of the American señoritas.

After much discussion, it was decided that we should first go to a café that was at the far end of the town. Then we'd stop at another on our way back. Ed said there was a third, but they didn't go near it because some Spanish friends had warned them it was owned by a man who was pro-German.

We walked through the café to a garden. The fat proprietor followed us and took a long time getting our order because he was so busy telling me how much he liked the American boys. He said, "They are the friendliest, most natural, and gayest people I have ever seen." He and Brooklyn Al began to shriek with laughter and slap one another on the back over some joke about a young lady from Barcelona. According to the proprietor, Al was quite a Don Juan. Al denied this. "You can't get anywhere with these babes," he confided. "They're pretty and they're nice and they even invite us to their homes for meals. But lay a finger on one of them and she begins to scream. See this ring?" He pointed to a thin silver band on his little finger. "The girl I go with gave it to me. But it don't mean a thing. She won't even let me hold her hand."

The others chimed in, agreeing with Al. The girl situation, they all

said, was tough. In the meantime, the proprietor stood by beaming and nodding, although, of course, he couldn't understand a word.

"Have the señores learned much Spanish?" I asked.

"No," he answered, "but we are learning a lot of English."

I suddenly thought ahead to some future day after the war when an American tourist might stop in this village. I could imagine his startled expression when he heard "That jerk," Brooklyn Al's favorite expression, coming from the mouth of an Aragonese.

Beer and sherry were brought to the table. Two men came in and sat down. They seemed to be close friends of the Americans, although they didn't speak any English. They just sat there smiling and said nothing. I went back to work and made each boy tell me something about himself.

Edward, the lieutenant, came from Kilgore, Texas, and had been a medical student at Texas University. Jim, the staff sergeant, said he was twenty-one and came from Canton, Ohio. He had worked in a candy factory before the war. Tuffy of the curly red hair and merry freckled face was twenty-six and came from Monmouth, Illinois. He had been an aeronautical engineering student and salesman. T. J., always known as "The Passenger" because he was a ground man who just happened to be on the plane, hailed from Clifton, Tennessee.

"What did you do before the war?" I inquired. "The Passenger," who hadn't spoken a word, began a struggle to break his silence.

One of the others answered for him. "He was a moonshiner."

At that T. J. at last spoke up. "Call me a whisky salesman. It sounds better."

Brooklyn Al was almost as uncommunicative about his former profession. "I did all kinds of things," he murmured vaguely. But his pals wouldn't let him get away with that and informed me that he had been a bookmaker. I began to understand his interest in "The Little Flower."

The sixth was, of course, twenty-three-year-old Stan, the one we had met first. He came from Nutley, New Jersey. All of them were boys who, under ordinary circumstances, would probably never have gone out of their home states. Now, owing to the war, they had been in England, had flown over France, had ranged from Morocco to Egypt, and now were interned in an out-of-the-way town in Spain.

They told me something about their adventures in the Air Force, and how they had come to be interned. In September, 1942, five of the boys left the United States as part of the crew of a Liberator. They flew to England, where they remained for three months undertaking

bombing missions over France. They all agreed that they found England a dull place.

In December they were transferred to North Africa where they flew over Libya with the British Eighth Army. They bombed German and Italian divisions in Africa and went on missions over Italy and Sicily. Edward, at this point, remarked, "My first view of Capri was certainly a funny one. I had always heard of it as a blue island full of romance and song. Well, all I found out about it was that it had a hell of a lot of antiaircraft guns. Every one of them opened up on us at once."

They went on twenty-five bombing missions, always in the same plane. One more, they said, and they would have been eligible for the D.F.C. As it was, each had the Airman's Medal.

Life was no picnic in Africa, but they liked it better than England because, at least, it was different and exciting. They told me that at one period they went two months without a bath or a shave. They slept in tents, and the only detail which could be said to have anything in common with a picnic was the sand which covered them at all times. They learned to wipe their faces in the morning before opening their eyes to prevent the sand from pouring in and blinding them. They said, however, that the food was good, and they licked their lips when they told about the Christmas dinner at which they had been served both turkey and thick steaks.

Edward took up the story. "We were ordered to return to England with the plane, and were supposed to stop at Oran to refuel. Somehow we overshot the mark and found ourselves over Spanish Morocco." He was interrupted with hoots of derisive laughter and accusations that he, the navigator, had fallen asleep. Grinning amiably, he continued, "You'd have to see that terrain to believe it. It's nothing but hills and holes. The pilot was scared to try to land that big ship under those circumstances, but finally we began to run out of gas, and he took a chance on the first piece of fairly flat ground he saw. He brought her down with scarcely a jolt."

"What happened then?"

"Right away we were surrounded by Moorish soldiers who took us to a village near by. The British consul came to see us and brought some civilian clothes. Everybody was very kind, and a Spanish captain kept telling us about a fine road that led to French Morocco. But we were scared to try that. After nine days we were flown to Saragossa in a Junkers 52 belonging to the Spanish Air Force. Then we were brought here by bus, and here we've been ever since. That is,

we five have. The others have already been sent home. And Tuffy, the lucky stiff, developed a toothache and spent eight days at the best hotel in Saragossa while a dentist worked on him."

"What happened to the Liberator?"

"It's in Madrid," Edward said. "The Spanish sent their best pilot to get it. But of course he had never flown a ship of that type before and didn't know how to land it. He tore off most of the tail, but we hear it's been repaired since then. That's the only thing that's really driving us nuts—the loss of a plane we'd never been separated from in ten months." To my question as to what would be done with it, he replied, "It will just stay in Madrid until the end of the war."

Stan's story was very similar except that he'd been alone in his fighter plane when he had to come down in Spanish Morocco. He was taken to Madrid before being interned in Alhama.

We left the café and wandered up the main street to a small bar. Tuffy was apparently a great favorite with the village children, who followed him as though he were the Pied Piper of Hamlin, calling out, *"Olá, Toofy, olá."* The barman also greeted him warmly. Tuffy explained that they were particularly good friends. "I go with his sister, you see."

"What do you do with yourselves all day?" I asked.

"We just mooch around town. We swim, and once in a while we take walks in the mountains for exercise. In theory, we're not allowed to leave the village, but nobody says anything because we couldn't possibly escape from here. The country's too difficult, and there's too much of it. Twice a week there's a movie. We all go, even though we don't understand anything that's said on the screen. It's something to do at night. Our usual routine is to listen to the news broadcast at eleven-thirty and then go to bed at midnight. It's not what you'd call a lively kind of life, but we really can't beef. Only it's damn monotonous."

The chauffeur had tracked us down and wanted to know if June and I planned to pay a visit to the Monasterio de la Piedra, about fifteen miles away. It is a ruined monastery set in a big park full of caverns and grottoes. I replied that we couldn't go because we didn't want to leave our friends.

He went away and in a few minutes reappeared to announce that he had spoken with the militiaman on guard at the hotel, who said the boys could go to the monastery if we took him along. There were too many of us to fit in the car at one time, so June went ahead with

two of the boys and the militiaman. The car was sent back for the rest of us.

We wandered all over the ruined monastery and in and out of the caverns. It was scarcely what I would have chosen as the ideal outing for men who had been interned for four months, but they were thrilled. Anything was a welcome change for them.

When we got back to the hotel it was beginning to grow dark, and we had to start for Madrid. "Is there any message you would like me to send to America?" I asked.

Lieutenant Ed said, "No. Just tell the folks back home we miss them but otherwise we're doing fine. We've got everything we want except girls. You might ask them to send us some willing women."

As we drove out of town, I looked back to see Stan walking slowly along the road with a very pretty señorita. From where I sat, it didn't look as though he were doing too badly.

8. Aristocrats and Diplomats

Being a woman and particularly a blonde was in most ways an asset in Spain. However, in one respect my sex was a drawback; it was practically impossible to persuade men to talk to me seriously. On the whole, Spaniards prefer to stick to pretty compliments when conversing with women. They seem to feel that it's rather unchivalrous to get too far away from such phrases as *"Ay, que guapa!"* and *"Eres un sol!"*

The group which met daily at the Ritz was, of course, the worst in this respect. It made a point of avoiding all serious topics whenever possible. There are people in London, Paris, Madrid, and probably also Berlin who continue to dedicate themselves even in these days to the old-fashioned pursuit of pleasure. That kind of group exists in every capital of the world, although for some reason it always arouses indignation over here to learn of the existence of such people. One would think that frivolity was completely unknown in the United States.

The members of the Spanish aristocracy have one trait in common with all other Spaniards—they are completely undisciplined. They lack the sense of duty which has made the aristocracy of England great.

They have never been brought up with the idea of setting an example and, as it is rather dull to live quietly in the country, they are apt to neglect their properties.

Spaniards on the whole are not a particularly humane race, so it is not surprising to find that the aristocrats don't take much trouble over the living conditions of the people who work for them. Death, hunger, and disaster are taken for granted by all classes and nobody gets very wrought up over them. There is an anecdote which, to me, typifies Spanish callousness. During the Civil War some prisoners were being taken to the outskirts of Cuenca to be shot. It was a bitter winter morning and one of the prisoners began to complain of the cold. A guard hearing him said, "But what about us who have to return to Cuenca?"

The aristocrats are interesting from one point of view. Their mentality and their whole way of life are holdovers from the nineteenth century. An outsider feels rather like an anthropologist who comes upon an ancient city that has remained intact. They live very much as did their ancestors; they talk the same way; and they have the same belief in the privileges of their class. They are narrow and backward in their views; they won't read newspapers, and they absolutely refuse to face the fact that the world has changed. The women are worse in this respect than the men. The Civil War left a mark on them, but only in the form of a deep and genuine fear of communism. They are determined that the "Reds" shall never again be allowed to get an upper hand, but they have never given any real thought to what causes communism. They just know that they don't like its effects.

All the members of the aristocracy are Monarchists, and to listen to them talk one would think that Don Juan was about to return to the throne the very next week. As far as I could gather, their activities in connection with the restoration were restricted to signing manifestos and circulating letters written either by the Pretender or by Gil Robles. I came to the conclusion that they must be the inventors of the saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Every now and then, when one of them went a bit too far, the government would exile him to the Canary Islands or the Balearics. But on the whole Franco didn't seem to take them seriously enough to attempt any very stern methods of repression. Once in a while he would attack the Monarchists in a speech, but it usually was more in the form of a verbal slap on the wrist than a real blow.

It was amazing what they got away with. They absolutely refused to recognize the Generalissimo as chief of state. I knew one marqués

who had big sherry *bodegas* in Jerez. When Franco passed through there on his Andalusian tour, orders were sent ahead that all the workmen in the town were to turn out at the station for a "spontaneous" demonstration. The heads of the companies were also invited to meet the train. My friend wouldn't go because the invitation was sent in the name of the chief of state.

At a bullfight in Seville where Franco appeared, everyone in the ring stood up when he walked into his box. That is, everyone except the Duke of Alba, who, though he represents Franco in London, remains loyal to the monarchy. He even takes trips to Switzerland several times a year with the open purpose of seeing Don Juan, and his name appears on most of the Monarchist manifestos.

One day I met a countess who was in a very agitated state. She had just tried to send a birthday cable to the Pretender's wife, addressed to to "Her Majesty, the Queen of Spain." She was in a rage because the telegraph office had refused to accept it, and she had been forced to change the superscription to read, "Countess of Barcelona." "I'm going home right now," she said, "to write Her Majesty a letter explaining my apparent disrespect."

The aristocrats formed a closed circle, but this circle did include several very intelligent men in the government. One of the outstanding ones was José Antonio Sangroniz, who had just returned from Venezuela after serving there seven years as minister. He later was named Spanish representative in Algiers. A Basque, he had a lightness of spirit and quickness of wit more characteristic of the Frenchman than the Spaniard. There were rumors at one time that he was to be named foreign minister, but nothing came of them. It probably will be a miracle if he ever does get that high in his career because he suffers from the weakness of most wits—he cannot resist making a bon mot. He was one of the few in that group who would talk to me as though I were a sensible human being, and whenever he was in Madrid I made a point of seeing him often, for he could always make a situation clear in a few words. Aside from that, he was very pro-Ally in his sympathies, which saved us any arguments about the war.

Another person whom I could count upon to be objective in a discussion was Miguel Primo de Rivera. He generally passed for being a playboy who owed his job as minister of agriculture to his name. I discovered that the playboy act was somewhat assumed. Not that he didn't like a good time—there was no one who enjoyed parties more—but on the occasions when I saw him at his office or when we talked alone he revealed an intelligence and knowledge of agricultural prob-

lems in Spain that didn't fit in with his reputation. People who had known his father said that Miguel was just like him—charming, gay, bighearted, earthy, not at all intellectual, but an efficient administrator.

His career has been so interwoven with the history of Spain in the last twenty years that it is worth outlining. He was born in 1904 and was brought up almost entirely in Madrid. Although he went to law school at the University of Madrid, he never practiced law. After one year of military service in the Princess' Hussars, he remained in the army as a lieutenant for three years. He then went to Jerez to run his father's property, and it was there that he had some practical experience in agriculture which has proved useful in his present job.

In 1928 he was sent by his father, the dictator, to the United States as a representative of the Spanish tourist bureau. He insists that that was the happiest year of his life and still likes to quote an article that appeared in American papers describing him as "dark, handsome, and twenty-five."

After General Primo de Rivera lost out as dictator and went into exile, Miguel and his brother, José Antonio, got into one fight after another protecting their father's reputation. According to all accounts, scarcely an evening went by without one of the Rivera boys engaging in a free-for-all in some public place when they happened to overhear a derogatory remark made about their father. Miguel was finally ordered to leave Spain within twenty-four hours. He went to France and remained there until his father's death in March, 1930.

After that he returned to Jerez, where he devoted himself to farming until 1933. By that time José Antonio had founded the Falange and Miguel was given the job of organizing the party in Cadiz. Early in 1936 he went to Madrid to collaborate with his brother. José Antonio was put in jail in March of that year. One month later Miguel was also arrested. For four months he was locked up in Madrid and then moved to Alicante, where he shared a cell with his brother.

He had married in 1935 a daughter of the Larios family, one of eight fabulous sisters famous for their beauty and charm. She too was arrested in August, 1936, and taken to Alicante, where she spent fifteen months in jail. Miguel remained there for three years, just escaping being shot when his brother was executed. Finally he and his wife, through British mediation, were exchanged for the son of General Miaja and left for Majorca by the British destroyer *Intrepid*. Miguel flew from Majorca to join the Franco government at Burgos.

After the war he returned to Jerez and stayed there until May, 1940, when he was appointed provincial chief of the Falange in Madrid and

later civil governor. His record as civil governor showed him capable of taking prompt action. He stopped a typhus epidemic in record time by clearing the streets of 3,000 beggars, burning out entire sections of the city where the disease was most prevalent, and ordering a big hospital isolated for the typhus cases. He made a point of visiting that hospital every day himself to see that the patients had proper care, and once the epidemic was over he transferred most of the beggars to the country, where he got jobs for them on the farms.

In May, 1941, he was named minister of agriculture. His outstanding achievement has been carrying out a reforestation project. In 1943, 35,000 hectares (about 87,000 acres) were planted with trees, which is the European record. This year another 40,000 will be planted. Aside from this, the ministry has spent 380,000,000 pesetas in buying up big properties to be divided among small landowners. The new proprietors make a down payment of 20 per cent and pay off the balance in installments over a period of twenty years. So far, 3,000 families have benefited from this plan and another 6,000 are to be given land. Five hundred million pesetas a year are spent for irrigation. The ministry has also set up an agricultural school to teach all the latest farming methods and to train men to take over the irrigated lands.

Although always the gayest person on a party, Miguel's face in repose is very sad. Having had a southern father and a northern mother, he combines the two salient aspects of the Spanish character, the lightheartedness of the southerner and the grim pessimism of the northerner. There are several reasons why he might be pessimistic even without a northern mother, for his future is an uncertain one. If the Republicans should come into power again, he, as the brother of José Antonio, will be instantly marked for death. And even now his position is an uncertain one because, bighearted as he is, he can never be anything but a liberal, and he is regarded as an uncertain quantity by true-blue Falangistas. The day may well come when they will find a way of getting rid of him in spite of his name.

The diplomatic set in Madrid, on the whole, resembled every diplomatic set in every capital. Spaniards don't like foreigners much, so it's seldom that they get very close to the representatives of other countries. When I was there, they were to be met at big dinners or balls, but not at intimate gatherings.

Each embassy had its own particular little clique of aristocrats who hung around out of a peculiar form of snobbishness. The ones who went to the British and American Embassies were not exactly the cream of the crop. Outside of these and some officials, the ambassadors didn't

get to know any other Spaniards. Most of the ones they dealt with socially had lived abroad a long time and were the type who thought it was very smart to speak English instead of Spanish.. Others just stuck around for what they could get in the way of good food and liquor. The woman who had the best entrée to our embassy had been so tainted by foreign influence that she could scarcely be called Spanish any more. She announced on several occasions that if ever there were a war between England and Spain, she would want her sons to fight on the English side. Yet in spite of this amazing attitude, she was taken quite seriously, as were the lists she made out from time to time of Spaniards with pro-German sympathies. Needless to say, the lists were largely made up of the names of people against whom she had personal grudges.

As is too often the case, the British and American Embassies didn't get on very well together. Except at official functions, one seldom saw the members of the two missions together. Sir Samuel Hoare was too cagey ever to voice his opinion on Mr. Hayes. But the latter and his wife were often somewhat indiscreet in their remarks about their colleague, generally known among Americans as "Slippery Sam." Spaniards were quick to realize that the British and Americans were not presenting what might be called a united front and cashed in on it by playing one against the other.

A cabinet member once said to me, "Personally we like Mr. Hayes better than we like Sir Samuel, but we know that Sir Samuel is the shrewder and more experienced of the two. Therefore, he is the one we have to reckon with." Hoare also had the advantage of being an internationally known figure before he went to Spain. His reputation may not be too good in England or America, but from a Spanish point of view a compliment was being paid to Spain when a man was named ambassador who had held practically every portfolio in the British Cabinet. Sending Carleton Hayes, a college professor used to campus and not international politics, to stand up against Sir Samuel Hoare was very much like sending the Flatbush High School team in against the Dodgers.

Often I am asked if the people of a certain country I have just visited like the American ambassador. This is a somewhat puzzling question. What's more, it's irrelevant. The people of a foreign country can seldom like or dislike an ambassador because they don't know him. I doubt that one Spaniard out of ten even knew that the name of the American ambassador was Hayes. As for the sentiments of someone like Franco, they depend entirely on his sentiments toward the country

the ambassador is representing. He can scarcely be expected to have any personal feelings, for except at large dinners and receptions at the Pardo, where he exchanges only polite amenities with diplomatic guests, he sees them rarely and then only on business. On these occasions interpreters have to be used, and it's difficult to get even the most delightful personality across by means of an interpreter.

It is also hard to answer the question as to whether or not an ambassador is doing a good job. In general, there is a very exaggerated notion of the importance of an ambassador. In the old days when communications were slow, a diplomatic representative was pretty much on his own and had to make decisions because he didn't have time to consult his government. Now, what with the telephone, the telegraph, and the airplane, he can keep in constant touch with his government and has become little more than a glorified messenger boy. The policy is made at home; he merely has to follow it.

The one important aspect of his job is to send in accurate reports of conditions in the country to which he is accredited. Many of our missions fail lamentably in this, partly because they seldom get to know anyone except government officials and members of the upper classes, and partly, no doubt, because what with reports pouring into Washington every day from hundreds of embassies, legations, and consulates, there just isn't time to give them a careful reading.

Carleton Hayes came in for a lot of undeserved criticism in the American press. Some newspapers even accused him of being a fascist. What doesn't seem to have occurred to the writers of these criticisms is that whatever action he took in Spain was taken under instructions from the State Department. When Washington thought it was the right moment to play ball with Franco, Mr. Hayes got out a pretty colored ball and played. When Washington decided to get tough, Mr. Hayes exchanged the ball for a bat.

The results greatly depended not on him or how ably he carried out his instructions, but on how the war was going. Whenever Allied troops began to advance, a change was immediately noticeable in the Spanish attitude toward us. Hayes's predecessor, Alexander Weddell, who was recognized as a skillful diplomat, was able to accomplish very little because he was in Spain at the moment when the Allies were suffering reverses on all fronts. This was just another example of how, during a war, victories are what count.

9. Keeping House in Madrid

In the middle of July, June returned to England. Before she left I gave a farewell party in her honor in the garden of a small house just outside of Madrid. The house belonged to three young men who used it only for parties. They were introduced to me by the gypsy owner of a café, whose aid I had enlisted in finding a place for the dinner. They drove me out to see the house and said, "It is yours. Do whatever you like with it." I had never seen them before, and I never saw them again. That's the sort of thing that can happen to one only in Spain.

After June's departure I decided quite definitely that I must move out of the hotel, but finding a furnished apartment in Madrid required a combination of perseverance, patience, strong legs, and luck. The kind of people who have the money to live comfortably also have enough money not to need to rent their places. The others live in such discomfort that a person with American ideas hesitates to take a flat furnished by them. As all the embassies had greatly increased their staffs, the few good apartments had been snapped up and there was a great shortage of furnished places. All my friends told me these things and tried to discourage me, but I was determined to move.

First I applied at an agency where, after putting up a hundred pesetas, I was given a list of flats to visit. As is the case with agencies all over the world, no attention at all had been paid to my list of requirements. Every place the agent sent me to see was either too big or too small. Then there were some that had already been rented, and even one at a nonexistent address. For some weeks I tried answering every advertisement in the newspapers that seemed at all possible. They turned out to have been written by persons who either misunderstood the meaning of the word comfort or who suffered from an excess of imagination.

Growing discouraged, I gave up reading advertisements and turned to my friends, who rose to the occasion nobly but ineffectually. One knew of a magnificent flat, which, of course, had been let two weeks earlier; the second had a friend who was going away, but never could make up her mind exactly when; the third found me a place which I liked but which, in the end, couldn't be sublet. There is a law against subletting any apartment in Madrid, but it's a law which is usually disregarded. However, when it is disregarded, it means subsidizing the

porter to keep quiet, which explains the power that porters have over the owners of buildings. The fourth, sworn to secrecy that a certain place would be for rent, took the oath seriously and kept the name of the owner and the address secret from me as well.

Again I turned to the advertising columns of the newspapers. In the middle of July I found something that sounded promising. Visiting the apartment by appointment that same evening, I walked into a group of excited Germans, Rumanians, and Italians, each determined to sign a lease then and there in spite of the fact that the furniture had not yet been moved in. I could see that the place had possibilities. Its walls had been freshly painted in plain white. It was on the ground floor, which, though apt to be damp and chilly in winter, is still a great advantage in a country where elevators are usually out of order. It had two large drawing rooms, one of which could be used as a dining room; a big entrance hall; one good-sized bedroom; two smaller bedrooms; a tiled bathroom which was near the bedrooms (something very unusual in Spain, where bathrooms are generally reached after going through a succession of long corridors, the living room, and the kitchen); a kitchen; and a maid's room. The only furnishings to be seen were the lamps. Their shades were simple and light in color, unlike the pink and red atrocities hung with chenille balls that I had seen in other apartments. They seemed to indicate some taste on the part of the owner.

Swayed by these considerations, but mostly overcome by the spirit of competition and a desire to do the enemy out of something, I decided I must have that flat. Luring the owner into the kitchen, which the Rumanians, Germans, and Italians had not yet penetrated, I did some fast talking. An American woman, I told her, was the finest housekeeper in the world. Therefore, she should let me have the place. My argument seemed to be convincing, for she soon agreed to let me have the flat for the equivalent of $200 a month. That was pretty high rent, but not as high as that in many other places I'd seen.

Later I discovered that the reason the old girl was so attracted to my nationality was not so much that it endowed me with housewifely talents as that it made it probable that I could get a telephone installed. As the company was American owned, it was impossible for anyone from an Axis country to get an instrument. There was a serious shortage of instruments, wires, and cables, so that even Allies sometimes had to wait months to get a telephone, but with the aid of a letter from the embassy stating that I was a journalist and therefore needed a phone for my work, I was able to have one installed within two

weeks. That meant that the landlady could add another thousand pesetas to the rent the next time she let her place.

An acquaintance recommended a maid. He was an ardent member of the Falange, and my friends told me I was mad to take anyone he sent me because she was sure to be put there as a spy. I figured that probably I was being watched anyway and it didn't particularly matter how it was done. Adela, however, turned out to be a Republican whose husband had been shot during the Civil War. Besides, she was the type of servant who moves right in and becomes a member of the family. As a general rule I am not a great believer in servants' loyalty, but in her case, she gave too many proofs of it for me ever to have any doubts on the subject.

She was an Asturian, and a woman of great courage and character. Short and plump with a rather pretty face, she had an enormous capacity for work and one of the worst tempers I ever saw. However, her temper was never loosed on me, and I allowed her to handle things her own way in her department.

When I hired her, I planned to have another maid to serve at table and look after my clothes, but Adela said she preferred to do all the work, as she could never get on with other servants. So she cooked, cleaned the place till it shone, did all the laundry, and maided me as well. Anyone who tried to cheat me was sure to find himself in serious trouble with Adela. She fought like a tiger over a ten-centimo overcharge. In the end I let her manage the house, because I knew she was always on my side. She took a great interest in my friends and developed very definite likes and dislikes, which at times could be embarrassing. When I had guests of whom she approved, nothing was too much trouble; if I had people she disliked, she growled at them and banged down the plates. She knew a lot of other maids and kept me up on all the gossip. Sometimes it wasn't just gossip. She often gave me some very useful political information. On several occasions she tipped me off to things weeks before they happened.

On the day she started work I said, "Look, you are going to end by thinking I am completely crazy so you might as well start out on that premise and do things the way I want them done, even when they seem mad to you. For instance, I insist upon having hot plates. Just see that I get them and don't argue."

When she was serving luncheon a little later she asked, "Do you want hot plates for the fruit also?"

From the moment of her arrival, Adela started war with Gabino, my chauffeur, and with the porter, a big, burly Andalusian who was a

crook. The rows between her and Gabino soon reached such a pitch that I had to make a choice. I decided to let him go, for, although he had given me a lot of laughs, he was anything but trustworthy, and besides, I no longer needed a car. There were more taxis available and I had learned my way about Madrid so that I could use busses, streetcars, and the subways.

There was nothing I could do about Don Camilo, the porter, except to inform him that I would take Adela's side in every quarrel and see that he got fired if he made any trouble for her. At the time I didn't realize how much of a dreamer I was to think that he ever could be fired, but my attitude was so unusual that it surprised him into a semblance of good behavior. He had two sons in the Falange, which was one of the reasons Adela hated him. In the end we got on quite well, and once he confided to Adela that he thought I had great sex appeal.

Adela's wages amounted to 125 pesetas a month (about $12). The porter received fifteen pesetas monthly as a tip. That was three times what he got from other tenants, but a foreigner is expected to be openhanded.

Then there was a character called a *sereno* who was supposed to be on hand to open the front door, which was locked after eleven o'clock. This is the general custom and there is one of these watchmen to look after several blocks of houses in every quarter. Wearing long dusters and caps and carrying sticks, they patrol their beats. At least, they're supposed to keep moving around. They seem to spend most of their time in conversation with one another. To attract their attention, tenants or visitors stand on the pavement clapping their hands and screaming, *"Sereno"* until the sound of the stick being dragged along the walls indicates that he is on the way. When guests are ready to depart, the host hangs out of a window and repeats the shouting and hand clapping. For his services I gave the sereno ten pesetas a month. This was supposed to be a tip, but promptly on the first he turned up in the kitchen with his bill.

I was more or less prepared for these small expenses, but I did receive a shock during the holidays. Adela came into my room a few days before Christmas carrying a card which read, "The Bill Collector for the Electric Light Company wishes you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." "That's very friendly of him," I said and put the card away.

Adela howled with laughter and cried, "No, no, that's not the idea. You're supposed to return the card with a bank note." As all bills in

Spain are collected right at the door and not merely mailed to be paid by check, I received about twenty of these Christmas cards.

The landlady insisted upon signing a lease, which was a useless formality. Inasmuch as it's against the law to sublet apartments, no lease is valid. Between her and her lawyer, they didn't overlook a thing that could possibly get me into trouble or cost me extra money. At last, after losing my temper thoroughly during a telephone conversation with the lawyer and giving him the exact terms to which I would agree, he sent a lease which I could sign.

The furniture had not yet been moved in when I went off on a trip to Galicia. The theory was that I was to return to find everything in order. It didn't work out quite that way; the landlady, true to her kind, had left none of the things she had promised me. According to her story she had had five houses destroyed during the Civil War, and the furniture she used in the apartments she rented was taken from these "palaces." On seeing the furniture in my place, I could only surmise that one of the palaces had been a doll's house. There was a sofa and two chairs of more or less regulation size, but upholstered in early Pullman plush. She had told me about these, and had promised to cover them with chintz. She never did, and I finally had to give in and pay for slip covers.

The mattress on my bed was a sort of lumpy eiderdown. In that August heat, it kept wrapping itself around me and making me so hot I couldn't sleep. And it was no protection at all against the metal springs. After twisting and turning most of the first night, I ended up on the floor. The next day I bought an innerspring mattress for $70. There were no pillows, so I had a pair made at the cost of $13, only to find that there was not a pillow slip to be bought in all Madrid. Spanish beds have only long, narrow bolsters.

At about that time, large shipments of cotton had arrived from the United States. That meant that the Barcelona factories had begun to work again six days a week, instead of the three that they'd been cut down to, so that cotton materials were no longer really scarce. The hitch was that they were rationed and had to be bought with tickets.

That let me out because I had no ration book. About a month before, a law had gone into effect that bread coupons had to be presented in restaurants. Needless to say, little attention was paid to that. During the first week, it's true, the police were very alert indeed and closed down some twenty-five restaurants for breaking the law. The second week, all the others were cautious. By the third week, there was scarcely a restaurant in town that would insist upon having bread

coupons. At the time, I asked the room clerk at the hotel to get me a ration book, which he did; but when I received it, all the coupons except those good for bread had been torn out. New ration books were to appear soon, and I was told that I would have to wait for mine. Even if I had had the coupons for cotton, they wouldn't have done much good because it was necessary to stand in queues for hours in order to enter stores dealing in drygoods.

By chance, in a department store, I saw some sets for beds made of thick, pink cotton material. The sets consisted of one sheet and a bolster slip. By buying two of these for $35 I had a pair of sheets, which I needed, as the landlady had left me only four, and the two bolster slips could be made into pillow cases. That meant that Adela had to wash the slips and iron them immediately whenever the bed was changed.

The wardrobe, matching the other doll's-house furniture, was too narrow to accommodate hangers. Anyway, it didn't have a rod or any shelves. There was no solution except to call in a carpenter and have him build a white pine closet in the pressing room. He charged $45 for that and $7.50 for putting three shelves in the wardrobe. Lumber is one of the rarest and most expensive materials in Spain, and it is actually cheaper to use bricks.

The landlady had conveniently forgotten her promise to provide an electric grill, an iron, and a refrigerator. The electric grill was needed for my breakfast so that the coal stove wouldn't have to be lighted early in the morning. The stove also heated the bath water. Between it and the toy furnace, which supposedly warmed the house in winter (once we got the heat up to sixty-five degrees and it was a triumph) we used a ton and half of coal a month.

The grill and iron were easily bought in a department store. There were plenty of appliances of that kind to be had. The refrigerator was more difficult. A Frigidaire cost about $1,500. I settled for an ordinary icebox, second hand, which leaked but was regarded as a great bargain at fifty dollars. There were, of course, not enough kitchen utensils. There never are, but I found all the metal and earthenware pots and pans that I required. There was no shortage of those, and they cost about what they would in America.

There were no curtains in the sitting room except organdy window curtains. Although everybody said you couldn't buy chintz in Spain, I found a rather nice glazed chintz made in Barcelona. The windows were so high that I needed about sixty yards. Getting them and the slip covers made was an extraordinary achievement. Spaniards like to do

things their own way. They are individualists, but they don't want to allow anybody else to be one. When a foreigner objects to anything, all argument is stopped with the phrase, "That's the way it's done in Spain." The upholsterer was horrified at my idea of having the curtains trail the ground. Spanish curtains always stop several feet short of the floor, and although I thought mine looked very pretty when they were finished, the sight of them always produced an expression of disapproval on the faces of Spanish guests. The draped valances presented another difficulty, as the upholsterer saw no reason for them. The slip covers, when they were delivered, were buttoned down the back like a little girl's pinafore. I practically had to put a gun at the upholsterer's head to get him to change that.

What with the small furniture and the very white walls, the sitting room had somewhat the aspect of a gymnasium. I had one wall calcimined in yellow and then commissioned an artist to paint a *trompe l'oeil* flower medallion on it. He was a seedy little man who had been a Republican during the Civil War and was now having trouble earning a living. He told me that he had once been condemned to death and then sentenced to thirty years and a day. He had served a couple of years of that sentence and then succeeded in being released, but he was still in trouble.

We agreed on five hundred pesetas for the painting. My idea was something that could be done in a day or two, which would be suggestive rather than realistic. He, however, spent more than two weeks on it, painting in every little detail. It was not quite finished when he told me he had to go off to Valencia to face a third trial. "I'll be back in a few days," he said. Then it came out that he didn't have enough money to get to Valencia and he asked for a slight advance. I gave him the full amount and he went off very happy.

About a week later I received a letter from him, saying that he wouldn't be back as soon as he had expected because "these gentlemen," as he put it, were being very slow, and the trial had been postponed. Nothing more was heard from him for a month. Then his daughter appeared one day to tell me that he was in the model prison in Valencia. "I'm terribly sorry," I said, "I do hope he won't be there long."

"Well," she answered, "he's been sentenced to twenty years and a day. He hopes to have the sentence commuted to twenty years, in which case he'll be back next week."

For a moment I stared at her in astonished silence. That's the sort of logic that is difficult for an Anglo-Saxon mind to grasp. Then I

remembered that there had been a new amnesty granted to all prisoners condemned to twenty years and under. It was that extra day that hooked him.

Once I had made the flat comfortable, my only problems had to do with everyday living. It was possible to live well in Madrid, but it took money and involved many complications. Eventually I did get a ration card, but it was more for Adela's benefit than mine. She passed on the coupons to her friends and family, and I bought only black-market goods. The rationed bread, for instance, was black and heavy. So we had a woman who delivered white bread every day. She, in turn, was followed by other women, who arrived with bundles of food concealed in their clothes. There was one who brought butter, another who brought meat, another who brought olive oil, and so on. All we bought in the shops was fish, chicken, eggs, vegetables, and wine. Rice and beans were scarce. So were potatoes. Chicken was unrationed, but it was expensive. A small broiler cost about $2. A turkey at Christmas time was $25. Meat which had once been rationed was on free sale, but the good cuts were never to be found at the butcher's, so we had to stick to the black-market woman. But even she could seldom produce anything but veal. Veal was what one found on every menu. I remember asking a waiter in a restaurant in Seville what there was to eat. He answered, "Roast veal."

"What else?" I asked.

"Veal chops."

I still persisted, "What else?"

"Leg of veal," he replied.

Food has never been plentiful in Spain, partly because of the big stretches of arid land, and partly because of the poor distribution facilities. Nowadays distribution is an even greater problem than it was before the Civil War. The railroads were left in a very bad state and, due to the World War, it has been impossible to import the materials to make major repairs or to add to the rolling stock. A shortage of gasoline limits the number of trucks to transport foodstuffs. Still, these obstacles were apparently being overcome, because during the time I was in Spain there was more food available than at any moment since the Civil War. Improvement in this aspect of life was very marked during my stay.

The people who bought food with ration cards were faced with the difficulty of obtaining it because certain things appeared on sale in different quarters on different days. In order to know what was avail-

able in a certain part of town, it was necessary to read the newspapers in which daily announcements were published.

Even I could never make definite plans. Coal for the stove, for instance, could be bought with no trouble at all one day and then be unobtainable for weeks. In making out menus I had to give Adela several alternatives. No amount of planning could ever bring much variety into the meals. They always consisted of soup, eggs, fish or chicken or veal, string beans or peas or carrots, and fruit. Any variation from that was a red-letter occasion.

10. Journeys to Galicia and Andalusia

The shortage of gasoline made motor travel in Spain a great luxury. Private individuals were not allowed to have cars of more than eighteen horse-power. However, Spanish horses seem to be bigger than other people's, and this amounted to an equivalent of our twenty-five horsepower. Since cars were not allowed out on Sundays, there was no chance of week-end excursions for anyone who had to be at work on Monday. A few people solved the problem by tacking a sign reading *"Gasógeno"* on the front of their cars and hoping the police wouldn't grow too curious. If they were caught using gasoline instead of charcoal or gas on a Sunday, they were fined 500 pesetas per passenger and the car was sealed up for the next three months.

The ordinary ration was thirty liters a month; diplomats received two hundred and could drive any sized car. The price also rationed the gasoline to a certain extent, for it cost five pesetas a liter. Over four of this was tax.

The gasoline was sold to Spain by British and American companies in Venezuela and shipped in Spanish tankers. Fifty-five per cent of it was provided by American companies and the other forty-five by British. The amount was based on the consumption in Spain in 1935, and a control was kept in two ways: there could never be more than two months' supply on hand and American and British inspectors

went over the tankers when they were unloaded in order to make sure that the same amount of gasoline arrived in Spain as had left Venezuela. This prevented any refueling of submarines on the way over.

There was, of course, no way of preventing a certain amount of the gasoline being sold on the black market. However, it didn't add up to enough to be of any use to the Germans. The black market in gasoline was operated mainly by truck and taxicab drivers who sold their coupons and just stayed off the streets. Sometimes the extra charge was only two pesetas a liter, but during the wolfram crisis it went up to fifteen.

As a rule, whenever I wanted to take a trip by car I had to find a diplomat who was going in my direction. Usually I was pretty lucky. In July I decided to go to Santiago de Compostela for the big festival on the twenty-fifth. I had a legitimate reason for taking the excursion, as it was rumored that Franco would be there. I succeeded in talking John Walter into thinking that the one thing he had always wanted to do was see Santiago, but the question of finding enough gasoline for his big Packard presented something of an obstacle. I overcame that by discovering a black-market source. We got enough coupons in Madrid to take us to Galicia and there I found a man who let us have tickets for the two hundred liters we needed for the return journey.

We left Madrid early on July 23 and drove north by way of Valladolid and León. That night we spent at La Bañeza in one of the tourist bureau inns. Our progress was fairly slow because there was so much sight-seeing to be done en route. The number of churches one visits on a tour like that is something incredible. At Astorga our zeal as sight-seers nearly got us into serious trouble. We drove up to the church, which was in pretty bad condition, but not to be compared to the condition of the roads near it. While trying to get over a big rock, we scraped off the muffler. A mechanic, brought from the village, did what he could, but after that we went roaring through the countryside like a bomber.

By that time, we were out of Castile and beginning to get into Galicia. The difference in the scenery was amazing. Castile is flat and gray. There is scarcely any vegetation and very few trees. My eyes, after a day of the harsh monotony of the Castile countryside, were tired and burning. Then suddenly the roads began to wind; there were hills and mountains, and everything was bright emerald green. The effect on the eyes was as though a cool cloth had been placed over them.

Galicia is one of the richest and most fertile sections of Spain. It

grows enough food to supply a great part of the rest of the country but, as usual, there are difficulties of distribution. Transportation of food has never been very well handled in Spain, but now, of course, the problem is more acute than ever. Potatoes were rotting in Galicia while other parts of Spain had to go without them.

We reached Santiago in the evening. The last twenty miles went slowly because the roads were crowded with pilgrims going on foot from their villages to the shrine. Each carried his little bundle of food, and once in Santiago, the visitors slept on the streets and in the parks. Even people who could afford hotels were having difficulty finding rooms. Ours had been reserved by the tourist bureau, but if we hadn't been very stubborn and argumentative with the hotel manager, we wouldn't have had them.

After cleaning up a bit, we took a walk through the town. Except at the outside rim, there are no streets where cars may pass. All the inner part is closed in and the pavements are formed of big blocks of stone. These streets with no traffic gave me the feeling that I was in Venice, although, of course, nothing could be more different from the elaborate, colorful Venetian architecture than the austere, gray Spanish buildings. In a square we found a small bar, which seemed to be the meeting place of the town. People drifted in and out for a glass of sherry. Everybody seemed to know everybody else, and they were all on intimate terms with the owner. At the other side of the square there was a small restaurant where we ate suckling pig.

Afterward we joined the crowds heading toward the main square in front of the cathedral. When we were still a block away we had to begin to fight our way through packed masses of humanity. By using football tactics we finally managed to worm our way into the square, where all the buildings were festooned with electric lights. The mayor and other dignitaries stood on the balcony of the palace. There were some magnificent fireworks, ending up in a blaze of two enormous pinwheels in front of the cathedral. When the show was over we were confronted with the problem of getting out of the square alive. I was terrified of losing my footing on the uneven pavement and being trampled to death.

Seeing a little bar on the street leading away from the square, we fell into it with the idea of waiting there until the crowd had thinned out. It was filled with young students wearing paper hats, celebrating the occasion. We sat discreetly in a corner listening to them shout and sing, but eventually they took notice of us. Two of the youths came over to ask if we were English. I explained that my friends were Eng-

lish but I was an American. They seemed delighted with that information and called their companions over. We shook hands all round and they insisted on buying us drinks. The singing went on, and before long I was pulled to my feet to dance a *molinera,* a typical dance of Galicia.

By that time the streets were growing empty, and there was a suggestion made that we move on to another bar. All that night we went from place to place, gathering more young men in each one. By five o'clock in the morning, when we headed for the fairgrounds, we looked like an army. Never once were we allowed to pay for a round of drinks.

Our particular friend, who stuck with us the whole time, was a tall, dark man with straight, heavy eyebrows who told us that he was a schoolteacher in a small village near Lugo. When I asked him what he taught, he replied, "Catechism—that's about all they let us teach in these days." He was quiet and extremely dignified, with the exquisite manners characteristic of most Spaniards. Some of the others grew rowdy as the evening progressed, but Manuel just became more dignified. Another one who stayed with us was so short and roly-poly that he had been nicknamed "Churchill." It took us some time to work that one out, because Churchill pronounced in the Galician dialect was a hard word to recognize.

At the fairgrounds Manuel bought a tiny little paper hat with a feather, which he presented to me with a grand gesture. We had our pictures taken and then began to wander over the grounds. Manuel was determined to have octopus for breakfast. Octopus is a fish that makes me sick at any time of day, and at that early hour the very thought of it threatened to have the same effect. But Manuel had set his heart on it, so we went to a booth where it was sold. By that time, we had lost the rest of our party, but had added a young diplomat who said he had met me in Madrid. The diplomat, I could see, was a bit puzzled at finding us in such company, but he and Manuel soon got along very well.

We made a date to meet our diplomatic friend inside the cathedral for the service, because he said the canon was a friend of his and we could, therefore, find places. Again we had a frightful time fighting our way through the crowds and succeeded in getting past the guards only after I had explained that we were very important diplomats, especially invited to the Mass. Although we were two hours late, we found our friend waiting for us. The aisles of the church were packed, and I couldn't help feeling apprehensive as I stood in that crowd watching the enormous silver censer, the *butafumeiro,* which is such a

famous feature of the Santiago cathedral. Pulled by ropes, it flew above the heads of the people, looking as though it must hit someone at any moment. Franco hadn't appeared, but there were a great many other important officials, headed by an admiral, who had come to present the traditional gold coins to the church.

Our diplomat and his friend the canon led us across the church toward a stairway leading to the upper stories, as we could get a better view of the ceremony from above. On the way I got separated from the others and, to my horror, found myself in the middle of a procession made up of bishops, admirals, generals, and ambassadors. They and the crowd were quite surprised at seeing me in the center of all this, but no more so than I. Somehow I managed to get out of their way and escaped being swept right up to the altar with them. When I finally found my friends again we took up our stand in a gallery high above the main altar, where we could see what was going on, although we were too high up to distinguish any of the figures very clearly.

That evening, at a party to which Manuel had taken us, news came of the fall of Mussolini. Cheers went up from every person in the room, and we, as the representatives of two Allied nations, became the objects of an enthusiastic ovation. Our hands were shaken until I thought they would drop off, our shoulders were slapped into bruised pulps, and enough toasts were drunk to launch a large ship.

We were leaving the next afternoon, but first we had luncheon with Manuel and his brother. We had made it clear that it was definitely our party, and it was the only time that we were allowed to pay for any drinks or food. Manuel's brother was a traveling salesman in machinery. He, too, was enthusiastically pro-Ally, even to the point of not regretting that his business had been greatly cut down by the cancellation of all export orders to Germany one month earlier.

Manuel had told us that his brother could sing, so we insisted that he let us hear him. Completely unself-conscious, in spite of the fact that there were strangers at the other tables, he began to sing folk songs from all the regions of Spain in a lovely baritone voice. The other patrons of the restaurant enjoyed it as much as we did, and he soon had a large audience sitting around in the complete silence with which Spaniards listen to an artist. It was late before we finally got away, departing with many promises to return soon and pay a visit to Manuel in his village.

That night we arrived at La Toja, an island reached by a long bridge where there is a big hotel much in vogue as a summer resort. Fortunately John Walter had stayed there as a child during the last war, or

we never would have found rooms. Several old employees remembered him, and their children, who had played with John, all came up to speak to him, addressing him with the familiar "thou" which they had used as children. It was quite an old home week, with John, who is the vaguest of human beings, trying hard to pretend that he remembered all the things his friends said they had done as children.

I spent most of the next morning trying to put a call through to Madrid. It seemed that with considerable luck I might get it through in twelve hours. It was imperative that I speak to my secretary because I was supposed to have an interview with the foreign minister, Count Jordana, the next afternoon. As nothing is ever definite in Spain, it seemed wiser to check before making a wild dash across country in order to get to Madrid in time. Finally I had the bright idea of making an official call to the Foreign Office, and I was put through in half an hour. My instinct had been right; the foreign minister wouldn't be able to receive me because the fall of Mussolini had brought on a lot of extra work.

With no reason for hurrying back, I relaxed and spent that day at the beach. We left in the afternoon and went on to Vigo. There wasn't much about that city to attract holiday makers so we continued on our way to a town called Bayona, where we were told there was a wonderful beach. We never saw the beach; the hotel was enough for us. It was dirty and unattractive and very full. Retracing our steps, we came to a village called La Ramallosa where, taking a turn down a side road, we found exactly the place we were looking for. It was a small hotel with a big terrace overlooking a river. The rooms were clean and there was even a modern bathroom. The terrace was used only by clients who came in for drinks before luncheon and dinner, but we persuaded the fat proprietress to serve our meals there. She was shocked at the idea, but agreed to humor these mad foreigners.

There were woods all around where we took walks, and a charming beach near by. All in all, we found La Ramallosa so attractive that we remained three days.

It was terribly hot when we started back, and when, in the late afternoon, we came to a river, nothing could dissuade me from going swimming. The water was shallow for several yards out, and we sank into mud up to our knees before we reached water deep enough for swimming. It was sticky mud, which no amount of rubbing seemed to take off. When we reached Zamora that evening we were still covered with it.

We found rooms at the hotel and were able to wash the mud off

our feet and legs, at least, before starting out for dinner. It was eleven o'clock by then, and when we arrived at the restaurant we were told that we couldn't be served at that hour. It was the first time we had encountered anyone who obeyed the eating-hour laws, and we were indignant. Discouraged, we went to a big bar on the square and ordered a fruit cup. They didn't know how to make it. That was the last straw. Coming to the conclusion we didn't like Zamora, we determined to leave then and there. Getting out of the hotel wasn't easy because according to a law seldom observed our passports had been taken to the police, and it required considerable argument to get them back.

I was unwise enough to tell the hotel proprietress that we were departing because we found the inhabitants of Zamora very *antipaticos*. That almost started a riot, and a big shot of the local Falange who was present tried to use his influence to prevent the police from returning our documents. He was somewhat crestfallen when I announced that we could perfectly well go on without papers, because if there were any complications at the next stop, I could always appeal to the Foreign Office or to the press section of the Falange. That upset him and he apparently was afraid I would use my influence to get him into trouble. When I returned to Madrid, I was told that he had sent in a complaint stating that I had tried to "suborn" the waiters in order to be served after eating hours.

There was a terrible thunderstorm with lightning and sound effects, but we kept on to Salamanca, growing progressively hungrier with each mile, and arrived about two in the morning. The night porter came to our rescue. He somehow got into a restaurant where he persuaded the owner to give him some cold meat, which he brought back to my room. The cold meat consisted of what looked like half a sheep, and that midnight snack assumed all the aspects of a medieval banquet.

The next morning I was awakened early by the telephone operator, who said that there was a long-distance call from Madrid. That surprised me because I didn't think anyone knew where I was. It turned out to be one of the managers of the telephone company, who announced that I had been granted permission to broadcast and that Columbia expected me to go on the air the next evening. The broadcast was to be made from the telephone building. That was why the company had tried to locate me. For two days they had followed my trail all over Spain, calling every town where I might possibly have stopped on the way back from Santiago.

"I'll flash Columbia to tell them you won't be able to broadcast tomorrow night," said the voice on the other end of the wire.

"Certainly not!" I cried. "You tell them I'll be on the air."

"But how can you possibly do that when you're in Salamanca right now? You know you have to get here, and you have a script to write which then has to clear several censorships."

"Never mind," I told him, "I'll make it."

By dinnertime I was back in Madrid. This was one occasion when I was grateful for the strange hours kept in Spanish offices, because I was able to get through to various people to discuss arrangements for the broadcast. The complication was that as nobody had broadcast to America in three years, everybody was a bit vague as to the exact procedure. The censors, particularly, were bent on confusing the issue. The press censorship, of course, had to pass the script, but then the Foreign Office said it also had to see it, and so did the telephone censor.

At one o'clock in the morning I was still arguing, but in the end I gained my point and it was agreed that only the press censor had to pass it. Then he chose to get difficult by saying the script had to be in by ten o'clock in the morning. I told him that since the broadcast wasn't until eight o'clock, there would be plenty of time if I turned in the script by five. Eventually I won that point too.

I spoke about the reaction to the fall of Mussolini in Spain. The script was very outspoken, but nothing was cut out of it, even the statement that *Arriba* had not seen fit to sympathize with the plight of its former hero and that Spain was moving over toward the Allies more and more every day. At the telephone building I found not only the officials of the company waiting for me but several members of Falange and a colonel of Franco's staff.

They were all much more excited about the whole thing than I was, and hovered around anxiously giving me advice. I was very calm until the moment when, through the earphones, I heard an American voice telling me to start, adding, "Good luck, girl." That made me choke up a bit.

When I had finished, I was allowed to talk to New York again to inquire how the broadcast had gone over. Theoretically, this was against all the rules and regulations, but it was the Spaniards who were most anxious to hear what New York had to say. They made it very difficult for me to hear anything because they kept making suggestions as to what I should ask.

The next day I received a cable of congratulations from Paul White of Columbia requesting details as to exactly how I'd been able to pull

off such a feat. That was a difficult cable to answer since it had to go through censorship and I doubted that the censors would like to have me state publicly that it had been accomplished through personal rather than official channels. I finally settled for "It is generally agreed that this was a personal triumph for me."

11. Navarre and the Basque Country

A cable arrived from *Collier's* suggesting that I do an article on La Linea, the town just across the bridge from Gibraltar. I knew that the editor had visions of romantic goings on down there—spies, intrigue, and so on, and, although I doubted that I would find such an atmosphere, I followed orders.

Since La Linea doesn't provide much in the way of hotels except a couple of ramshackle dumps full of fleas, I decided to stay at Algeciras. There I hired a cab every day and drove over to La Linea. It wasn't a long drive but it was slow, for there were controls outside both towns. The idea was to stop the black market smugglers, but from what I could gather, it wasn't very successful. The town of La Linea itself was not impressive—a few dirty straggling streets, some fly-blown cafés, a couple of movie houses, and several brothels.

Due to the fact that there was so much employment in Gibraltar, the population had increased. Eight thousand men and women went over to the Rock daily to work and came back at night. They were given jobs in the electric light and gas plants, on the docks, and as servants in the hotels, restaurants, and private houses, but kept away from the fortified zone. Every night when they came back there was a careful inspection to see that they weren't bringing in any contraband goods.

In spite of this, the liveliest part of town was a public square where butter, English and American cigarettes, jams, soaps, shoe polish, Nescafé, etc., were on sale. The vendors sat around the square behind little stalls made of packing cases on which were displayed a few Spanish goods. All the contraband stuff was in sacks kept beside them on the

ground, ready to be picked up and carried away the moment the alarm went out that a civil guard was in the offing.

At that time, a tin of Nescafé cost forty pesetas in Madrid and American cigarettes were priced at twenty pesetas a package. I bought several tins of Nescafé at fifteen pesetas in La Linea and a couple of cartons of Chesterfields at eight pesetas a package. The cigarettes bore a label reading, "Easter Greetings to the Boys Overseas from the A.W.V.S., Fordham, the Bronx." They obviously had been given in exchange for Spanish brandy and sherry. The only other commodity taken from La Linea and Gibraltar was vegetables, but they were legally exported.

In an attempt to get a few opinions from men who worked in Gibraltar, I lunched in the back room of a small café with my taxi driver. He had several friends who worked on the Rock and sent for them to join us. The proprietor of the place also brought in two men who were the toughest looking specimens I ever saw in Spain. On the whole, La Linea didn't attract the better elements. Men whose past history didn't bear much looking into and who hadn't been able to obtain employment elsewhere arrived there from various parts of the country and were pretty sure of finding jobs on the Rock.

According to Spaniards, the place was a hotbed of communism. My luncheon guests, once I got them talking, denied this. I asked one, whose blackened face and filthy overalls indicated that he hadn't washed in months, whether there were many Reds in that part of the country. He answered, "If you're looking for Reds, you'd better seek them in the Falange. That's where all the ones down here have taken refuge." Then he added, "Thank God the Allies are winning, for they will get rid of that horrible Falange for us."

Hastily and diplomatically I interposed, "No, no! The Allies will not interfere in the internal affairs of other countries. But of course the Falange will fall of its own weight because it's so very un-Spanish."

"You're right, Señorita," the workman agreed. *"El que muerto nace, muerto muere."* (He who is born dead, dies dead.)

There really was nothing very colorful about La Linea. Try as I would, I couldn't find any romantic aspects. The Germans were doing their spying in Algeciras, where they had a consulate. It was in a building overlooking the Mediterranean and rumor had it that an employee sat at the window with a telescope all day long watching the ships that headed toward Gibraltar. It was quite possible to see them with the naked eye. From my hotel window, I watched two convoys steaming in and could even see the ships within Gibraltar Harbor.

Yet there were few cases of sabotage. A ship had been sunk just before my arrival, however, and it could still be seen under the water from the road leading to La Linea. The official story was that it had been attacked by an Italian human torpedo, but according to Allied sources, it had been the work of someone in the pay of the Germans.

Although I managed to talk to some twenty workmen who went to Gibraltar every day, I couldn't find any who would admit to taking sides in the war. They said all they cared about was having a job, and it happened that the British were the ones who could provide work. What's more, they paid well. As far as these men were concerned, the war could go on forever. Their one taste of the unpleasant aspects of the world conflict had been an Italian air raid on Gibraltar in which a couple of bombers had missed their aim and hit La Linea. The only serious damage had been the complete destruction of a brothel. The Spaniards' comment on that was, "Wouldn't you know the Italians would regard that as a military objective?"

On my return to Madrid, I spent a week getting my flat in order, and then, at the end of August, left on another trip. Some diplomatic friends were motoring to San Sebastian, and I decided to go along. As usual, there was a gasoline crisis on, and we had a two-hour delay in starting while we hunted for some pump in Madrid that would be open. At last we located one near the American Embassy which still operated because it served only diplomatic and medical cars.

We left on a Friday and drove to Valladolid to spend the week end with a friend of mine, Count Gamazo. Very much a gentleman of the old school, he was one of the few Spaniards of his class I met who had a strong sense of duty. He was the only one I ever heard remark, "One must set an example."

I had expected a country estate and found instead a villa built in the early nineteen hundreds and set right by the road at the entrance to the town. However, it was attached to a large property of many acres used mostly as grazing land.

The rest of the party was made up entirely of Spaniards, among them Countess Orizaba, a good-looking woman in her forties with a very husky voice and tremendous vitality. She was one of my favorites among the women because, besides being lively and intelligent, she showed good sportsmanship, a rare quality in Spanish women. Then there was Ramon Quijano, tall, heavy-set, gray-haired, and blue-eyed. He came from Santander and was a director of many of the companies in which Juan Antonio Gamazo was interested. The two of them always made a team and could be depended upon, not only when

there was some gaiety afoot, but also in any emergency. Neither ever failed me when I called on him for some assistance. There were also two businessmen from Barcelona whose last names I never caught. That can easily happen in Spain, where it is the custom in this particular group to address everybody at a first meeting by Christian name and the familiar *"tu."*

Juan Antonio had a small bull ring at the far end of his property where he put on a *tienta* for us that afternoon. These *tientas* are very much a part of Spanish country life. The purpose of them is to try out steers to see whether or not they are brave. The ones that pass the test are used for breeding fighting bulls. Juan Antonio and I rode on horseback to the ring, while the others went by car. We sat along the wall and watched a bullfight put on by the employees. An attempt was made to persuade me to go in and see what I could do with a cape, but in this respect I admit quite frankly that I am a dreadful coward. The sight of a bull, steer, or even peaceable cow in a meadow terrifies me. In the end, I did go into the ring on horseback and had my picture taken with the *cabestros* used to lead the steers out. They are very tame. Their horns, however, were tremendous, so the picture looked quite impressive.

In the evening our host, knowing my predilection for flamencos, tried to organize one. We gathered in a sort of cave at the foot of the garden which had been made into a playroom and listened to a guitarist and a singer brought from Valladolid. As a flamenco, it was not a great success, which was to be expected since natives of the province of León are not fitted by temperament or training for the rendition of gypsy music. Any attempt at a serious flamenco was broken down anyway by one of the businessmen from Barcelona who insisted upon singing a little number entitled, *"Yao, Yao, Yo No Quiero Ir a Bilbao."*

The next day the others went sight-seeing in Valladolid, but I had already made the rounds of the churches during the trip to Galicia, and I knew I would probably have to see many more on the way to and from San Sebastian. One of the professors of the university acted as guide to the party and then came back to luncheon. He was a brilliant man who had fought as a Republican during the war but was nevertheless allowed to keep his job.

The flat country and open fields offered an excellent opportunity for riding, and I spent several hours of the day in the saddle. When Juan Antonio couldn't go with me, I was accompanied by the groom, a native of the neighboring village, who had some hair-raising experiences during the Civil War. Because Juan Antonio is a first-rate landlord and

employer, his people stuck to him. The groom was the only one of his family who fought on the Nationalist side. He told us that his mother had been killed by some of the villagers who had come to the house searching for him.

On Monday we continued on our way, stopping in Burgos for lunch and a visit to the cathedral and other places of interest. We arrived in San Sebastian very late at night to find that there were no rooms at the hotel. I succeeded in getting in touch with the local representative of the tourist bureau, who got us rooms in a private apartment. It was laid out on the usual Spanish lines with rooms strung along endless corridors. The furniture was of the kind bought in suites, hideous but fairly comfortable. It was the bathroom which we had to share with the owners that put me off. The tub showed rings of dirt that had accumulated for years, and there was a filthy comb with hair in it on the wash basin. In the morning I got dressed as quickly as possible and went over to the Continental to see what could be done with the French manageress. She promised us something for that evening and we joined the other lobby sitters who, like us, were waiting for somebody to move out so that they could move in.

Every hotel in San Sebastian was packed to the roof because, for the first time since the Civil War, the government had moved to the resort for the summer. That is, the Foreign Office had been transferred there and some ministers were on hand and all of the embassies and legations were represented, but Franco didn't put in an appearance at all.

Life went on very much as it does in all summer resorts: bathing, polo, dinner parties, dances, and excursions to restaurants outside of town. There were two beaches, one public where the regulations were very strict as to bathing suits, the other the diplomatic beach with several *cabañas* rented by the various embassies and legations where there were no restrictions on what people wore into the water.

We had just missed the big event of the season, a hurricane which had come up suddenly and taken the roofs off all the diplomatic *cabañas*. The talk of the town was the sight presented by a minister's wife when she was left exposed to the elements and the gaze of all passers-by clothed in nothing at all. From then on she acquired the nickname of Eve and was never called anything else.

There had been another event which had greatly excited the wife of one of the secretaries of the American Embassy who was always so wide-eyed about everything that she was known as "Connie Custard." According to her, she had seen a man descend on the beach in a parachute. She was sure he was German and described in great detail how

she had watched him skillfully pulling the strings as he landed. She and some others had rushed to the spot where they thought they would find the parachute, but could see nothing. After investigating the story, I discovered that every Wednesday, at four o'clock, the meteorological institute dropped a parachute for some kind of an experiment. Its weight had been what the lady had seen so skillfully pulling the strings.

During the three days' stop in San Sebastian I drove over to Bilbao to spend the afternoon. It is a prosperous commercial city without much charm. I talked with some Basque Nationalists who sounded just like the Monarchists in Madrid, for they expected a separate Basque state to be set up at any moment. They were so anti-Franco that they were extremely helpful to the Allies. Hard-working and efficient, they could be counted upon not only for information but also for more active forms of assistance.

I also dropped in at the office of the French Mission, which looked after refugees. While I was there an elderly lady appeared. She had walked over the mountains, reached Irun, and calmly hired a taxi to take her to Bilbao. Arrangements had to be made to put her up in a boardinghouse until she could be sent to North Africa. Another problem then facing the mission was that of two young women who had followed their ancient profession in France until the earnings grew too small and then left because they heard business was excellent in Algiers. After having a cat fight in a café they had been arrested. Just then they were languishing in a local prison and something had to be done about getting them out.

We returned to Madrid by way of Navarre, the seat of the Carlist movement. It was here that the Nationalists recruited some of their best fighters during the Civil War—the Requetés. They have now been incorporated into the Falange with only the red beret left of their uniform, but they don't like it, and remain sworn enemies of the Falange in spite of being part of it. The people of Navarre are still Carlists, and although they want a monarchy, they are opposed to having the son of Alfonso on the throne. Thus within one week I was in contact with Carlists, Don Juan Monarchists, Republicans, Basque Nationalists, and Catalan Nationalists.

We had a delicious luncheon at Pamplona. But then, the food all through Navarre and the Basque country is good. Apparently the proximity to France has had its effect on the cooking. The countryside also is quite different from that in other parts of Spain. It's green and it looks rich. The big white farmhouses have an air of prosperity, and the people are sturdy and appear very healthy.

Our plan was to spend the night at Jaca, but the moment our car appeared at the entrance to the town we were stopped by police, who refused to let us remain overnight. Jaca was within the forbidden zone which had recently been set up all along the Pyrenees. It was closed to all foreigners. This was an effort to exercise some control over the refugees coming over the mountains and to stop the espionage activities. It wasn't very successful. Refugees kept pouring into Spain at the usual rate.

From there to Huesca we had a hair-raising drive along hairpin turns in total darkness. It started to rain, and the lights on the car went bad, which made matters much worse. In spite of the lateness of the hour, we were able to get dinner and rooms in the hotel. The next morning, when we were paying the bill, the landlady was so harassed that she could scarcely count out our change. There was a policeman at her elbow asking questions about a guest who had come in the night before. He had filled in the form reserved for Spaniards, describing himself, however, as an Italian. By the time the police had caught on to the mistake it was two o'clock in the morning, and when they came to the hotel the man had disappeared. We figured he must have been a refugee and kept an eye out for him all day along the road so that we could take him back to Madrid with us. He must either have been picked up or found some means of transportation for we saw no sign of him.

At Saragossa we had luncheon at a small *tasca,* which we found only with the utmost difficulty. As soon as a foreigner asks in any Spanish town for the best place to eat, he is invariably directed to the local hotel. As that is sure to have the worst food, I made a point of avoiding it whenever I could, but it's practically impossible to persuade any passer-by that what one really wants is an unpretentious tavern. In this case we found a tiny little hole in the wall on a square. It was filled with workmen. The specialties of the house were roast suckling pig and partridge. I chose the latter because my appetite is always taken by having the little head and tail of the pig put on my plate.

As usual, we spent far too much time sight-seeing and it was evening before we got out of Saragossa. There was no point in driving all night, so we stopped at the Albergue of Medinaceli, which has the most dramatic setting of any of those inns. It is high on a hill off the main road and commands a view that stretches for miles.

On returning to Madrid, I made a casual encounter on the street which was to have far-reaching effects. Walking along, I bumped into

a very old friend from France called Pierre. I hadn't seen him for many years, as my last visit to France was in 1931. We walked a few blocks together and he told me that he was in Madrid under an assumed name, working for the French Underground. He, like so many others, made trips back and forth to France just as casually as some people commute from Scarsdale to New York. He was off again the next day, but planned to be back soon. I gave him my address and he promised to call me on his return. It was he who later made the arrangements for me to go to Paris.

12. A Pilgrimage to Peña de Francia

One of the best friends I made in Madrid was Monseigneur Boyer Mas, a French priest attached to the De Gaulle Mission as Red Cross representative. He had originally gone to Spain with Pétain as ecclesiastical attaché of the French Embassy. He remained on in that capacity when Pietri became ambassador. Then, in 1942, he quit the Vichy Embassy with the first secretary, Renaud Sivan, and the military attaché, Colonel Malaise, to found the Giraud Mission, which later on was taken over by the Gaullists.

The three of them performed miracles in the way of getting French refugees out of Spain. In all, they managed to obtain the release of thirty thousand of their compatriots who had escaped out of France, from Spanish internment camps and prisons. After getting them freed, they shipped them off to North Africa.

Sivan and Malaise were both extremely able, but it is doubtful if they could have been as successful in their task as they were had Monseigneur not been attached to the mission. One of the factors that contributed to his success was that during the Civil War he had saved the lives of many Spanish priests and had lodged them at his own expense at his place at Carcassonne. Gratitude may not be an inherent part of the Spanish character, but pride is, and most of the priests he had befriended were too proud to remain in his debt.

Monseigneur had many other attributes useful in his job. Coming from southern France, he had an intuitive understanding of the Span-

ish nature which would have been difficult for a northerner to acquire. He combined great vitality and vigor with erudition, tolerance, and brilliant wit. He was earthy, but was also able to suit his manner and conversation to fit the company in the most amazing fashion. He could be free-spoken and very human or he could be very much the priest, depending upon what was expected of him. He knew exactly when to lose his temper and when to keep it.

His calling was, of course, of immense value. He could get away with practically anything just because in Spain it is out of the question to talk back to a priest. Once, discussing something I had been able to pull off, he observed, "Ah, you women! You can always get what you want!" I retorted, "Not only women, Monseigneur; anyone who wears skirts."

He had a little house where he often gave small dinners, and there I met not only many people connected with the French Underground, but also Spaniards in the Church and in the government. Through him I made some very valuable contacts while at the same time spending some of the most delightful evenings I was to have in Madrid. In some ways I proved to be useful to him also for I made a point of inviting him to any party I gave where the guests included someone like the chief of police or a Falange big shot who would never have dared to let himself be seen going into Monseigneur's house. He invariably made a party go, for he could discuss any subject wittily and was sure to have everyone present under his spell by the time coffee was served. Never one to leave a stone unturned, he would follow up the acquaintances he had made at my house and, on several occasions, found these people very useful in helping him to get French refugees out of Spain.

Monseigneur invited me to accompany him on a pilgrimage to Peña de Francia. This is a shrine built by French refugees several centuries ago where a special Mass is celebrated on the eighth of September.

On the seventh we left Madrid in two cars. Monseigneur was in one with his secretary, Roger, admirably suited for the job because he was patient and phlegmatic—both qualities required by anyone who was associated closely with Monseigneur. I went in Sivan's car with Monsieur and Madame Canteloup, a couple attached to the French Mission.

When we reached Salamanca that evening we were joined by two busloads of French priests and refugees, numbering fifty-seven in all. Of these, only fifteen had permits to travel. That caused the French consular agent in Salamanca great anguish. He assured us that not

only the refugees who weren't supposed to leave the Madrid city limits, but the rest of us as well, would end up in jail.

Monseigneur silenced his objections with a grand wave of the arm as he said, "Go tell the police to provide the other forty-two permits immediately."

The agent went off trembling, but returned eventually with the police chief, who kissed Monseigneur's hand and agreed to do anything he wanted. After that, the hotel management didn't bother any of us with requests for documents.

The next morning at six-thirty we gathered in the small square outside the hotel. It was still dark, and the only light was provided by a lamppost in the center of the square. Monseigneur was standing under it, letting out a stream of magnificent episcopal oaths. The two chauffeurs of the busses had not yet turned up. He sent several emissaries for them with no success, and finally, skirts flying, leapt into a car to go fetch them himself. When he returned with the two very chastened drivers, who had overslept, there was another delay. The consular agent, the only one who knew the way, had disappeared. Monseigneur didn't take that calmly either. I didn't confess that I was to blame, as I had dispatched the little man to his house for a thermos of hot water so that I could make some Nescafé.

We finally got started and kept together as far as a gasoline station by the bridge on the outskirts of the town. There a nervous and very timid man attached to the French Cultural Institute, who irritated Monseigneur by tiptoeing up to him every few minutes and plucking his sleeve, unfolded a map. He said he couldn't find Peña de Francia on it. Monseigneur grabbed him by the ear and led him off to a light so that he could at least see the map. I don't know whether they ever found what they wanted on it, for just at that moment some more excitement started.

The chauffeur of one of the busses, a Spaniard, and therefore allergic to all co-operative effort, roared off in his claptrap vehicle without waiting for instructions. Monseigneur jumped into his car, and with the rest of us following, started to chase the bus, but it had completely disappeared. When we came to a crossroad we had to stop for consultation. The Castilian plain rang with excited voices. Monseigneur finally succeeded in outshouting everybody else, and gave orders for the remaining bus and for our car to stay on the highway while he continued the search on the side roads.

For half an hour we stayed there while Monseigneur's car tore up one road and down another, popping out at us periodically like a

rocket bomb. As he passed us the last time, he gave the signal to follow him. Sticking his head in his little beaver hat out of the window, he bellowed, *"Ils sont des zozos!"*

We had given up hope of finding the bus. It was growing late and Monseigneur had to say Mass. After a two-hour drive along back roads, we reached the foot of the hill on which the church and monastery are built. We could see the lines of barefooted pilgrims slowly climbing up the side of the hill. By this time we had lost the second bus, so we waited for an hour or so. There was no point in our arriving ahead of it because it contained two priests who were to assist Monseigneur at the Mass. Catching sight of a bus climbing the mountain, we assumed it was one of ours which had taken another road. We started after it, but there was another halt. The consular agent had somehow succeeded in placing his car across the road and stalling the engine. When he finally got straightened out, his party had been increased by three very agitated Spanish ladies whose car had completely fallen apart.

The road up the mountain was narrow and twisted madly. It had no surface, and the dust came through the windows in thick clouds. At last, with a terrific rattling and banging and an ominous sound of water boiling in the radiator, we reached the top. It was then that we made the horrible discovery that the bus we had seen wasn't ours at all. In the end, only one of the two made the grade; all four tires of the other had blown out so it remained below. Its passengers trudged up the mountain, with the exception of several children, a gaffer of ninety, a cripple, and an old woman of eighty. They hobbled their way to the town of Alberca and waited for us there.

The wind nearly knocked me flat when I stepped out of the car. There wasn't a single tree on the top of Peña de Francia, nor any other vegetation of any kind. The only buildings were the church, the monastery, and a small chapel containing a miraculous image. The square between the buildings was colorful with pilgrims from the neighboring villages wearing native dress. Some of the peasants had set up stalls where they sold fruit, wine, and nougat. I bought a little of everything as I was hungry after an early morning breakfast which had consisted of a cup of Nescafé, a piece of dry black bread, and a raw tomato.

While Monseigneur went off to put on his robes for the Mass, we wandered through the church. Part Romanesque and part Gothic in architecture, it was a bare place showing the effects of neglect and poverty. The dusty wooden floor was covered with exhausted people sleeping. Two women fainted, and we had to help carry them out.

The High Mass began. Monseigneur appeared before the altar serene and impassive. As he went through the ritual he seemed a different man from the one we had seen that morning. At the end of the service, he gave a talk in French from the altar rail. It was addressed principally to the French refugees who were present, and was very moving. He touched on the tragic circumstances which had caused their flight into Spain and the terrible plight of France. Starting out very quietly, he grew more and more eloquent and ended with what was far more of a political speech than a sermon. We all burst into tears, and the organist, a gentle little *abbé* who had just crossed the Pyrenees on foot, grew so excited that he struck up a patriotic tune.

Openly drying our tears, we straggled out of the church and stood waiting on the steps for the procession to form. The statue of the Virgin Mary was brought out on a litter and carried all around the mountain followed by devout pilgrims with banners.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon before we reached Alberca, where we were to have lunch. The town was quite different from most Spanish villages; the houses were three stories high, whitewashed, and timbered. Timbering is very unusual in Spain. The two inns on the picturesque square had been commandeered for us that day. A private room on the top floor of one inn was reserved for Monseigneur's party. It consisted of two Spanish priests, Sivan, the Canteloups, Roger, the *abbé* who had played the organ, and a professor of the French Institute who had spent every summer in Alberca during the thirty-five years he had lived in Spain. We were all hungry, particularly Monseigneur and the priests who had eaten nothing since the night before, but we had trouble gagging down the food. It dripped strong green oil which stayed in my throat for twenty-four hours.

Monseigneur was in a fever of impatience to get away. He had had all he could stand of the pilgrims. The tires of the bus had been more or less patched up and the driver assured us he could get as far as Salamanca. Waving many farewells, we got into our two cars and took another route.

We passed through Las Batuecas where we stopped to visit a famous Carmelite convent. Then we followed a road which had been especially built in the time of Alfonso XIII when that monarch made a tour of this district. It had scarcely ever been used since. It passed through the valley of the Urdes. This is a valley so hidden and remote that for centuries criminals and other people who wished to keep out of sight lost themselves there. It is so primitive that the people don't even eat bread—they are said to live on milk and honey. However, I saw no

evidence that they had milk, as there was not a cow or goat anywhere. At one village, we stopped and got out of the cars to walk around. The streets were filthy, the houses were tumble-down wrecks, and there were evidences of miserable poverty everywhere. The inhabitants were dressed in rags. Many were rickety, and all suffered from pink-eye. Some even had pinto. Nobody seemed to be surprised at seeing a group of foreigners wandering about. We talked to one old man who apparently was going to show us that he wasn't impressed by our appearance. The only thing he said was, "I once kissed the king's hand."

The road led through a series of desolate valleys. Each time we would get out of one, we'd get right back into another. I began to feel I had wandered into Dante's *Inferno*. It grew dark and started to rain. The drive turned into a nightmare. One of the tires on Monseigneur's car went flat. Later he ran out of gasoline. In total darkness and with the rain coming down in torrents, we had to siphon some gasoline out of our tank to put in his.

At last we reached an open road and finally arrived at Plasencia at eleven o'clock. The storm had done something to the town lights so that we had to creep along the streets practically feeling our way. We could see nothing. Somehow we found a hotel, but it refused to take us in. Obviously the management couldn't be bored with foreigners that late at night, for it was supposed to send our passports then and there to the police station. As it turned out, that was lucky for us because the second hotel we tried was the only good one in town.

By that time the lights had come on again, and the lobby looked most inviting from where I sat in the car out in the street keeping an eye on the luggage as it was unloaded. Suddenly I heard loud cries and rushed in to find Monseigneur slapping another priest on the back in an enthusiastic greeting. The second priest was Spanish. He came from the Balearics and was called Monseñor Palmer. He had once been a palace chaplain, but was now in Plasencia as the administrator of the cathedral. He had also had the Spanish church in Paris which he told me about as soon as we were introduced. In the atrocious French that only a Spaniard can speak he announced, *"Yeh vecoo à Paris trrrente hooit ans. Yeh sooee decorrré de la légion d'honneurrr."*

Having been palace chaplain and the preceptor of the first grandee of Spain, the Duke of Medinaceli, he was something of a snob. Dukes and duchesses played a large part in his conversation, and I was given a blow-by-blow account of every aristocratic wedding and funeral at which he had officiated. At intervals, he would produce a ring or a cross or some other jewel from the capacious pockets of his skirts as

though he had them with him quite by chance. Each, he said, had been presented to him either by some important personage or by the grateful people of Mallorca.

Monseñor Palmer lived in the hotel and behaved as though it belonged to him. Had we been guests in his own palace, he couldn't have treated us with more ceremony and hospitality. It was long after the legal eating hour, but he ordered a six-course dinner to be produced immediately, and it was. I was much too tired to do more than wash my hands and must have presented a rather frightening aspect, covered as I was with a thick film of yellow dust.

While we were eating, we heard a row upstairs. The manageress came down and explained it by saying that an army colonel who lived in the hotel was demanding to know who these foreigners were and whether their passports had been sent to the police. Monseñor disposed of the colonel very easily. He drew himself up and said, "Tell that noisy gentleman that these are friends of Monseñor Palmer's. That should be quite enough for anybody."

During the course of dinner, he told us about the improvements and repairs that had been made on his cathedral. "The Ministerio de Bellas Artes," he said, "has accomplished prodigies in the way of restoring churches since the Civil War."

Too tired to be tactful, I asked, "In that case, why doesn't the ministry see to it that the churches are kept clean?"

Monseigneur Boyer Mas, trying to control his laughter, choked on a piece of meat, which fortunately served to distract attention from me.

The next morning the maid appeared in my room and said, "Monseñor Palmer asked me to present his compliments and to tell you that if you wish to have your hair coiffed he will see that a hairdresser is sent here immediately." For a few moments I was too amazed to answer, and finally, with as straight a face as possible, told her that I thought I could comb my hair without any assistance. Monseigneur Boyer Mas was delighted with this story. "There's the old courtier for you!" he chuckled. "He probably thinks you want your hair powdered."

We met Monseñor Palmer at the cathedral, where we found him in a state of happy excitement over the news that Italy had capitulated. Whatever the Catholic Church's views in Spain may have been during the Civil War, it is now most definitely pro-Ally and anti-Franco.

The Monseñor made many apologies for not showing us over the cathedral himself as he had just been called to a deathbed. He bustled off, and we made the tour with a sexton. Afterwards we went back to the hotel to say good-by to Monseñor Palmer. Monseigneur Boyer

Mas sailed into the lobby, crying, *"Inoubliable! Inoubliable! Quelle cathédrale!"*

From Plasencia we drove to the monastery of Yuste where the Emperor Charles V died. It is more or less a ruin with nothing much left to be seen except a beautiful courtyard and some lovely old tiles. After visiting it, we had lunch at an inn in a neighboring village, where no amount of persuasion could make the cook give us ham and eggs without oil. When I pointed out that the eggs could be fried in the ham's grease, I was informed that that was not the custom in Spain. It had never been done before and couldn't be done now.

Passing through Oropesa we stopped at the castle, which has been turned into a hotel by the tourist bureau. By chance, there was a bullfight going on in the courtyard, so we had tea served on the gallery overlooking it. The star of the day was a matador who rejoiced in the wonderful name of "Carnicerito de Talavera" (little butcher of Talavera). He was not only a very bad bullfighter, but also a very frightened one. At one point Monseigneur, who was standing near me, exclaimed, *"Ah, cet idiot là a une telle frousse qu'il s'est pissé la culotte!"* I looked and saw that it was quite true.

It was very late when we reached Madrid, but we found a tavern near the Puerta del Sol where we could get dinner. By that time we were all so tired that even Monseigneur was very quiet. I felt as though I'd been away three weeks instead of three days. But the trip had been worth the effort, for I had not only seen a remote section of Spain visited by few foreigners; I had seen it under most unusual circumstances.

13. A Wedding in Galicia

At the beginning of October I made another trip to Galicia. This time it was for the wedding of two friends, Marita Aranda and Ito Pueblo de Parga. Her family had a fifteenth-century house near La Toja, and she was determined to be married there. It was the wrong time of the year, since it was already beginning to grow cold. Also, most of the couple's friends had just returned to Madrid from various

summer resorts and weren't particularly anxious to start traveling again. Her brother, when I had seen him earlier in the summer in Galicia, had urged me to persuade her to have the ceremony in Madrid like, as he put it, "every other civilized human being." But nevertheless nothing could change her mind.

There were all kinds of complications, even before we left Madrid. Ito's mother, the Duchess of Mandas, lived in a château near Biarritz. Frantic messages kept arriving from her to the effect that the Germans wouldn't give her an exit permit. Then Marita lost her passport. As they were planning to go to Portugal on their honeymoon, she needed it. Miguel Primo de Rivera, as usual, was called on in this crisis. The distracted bridegroom who, at best, is the vaguest, most absent-minded of men, spent the entire morning in Miguel's office while wires were being pulled to get another passport for Marita. At noon, when things were beginning to clear up, the Sub-secretary of Agriculture appeared with official papers to be signed and said to Ito, "I hear you're getting married." Pacing wildly up and down, Ito replied, "Yes, I'm marrying Miguel."

A sleeping car had been reserved for the guests who were going from Madrid. This had been left in Ito's hands, and I had a feeling that all would not go too smoothly. The train was supposed to leave at five o'clock. We all met at the station a few minutes beforehand. Passengers and porters and conductors tore up and down the platform screaming excitedly. The porters had lost their heads and so had the conductors.

We all ended in the wrong car or, at least, in the wrong compartment. The bridegroom rushed about looking for his manservant, who was the only one who remained self-possessed. Ito was carrying his sword, since he was to appear in uniform at the ceremony, and it kept falling out of its paper wrappings. Several times it slipped out of the scabbard and clattered to the ground. The flowers arrived at the very last moment, and someone sat down on the wedding cake. At last, however, we were more or less in our right places, and it was one minute to five. It was then that we discovered that the Primo de Riveras had not yet turned up. A wild screeching went up for the station master to ask him to hold the train for the Minister of Agriculture. At five-fifteen Margot and Miguel appeared, very calm and nonchalant.

We got aboard once more and then hell broke loose because it turned out that no one had tickets except me. That was finally ironed out, and we settled down.

There were ten of us in the party. The others were relatives or

were to act as witnesses at the wedding. Every one of us had forgotten something, but I was in the worst plight because I had left my fur jacket behind. I was sure I was going to need it, and I turned out to be right.

We were on the train twenty-two hours, for, needless to say, it was late. At the station where we got off, no arrangements had been made for transportation, but we succeeded in getting some taxis and drove to La Toja, where we were to spend the night. The hotel had been reopened especially for our benefit, in the expectation that there would be at least fifty people. As there were only fifteen of us staying at the hotel, the place was pretty dismal. Something had gone wrong with the plumbing in my bathroom, and I woke in the morning to find it two feet under water. Wading around, I did the best I could about getting dressed, and finally set off in a tiny car with seven other people.

The wedding was supposed to be at twelve. In Spain, however, time is always relative. We didn't arrive until twelve-thirty, and most of the party had not yet assembled. It was a cloudy day, but at least the rain held off until evening. That was fortunate, for the gray stone house, although very historic and impressive outwardly, would have been far too small to accommodate all the guests. Tables were set out under the trees in the garden where a dance floor had also been put up. Chicote, the famous Madrid bartender, was on hand behind a long bar also placed in the garden, serving Martinis made of English gin and French champagne.

We waited and waited and still nothing happened. From standing so long our feet were beginning to give out, and I exchanged shoes with Mimi Alcalá, the bridegroom's first cousin. At two o'clock Ito appeared in a broken-down taxi accompanied by his mother, who had arrived from France that morning. She had finally been given an exit visa, but no re-entry permit to France. Even vaguer than her son, she didn't seem to know quite where she was, and at one point was heard to say to the bride's father, "It was awfully nice of you to invite me to this delightful party."

There were three hundred guests in all. Some had come from Portugal and others from various parts of Spain, but many were local people —officials like the Civil Governor, neighboring farmers, and villagers. The ceremony was performed in a tiny chapel into which the bridal couple and their many witnesses barely fitted. The rest of us remained outside. After the ceremony we sat down to an excellent hot luncheon. Then the villagers in native costume put on a Maypole dance, as well

as a *molinera* and other dances. There were fireworks, and an orchestra played for the guests to dance.

Since the ceremony had been so late, it meant that Marita and Ito couldn't reach the Portuguese frontier before it closed at seven o'clock. Again, Miguel had to come to the rescue; he spent all afternoon on the telephone arguing the frontier officials into staying on duty a little longer. After the couple had left by car, some of us remained for supper and drove back to La Toja in the rain late that night.

The next afternoon, the same group returned to Madrid. This time it was I who didn't have a ticket. Ito had completely forgotten to make a reservation for me. The conductor tried to persuade a passenger in a single compartment to go into a double one where there was another man alone in order to give me a place. He explained that I was traveling with the Minister of Agriculture and was firmly informed by the passenger that he didn't care what minister I was traveling with, he was going to stay right where he was. Then I went into action. Getting near enough to the compartment so that I was sure its occupant could hear me, I said to the conductor, "Do you mean to tell me that there is really a Spaniard who is so little of a *caballero* that he won't give up his bed to a lady?"

At that, the man in question shot out of the door and insisted that I take his single. By the end of the trip we had become fast friends, especially after I found out that he had been in Mexico for many years. He was a Gallegan and an engineer who had spent a few years in jail after the Civil War. He had succeeded in getting out before serving his full term, but told me he still was forced to report to the police once a week.

When I got back to Madrid I found that there was a change at the French mission. Colonel Malaise had been recalled to Algiers and his place was taken by Jacques Truelle, formerly Vichy minister in Bucharest, who had been sent as De Gaulle's representative. He had the rank of minister, but his position in Madrid was somewhat peculiar. The French Mission was allowed to exist, but it wasn't officially recognized. Truelle had diplomatic status in some ways, but not in others. He wasn't invited to official functions, and he never dealt directly with the Foreign Minister. This was all very confusing to him, for he is a diplomat of the old school, and he had great difficulty in adjusting himself to the unusual situation. At first I don't think he knew quite what to make of Monseigneur, but in the end he came to realize that existence in Madrid wouldn't have been possible without him. He also had trouble understanding the Spanish character, for he is a northerner,

but by the time I left he had at least reached the point where he admitted he would never understand Spaniards.

After Truelle took over, there was a great mystery about Colonel Malaise. He went to Algiers and then returned to Spain and disappeared somewhere in the hinterland. The rumor was that he had made a clandestine entry into Spain and was living there without papers. The latter was more or less true, but since he had many Spanish friends, he didn't have to worry much about that. The part about the clandestine departure from Algiers and entry into Spain was, of course, nonsense. He had come by plane and through Gibraltar, so he had had some kind of official sanction. What it boiled down to was that he was a Giraud man and the De Gaullists wanted to get rid of him at any price. Yet, to add to the mystery, he continued with his work for the Underground, and I think that the day will come when the whole thing will be cleared up, and he will be given public recognition for his services.

A tough, hard-bitten army man with an enormous capacity for work and for making those under him produce results, he knew his job and went right on doing it even though the slanderous attacks on him hurt him very deeply. I saw him only twice while I was in Madrid because he kept very much under cover, but on both occasions he impressed me as a person of remarkable efficiency.

There was quite a lot of work to do just at that time. The news about the Azores agreement broke on October 12. I had to send off an article describing the reaction in Spain. The most noticeable effect was that it called forth many reaffirmations of Spanish neutrality which had never been officially and publicly affirmed. On October 16, I got definite confirmation that the Blue Division had been recalled from Russia, but the censorship wouldn't pass a story on that. I knew from the radio that a report had got out that the division was about to be recalled, but I was anxious to let my paper know it had actually taken place. At last I sent a personal cable to Mrs. Ogden Reid, which read, "When you send granmophone records, don't fail to include the blue bird sings good-by red robin." That was the best I could do and I only hoped she would catch the point.

The soldiers from the Blue Division began to arrive almost immediately and were disbanded. Sending men to Russia had never been a popular move, and although it was called a volunteer division, the only real volunteers were a few Falange hotheads and many Republicans who had joined because, with their records, they couldn't get jobs in Spain. It presented another advantage for them—any volunteer in the

Blue Division had his past record destroyed and he could count on his family being in no way disturbed. The rest of the men were conscripts. That meant that about 80 per cent of the Blue Division sent to fight communism was made up of communists. Of the forty thousand sent in all, fifteen thousand were killed. The Germans had put them in the worst possible sector for men brought from a southern climate—the Leningrad front. Just how useful they were is questionable. According to all reports, they nearly drove the Nazis mad because of their habit of acting on their own. They would be ordered to advance a mile and wait for other troops to come up, but if they could keep going, they always would. Aside from that, they followed the Spanish principle that an officer who comes back from a battle to report that he lost most of his men but saved his equipment is decorated, while one who reports that he lost his equipment but saved his men is likely to be court-martialed.

The heavy casualties had a great deal to do with the unpopularity of the division. Everyone except the Falange disapproved of it, and an army colonel on the general staff expressed his opinion by telling me a joke which was then going the rounds. The Russians were about to shoot three prisoners—a German, an Italian, and a Spaniard. When the German was put up against the wall, he cried, "I die for Hitler!" When the Italian's turn came, he cried, "I die for Mussolini!" The Spaniard took his place in front of the wall and said, "I die for having been an imbecile."

Pretty soon the story began to get about that there would be a foreign legion, also made up of volunteers, which would go to Russia. It was very difficult to track this down, but through Adela I got two pieces of information that indicated that the story was true. She came into my room one day laughing merrily because her arch enemy, the porter, was very upset. His Falangista son had just been ordered to "volunteer" to go to fight the communists. According to her account, Don Camilo had then and there lost much of his enthusiasm for the Party.

A few days later, she told me that she had heard from a maid who worked in a Falange household that a young man who had been demobilized from the Blue Division some months before and then gone back to his home in the south had suddenly appeared in Madrid. He declared that, in spite of having Falange backing, he couldn't get any work and he was, therefore, going to join the volunteer legion and return once more to the Russian front. He was leaving the very next day. I passed this information on to the American military attaché and

was told that he, also, had been able to confirm the rumor in several ways. A legion actually did go, but it received no publicity at all.

On October 19 there was a big show at the press section of the British Embassy where all the Allied diplomats and journalists gathered to hear a talk by Sir Samuel Hoare. He was just back from London and was to give us his impressions of what he had seen in England. He went on for forty-five minutes about his experiences, and I couldn't figure out whether he took us all for idiots or whether he wasn't very bright himself. The latter didn't seem quite possible, since a career as successful as his would presuppose brains and sagacity. All I could put it down to was the usual false impression created on foreigners by Englishmen. What makes the inhabitants of Albion so perfidious is that they usually look like fools and seldom are.

Whatever the reason, Hoare's talk sounded exactly like an eight-year-old child's school composition called, "My Summer Vacation." The part of it that confused me most was a statement that the Germans had no secret weapon because invention in that line had reached a peak which couldn't be surpassed for some years to come, and that even if there were a new secret weapon, the English had made all the necessary preparations to combat it.

This was the first time I had seen Sir Samuel. He and Lady Maud didn't go about socially very much, no doubt following the shrewd policy of English diplomats of playing hard to get. It is an undeniable fact that the presence of a British ambassador in anybody's house always turns it into a special occasion. Ambassadors from other countries are just numbered among the other guests.

On the staircase I found myself beside Sir Samuel, who made some remark about the weather. I gave the proper reply and added, "I'm glad to see you really exist. I was beginning to think you were a legend because I never saw you anywhere. Someone did tell me that you and Lady Maud walked on the Castellana at nine-thirty every morning, but that was no use to me because I'm never out that early."

His eyes, which flicker just like a lizard's, showed an expression of complete bewilderment. Finally he pulled himself together and answered, "Yes, Lady Maud and I do walk every morning."

In the scrimmage when everybody began to leave, Monseigneur lost his hat. When I joined him out on the street some time later I saw that he was wearing it and cried, "Ah, I see you've found your hat, or is it Lady Maud's?"

He felt his little round furry beaver thoughtfully and replied, "It hasn't a veil; it must be mine."

On October 22, just at the moment that Truelle and the other members of the French Mission were paying a late afternoon call on the American ambassador, the French Mission in the Calle San Bernardo was attacked by thugs. They had broken into the downstairs offices and scared some little Spanish stenographers out of their wits by ordering them to line up against the wall with their hands up. A French priest who happened to be present was also told to put his hands up. Typewriters were wrecked, papers torn, and a big mirror on the wall shattered. They went all over, but no one entered Monseigneur's office. It was left absolutely untouched. Luckily the many refugees who usually crowded the entrance to the building had departed a few minutes before, so there wasn't a fight.

This was one of the outrages that kept taking place at intervals. Originally, the British Embassy had been the favorite target for demonstrations of this kind. At the time that Serrano Suñer was foreign minister, students would often gather in front of the embassy to throw stones at the windows and shout, "Gibraltar!" On one occasion, when the young men had behaved particularly badly, Sir Samuel personally went to see Serrano to register a protest.

The minister asked, "Would you like me to send you more guards?"

"No, thank you, Your Excellency," Hoare replied. "Just fewer students."

Truelle happened to be dining with me that night and was very agitated and indignant over the incident. I advised him to tell the story immediately to a member of the cabinet who was present or to let me do so. Old-school diplomat that he is, he wouldn't hear of that. The French Mission was under the protection of the American Embassy, he argued, and therefore the embassy would take the necessary steps. I assured him that nothing would come of that, but he wouldn't believe me. As it turned out, I was right; nothing did.

At the end of October, there was quite a big function at the British Embassy. Sir Samuel and Lady Maud gave a cocktail party for more than a thousand people. It was an eventful occasion, not merely because the Hoares didn't entertain much, but principally because it was the first time that certain Spanish officials had set foot in the British Embassy. All the Cabinet members were present, including even the Minister Secretary-General of the Falange. It marked a very notable change of attitude.

The next day I went to one of Mrs. Hayes's Friday afternoon teas. On these at-home days, many of the same ladies who went to the weekly Casa Americana propaganda-knitting teas were to be seen.

The additional ones looked just like them. I was trapped in a corner with three old marquesas, who talked steadily for more than an hour on the favorite subjects of that class of Spanish women—sickness and death. One told about how Grandpa had had three strokes and how he had to be bled and the first time the doctor couldn't get any blood. Some character called Marichu figured prominently in this anecdote. It seemed she was a saint, an absolute saint, who never left Grandpa's bedside night or day. When the first lady paused for breath, the second came right in with a detailed account of her troubles with high blood pressure, and the third just waited her opportunity to tell us about her daughter's appendix operation. When she finished that, she went on to the other daughter's siege with pneumonia and the frightful aftereffects of sulfa drugs. Sulfa drugs and the daughter, apparently, didn't agree at all. When I thought they had run down, the first one started off again on the unhappy married life of Aunt Elena. Her husband had brought his mistress right into the house, my dear, and he was a brute in other ways, but Elena remained a saint through it all. Now that he was dead, she went to church every day to pray for his soul.

Mrs. Hayes had given me a high sign to stay on after the others left. I sank exhausted onto a sofa and snapped up the offer of a cocktail, saying, "You know, I really deserve a drink after the noble work I've done this afternoon on your guests."

Mrs. Hayes retorted, "You're a fine one to talk! You get them once in every six weeks or so. I have to deal with them or their like every day."

"But," I pointed out, "you don't speak Spanish so you don't catch all the gruesome details of Grandpa's stroke."

About this time, my visitor's permit expired. It would be more accurate to say that it had expired three months after my arrival, but I hadn't done anything about it because the Chief of Police had taken the matter in hand and told me not to worry. Then he suddenly resigned as a protest against the Falange mixing into his business, and I thought I'd better put my passport in order. I sent it around to the station in my precinct, which was the correct procedure. My secretary returned with the announcement that the police said they were too busy with French refugees to bother about me. They had given her a letter explaining that I had applied for an extension of my visa. That, they assured her, was quite enough. And, as it turned out, it was.

The tension which periodically cropped up between the United

States and the Spanish Government looked as though it might come to the snapping point as a result of a cable of congratulations sent by Count Jordana to Laurel, the Japanese puppet in the Philippines. It was another of those stories which was impossible to track down, but I had it from an inside source that the cable had been sent, not from the Foreign Office, but from the Pardo itself. Jordana ended by taking the rap and made the excuse that it was merely routine and had not been intended as any recognition of Laurel as the head of the Philippine government.

During the excitement, the editors of *Collier's* apparently had visions of my being trapped in Spain and sent me a cable telling me to come home. There was one editor whose name at the bottom of a cable always made me know what to expect in the text. On the trip around the world I had taken two years before, he had never communicated with me except to say that it was too dangerous for me to remain wherever I was and to return immediately. This cable showed he was still running true to form: he wanted me to come home.

By then I already had the idea of going to France, and I had no intention of starting for the United States until I had carried out my plan. Obviously I couldn't tell *Collier's* what I meant to do, although I did try to make it clear that I thought I was about to get a big story. Cabling is always unsatisfactory and, in this case, proved to be more so than usual. Neither one of us understood what the other one was trying to say, and I ended by sending in my resignation. From then on, I remained in Spain at my own expense.

14. The Concentration Camp of Miranda de Ebro

From the moment I arrived in Spain, I was determined to pay a visit to Miranda de Ebro, the concentration camp for foreigners near Burgos. June, also, wanted to go to Miranda, as she felt she might be able to do something about sending clothes and food to the refugees and should see the place in order to know exactly what was needed.

Every attempt she made through official channels was unsuccessful. Then she queered the whole thing by telling Lady Maud Hoare about her project. The next day she received a letter from the Ambassadress suggesting that she abandon the idea as it might lead to disagreeable complications. But June had no intention of giving up.

A young man who had spent several months at Miranda and was in Madrid awaiting an exit visa promised June he would get both of us there somehow. He said he knew an army officer who, if we hired a car, would take us up there and, by spending some money judiciously on the right people, see that we got into the camp. Ordinarily I am not a great respecter of rules and regulations, but this seemed going too far even in Spain, where rules and regulations are made to be broken. Besides, I thought it was too early in the game to get into trouble. Yet, if the plan had gone through, I undoubtedly would have agreed to it. In the end, however, the army officer got cold feet.

In November I heard quite by chance that a group of military attachés, diplomats, and welfare workers representing twelve Allied occupied and neutral nations had been invited to Miranda for an inspection tour. The party was to leave on a Monday. I didn't hear about it till Saturday night. That meant that I spent all day Sunday on the trail of Monsieur Marquet, the Belgian owner of the Ritz and Palace Hotels, who was making all the arrangements. I finally tracked him down on Sunday evening and asked for an invitation. He agreed with no argument whatever. Even my confession that I was a journalist didn't put him off.

On Monday morning very early I left for Burgos by car with Colonel Hohenthal and Colonel Dorsey Stephens and his wife Zora. Colonel Hohenthal was the military attaché at the American Embassy and Stephens was one of his assistants. These three were my particular friends at the embassy. I not only liked them, but I admired them. Hohenthal I consider the most able American military attaché I have ever met; a man of unfailing judgment and balance, experienced, wise, and with the rare quality of always being able to draw the best out of anybody who works for him. Both Dorsey and Zora Stephens were delightful—good-looking, gay, worldly, and interested in everything. They had lived abroad a great many years and had a passionate love for France. Nothing was too much trouble for them if they could in any way help the French cause. Tactful and charming, they were among the few people at the embassy who had made friends with the Spaniards and had friends in all parts of the country.

It would have been impossible to choose any better companions for

a trip, and they made what would ordinarily have been a rather dreary journey a very pleasant one.

We reached Burgos by luncheontime and went to the Condestable Hotel (Marshal Pétain, when he was ambassador in Spain, always referred to it as the "Detestable" with fairly good reason). Most of the rest of the party had arrived and the military attachés were in uniform. Those Allied uniforms were a splendid sight in Burgos where the Falange is still very strong.

There was an official luncheon for men only and then a tour of the city for sight-seeing purposes and for visits to the officials. That left Zora and me to do as we pleased all afternoon, and we didn't see the rest of our party until dinnertime.

A South American attaché had brought along his wife and two daughters who apparently had just come for the ride. Colonel Caldevilla, who had just been put in charge of the camp, said to the wife, "I don't believe you have received an invitation for tomorrow."

She replied, "What invitation?"

"For the visit to Miranda."

"Who's Miranda?"

I was fascinated at the thought of what must go on in a family where the womenfolk just trailed along to Burgos without knowing why. Later I found out that the daughters had accompanied the military attachés on their tour of the town. At the end of the afternoon, when they were taken in tow by the Falange, the girls appeared to be puzzled by the blue uniforms and shirts and asked, "To what religious order do these young men belong?"

Monseigneur Boyer Mas arrived very late that night with Sivan. I had hoped to surprise Monseigneur by my presence, but, as usual, he was well informed and knew that I was going to be there.

Very early the next morning the cavalcade of cars set forth for the camp. It had been raining, and the roads were wet and muddy. Luckily the rain had stopped, but the skies were still gray, and there was a cold wind. We all gathered outside the gate of the camp. There was a guard of honor drawn up and the tone was so solemn and official that the soldiers actually kept their eyes straight ahead. As we passed them without hearing so much as an admiring whistle, Zora murmured, "We must be losing our grip."

"Yes," I answered, "it's the first time I've ever gone by a Spanish soldier without at least being told that I am more beautiful than the Virgin Mary."

The road for the first two hundred yards was covered with gravel.

From then on, the camp was a sea of mud. The gravel had been laid, of course, to impress us, and there had been a lot of other improvements. But this being Spain, they were all last-minute improvements. The officials of the camp had known at least two weeks beforehand about the tour, but they had gone to work only the day before to make the camp look better. The smell of paint was quite overpowering in every building, and we all had to keep remembering not to get near a wall or a piece of furniture for fear of getting paint on our clothes. The only one who did smear his magnificent overcoat was the Spanish colonel.

There were double gates at the entrance, and in the space between there was a swimming pool. This was one of the most puzzling features of the place, inasmuch as the scarcity of water had long been one of the most pressing problems at Miranda.

The camp was made up of three parallel lines of whitewashed stone buildings within a square enclosed by a barbed-wire fence. Sentry posts placed at intervals of several hundred yards along the fence added an ominous note. In any part of the world, the camp would have been a bleak-looking place, and here it was set in one of the most desolate parts of the province of Castile, noted for the harshness of its landscape. There was scarcely a tree to be seen for miles. The cold winds blew from the snow-covered mountains in the distance, and I knew how that plain must bake in the hot summer sun with no woods or streams or green fields to afford relief from the heat and glare.

In a big athletic field laid out between the entrance and the barracks, we found the 1,939 internees who were in the camp at that moment drawn up for inspection. Scrunching over the newly laid gravel, our party of forty-five followed the army officers and officials onto a reviewing stand. I never felt more embarrassed than I did at that moment. I hated the idea of appearing before that tattered group of men as the member of an official party—a being set apart.

While waiting for the ceremonies to begin, I looked the men over. Physically they were in better condition than I had expected. There were certainly no fat or even plump men, but they seemed fit enough. It was the deplorable state of their clothes that gave me a shock. Several wore shorts exposing bare legs, blue with cold, and there were others with dilapidated trousers which provided less covering than the shorts. Their shoes were the worst of all—the majority wore only the tattered remains of canvas espadrilles.

The refugees were housed and fed by the Spanish Government, but their clothes had to be provided by diplomatic and welfare missions.

Monseigneur said that the shipments of clothes from abroad were slow in arriving and then held up a long time in the customs. What did get through had to be kept in Madrid for departing refugees, who, on their way out, were deloused and freshly clothed. Aside from that, the shipments couldn't always be counted upon to contain what was needed. One, for instance, had been made up entirely of children's clothes.

After the microphone was finally put in working order, Colonel Caldevilla, representing the minister of war, explained to the men why we were there. Then Monseigneur spoke. During his talk he used the phrase, "This hospitable land of Spain." The sound of ribald laughter rose from the ranks of the men below. Anyone but Monseigneur would probably have been thrown off his stride. He merely paused for a moment and then continued with considerable energy, "I repeat and I insist upon it—this hospitable land of Spain. Remember, you were not invited to come here, and remember, also, that once your papers are in order, you will be allowed to leave. That doesn't happen in other neutral countries."

Each representative made a speech in his own language. With a completely serious face, Colonel Hohenthal spoke to the six Americans who were supposed to be present, although he knew that five of them were German deserters who didn't understand a word of English. The sixth actually was an American, a flyer, who should have been interned in a hotel at some spa, but who, by mistake, had been sent to Miranda in a group of two hundred Frenchmen. He was a very young boy who came from Georgia and had a German name. It caused him considerable indignation that, being the only real American, his name should have been German, while the five Germans were passing under fancy aliases such as Roderick Chatham and Algernon Stewart.

Having been on conducted tours in other countries, I thought I knew what to expect. The newly laid gravel and fresh paint indicated that very special preparations had been made. I was convinced we would be shown just what the officials wanted us to see and no more. Our next stop increased my suspicions. It was a small theater which had recently been built for movie shows. The inside was decorated with murals painted by some of the internees. Two long tables were set out, covered with sandwiches, cakes, and wine bottles. We were offered these delicacies and stood around talking, wondering what the next move was to be.

The American flyer came in to talk to Colonel Hohenthal. I spoke to him also and asked about the conditions in the camp. He said, "They're not too bad. We don't get much to eat except potatoes, but

then we don't do any kind of work or exercise, so we can get along with little nourishment. There are plenty of blankets, which means that we are warm at night." We offered him some sherry and sandwiches, but he refused them. I gathered that he didn't feel it was right that he should accept anything that his companions weren't getting.

The lights went off, and a very old Norma Shearer picture was thrown on the screen. I thought, "We're going to be shown this entire picture, and then told it's too late to make a tour of the camp." But I was mistaken. Only a couple of sequences were run off just to prove that the projector worked, and then the lights went up. Colonel Caldevilla made a little speech. He said that we were to go all over the camp, talk to whomever we chose, and see whatever we wanted to see. After that, we could send in our reports. We could be as critical as we liked. All he asked was that we should be fair.

Once outdoors, I was immediately separated from my companions. Each one of us was surrounded by large groups of men, and every man wanted to tell his story. I had brought along a carton of cigarettes, but they were soon exhausted, and there was such pushing to get near me that I had to ask the men to step back and give me a little breathing space. Two young Frenchmen appointed themselves my bodyguards and held their companions at bay so that I wouldn't be crushed.

Nearly all of them wanted to ask me to use my "influence" to get them out right away. There were two hundred men leaving the camp the next day, and all the ones who were to be left behind were insistent that they should go too. I tried to explain the difficulties of moving refugees quickly. It was all a very complicated business. When refugees arrived on the Spanish border, they were usually picked up in some frontier village and taken to the local police station. (On rare occasions some men did succeed in getting through to Madrid without being interned at all, but either they were such big shots that there were diplomatic cars awaiting them, or they had friends in Spain who knew the ropes.) The customary procedure was for the men to wait a few days in the local police station to make it worth while to detach a couple of guards to escort them to the nearest important town. During the summer, when as many as thirty came over the border daily, truckloads of refugees were a common sight in places like Pamplona.

Once they had arrived in a good-sized town, they remained there while the authorities got in touch with their diplomatic representatives and sorted them out. Men between the ages of twenty and forty eventually went to Miranda. Young boys, men older then forty, and women, went to Madrid or some other city, where they lived in boarding

houses or small hotels at the expense of their governments. There were few restrictions on them except the order to remain within the city limits and to report to the police once a week.

Prisoners of war, who, according to the Hague Convention, had to be treated with every courtesy in neutral countries, were put up at hotels in watering places. In this case, prisoners of war meant soldiers and officers who had been taken prisoner by the Germans and then escaped. However, British and American aviators who had either bailed out over France and then crossed the Pyrenees or landed in Spanish territory counted as prisoners of war even though they had never been held by the Germans.

The sorting process seldom took less than two weeks and was tangled up with red tape. Poles, for instance, were considered stateless, as were German deserters, who, by the end of 1943, were beginning to appear in Spain in large numbers.

The stateless were afraid to bring any identity papers with them and usually failed to declare their real nationality. In the first year after the occupation of France, most Frenchmen and stateless declared themselves to be Canadians. There was a time when the Spaniards might well have thought that the Canadian Army was the biggest in all the world. However, they knew perfectly well that this was just a subterfuge and closed their eyes. After the French Mission was set up in Madrid, word was got back to the organizations in France that it was safe for Frenchmen to admit their nationality. That took a considerable load off the British Embassy.

Once the refugees had been sorted out and sent either to Miranda or a city or a spa, they had another wait while their papers were put in order and visas were obtained. At this stage, they had to count on a minimum of two months before continuing on their way to Africa. The transfer was speeded up after it no longer became necessary to send them through Portugal. By the autumn of '43, the Spanish government was permitting convoys to leave directly from Malaga. When they still had to go through Portugal the red tape was endless, because the Portuguese were extremely slow about granting visas and insisted that each convoy should consist of fifteen hundred men. No more, no less. Then they would grant visas for only fourteen hundred and ninety, which meant a long delay until the other ten were at last obtained.

Once the papers were in order and stamped and visaed, there was still another hurdle. There were refugees scattered all over Spain who had to be assembled in Madrid and then sent on. Railroad cars had to

be chartered for transportation of persons from the various provinces to Madrid and then on to the port of embarkation. Owing to a serious shortage of rolling stock which kept ordinary trains crowded, there were seldom many cars to spare. Once the cars had been reserved, there was the headache of co-ordinating them so that they all arrived in Madrid on the same day, went out on the same day, and reached the port of embarkation just a few hours before sailingtime. Very often they arrived in Malaga the night before, which meant that shelter had to be provided for the refugees. That problem was solved by placing cots inside the corridors of the bull ring. That was fine except on one occasion when the train got in on Sunday when there was a bullfight in progress.

Auxilio Social attended to feeding the refugees during this stopover and gave each one a box lunch for the trip to Africa. Funds for this food were provided by the governments responsible for the travelers, but Auxilio Social had the huge task of finding food enough for fifteen hundred people in a small town.

I explained all this to the men that day at Miranda, but they had heard it before, and it wasn't what they wanted to hear. There were some who were very bitter against the French Mission and said, "Naturally, if one happens to know Monseigneur Boyer Mas personally, one can get through quickly." This, of course, was unjustified. It was true that a certain number of men were rushed through at unusual speed, but that was because they happened to be either officers of very high rank or trained technicians who were needed in the war effort.

The first stop I made was at the infirmary. There were about thirty beds there, but only half of them were occupied. The paint on the other half hadn't dried in time, and their occupants had been moved into the barracks. The patients were suffering from tuberculosis, grippe, and exposure. I spoke longest with an elderly German Jew who told me that he had been in concentration camps in Germany and France. I asked him which had been the worst—the German, the French, or the Spanish. He replied, "Well, you see I happen to be quite a good carpenter, so I was allowed special privileges."

I insisted, "Did you get more food in Germany than you did in France?"

He answered, "Well, because of the work I was doing, I was given special rations." That was the way he answered all my questions. This completely subjective attitude was one I encountered in every person who came out of German-controlled territory. Though it was under-

standable, it made it impossible to get a whole picture of conditions. That was one of the things that made me determine to go to France and see for myself what was taking place.

Next I visited all the barracks. Some were filthy and I could imagine that they were full of bugs. The building where the Dutch were housed, however, was clean. As in the others, there were wooden partitions which divided the long room into little cells. Wooden planks on top of these partitions added a second story. Every bed in the Dutch building was neatly made up. In some of the cells there were curtains and lampshades made of colored paper. On one bed there was even a little gray cat curled up asleep.

I noted that the Dutchmen had carried this cleanliness to their persons. Their clothes were as ragged as the Frenchmen's, but they were clean and so were their hands and faces. They had also shaved. They told me that there had been some showers newly installed with only cold water, but that often they didn't work and most of the bathing and laundry had to be done in long cement troughs which ran between two blocks of the buildings.

Still accompanied by a large crowd, I went to look at the kitchens. They were in open sheds at one end of the camp. The midday meal was being cooked by internees and set out in huge flat tubs to be carried to the barracks later. I stared in amazement at the big heaps of rice, the sections of hard-boiled eggs, and the pieces of beef in the tubs. The boys, seeing my face, burst out laughing. One of them said, "We have many reasons to be grateful for your visit today."

It was typical of Spanish lack of thoroughness to turn out a meal like that to impress us, while still allowing us to talk freely to the men, who told us what their ordinary rations were. The Frenchmen corroborated what the American flyer had told me about the food at the camp. It consisted mostly of potatoes. Sometimes there were beans or a little meat. The guards usually stole half the potatoes intended for the camp and then sold them back to the internees at high prices. I told this story to a military man of my acquaintance on returning to Madrid. He repeated it that very afternoon to the minister of war, who raked all the officers at Miranda over the coals and gave orders that this practice should be immediately stopped.

The young man who had promised June to get her smuggled into the camp had remained in Madrid to do some special work, instead of going on immediately as originally planned. He apparently became suspect, and when he finally was to go, there was a delay over his visa. Impatient, he left with twenty-nine of his compatriots and tried

to get over the Portuguese border. They were all caught and shipped back to Miranda. The authorities were extremely annoyed with them. So was their own legation, because every time refugees were caught escaping, it became just that much more difficult to make arrangements for the others to leave. I interceded for them that day with one of the Spanish officials, who informed me very sternly that, although it was expected that everyone then in the camp would be gone within a month, those thirty were going to stay on for the duration. When I got back to Madrid, I made some further efforts and finally did succeed in having them released.

I looked for the young man and kept asking for him as I walked round the camp. At last he caught up with me, and then we couldn't talk because of the crowd of men who kept following me. I finally had to ask them to give us ten minutes alone, as there was something special we had to discuss. The whole group moved away a hundred yards and waited for us to finish. He gave me a hasty outline of his adventures and instructions as to what I was to do to get him out.

By that time it was two o'clock in the afternoon. Our party was to have lunch at the inn in a neighboring village. Originally Zora and Monseigneur had intended to invite a few friends to eat with them. Their surprise can be imagined when the Spanish colonel, during the stop at the theater, announced that they were inviting the whole party to luncheon. They took this with good grace, although I imagine it turned out to be a very expensive gesture.

At the table I sat between Monseigneur and a Polish priest. When the champagne was served, Monseigneur whispered, "What do I do with this?"

Thinking he was merely shuddering at the idea of having to drink Spanish champagne, I answered, "Drink it, and look as pleasant as you can."

"Yes. I know that, but as Talleyrand once said, 'First one must talk about it.' I think somebody ought to express thanks to the minister of war for having permitted us to make this inspection trip."

I said, "You do it."

He stood up and made a very flowery speech ending with some remark about "this neutral country." Then he went on to propose a toast. "I, who am absolutely incapable of being neutral about anything, ask you to drink with me to the day when the German barbarians will be annihilated and peace will once more reign on earth." That was putting the Spanish officers in a spot, but they all rose and drank the toast with the rest of us.

15. Memorial Mass for José Antonio; American Propaganda in Spain

One of Franco's actions which most alienated the Catholic Church was placing the tomb of José Antonio Primo de Rivera before the high altar of the Escorial. It didn't please the Monarchists either, inasmuch as the Escorial is the traditional burying place of the kings of Spain.

When José Antonio's body was dug out of a grave it shared with four others in Alicante, it was borne to the Escorial by relays of Falangistas of the old guard. (The old guard is made up of early members.) To commemorate this occasion, every year, on the nineteenth of November, an enormous laurel wreath is carried from Madrid. There are also torchlight processions. The young men start out at night coatless and with their shirt sleeves rolled up in the fashion set by the founder of the Party. They supposedly carry the wreath in relays, but usually the men who start out with it follow it all night, covering on foot the fifty-odd kilometers which separate Madrid from the Escorial. Other groups of Falangistas converge there from all sides of Spain.

On the night of the nineteenth, I made a point of going to the Castellana where the marchers gathered. Once they had formed their ranks, they lighted the torches and started off. It was a beautiful sight to see the blazing torches on the darkened avenue. They went along the Avenida José Antonio, where all cafés and night clubs were supposed to be closed. A few, however, still had lights on, and some goons among the marchers burst into these places and broke up the furniture.

Although the diplomatic corps was invited to the memorial Mass on the morning of the twentieth, the foreign press was not. I had to wangle an invitation and then borrow a car to get there. According to the card, I must be seated at the church by ten-fifteen. That, I knew, was not to be taken too seriously. I left town just a little before ten o'clock. It was clear day, but very cold and windy. As the car progressed along the road, we passed militiamen stationed at intervals. In their patent-leather hats and their capes which were blown round them by the cold winds off the snow-covered mountains, they made the landscape look like some old painting. Since all the cars heading in that direction were official, mine was also presumed to contain some important personage, and they presented arms as I passed. It made me

feel very grand, but I didn't know what to do—whether to wave or merely bow elegantly.

It was ten-forty-five by the time I reached the entrance indicated on my card. Slushing through snow and getting lost in the many corridors, I wandered around trying to find the right place to enter. At one point I found myself in an open urinal crowded with priests. Backing away hastily, I went on and finally found the door to the church. When I went in, the place was empty. The cold in that big stone pile was so bitter that I preferred to wait outside. In a courtyard I walked up and down watching the people arrive and, when the church finally began to fill, decided the Mass must be about to begin and went back to my seat.

A little after eleven the ambassadors began to appear, very splendid in gold-embroidered uniforms and feathered hats. The American Ambassador and the First Secretary of the British Embassy, representing Sir Samuel Hoare, who had already attended some of these functions and knew enough to announce that he was ill, were the only ones in evening clothes. The German Ambassador, enormously tall and broad with sandy hair, was even grander than the others because he wore a broad white band across his chest. The ushers gave him the Falange salute. That seemed to puzzle him, and he barely raised his arm. He was followed by six Nazi party members in khaki uniforms who, if they had been picked by Hollywood directors, couldn't have been more perfectly cast to type. They were six of the thuggiest looking thugs I have ever seen.

The ambassadors and ministers of state occupied seats on either side of the tomb just below the altar steps. Because of protocol, the German and Italian ambassadors had to sit next to each other. Wondering how they were taking this, I went up to the front of the church, but all I could see was their backs. Both looked very stiff, and they kept their heads turned away from each other.

Every moment the cold grew worse. At first I couldn't figure out why all the diplomats' uniforms looked so tight. Then I realized that they had taken the precaution of wearing several sweaters under their gold-braided jackets.

At eleven-fifteen the bishop took up his post at the door of the cathedral to wait for Franco. Forty-five minutes later that gentleman arrived. He and the bishop walked up the aisle under a canopy carried by four men who, out of step and not paying too much attention to what they were doing, held the poles too close together. It looked as

though the chief of state and the prelate were going to be enveloped in its folds at any moment. Only their legs and feet could be seen, and the effect as they went up the aisle was that of two men inside a cloth stage horse.

They took their places in impressive armchairs on the altar, and the laurel wreath was carried in. After it was placed on José Antonio's tomb, the Mass began. It was accompanied by continual flashes from photographers' bulbs, and news cameramen swarmed over the altar in a way that shocked me. When I mentioned this to some Spaniards, they were puzzled as to why I should be horrified and finally remarked that I was being typically Protestant in my attitude. Two Falangistas who had walked all night long fainted near the altar and had to be carried out. That was the only excitement.

Mrs. Hayes had very kindly lent me her fur-lined carriage boots, which were the hit of the day. All eyes were turned on them, and as I walked past the guard of honor lined up outside the Escorial all the soldiers turned as one man to stare at the boots.

The next week was a busy one for the American Embassy, as there was a meeting in Madrid of all the American consuls in Spain. Their wives had come along also and I was invited to tea at the Casa Americana on Wednesday to meet the ladies. These knitting teas were held once a week and formed a part of our propaganda effort. I had been once before and seen most of the ladies who attended these functions regularly. They were the wives of the members of the American Embassy, some American women married to Spaniards, and an assortment of creaking old marquesas of the kind who will turn out for anything if they can count on free food. The smell of dress shields was quite overpowering.

The regular routine was for the ladies to sit around for an hour or so, knitting socks, sweaters, scarves, and little squares. I embarked modestly on one of the latter, struggling to follow the measurements on the typed instructions I had been given. These squares used up the odd bits of wool, and were stitched together to make blankets. There was a raffle for something donated—a package of American cigarettes or a box of face powder or some American tinned food. Once there was a pair of nylon stockings. Word got round of what the prize was going to be and for once there were no absentees. Tea was served in a back room. Once a month a newsreel would be shown.

On this occasion, I was tactless enough to inquire what was done with all these knitted garments. I had just returned from Miranda,

and it seemed to me that the things could be used there to very good purpose. The reply I was given was very evasive indeed, and I realized that no one actually knew what did happen to the knitting. Shortly after that, the Wednesday teas were indefinitely suspended.

Another propaganda gesture was Thursday afternoon parties for the young people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. Once a month a movie was shown, and on other days there were organized games such as pinning the tail on the donkey. Those parties went on for a few weeks and then were stopped. The explanation given by the ambassador's daughter for this suspension took a prize in the department of unintelligible logic. She said, "We're going to stop the parties for a while to see how it goes."

As far as I could gather, the greatest effort expended by the people working in the Casa Americana was on a magazine called *Mundo Católico*. As the title indicates, its propaganda was aimed at the Catholics and its contents appeared to be based on the belief that all Spaniards were good Catholics and that the Church in Spain was completely dominated by the Vatican. Its net effect was to alienate the Republicans, who said, "We have been looking forward to an Allied victory, thinking the Allies would help us to get rid of the Church," as well as the very religious, who said, "Spain has always been the one Catholic country in the world which would permit no interference from the Vatican. What are the Americans planning to do? Make the Vatican all-powerful here?"

Movies were also used for propaganda purposes. Whenever a new American picture arrived, it would be shown several evenings at the Casa Americana. The invitations were distributed according to social groups—members of the aristocracy were asked one night, members of the diplomatic corps another, foreign journalists another, etc. The greatest care was taken not to mix any of these groups. The pictures were supposed to be a sort of sugar coating for the newsreels and propaganda shorts showing Allied military power. I don't know how those pictures were selected, but some of the choices were very strange indeed. The all-time low was reached with *The Pride of the Yankees*. It was not only a dull movie, but one which the Spanish couldn't understand as they knew nothing of baseball.

Every now and then, when there was a picture of special importance, an entire theater would be taken over in order to seat several hundred people at once. These functions were also by invitation only. The year before *Gone with the Wind* had been put on and apparently was a great occasion. People still talked about it, and the embassy staff

mopped its brow whenever it was mentioned, remembering what it had gone through at the time, when all Madrid pleaded for invitations. A few of the cards were sold on the black market for several hundred pesetas.

The only person who received an invitation and didn't attend was Miguel Primo de Rivera. He returned it with a note saying he wanted very much to see *Gone with the Wind* but, inasmuch as he had never set foot in the American Embassy, he felt it below his dignity to accept an invitation from the American ambassador just because he'd like to see a picture.

There were also knitting teas at the British Embassy, but the knitters were mostly old nannies who had come to work in Madrid many years before and were still looking after the children of the aristocracy. Their special treats consisted of periodic talks by Sir Samuel or some distinguished visitor such as the Bishop of Gibraltar. There was considerable rivalry between the two knitting groups and Mrs. Hayes felt, at one point, that Lady Maud was going in for unfair methods when, on a trip to England, she made arrangements for twelve more nannies to go out to Madrid.

16. Dinner with "Grandpop"

Among the foreign diplomats in Madrid, one of the most popular was Renaud Sivan, who acted as first secretary of the De Gaulle Mission. He had a charming flat where he entertained a great deal and an astonishing number of Spanish friends. The position of all the men connected with the mission was difficult because it wasn't officially recognized, although its members were accorded certain diplomatic privileges. When Jacques Truelle was sent from Algiers as a representative with the rank of minister, he not only was not invited to official functions, but ministers of the government wouldn't go to his house. Toward Sivan their attitude was quite different; they had known him for several years and regarded him as a personal friend, so it was not at all unusual to find cabinet ministers at his parties.

Renaud and I soon became fast friends and met at least once a week.

One evening he took me to dinner in a small restaurant called La Hoja, a sort of bistro with about six tables where the food was fairly good. Only initiates were supposed to know about it, and each person who took me there was invariably disappointed to find that I had already visited the place. Needless to say, it had become the fashion and was always full of people from the Foreign Office and the British Embassy.

After dinner, as we were walking down the street to pick up Sivan's car, I heard music coming from a large café on the corner. Of course, I insisted upon stopping. I never could hear the sound of music anywhere in Spain without tracing it to its source. My best friends considered me something of a trial.

This place turned out to be a large *café chantant* crowded with people belonging to the working classes. A shoddily dressed girl stood howling her lungs out in an abominable rendition of a gypsy song. A grim-faced woman with the disapproving air of an old-maid schoolteacher pounded out the accompaniment on an upright piano. Sivan was all for leaving immediately, but I was interested in the patrons and wanted to stay.

There wasn't an empty table left, so we were placed at one already occupied by three people. We sat with our backs to the stage, facing our tablemates. They were a man in his forties, a gray-haired woman who looked much older than the man, and a young girl. It was easy to find an excuse to speak to them, and we were soon in deep conversation. Once the preliminary greetings were over, the man told me that his name was Germán. He introduced the gray-haired woman as his wife. She had light blue eyes, finely cut features, and the beautiful bony structure typical of the Spanish peasant. She looked sixty, but actually turned out to be only forty-five. The girl with them was their son's fiancée. Germán sold lottery tickets on the streets. I bought a section of one for five pesetas, adding another peseta to the price of the ticket, as the lottery doesn't pay its vendors and they have to depend on their tips.

As we talked, we touched upon conditions in Spain. Germán declared that, with plenty of money, anyone could get as much as he liked to eat in these days.

"What about the poor man?" I asked.

With typical Spanish pride he resented the question. His reply was brusque. "He may have to subsist on vegetables, but he can live."

"For instance, what do you eat?" I inquired.

"Mostly stews made of beans and vegetables with some meat or fish. My wife cooks just one big dish a day in order to save olive oil and

fuel. We eat that at luncheon and heat it up again for supper. There are seven of us in the family and a dish that will feed us all costs about six pesetas. Count another two pesetas for bread and you have our daily food budget.

"There are people," he went on, "who get along with much less than that. I know an old man, for instance, who rents a room in our building. He has to get along on his old-age pension of three pesetas a day. If you like, I will take you to the restaurants where he eats."

Sivan and I immediately agreed to this proposition. An appointment was made for the following evening. We continued to talk, and I found out some more details about Germán's family and how they all lived. He told me that what he earned varied greatly, of course, but he said he could usually count on an average of ten pesetas a day. His eighteen-year-old son made eight pesetas a day working in a metal-bed factory. His seventeen-year-old daughter got two pesetas a day with twenty-five centimos an hour for overtime as an apprentice sewing waistcoats. His wife sold roasted chestnuts on a street corner. Sometimes she made as much as fifteen pesetas in one day, but as chestnuts are in the market at only certain times of the year, her daily average represented five pesetas, which meant that the combined family income was about twenty-five pesetas a day ($2 more or less).

"In all, we have had eleven children. Four died of natural causes. A fifth was killed on the Madrid front during the Civil War. At present," he continued, "there are only five children living at home. My eldest son is doing his military service. That means we have to provide him only with underclothes and some pocket money. Then, besides the two I've already mentioned, there's a fifteen-year-old girl who goes to school, and one of thirteen who has given up school for the time being so that she can stay to look after the baby who is only fifteen months old."

"It must have been a surprise to have the baby arrive after twelve years."

"Well, it was this way," Don Germán explained. "My wife was terribly upset when our son was killed. After that she was ill for a long time and the doctor told me I must get her out of Madrid. At considerable sacrifice and expense, I sent her to her native village in Galicia. She stayed there three months and returned looking plump and rosy. So you see, it was just a question of mathematics. She was away three months. I was alone in Madrid three months. Nine months later the baby arrived."

The next evening when we drove up to the café where we had

agreed to meet, we found Germán waiting for us on the corner. He had dressed up in our honor in a navy-blue pin-striped suit, a frayed but very clean shirt, a tie, and an overcoat. Only his feet gave away his poverty, for instead of leather shoes he wore canvas espadrilles. There was an old man standing with him who turned out to be the one he had told us about the night before. He was bundled in a strange assortment of threadbare garments and had his head covered with a greasy black beret which he never once removed during the course of the evening.

"I brought Grandpop along," Germán said, "because he is known at the restaurants." As they got into the back of the car I overheard Grandpop exclaiming over the upholstery. He was delighted to be driving about in a nice car and was always sorry to leave it. Every place we went, he made sure that some of his friends should see that he was out in a big automobile.

The first restaurant we visited was badly lighted but clean. Two long, very much scrubbed deal tables with wooden benches ran the length of the room. There was a bar at one end. The kitchen was visible through an archway. The other patrons were mostly workmen in overalls, but there were also two or three quite well-dressed men among them.

Nobody looked up when we took our places; only the waitress, a heavily painted Carmen type, wearing an extremely tight-fitting red sweater, showed any interest in our strangly assorted quartet.

Looking over the menu chalked on a blackboard which hung on the wall, we chose white beans costing one peseta fifty a portion. Grandpop produced a piece of bread wrapped in a newspaper from his pocket.

"They don't serve bread here," he said.

"Tonight is an exception," the waitress murmured, putting down four pieces of ordinary ration black bread. She didn't ask for coupons. As an extra attention, she gave me a napkin. This greatly amused Grandpop, who teased me, saying that they must think I was a very messy eater.

The beans were brought in large soup plates. They were hot and well cooked and of unusually good quality. When I expressed surprise at this, Germán explained, "Of course, they've been bought on the black market at eight pesetas a kilo. One doesn't get this quality with a ration card."

As we ate, I asked Germán more about himself. "Haven't you ever had any difficulties because you spent the war in the Republican zone?"

"A few times I have had a little trouble," he replied. "But it's never been serious. You see, there's no reason for anyone to envy me, so nobody bothers to denounce me. Aside from that, I mind my own business, and I've never taken any interest in politics. I worked hard and was poor during the monarchy, I worked hard and was poor during the Republic, I work hard and I'm poor now. As far as I'm concerned, it all amounts to the same thing, but just because I don't care about politics, I'm always suspect. During the Republic, I was called a fascist, and now I'm down in the Falange's books as a Red."

The plate of beans was so full that I couldn't finish mine. Grandpop, however, cleaned his plate with a piece of bread. Sivan called for the check, which with the bread and wine amounted to eight pesetas ten centimos.

"Now," Grandpop announced, "we will go to a much better place, where the prices are the same except that ten per cent. is added for service."

The second restaurant did look better than the first. It was brightly lighted and lined with colored tiles. There were individual marble-topped tables. It was so crowded with workmen, however, that we had to wait for a table.

When we sat down, an old woman at the next table exclaimed on seeing Grandpop, "Why, it's the Señor of the almonds!" It turned out that she came from his native village in the province of Toledo where he had gone the summer before with Germán to sell almonds at the yearly fair.

"You see," Grandpop explained, "I can't quite make out on my pension of three pesetas a day. It costs me that to eat, and my room rent is thirty pesetas a month. So, in the summer, Germán and I travel about from fair to fair selling almonds, postcards, and other odds and ends. What I earn in that way tides me over the winter."

I asked the old woman how often she came to Madrid. "Twice a week," she replied. Glancing at her voluminous skirts, I thought I could guess why. Those skirts would be very useful to conceal hams and bacons, cuts of meat, and butter, which she would bring from the country to sell on the black market in Madrid. It turned out that I was right. When she had finished, instead of paying her check and leaving, she disappeared into the kitchen. Germán grinned as he watched her waddle out. "She always brings something for this restaurant. That's why she eats free."

I copied down the menu, which, as in the last place, was written on the blackboard. It read, "Lentils with potatoes—75 centimos; chick-

pea soup—1.25; stewed potatoes—1.25; white beans—1.50; stewed liver —1.25; bonito with tomatoes—1.50; whiting in sauce—1.50; sausage with potatoes—2.50; lamb chop with potatoes—1.50; fried egg—2; pork chop with potatoes—2; salad or fruit—50 centimos; a half liter of wine —75 centimos.

Grandpop, after a great mental tussle, settled for the sausage with potatoes. He couldn't resist the opportunity of eating something so expensive. I ordered the lamb chop, which, though tough, had quite a good flavor. I couldn't finish it, however, because of all the beans I'd eaten earlier. Germán took my plate over to a man at the next table, who accepted it with many thanks. Grandpop wrapped up the leftovers of bread, and we paid the bill, which with wine, bread, and fruit and a ten-per-cent tip amounted to fourteen pesetas.

From there we began a tour of the poor quarter in which the restaurant was located. Our first stop was a flophouse where a man could get a bed for one peseta a night. Germán commented, "Of course, the sheets are changed only every few weeks, and there are bugs, but still it's better than sleeping outside in the cold."

Then we went to a shop which specialized in the insides and other odds and ends of animals fried in oil. About one pound cost a peseta. The greasy stench plus the sight of the meat was too much for me, and I fled after one quick glance around. We went to a bar, where for twenty centimos it was possible to buy a glass of wine and a small piece of ham. During this tour, Grandpop never got out of the car. He preferred to sit on the comfortable cushions digesting his two meals while smoking the Chesterfields we had provided and casting haughty looks at the pedestrians who went past.

We stopped in to pay a visit to Germán's wife. They lived in a ground-floor apartment in one of the lowest quarters of the town. We entered from the street directly into a room furnished with a table and several straight chairs. The walls were decorated with a calendar and photographs of the children. At the back were two bedrooms and a large kitchen with a coal range. There was no sign of a bathroom, but they seemed to get along without one, for they all looked clean. The rent on this place was fifty-five pesetas a month.

We found Germán's wife counting over the money she had made from the sale of roasted chestnuts that evening. It amounted to eleven pesetas twenty-five, and she was very pleased. All the children were brought out and introduced. With the usual exquisite manners of the Spaniard, they shook hands very courteously, and then sat down quietly to listen to the conversation. We gave Germán's wife an account of

where we had been and what we had eaten. She was very interested in all the details and wanted to know how we liked the food.

The little thirteen-year-old girl began to grow restless. She wanted to go to the movies, and her mother had promised to take her that evening on a couple of passes given to Germán by a friend who worked in a neighborhood theater. I could see that the fifteen-year-old girl was very disappointed that she couldn't go also, and I gave her the money for two tickets, telling her to take her brother's fiancée along. They went off very happy, and we resumed our tour.

We ended up at a café where, according to Germán, the patrons were of a much better class and more respectable than those at the one where we had met originally. It was a colorless place with no atmosphere whatever and an extremely noisy orchestra. The patrons, who were probably shopkeepers, were certainly respectable; they had even brought along the kiddies. Grandpop sucked noisily on his coffee and brandy. Sivan, watching him, began to grow worried. He murmured to me in French, "Do you think we ought to let him have anything more? All this unaccustomed food and drink may kill the old boy." But Grandpop downed three brandies with no visible ill effects. He just grew more talkative.

He told us that he was a widower. His wife, he said very unemotionally, had died of starvation during the Civil War. "Now," he continued, "I just drag along. I live in the same room where I've lived for thirty years. I usually don't get up until two in the afternoon because I haven't anything to do or anywhere to go. Sometimes I sit on the corner with Germán's wife to keep her company while she sells chestnuts, and I often spend my evenings at her house."

"Couldn't you get some easy job?" I asked.

"No, I'm much too old. Who's going to hire a broken-down old man of seventy-one? When I was seventeen I was ambitious. I passed the examination to become a schoolteacher. Then somebody warned me that schoolteachers generally went hungry so I became a photographer. But I haven't forgotten all my education and I still like to read. I always manage to get hold of a newspaper every day."

Germán interrupted to say that he, also, was a great newspaper reader. He showed good taste because his favorite paper was *Ya,* the only one which, in that very bad Spanish press, could be called a newspaper. I inquired whether he was interested in the war news. "Not at all," he answered. "The only thing I care about is what is going to happen in Spain. I saw enough war during three years, and I certainly don't want to read about it now."

Grandpop resumed the story of his life. "As a photographer," he related, "I often earned as much as forty pesetas a day. In those times, that was a lot of money. My wife and I lived very well. Then the Republic came along and ruined me."

"The Republic ruined you?" I asked. "How did that happen?"

"It is quite simple," he answered. "During the time of the monarchy, I had a little stand outside the gates of the Casa de Campo where people had to have a pass to enter. I used to take the pictures for those passes. With the advent of the Republic, everybody was allowed to enter the park without a pass so one part of my income went.

"My other principal source of revenue was photographing little girls all dressed in white for their first Communion. The Republic was set up. It became dangerous to be religious, and little girls stopped taking first Communion. The few who did were secretive about it and didn't dare appear in public dressed in white frocks and veils. So they didn't have their pictures taken. There went the rest of my income. That is why I say I was ruined by the Republic."

17. Luncheon with Republican Prisoners

The press sections at the British and American Embassies got out a mimeographed news bulletin every day. This was their principal and best propaganda effort. It contained the latest news picked up from English and American broadcasts and was intended to make up the lamentable deficiencies of the Spanish press. Theoretically, these bulletins were for distribution in the embassies only and said so right on them. However, this was merely a diplomatic evasion. Every morning long lines of Spaniards belonging mostly to the working classes could be seen in front of the press sections of both embassies. The people were there to pick up the bulletins. There was also a mailing list.

It was generally believed that any Spaniard caught with one of these bulletins was liable to arrest. The authorities denied that hotly, but I did know of several cases where people had been jailed for having one. This, of course, was one of their attractions, and I suspect that they

owed their wide circulation as much to the danger of being caught with one as to the people's thirst for news. I once suggested to Mr. Hayes that he should persuade the Spanish government openly to make it a penal offense to read the Allied bulletins; if that were done, twenty-six million Spaniards, in their enthusiasm for flouting the law, would have taken them even if they couldn't read.

Through some oversight, the bulletin was not mailed to me, but I always had one in the house. Adela's beau, who was an electrician but seemed to spend most of his time doing odd jobs around the house and running errands for her, was a steady subscriber to the American bulletin. He used to bring it to the flat every day so that Adela and her friends could see it. The result was that my kitchen was always full of Reds.

Remembering this, I asked Adela one day if she happened to have any friends who had just left jail. "I am not interested," I told her, "in anyone who has been out for several months. I want to talk to someone just fresh from a prison."

Having read and heard so much about the thousands of political prisoners who were still locked up in Spain, I felt that I should get some first-hand information about conditions in the prisons. Adela entertained her Republican friends every afternoon. Since most of them had served a term, I felt sure there must be at least one among them who could tell me what I wanted to know.

She thought for a moment and then began to run over the list of her acquaintances. "Vicente? No. He won't do. He's been out three months. Pepe? No. He left the model prison in Valencia nearly a year ago." She went on for some time, but nobody she named fitted my specifications. Finally she gave up. "I'll think about this and let you know later," she said as she carried my breakfast tray out of the room.

That same afternoon, when I returned from a shopping expedition, she opened the door and with no preamble asked, "What about somebody who is still in prison? Would he do?"

"Of course," I answered. "But how do I get to talk to anyone who is in prison?"

"It's very easy. Our meat *estraperlista* has a sister whose husband is in Porlier, the largest jail in Madrid." (*Estraperlista* is slang for dealer in the black market.)

"Why is he in Porlier?"

"I don't know, I suppose he must have been accused of assassinating someone because he was originally condemned to death. But the sentence has been commuted to thirty years and a day. Right now he is

doing forced labor, working as a mason in some garage that's being built for the army. He gets two days taken off his sentence for every day he works."

None of this made it quite clear how I was going to see him. I pointed that out. Adela replied, "The wife takes him his luncheon every day. She says you can go along with her tomorrow if you like."

There seemed to be several drawbacks to this plan, the principal one being my appearance. The guards would be sure to spot me as a foreigner. "The poor woman," I objected, "will get into trouble if she turns up with a tall blonde."

Adela assured me there would be no risk for anyone. "It's quite all right. Don't worry," she said. "Put on some old clothes, and nobody will pay any attention to you."

We went through my wardrobe and selected the shabbiest dress and most down-at-the-heel shoes. The matter of a coat wasn't as easily settled. Anything belonging to Adela was much too small for me and, among my own things, I was limited to a choice between a fur jacket and a very military-looking camel's-hair coat. I decided on the latter. We removed the Polish eagle that I always wear in the lapel, but the French Foreign Legion buttons given to me in Cairo had to be left.

The next day at noon the *estraperlista,* her sister, and the sister's eight-year-old boy came to pick me up. They were carrying a large bundle tied in a cotton bandana and a bottle of wine. This was the lunch. They were both small, dark women who looked as tired as the rusty black woolen coats they wore. They gave forth a rank smell of raw meat, which was understandable as they usually carried their wares concealed under their clothes.

We took a trolley car out to the edge of town and got down within a short distance of the garage. It was a big place, occupying a full block. Outside the building there were several guards in the operetta patent-leather hats worn by the Spanish Guardia Civil. We had to cross a broad open space which gave them plenty of time to look us over. I felt sure that one of them would step forward to ask what I was doing there and began to prepare a plausible story. Their glances, however, showed nothing more than a gleam of admiration, the usual polite tribute paid by every Spaniard to any woman under sixty.

It was dim inside the garage. One end was already being used to store army trucks. At the other end, where a shaft of sunlight came through double doors, there were about a hundred men standing quietly. These were the prisoners. They were dressed in their own clothes—threadbare, lime-streaked trousers, soiled shirts open at the

neck, sweaters or tattered jackets, espadrilles, and berets. The lucky ones who had families were waiting for them to bring their food; the others, each holding a battered tin basin, were lining up before two huge caldrons from which some guards were dishing up food.

The little boy with us rushed forward to fling himself into his father's arms. The man, a short, stocky fellow with the very round head typical of the Basque, picked the child up, perched him on his shoulder, and came toward us. Introductions were performed with as much ceremony as though we were standing in a ballroom. "Señorita Alicia, permit me to present my husband, Cándido."

He hadn't been told that I was coming, but he showed no surprise at all. We shook hands and he led the way over to the back wall where there were several small wooden tables and tiny two-legged stools made by the prisoners out of packing cases. We grabbed four stools and put them round a table. While Cándido's wife unwrapped the food, I went over to see what was being served to the other prisoners. The little boy went with me. He picked up a tin plate and took his place in the queue. The guards smiled at him affectionately and filled his plate when he came up to them. The fare that day consisted of half a basinful of noodle and vegetable soup and an eight-ounce loaf of bread. That was the bread ration for the day.

When I returned to the table, I found our party had been increased to include a tall, thin man with a heavily lined face. He was introduced as Alberto. In the manner of an accomplished hostess who says, "Mr. So-and-so is a well-known explorer," Cándido's wife added the information that, like her husband, he was serving a sentence of thirty years and a day. While the others discussed family matters, I put some questions to Alberto as to how the prisoners were fed. He answered, "In the mornings, we are given garlic soup which is mostly hot water; at noon we get something like what you've just seen, and at night, more soup. We are better fed than the average convict because we work."

Luncheon was served. It had been poured out of a pot into one of the dented basins and consisted of kidney beans with sausage. Each one of us had our own wooden spoon but we all drank the wine straight from the bottle. Not wishing to offend my hosts, I fought down a slight queasiness and took a pull without hesitation whenever the bottle came my way.

There was one hour allowed for luncheon. We talked fast so that I could learn as much as possible from the two men in that short time. Cándido outlined the events leading to his imprisonment. "I used

to own a small café in my native village. During the Civil War I stayed right there minding my own business but my brother joined up and for a while he was a guard in a Republican jail. Two Nationalists tried to escape and he shot them. At the end of the war there was an order out for his arrest because some of the inmates of the jail had remembered the shooting and reported it. Since he couldn't be found, I was taken instead, in spite of the fact that several witnesses swore I had been behind the bar in my café at the time of the incident."

Alberto had been on the Madrid front during the entire three years of the war as a member of the Guardia de Asalto. "If I were to list just a few of the crimes which I am supposed to have committed," he remarked, "you would rush away from here screaming with terror."

"How did you come to be arrested?" I asked.

"After Madrid fell, half of my battalion kept out of trouble by denouncing the other half," was the laconic reply.

We talked of the living conditions in Porlier. According to Cándido, the amnesties were gradually emptying many of the prisons, but Porlier was still crowded. It had over two thousand inmates. They slept on the floor on their own mattresses, which, following the regulations, could be no wider than sixty-five centimeters. This rule was due to the lack of space. Sanitation was practically nonexistent, but there was running water for washing and most of the men I saw looked fairly clean. There was a barber shop in the building, staffed by convicts who were allowed to keep the fifty-centimo charge for a shave or a haircut. Laundry was done by the men's families, who delivered it once a week.

We touched on the subject of executions. Alberto said, "They have been greatly reduced, but we still average about eight a week at Porlier. Yesterday a man was put to death in the courtyard with the *garrote vil* for complicity in the murder of Calvo Sotelo, believe it or not." (Calvo Sotelo's death was the spark that set off the Civil War.) He went on, "As he was led into the courtyard he swore again and again that he was innocent. The priest went up to him and made the sign of the cross on his forehead saying, 'If you are truly innocent, you have nothing to fear from divine justice.'"

"Ah, those priests!" Cándido's wife spat. "How I hate them. My uncle who is gravedigger at the Cementerio del Este where most of the prisoners are buried was telling me a story about one just the other day. When a truckload of corpses was dumped for burial he noticed that a body moved. Getting close he whispered, 'Are you still alive?' A man wriggled free and said, 'Yes, the firing squad missed me somehow. Help me to escape.' Just then the priest noticed that something

was going on and went over to see what it was. The poor wretch threw himself on his knees begging for mercy, pleading that God obviously hadn't meant him to die since he had been so miraculously spared. The priest didn't even answer. He just called over the guard and ordered the man shot then and there."

"We will remember that priest," Cándido said.

"What kind of spirit is there in the prison?" I asked.

Alberto wanted to know exactly what I meant. "Well, are you all very bitter? Do you look forward to the day when you can get out and kill every Falangista you see?"

"Oh, no, Señorita. There's already been too much bloodshed in Spain. There has to be some other solution."

"A monarchy?" I suggested.

"Certainly not!"

"Not even as a bridge to a republic?"

"Well, perhaps. But it's all very difficult. You see, this country has remained five hundred years behind the times. The Republic was a failure because we weren't ready for it. It will take at least another fifty years of modern education before a republic can be successful."

This line of reasoning puzzled me. "But why," I asked, "If you think the Republic was a failure, are you so unwilling to have the Monarchy restored?"

He drew himself up. "Señorita, I am a man of honor," he declared. "I was a leftist before the war. I fought as a leftist during the war. I damn near lost my life after the war because of being a leftist. I am not going to turn my coat now!"

Guards appeared in the doorway which led to a patio where the stonemasons worked. All the men got to their feet and started over to line up by the door. I shook hands with Cándido and Alberto. The latter, when he said good-by, added, "Señorita, you know where you have—"

"My house?" I interrupted, ironically finishing the usual Spanish formula of courtesy. Some of the other prisoners standing near us burst out laughing.

Alberto grinned. "No," he continued. "I was going to say—you know where you have a friend."

18. The Falange

There were many anti-Franco jokes going the rounds, but the following was the favorite. I heard it again and again from all kinds of people.

A young man walked into a country inn and said to the innkeeper, "My car has just broken down, and I can't go any farther tonight. I shall have to eat and sleep here. The trouble is that I've forgotten my money. But you can give me credit because as you probably know just by looking at me, I am Manolete, the bullfighter."

The innkeeper replied, "I have never seen Manolete in the ring, although I've heard of him. What can you do to prove that you really are the famous bullfighter?"

After much discussion, it was decided that the guest should make a few passes with a tablecloth. When the innkeeper saw how he handled the cloth, he agreed that he could be no one but Manolete and allowed him to spend the night. A few minutes later, another man arrived with the same story about a car that had broken down and no money. He said, "But it's all right, you can trust me for the price of a dinner and a bed. I am Francisco Franco."

At that, the innkeeper threw up his hands and cried, "Look, I've already got a man in there who says he's Manolete. He's been able to prove his identity to my satisfaction by making some passes with a tablecloth. What can you do?"

The stranger thought for a few moments, then said, "I can't do anything."

"Go right in," the innkeeper said, "you have proven that you're Franco."

That was just one of the many jokes about the Generalissimo. They were all of the same kind. Franco can scarcely be called the idol of Spain. He is criticized and made fun of on all sides, but it is generally admitted that he has considerable ability, and the Spaniards are grateful to him for having kept them out of the war.

For that reason he is forgiven a great deal, and sometimes a good word is spoken for him. The same, however, is not true of the Falange. Everybody hates and distrusts it, including a great many of its members. Its membership, incidentally, is made up of a most peculiar hodgepodge. It includes a few men who really do believe in it, but the majority can be said to belong to the Party for the practical reason that

it's the best way of making certain of getting a good job. As always happens in such cases, the lazy, the stupid, and the inefficient crowd its ranks. I remember remarking to one of the leaders of the Party that it had certainly changed from its original concept inasmuch as so many Reds had joined it. He answered, "So many Reds and all the idiots in Spain."

When José Antonio Primo de Rivera founded the Falange, he apparently didn't have a very clear idea of what he was doing. He was a clever lawyer and, according to everyone who ever met him, the possessor of tremendous charm. But he was very young and had the leadership of the party thrust upon him principally because of the value of his name, and because his personality could be counted upon to attract other young men. The idea was that the Falange was to fight communism in Spain. Its members engaged in several skirmishes and the group began to grow, but when the Civil War broke out it was still a small and unimportant organization with very little money. The stratagems to which José Antonio and his colleagues had to resort in order to pay the rent on their offices and other expenses wouldn't be out of place in a George Abbott farce.

Then, at the beginning of the Civil War, José Antonio was imprisoned by the Republicans in Alicante. Later he was shot. This was a mistake, for it provided the Nationalists with a martyr. It was also a mistake because, had he lived, he would have been a very sharp thorn indeed in Franco's side rather than the very useful staff on which Franco had to lean at first.

Just how opposed the two men's views were can be seen even in the excerpts of the defense which José Antonio made at his trial. In the short account published in the Alicante papers, José Antonio is quoted as saying that, far from having given the signal to start the Civil War, he had sent Franco instructions to wait. He also stated that there was nothing more dangerous for a country than a military dictatorship. A full copy of this defense still exists, but it is hidden away. Its publication would knock the principal supports right out from under the regime.

With José Antonio conveniently out of the way, Franco was able to make use of the very small organization which the Falange then was in order to create a party, without which it seems impossible for a dictator to operate. Quite cynically, he has used the name and prestige of José Antonio to serve his own ends.

As so often happens, however, the Party has become a Frankenstein monster. Franco would like to get rid of it, but he doesn't quite know

how to go about it. He is still seeking the means of killing it both gracefully and safely. Every day he manages to weaken it a bit by taking away some of its powers. The abolition of the armed militia is a case in point.

Following the principle that, though there may be better ways of killing a cat than choking it with butter, it is still a pretty effective method, he is trying to fulfill his purpose by ramming butter down this particular cat's throat. In 1943 he issued an order that all university students had to be members of a branch of Falange known as the SEU. On the surface, that looked as though he were strengthening the party; in actual fact, it was a particularly large hunk of butter. What he accomplished with that order was to add several thousand strongly anti-Falange members to the Party.

Falange also played into his hands by being openly pro-German. He used it to convince the Germans that Spain was wholeheartedly on their side while, on the other hand, he allowed Count Jordana, the foreign minister, to flirt with the Allies. Any open outrages against the democracies were always committed by the Falange. Whenever a British consulate or the Free French Mission was broken into or stones were thrown at the window of the British Embassy, the perpetrators were Falangistas. Often, of course, they were just stooges in the pay of the Nazis. In either case, Franco always shrugged and pretended that he just couldn't control the hotheads. He never found an answer to the British argument that, in a totalitarian country, a dictator is not only chief of state but also head of the party and, therefore, personally responsible for the party's actions.

By 1943, Falange had very little say in foreign affairs. The Foreign Office was openly at odds with the Party and usually won out in any arguments that had to do with an outside issue. But it was still in complete control of labor and the censorship and the press.

The Party's great enemy is, oddly enough, the Catholic Church. The war between the two organizations is bitter and unceasing. Whenever it comes to an open battle, the Church usually wins hands down, for Franco doesn't dare flout it. The working classes in Spain are anti-Catholic, but the peasants and the upper classes still remain deeply religious. He can't afford to antagonize them by opposing the Church.

One of these battles took place while I was in Spain. A book about the Civil War called *Fiel Infantería* had been recently published at the insistence of the chief of the press section, Juan Aparicio. No publishing firm had wanted to touch it on the theory that there had already been too many books about the Civil War, but he finally used his

influence and forced a publisher to bring it out. Later he saw to it that it won the José Antonio literary prize and then became required reading in all schools.

A few months after that the headmaster of a school went to see Franco's confessor, carrying a copy of the book in which he had carefully marked certain passages containing obscene language. He urged the priest to bring the book to the attention of the Generalissimo and inquire whether he really thought it was the kind of reading to put in small children's hands. The priest read the book that same night and the next day, after Mass, handed it to Franco, advising him to read it immediately. He wasn't too eager to do so, but the confessor insisted. (There is a rumor that the Generalissimo's reading consists solely of cookbooks.)

After Franco had finished, he said to his confessor, "This book must immediately be banned! Under no circumstances can its sale be allowed to continue."

That was supposed to be the end of that. But it wasn't. It had been drawn to the attention of the Primate of Spain, the Archbishop of Toledo, who not only placed it on the black list but wrote a long condemnation of it for the church organ, *Ecclesia*. Hearing about this, Franco begged his confessor to see the Archbishop immediately and explain that the sale of the book had already been stopped and than an open condemnation would be extremely embarrassing to the Falange since it had sponsored *Fiel Infantería*. The confessor failed in his mission, whereupon Arias Salgado, a very big shot indeed in Falange, went to Toledo himself. The Archbishop refused to budge an inch. He finished the argument with "This is a totalitarian state where everything published is subject to government censorship. What's more, the government has to provide the paper for any book. Therefore, the Chief of State must hold himself responsible for everything that does get printed."

Theoretically, the leading figure in the Church is the Primate, but in actual fact, Cardinal Segura of Seville is the most powerful prelate in Spain. He is a Spaniard with all the characteristics of his race. During the Monarchy, he was anti-Monarchist. During the Republic, he was anti-Republican. Now he is anti-Nationalist. He has succeeded in inspiring awe in the priesthood and fear in the Falange. The word most often used to describe him is "intransigent."

His first run-in with the Falange some years ago has not yet been forgotten. It had to do with the stencils of Franco and José Antonio, which decorate most public buildings and monuments in Spain nowa-

days, and the words *"Arriba España"* and "José Antonio, *Presente"* being painted on his cathedral. This sight roused him to fury, and he sent word to the Civil Governor that the walls of the church must be cleaned off immediately. It was the house of God, and he would not tolerate its being used as a sort of hoarding for political slogans. The Civil Governor refused, at which the Cardinal gave him three days to change his mind or take the consequences.

Just at that time, the Cardinal had to go on a pastoral tour. Before leaving he handed his secretary a document with the words, "Here is an excommunication order for the Civil Governor which you are to give him if, at the end of three days, the cathedral walls aren't cleaned off. And," he added, "here, too, is the order for your excommunication. That's just in case you should prove too chickenhearted to follow my instructions."

Someone warned the Civil Governor, who appealed to Franco. The Generalissimo had his secretary call the Cardinal on the long-distance telephone. When the secretary started to talk, the Cardinal interrupted him with "I don't talk with secretaries. If General Franco has anything to say to me, he can call me directly." He then hung up. The Generalissimo had no choice but to get on the wire in person. He was furious and informed Cardinal Segura that if he continued to make trouble, he would be exiled from Spain. The Cardinal's answer to that was, "The day I set foot on the other side of the Spanish border, I will excommunicate you."

That put Franco on a spot. As champion of the Church, he could scarcely allow himself to be excommunicated. He hastily consulted the Bishop of Madrid as to whether or not Segura really had the power to excommunicate him. The Bishop's verdict was that, although only the Vatican could excommunicate a chief of state, it was not at all improbable that once Cardinal Segura reached Rome he could persuade the Vatican to take his side in the quarrel.

The pictures and mottoes were taken off the Seville cathedral.

19. The Minister Secretary General of the Party Talks

Once in a while, even in Falange-controlled newspapers, there would be an admission that the Party had some critics. In December a job of face lifting was attempted. According to official pronouncements, the Party was about to be made more "flexible." At that time, the newspapers came out with editorials saying that critics of the Falange had said it was static.

There was certainly no doubt that there was considerable truth in that observation. It is only to be expected that a party will be static which presents the anomaly of having come into power after the death of its founder. It is particularly true in this case because José Antonio, in life a pleasant, well-mannered young man with some ability, has, since his death, been blown up into the proportions of a national hero and martyr. His every word, project, and order have to be regarded as sacred.

According to the editorials, Falange had suddenly realized that José Antonio had organized the Party to bring about a revolution. That revolution had been won four years earlier. Obviously, the writers pointed out, the problems which face the Party in a period of reconstruction are very different from those that faced it at the time of the uprising. The chiefs of the Falange, it seemed, had come to realize this and felt that, under present conditions, it must move with the times and required greater flexibility. A council of all the chiefs of province, the first of its kind, was held in Madrid in the middle of December with the purpose of taking stock and reorienting the policies.

The day the council closed, the Minister Secretary General of Falange, José Luís Arrese, made a speech in which he stated that Falange was not a dictatorship, neither was it a party. It was a political system. When I read that speech, I felt that I had picked up a book by Gertrude Stein, for it went on to say, "The Falange Party is not a party, the party is not Falange, Falange is not the party." After that was over, he summed up what had been accomplished during the sessions.

Two of the most important decisions announced by the Minister were the abolition of the Falange Militia and the easing up of press censorship to the extent of permitting criticism of the municipal government.

The abolition of the militia was the result of heavy pressure brought by the army and it wasn't accomplished without a great fight being put up by the Party. There was considerable trouble when militiamen were ordered to turn in their arms; and in some places, the army had to resort to force. This suppression of the armed group in Falange hit the Party right where it lived, for it meant that the army took over complete control in all matters where force might have to be used.

The business about easing press censorship was just part of Franco's announced policy of liberalizing the government. Nobody took that very seriously.

With this summing-up speech and the one he had made a week earlier at the opening of the council, Arrese stepped into the international limelight. He had, of course, been in the Spanish limelight ever since his appointment as minister secretary general. As the minister and the voice of the party which controls so many government bureaus with particular power over press and labor, he necessarily counted as one of the most important men in Spain. Why he had the job was something no one could explain. He was known to be a mediocre fellow who had never distinguished himself in any way. During the Civil War, he at no time went near the front; at one point Franco sent him to General Queipo de Llano with the suggestion that he be shot. But Queipo de Llano didn't follow the suggestion. Later, to intimates, he gave the following explanation for his leniency: "After seeing the condition of Arrese's pants, I didn't think it was worth while to shoot such a coward."

Later, he was mixed up in the Hedilla plot. That all made his appointment even more puzzling. The experts had it figured out that Franco considered it wiser to keep a potential enemy under his thumb. Also that, following his policy of trying to weaken the Falange, the Generalissimo had specially chosen Arrese because he had no ability.

Since the Minister was so much in the public eye, it seemed to me that now was the moment to interview him. A meeting was fairly easily arranged, and I think he was secretly delighted to have a story devoted to him in an American paper. Beforehand I looked up his history and found that he was born in Bilbao, April 15, 1906. In 1931, on completing his studies as an architect, he graduated with honors from an architectural school in Madrid. He joined the Falange when it was first founded and started a violent anticommunist movement which brought about several attempts against his life. During the Civil War, eighteen bombs exploded in his house. From his point of

view that wasn't too serious, since he was hiding in a foreign legation.

In 1935 he wrote a book containing the social doctrine of the Falange entitled *The Social Revolution of National Syndicalism*. He was also the author of several scientific and literary works, but I never found anybody who had read them.

He was named provincial chief of Falange in Granada, where he was in charge of organizing the Party. The Civil War caught him in Madrid, where he took refuge in the Norwegian Legation. The period between 1936 and 1939 was left significantly blank in all official biographies. Suddenly he re-emerged in 1939 to become provincial chief and civil governor of Malaga. He was appointed minister secretary general of the Party in 1941.

Those were the bare facts, and I hoped to find out more during the interview. The Minister received me in his office in the principal Falange building, dominating the intersection of Calle Alcalá and Avenida José Antonio. This is the building whose façade is decorated with immense red arrows, the symbol of the Party. Just below them, and in the same building, was the German tourist bureau with "Germany" written just below the arrows. This unfortunate juxtaposition caused considerable amusement in Madrid.

The simple and rather shabby entrance and corridors didn't prepare me for the elegance and luxury of the Minister's office. It was an extremely long room decorated in brown and beige. One entire side was made up of windows across which brown curtains were drawn except those right by the desk.

Arrese, wearing the dark blue Falange uniform, but strangely enough none of the decorations that usually adorned high-ranking members of the Party, was sitting behind an immense desk and almost concealed from view by a two-foot-high crucifix. He rose, greeted me with the Party salute, and then shook hands with me. He led the way to a side of the room where there were beige armchairs and a sofa.

From the door, when the distance of the entire room had separated us, he had looked quite small. At close range I saw that he was of medium height. He was dark, olive skinned, and his hair line receded so far that it made his forehead seem very high. He had a fox face, shiny black eyes, a pronounced double-chin, and a definite tendency to *embonpoint*. The double chin and the stomach made him look rather like Franco.

There was a cautious expression in his eyes. They shifted continually while he talked. And he did a lot of talking. He was obviously afraid that I might ask indiscreet questions, so took the conversation

firmly in hand from the first. He spoke rapidly and, like most Spaniards, proved to be a good talker, choosing his words without hesitation. But what he said didn't amount to much.

"Why is our movement so misunderstood in the United States?" he asked me.

"Are you asking me because you really want information?" I replied. "Or is this just a conversational gambit?" He assured me that he was very anxious for the information, so I plunged in. I said that I thought the anti-Franco attitude of Americans was greatly due to the fact that the Nazis and Fascists had taken an active part in the Civil War on Franco's side just at the moment when we were beginning to realize that fascism and nazism were the enemies of everything we held to be right. I added that the setup in Spain was totalitarian and, therefore, could hardly be expected to find popularity among the citizens of a democracy. I wound up with "We are against the Falange because it is a facsimile of the Nazi and Fascist Parties."

The Minister skipped the first part of my answer and attacked only the bit about the Falange. He gave me some very familiar arguments. I had been reading them in the paper every day. "You are entirely mistaken about Falange," he said. "It is one hundred per cent Spanish. The Roman salute and the blue shirt are merely externals which we borrowed as a tribute to what might be called an older sister—the Fascist Party. As far as I can gather, there is also an impression abroad that Falange is a rightist party. That is completely wrong. It is neither rightest nor leftist.

"If anything, however, it might be considered leftist because of our deep preoccupation with social problems. For instance, there is the matter of health insurance. In other countries, workmen's compensation exists, but here in Spain we have instituted national health insurance. Our goal is to assure medical care for every Spaniard, regardless of class or condition. This year we are spending six billion pesetas on this insurance. That is more than the national budget."

Leaning forward eagerly, he continued, "We believe in the rights of man. What makes the Falange radically different from the Nazi Party is that nazism, like communism, sets the state above the individual. We set the individual above the state. We want men to be free in every way in which it is right for them to be free, but we think they must be directed in their attitude toward God and country.

"According to the communist theory, labor is the most important factor in production; according to the capitalist theory, money is the most important factor in production. According to the Falange theory,

there are three essential factors—labor, money, and technique—and all must be given equal rights.

"The people of Spain do have a voice in the government through the vertical syndicates which are represented in the Cortes. By establishing these syndicates, we have continued the tradition which is completely Spanish. Something of the kind has always existed in this country. First, there were the guilds. Then labor unions. And now, syndicates."

In case the reader wishes to know what is meant by vertical syndicates, I am afraid that he will have to go to some other source. I interviewed innumerable people connected with syndicates and was never able to get a definite idea of what they were all about. Apparently they are called vertical because Falange sees the state as a sort of pyramid with Franco as its apex and everything going down from there to form the base. That's as far as I was ever able to go into the matter. Far greater minds than mine were equally confused. Any attempts to get definite information about the syndicates were met with "All this is still in the process of organization."

During our conversation Arrese said, "A country to be great must be based on some constant unity. In Spain there is unity of religion; other countries have geographical unity. Germany, on the other hand, having neither religious nor geographical unity, had to fall back on unity of race, which, of course, is completely fictitious and synthetic." This was the only thing he said which pleased me. I knew that such a statement made by him and published in an American paper would infuriate the Germans.

I was tactless enough to mention the attack on the British Consulate at Saragossa by several young Falangistas which had taken place a few days before. The Minister could explain that one too. "In Spain it is always necessary to recognize that every man is an individualist and by nature an anarchist. Therefore, it is difficult to control Spaniards. The Saragossa incident was particularly regrettable because a young woman was struck.

"As a Spaniard, I cannot forgive such an act. It was also regrettable because the outside world has assumed it was an anti-British gesture. There was no such intention. The British Vice-Consul was a Spaniard who had been suspected of playing up to the Reds with the idea that he would be safe in case of a communist uprising. That is why the Falange boys had it in for him. It was purely a personal matter between Spaniards."

I argued that it was doubtful that the English would be willing to

regard it as such since, Spaniard or no Spaniard, the Vice-Consul represented the British Empire.

"Yes, of course," was his answer. "And it is all most unfortunate. We are taking measures to see that it doesn't happen again."

It did happen again on the occasion of the misbehavior of some members of the Blue Division in the press section of the American Consulate at Valencia. However, in this case, unlike the one at Saragossa, something was done about the culprits. They were both taken to Madrid in handcuffs and were not only put in jail, but thrown out of the Party. Also, just at the moment when the American Ambassador was at the Foreign Office lodging a protest, two Falange heads arrived, hats in hand, at the embassy to apologize.

Pursuing this subject, Arrese informed me that the Germans had made far more protests than the Allies. The great difference was that they weren't publicized. I suggested that it would be a good idea to let the foreign press in on some of these protests. "It would be interesting," I said, "for the Allies to know what reasons the Germans have for making a protest in Spain." The only answer to that was a discreet smile. Shortly after that I said good-by. I had been in the Minister's office for an hour and a half, during which he did most of the talking. All I had learned during that length of time was what I had already read in the papers.

20. Christmas at Gredos

At Christmastime, there was a special amnesty granted to all political prisoners serving sentences of twenty years and under who had not been convicted of "crimes of blood." As it had been rumored that a general amnesty would be granted, there was considerable disappointment, but still this was something. As far as I could ascertain, that left the number of prisoners at 80,000. Originally, it had been half a million. Much higher figures have been set, but from all I could learn from neutral observers as well as official sources they were exaggerated. Figures in Spain are always tricky things and never completely accurate.

It seems to be Franco's intention eventually to empty the prisons completely. He has been slow about it through fear of the consequences of letting many thousands of Republicans out at one time. According to the newspapers, the Christmas amnesty was a generous gesture coming straight from the Caudillo's heart. That, of course, was just the usual window dressing. One of the reasons for the great "generosity" was that Franco realized that men locked up in prison have too much time in which to become bitter, but the amnesties were principally an economic necessity. Since the major portion of the Republican camp was made up of the working classes, there is a serious shortage of trained mechanics, carpenters, masons, etc. If the country is to return to normal, these men are needed to help in the reconstruction work.

Having sent off a story about the amnesty and the interview with Arrese, I didn't have any pressing work on my hands. It seemed a good idea to get out of Madrid for Christmas. Zora and Dorsey Stevens agreed with me as they were extremely anxious to duck all official functions, and we decided to have an old-fashioned white Christmas at Gredos. We made up a party of seven: the three of us, Ralph Forte, John Marks, Ken Demarest, American naval attaché in Lisbon, and his assistant, Ted Rousseau.

John Marks had arrived in Madrid in November as correspondent for the London *Times*. From our very first meeting we were close friends and soon I couldn't believe that there had ever been a time when I hadn't known John. Brought up in Spain, he spoke perfect Spanish. Like me, he loved the country, and he was always ready to visit some new place, to try any funny little restaurant, or embark on any kind of expedition. He was a bullfight fan. That was one taste we didn't share, but we both had the same passion for gypsy singing and dancing. We would take any excuse for organizing a flamenco. Usually we were joined by an Irish girl, Marjorie Davie, who worked at the British Embassy. If we called at three o'clock in the morning to say that there was a flamenco under way, she would unhesitatingly get up and join us. She was a girl of incredible efficiency, which, combined with enormous loyalty to her friends, made her very valuable to John Walter and John Marks, who kept her hard at work running errands for them and straightening out their affairs. There was no favor that she wouldn't do for a friend, and she was a delightful companion because she not only was one of the best sports I ever met, but had an extremely funny way of expressing herself in very strong language indeed.

John had immediately fallen for the plan to spend Christmas in the mountains. But Forte, who had been in Madrid over two years without ever going beyond the city limits, was terrified by the thought of wandering as far afield as Gredos. Besides, he was sure some story would break while he was out of town. We were very firm and calmed his fears by assuring him that there was a telephone at the inn. We were careful not to add that there was no reason to suppose it would work.

The drive over snow-bound roads confirmed Forte's suspicions that an excursion to the country was a greatly overrated pleasure. We got stuck several times. Once, on a hill that was like glass, some tattered individuals appeared from nowhere with chains which they laid down. When the car had passed over them, they put them down again farther on, and that was how we reached the top. Another time, the car got stuck in a snowdrift and Forte had to help push it out. He was exhausted, frozen stiff, and red in the face with indignation when he reached the inn, but during the three days we remained there he made up for his exposure to the elements by remaining indoors the whole time.

The only public rooms were downstairs: a large sitting room with a fireplace, and a dining room. When we arrived we walked in to face an unexpected scene. Fifteen Germans were busily trimming a Christmas tree and singing *"Stille Nacht"* to the wheeze of an accordion. They all stopped whatever they were doing when they saw us and remained there staring, in *tableau vivant attitudes*. We were disagreeably surprised at finding them there, but they were even more disconcerted and never quite recovered. I think we can take pride in having given them the most unpleasant Christmas they ever had.

What had happened was that when they made their reservations, only the old part of the building was open. So, having taken all the rooms, they had counted on having the place to themselves. Later, when I spoke to the head of the tourist bureau about going to Gredos, he ordered the work hurried on the new wing, which was finished for us just the day before we arrived.

The Germans were early risers so they always got to the fireplace ahead of us. We would then lie in wait until luncheontime when they would go into the dining room, and we would gather round the fireplace. We waited until they had finished their meal because we wouldn't eat in the same room with them. In the evenings the same comedy was played through. Then Forte had a brilliant inspiration. Whenever we wanted to get near the fire, he would bring his portable

radio downstairs, turn it on to the BBC, and the room would be cleared in one minute flat.

Ken and Ted had originally insisted they must be back in Lisbon for New Year's Eve, but they finally stayed on in Madrid until the second of January. On New Year's Eve I had twelve people to dinner —the seven of us, and five others. The plan was to eat at my house and then go to the Puerta del Sol at midnight, where it is the custom for crowds to gather and eat twelve grapes, each representing a wish for the new year, while the clock strikes. Carrying our bunches of grapes, we set off a little before midnight in two cars. The streets giving onto the Puerta del Sol were teeming with people. Eventually we had to abandon the cars and continue on foot. We made our wishes and ate our grapes while the clock struck and then went back to pick up the cars.

It was a very good-natured crowd, and there was much shouting and laughter. Some people wore paper hats and tooted colored horns. Youths carrying bottles of brandy would leap up onto our running board to offer us a drink. One young man wearing a false beard stuck his head in the window near me. I gave way to an impulse and pulled the beard. At that he drew himself up and, glaring at me, stated, "Madame, a Spanish caballero does not allow anyone to pull his beard. But since this one is false and you are a good-looking girl, I will overlook the insult." At that, he gave me a hearty kiss on the cheek and departed.

There were several parties that night and some of us went from one to another. At two o'clock we all met again at my house for a flamenco. That morning I had casually mentioned the fact that I had hired some gypsies to three friends and invited them and any friends they cared to bring. In the end, eighty people came to the party. They stayed until half past eight in the morning.

What with the exhaustion after so much holiday merrymaking and the cold in my apartment, I caught the flu and had to take to my bed for a week. One evening while I was convalescing but still feeling pretty weak, John Marks and I were playing parcheesi in my room. Adela marched in with the announcement, "There's a marquess in the kitchen. What shall I do with him?" Curious, I told her to bring him in. It turned out to be a very old friend, John Guadalmina, who had been out of Madrid for several months and had just returned that day to find out I was no longer living at the Ritz. The porter, with whom I had never been on friendly terms, when asked for my address had coldly replied that I was living in some third-rate pension.

So John, looking for the most modest entrance he could find, had wandered into the kitchen.

He said he was leaving for Lisbon the next evening and suggested I go along. John Marks urged me to take the trip because he thought a change of climate would do me good. The very idea of going somewhere immediately cheered me up, but I pointed out that I probably wouldn't be able to get a Portuguese visa in such a short time. Usually one had to count on anything from six weeks to three months. The two men ordered me not to be a sissy and to try. I telephoned the counselor of the Portuguese Embassy and put the case to him. He said he could give me a special five-day visa if I would send him a letter from the counselor of the American Embassy requesting this courtesy. That daunted me, but not my pals. They made me call our counselor, who immediately agreed to give me the letter and said I could have it picked up the next morning.

Everything had gone so smoothly that I foresaw no difficulties with the Spanish authorities in the matter of an exit and re-entry permit. John Guadalmina assured me he could get a place on the sleeper and I thought no more about that, because whenever John says he can do anything one may be sure it will be done.

The next morning I set out for Seguridad (police headquarters) to get the necessary permit. I was very weak after my bout with the flu, but the excitement of setting forth on a trip kept me going. At Seguridad, a clerk looked at me as though I were mad when I put my request. He said, "In the first place, it always takes three days to put through an exit permit. In the second, you have no right to a re-entry permit since you haven't a residence card, and what's more, your visitor's permit isn't even in order." No amount of pleading and begging would make him change his stand.

At two o'clock I finally gave up and started disconsolately for home. Passing the Falange Building in the taxi, I had a sudden inspiration. I called to the driver to stop, leaped out of the car, and rushed into the building knocking blue shirts right and left. At last I arrived breathless and wild-eyed in the office of Manuel Valdés. I made a somewhat spectacular entrance, crying, "Manolo, Manolo, you are my only hope! Have you any influence with the police?"

Looking apprehensively over my shoulder, expecting, no doubt, to see me followed by a gang of policemen, he murmured, "Well, yes, some. Why?" I explained about wanting to go to Portugal that very night. He inquired whether it was really important for me to get to Lisbon.

"Well," I answered, "it may not seem important enough to you to turn all the ministries in Spain upside down as I am doing, but I have a beau in Lisbon. Tomorrow is his birthday and he wants me to be there."

He grinned and answered, "Then we must see that you get there."

Had I given some legitimate reason for having to be in Lisbon, it never could have been arranged. Putting it on the basis of a sentimental notion and a very special favor which I had no right to ask immediately made everything possible. He ordered his secretary to phone the Director General of Seguridad. That gentleman was away inspecting one of the numerous train wrecks which were taking place at that time, but his secretary sent word that he would see that I got the permit if Valdés would write a letter.

I left a few minutes later with my letter clutched tight, but I couldn't do anything further about it until five-thirty, as the office would be closed until then. On my return at that hour I was received by a cross-looking little man with a strong resemblance to Mr. Punch. His manner was anything but amiable when I greeted him with "Here's Mr. Valdés' letter. Please, could I have my passport stamped right away?"

He merely shook his head and replied, "Not so fast. Not so fast. It's too late to do anything now. You will have to come back tomorrow."

I looked at him in shocked amazement. "Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that there really exists a Spaniard who will say no to a woman?"

His expression softened a bit. He answered, "We never like to say no to a woman, but if you ask me for something impossible like bringing out the moon at midday, I just can't do it."

"A Spaniard can do it for a woman," I retorted. At that he got up and went over to his telephone. Shrugging, he muttered, "Well, of course, if you're going to be like that about it . . ." and gave the order to grant both the exit and re-entry permits right away.

"Right away" was a manner of speaking. The official who signed such permits didn't come on duty until eight o'clock. My train left at eight-forty, and I couldn't get the Portuguese visa until after the Spaniards had stamped my passport. The Portuguese Consul, when I rushed over to tell him this, promised to keep the office open until any hour that night when I should appear.

At eight on the dot I was at Seguridad. The official was not, however. He didn't turn up until eight-ten. I sat outside his office, pacing the corridor and swearing. The clerk on the desk kept saying, *"Pero,*

mujer, calma! Do you realize that it's practically unheard of for an exit visa to be granted like this in a few hours? Why, it's a miracle!"

"It won't be a miracle unless it happens," I pointed out. Just then a door was opened, and I was let into an office where my passport awaited me. I tore out waving the green document in the air so that the crowd of Germans who had also been waiting outside could see the nationality of the person who was getting such preferential treatment from the Spanish authorities.

I had kept a taxi waiting. Leaping into it, I went to the Portuguese consulate, had the passport stamped, and made the train with five minutes to spare.

The five days in Lisbon cured my cold, and I felt like a normal human being when I took the airplane back to Madrid. At the flat, Adela had a message for me. My French friend, Pierre, was in town and wanted me to have dinner with him that night.

We chose an obscure tavern in the old quarter of town, for he made a point of keeping out of sight as much as possible. Over a dish of *arroz a la valenciana,* the only Spanish dish I happen to like, I broached the subject of my going to France. He made the round trip so often himself that my request didn't strike him as particularly extraordinary.

"I think I can arrange it," he said. "I'll let you know tomorrow. I am all for the idea because it's time that the American public was told exactly what the Underground is accomplishing in France. The poor French have become the stepchildren of this war, and I don't think Americans realize that anyone except the people in Algiers is doing anything to liberate his country. Once or twice I've thought of taking someone like you in, but it's always fallen through. I am delighted to find a person who has the guts to do it."

He dropped in to see me the next afternoon. "It's all arranged," he said. "Will you have to pay the expenses out of your own pocket?"

"No. Whatever newspaper or magazine buys the story will pay those."

"In that case, it's all right, for this is going to be an expensive excursion. The guides have to be paid, and you will need money in France. You are to put up twenty-five thousand pesetas here in Spain. We can change them in the black market up north at a rate of two hundred francs to a peseta. If you were paying it yourself, we could cut corners and make it a bit cheaper, but as you're not, it doesn't matter. This way, all you have to do in France is to draw on me for whatever you need. If there's any money left over, it will be given to

the family of some member of the Underground who has been arrested or shot."

That seemed such a worthy charity that I instantly agreed, knowing that any magazine that paid the expenses would also have no objection.

Pierre went on to give me some more details. "I am going back to France tonight, but I shall return here at the end of February. We won't meet then because it's unwise for us to be seen together. At four o'clock in the morning of the twenty-eighth, I will stop here for you in a car. We will drive north and there I will turn you over to the guides."

He departed and left me wondering how I was going to get through the next six weeks of anticipation and anxiety.

21. The Wolfram Crisis

In January it was announced that all American gasoline shipments to Spain would be "temporarily" suspended. It was no secret to anybody that this was a form of pressure being brought by the United States on the Franco government to make it yield to Allied demands. The demands were: that Italian ships interned in Spanish ports at the time of the fall of Mussolini be released to the Allies; that the German Consulate in Tangiers be closed; that all Nazi espionage activities in Spain be stopped; and that the Spanish government no longer sell wolfram to Germany. The Allies maintained that failure to comply with these demands was a violation of neutrality.

There had been considerable wrangling over these points for some time, but it had all been under cover. Unexpectedly the BBC came out with an announcement that the United States intended to get tough with Spain. Shortly after that, Cordell Hull made a statement corroborating what had been said on the BBC. The Hull statement wasn't published in the Spanish newspapers, nor, for some strange reason, in the news bulletin issued daily in Spanish by the press section of the American Embassy. After the sheets had been mimeographed, orders came from the embassy itself to kill those copies and make new ones without the Hull statement. I was never able to discover why the

American Embassy should suddenly be censoring the Secretary of State's declarations.

The Spanish press, though it didn't carry the statement, broke out in a rash of editorials affirming Spain's neutrality. The grapevine telegraph spread Hull's statement all over the country within twenty-four hours. This produced an extraordinary phenomenon—for once, the entire nation was back of Franco. Spanish pride would not tolerate being threatened with a big-stick policy by a foreign nation. From ministers of state down to Republican workmen just out of prison, I heard the same sentiment: "Without gasoline for the trucks to transport food, Spain will go hungry. But this is a country of tradition. We have starved before. We can do it again." Most experts agreed that if it had just been allowed to seep out that the Spanish people were going hungry because Franco was too stubborn to give in to reasonable Allied demands, Spanish opinion would have been against the Generalissimo. But the minute it became a public issue, national pride was involved.

Nobody ever quite understood why it had been allowed to become a public issue. There was considerable bitterness between the American and British Embassies over this. The American Embassy accused the English of being responsible for the mess because of the BBC broadcast, while the English countered with the argument that, after all, it was Mr. Hull who had made the statement and that the broadcast had been based on an AP dispatch from Washington. London wanted a quick settlement because England needed certain Spanish products—principally pyrites. Washington was in a different position; there was nothing the United States really needed from Spain, and the buying we had been doing had been purely pre-emptive.

By March it became clear that both sides were going to be stubborn. An impasse had been reached which the Allies, because of the English attitude, wanted to escape, and the Spaniards, for obvious reasons, hoped to end. What it finally boiled down to was who was going to lose face. At a dinner party I asked the late Arthur Yencken, who was the British minister, whether England intended to back down. His reply, although evasive, made it clear that there was a possibility that exactly this would happen. I asked, "Won't it mean a great loss of prestige for England if she does weaken at this point?"

He answered, "In her long history as a powerful nation, England has discovered that a slight loss of prestige is of no importance when there is a chance to gain a material benefit."

For several months before January, discussions over the various points at issue had been going on at the usual diplomatic or snail's

pace and would probably have continued to go on in the same way had the fire not been kicked into flame by a payment to Germany of part of the Civil War debt. That payment amounted to 100,000,000 marks, which, according to the Allies, made it possible for the Nazis to come into the market again and purchase wolfram.

The man who was considered responsible for the payment's being made at that inopportune moment was the Minister of Industry and Commerce, Demetrio Carceller. There was one point on which both the Americans and the English were agreed: neither liked Carceller. It was an open secret that Carceller and the Foreign Minister, Count Jordana, were at loggerheads over the wolfram issue. Jordana was generally regarded by the Allies as their man. As so often happens in these cases, they had put their money on a puppet. It becomes evident, if one studies Franco's actions carefully, that he has changed foreign ministers each time he has changed policy. In 1938 he declared Spain's neutrality. Beigbeder was foreign minister at the time. Later, when Spain declared herself a nonbelligerent, Serrano Suñer took over the job. When Spain went back to neutrality, Jordana became foreign minister. On each occasion it was Franco who decided the policy and not the minister. There is no doubt that Jordana was anti-Falange and leaned toward the Allies, but the point is that it was not he who changed Franco's attitude; he was chosen because of his well-known Allied sympathies.

It wasn't to be expected that Carceller and Jordana would get on together. Carceller is a blunt, outspoken, self-made man of the peasant class who has the greatest scorn for diplomats and their methods. Jordana was an aristocrat and believed in diplomacy. Carceller one day said to me, "A foreign minister is nothing but a letter box and a postman. You put a letter in the box, he carries it to its destination. The answer is put in the box and he carries it back."

At one moment, it looked as though the Allies were bringing so much pressure to bear that it would become an issue as to whether Carceller or Jordana would stay in the Cabinet. That was a big risk to take because there was a chance that Jordana would go. According to inside reports, Carceller wasn't very worried. A member of the government who explained to me Carceller's reasons for feeling assured said, "Franco can find a man on any street corner to act as foreign minister and do as he's told. It isn't that easy to find a minister of industry and commerce who actually knows his job."

In March I happened to be dining with a very good friend who was generally regarded as the possessor of the best political brain in Spain.

want and why they want it. What I cannot understand is the way they have gone about getting it.

"The Allies can sell us a great many things we need; Germany can sell us very few. That gives the Allies an immense advantage. For example, at the present moment we require copper and trucks, neither of which the Germans can provide. In order to obtain those commodities, something would obviously have to be given in exchange. If the Allies' price was the possibility of purchasing so much wolfram that there would be only an infinitesimal quantity left for the Axis, it would only be good business to agree.

"America and England would get what they wanted—the reduction of Germany's supply—without my being put in the untenable position of openly declaring an embargo on wolfram exports to Germany. What is more, I would have an ironclad explanation to give to the Germans and to any Spaniards who might raise objections.

"I am, first and foremost, a practical businessman. In this case, however, I am not thinking in terms of profitable commercial transactions. We stopped the Germans at the Pyrenees with our lips. We had nothing else to stop them with. The German troops are still just across the Pyrenees, and Spain cannot afford to flout the Hitler government openly.

"Aside from the risk attached to any overt act, there are other considerations to be taken into account. First, I don't believe that as long as Germany is fighting against Soviet Russia, we will ever go unreservedly over to the side of the United Nations. Second, we owe the Germans not only a financial debt, but one of honor, too, for the help they gave us during the Civil War.

"It was not our fault they were our allies. They were what we could get at the time. One of the principal reasons we are paying off the financial debt is that we wish to get rid of our obligation as quickly as possible. We want to be relieved of onerous servitude to another country.

"At this juncture, the Allies have suddenly put a pistol to Spain's head in the form of suspension of gasoline shipments. I need not tell you how vitally necessary gasoline is to the economy of this country. But in spite of that, and in spite of other sanctions that may be imposed, I can assure you that as long as I have any say in the matter, there will not be a total embargo declared on wolfram exports to Germany.

"As I have already pointed out, this question and others can be satisfactorily settled between Spain and the United Nations. I will give

my personal guarantee that not an ounce of wolfram will be shipped to Germany, but I won't publicly declare an embargo. Our attitude is simply that we insist that certain forms be preserved. This may seem an absurd attitude to Anglo-Saxons, but then we're not Anglo-Saxons. We not only have what we consider a good reason for preserving forms, we also have pride. Pride, of course, is an expensive luxury, and we have paid high for it at other times in history. We can pay for it again. We know what hard times are like. We have taken them often, and we can probably take them once more."

During the interview, I remarked that no one believed that the sale of wolfram would be stopped entirely; that is, that it would not be sold either to the Germans or the Allies. He agreed that, from a Spanish point of view, that would scarcely be the ideal solution. For Spain's economic welfare, it was important to increase foreign credits, and wolfram happened to be, due to the war, the most valuable raw material that Spain had to exchange.

From a purely business angle, it was clear why Carceller had taken the stand he had. The price of wolfram had risen because the Allies and Axis were bidding against each other. The day that stopped, the price of wolfram would drop. And if neither side could buy it, the biggest chance to amass foreign credits would be gone.

Carceller, above all, is concerned with putting Spain back on her feet economically. When he took over as minister of industry and commerce at the end of 1940, the country was prostrate as a result of the Civil War. Spain was heavily in debt and had no foreign credits. It was up to him to get rid of the debt and create foreign credits, to build up supplies and stocks, and, in spite of the difficulties of international trade arising from World War II, to balance exports and imports so that the latter exceeded the former. It is generally recognized, even by his greatest enemies, that, given the present conditions, he has accomplished miracles. Known as an expert in his own field, he has greater liberty of action and decision than most of the other ministers, and what he has to say on questions that concern his ministry usually goes.

He told me something about his life. His father had been a shepherd in Catalonia at the time Carceller was born. Then the father went to Barcelona where he took a job in a factory, and there he had an accident which incapacitated him for further active work. He then became a watchman in another factory. The family was so poor that Carceller received very little education. At the age of fourteen, barefoot and in rags, he was already working in a textile mill. At eighteen

he was called up for military service. This, he told me, was the only carefree period of his life. He knew that once his military service was over, he was going to have to take on the support of his family and work hard to fulfill his father's ambitions for him.

When he was let out of the army, he got a job in an oil company, although the obvious place to apply for work in Barcelona would have been in a textile mill. As he put it, "The textile industry is bound by tradition. The chances of rapid promotion are practically nonexistent and I meant to go up fast." He did just that. Eventually he became the head of the Campsa and, later, of the Cepsa (the two big oil companies in Spain). By the time he reached his thirties he was a wealthy man.

The Civil War caught him in Madrid with his wife and children. The Republicans came to the house twice to arrest him. Both times he offered them drinks and talked them out of taking him away, but he knew he couldn't count on that strategy indefinitely. The third time might be unlucky. He told me that he remembered very clearly going out in the garden one afternoon, sitting under a tree, and thinking out his problem. There was no way for him to escape with his family because the children were too small. His only hope was to get away alone and, eventually, through money and influence, arrange for his wife and children to follow him.

That night, deliberately not saying a word to his wife, he slipped off. He figured that the minute it was discovered he was gone, a search would be made of his house and his wife cross-examined. If she knew where he had gone, she might break down and give it away, but if she thought he'd abandoned her, her indignation would be so great and so genuine that it would convince the Republicans that she didn't know his whereabouts.

Everything worked out as he had planned. He managed to walk through the Republican lines and then the Franco lines without being shot, and eventually reached Burgos. From there, he sent for his wife and children and they soon joined him.

In 1938 he was made financial adviser to the Burgos government. At that time he had never met Franco, and didn't meet him until 1940, just before he was named minister. However, he knew Serrano Suñer quite well, although later they fell out and now are scarcely on speaking terms.

22. The Minister of Industry and Commerce

I asked Carceller why he had been named minister of industry and commerce. He answered, "I don't quite know why I was chosen. I assure you that I was the most surprised man in Spain."

However, a close friend of his gave me some details which the Minister had overlooked. According to him, Carceller happened to become a member of the Falange when it was first organized merely because he liked José Antonio. He didn't take the Falange at all seriously, but whenever José Antonio went to him with a request for money, he would give him some.

In spite of his lukewarm feelings, he was made a member of the inner council of the Party and, early in 1940, was requested by Serrano Suñer to take over as provincial chief of the Falange in Barcelona. When Carceller objected and asked why he, of all people, should go, Serrano told him that the situation in Barcelona was tense and somebody had to straighten it out. The Captain General, General Orgaz, was violently anti-Falange, and therefore couldn't get along with the Civil Governor, who was a member of the Party. The two of them were in continual rows with the Chief of Police. Carceller agreed to go, but only for six months, certain that he could clear up everything in that time.

When Serrano asked what made him sure he could accomplish the job in a few months, Carceller with characteristic cynicism replied, "I have met General Orgaz only once. On that occasion we had a terrible argument, during which I was so rude that I regretted it. I wrote him a note of apology the next day. In the note I enclosed a check for twenty-five thousand pesetas to pay for the publication of a book, the worst book ever penned about the army, that the General had just finished writing. Therefore, although he hates the Falange, he knows that sometimes good things come from it.

"As to the Civil Governor: After a ten-minute conversation, he will know that I never want to be civil governor of Barcelona. Add to this the fact that I can afford to spend two hundred fifty thousand pesetas in entertaining the Captain General, the Civil Governor, and the Chief of Police. You see, it's really quite simple."

He did succeed in restoring some measure of order and peace among

the officials. Then in September, 1940, he received a telephone call from Madrid telling him to report there instantly. When he arrived in the capital, he was ordered to outfit himself with a certain type of uniform, an overcoat, and a military cap, and to leave that night for San Sebastian. He was going on a trip with Serrano Suñer. His questions as to where and why were countered with "Go along and buy those things. There isn't time for explanations."

He found the uniform and overcoat easily enough, but there wasn't a cap in all Madrid big enough to fit his head. He solved that problem by buying a beret. The next day, on reaching San Sebastian, he was hustled onto a special train with twelve other prominent members of the Falange. The train was well on its way when he went into Serrano's compartment and demanded, "Where are we going?"

Serrano answered, "To Berlin."

"Why?"

"Never mind," Serrano said, "you'll see when we get there."

On reaching Berlin, Carceller discovered that his group was there to sign the Axis pact with Germany, Italy, and Japan. Serrano, who really believed in Germany, had worked on Franco to persuade him that Spain must join the Axis. Franco, as usual, had temporized. Serrano departed, thinking everything was all set, but when he reached Berlin he found that he didn't have the powers to sign. His frantic appeals for the immediate granting of power went unanswered.

Carceller, in telling his friend about this trip, had said, "You know how the Germans are. Once they make a plan, they stick to it. They don't know how to make any last-minute rearrangements. We had been expected to sign the pact; therefore, we were invited to the banquet to celebrate the occasion. When we didn't sign, the invitation was not recalled. I think that was undoubtedly the most uncomfortable evening any of us had spent in our entire lives. We were glared at on all sides by Germans, Japs, and Italians. The Italians seemed particularly furious, and as far as I could read from their expressions, they wanted to say, 'How in hell did you get out of signing this?'"

Serrano, still hoping, stayed on in Berlin for three weeks. He called Carceller in and said, "The Generalissimo wants you and one of the other delegates to undertake the discussions at the Wilhelmstrasse." Again in the dark, Carceller wanted to know discussions about what. Serrano replied, "Your job will be to listen."

"So for three weeks," Carceller was quoted to me as saying, "my colleague and I went to the Wilhemstrasse every day and talked to all the big shots. You've never seen as many papers as those Germans

brought to each meeting. They told us that they expected Spain to join the Axis, to enter the war on Germany's side, and to turn over all Spanish raw materials. In exchange, we would be given part of French North Africa." At the end of the three weeks, just when the Spanish group was leaving, Carceller was asked, "What have you decided?"

"Decided about what?"

"What Spain is going to do about German proposals and demands."

He answered, "I can't make any decisions. I'm a person of no importance—just a kind of *gauleiter* from Barcelona."

Apparently the Germans were angered by this answer, and there was a moment when Carceller feared he would be locked up in jail as an impostor.

When the mission returned to Madrid, the Generalissimo gave a reception in its honor. This was the first time Carceller had ever met Franco. When he was going the rounds shaking hands, he stopped in front of Carceller and said to him, "I want a full report of your conversations in Berlin. After I've read it, I think I shall have something to say to you." A few weeks later, Carceller was named minister of industry and commerce.

The day of my interview with the Minister, I was invited to a farewell luncheon in honor of the First Secretary of the British Embassy who was about to leave Madrid. I arrived very late, even for Spain, and excused myself by explaining that I had been tied up with Carceller. That statement aroused considerable excitement, and I had to answer a lot of questions. I gave a sketch of what had been said, which was promptly reported to the British Embassy.

That afternoon, Tom Burns dropped in at my flat. He warned me that I was playing with fire. He added that the Carceller story, if published, might very well tip over the applecart, and requested that I postpone filing it. John Marks happened to be present and joined in my indignant outburst to the effect that my job was to send out news and not to cover up the inefficiency of diplomatic missions. This story was a good one because it contained the only actual information as to what the wolfram row was all about. Until then, nobody in the Spanish Government had been willing to give out any facts, and neither had the British nor American Embassy. Tom saw our point and the subject was dropped.

After the story was written, I took it into Carceller's office. His secretary asked me to come back that afternoon. Again I was ushered in to see the Minister, and, as further proof of the efficiency of his office, a translation of the article was already on his desk. Usually, whenever

one interviews some personage who has talked too much, he denies that he said anything quoted in the story. Carceller proved to be an unusual man, for when I went in, he greeted me with "You have a truly fantastic memory! You didn't take a single note the other day, and yet everything I said is down here exactly as I said it. But I must ask you to cut some of it."

The items he wanted cut weren't particularly important, so I readily agreed. Again I stayed in his office for nearly three hours. We talked of a variety of things, and he confessed to me that he was worried about his family. He believed in progress, but his wife didn't. "She's a typical middle-class Spanish woman," he said, "and a strong Catholic. Need I tell you more? She doesn't realize that the world has changed and insists upon bringing up our children as though they could count on security. I don't worry about my son because whether or not I leave any money when I die, he will be a man and can earn a living. I do worry, however, about my daughters. I should like them to grow up to be self-supporting. My wife wants them to be little ladies. Once, many years ago, when she was a poor girl, she must have seen some lady of the aristocracy dressed in a white tulle gown. Therefore, my daughters must wear white tulle ball gowns. Somewhere she picked up the idea that people in the smart set rode horseback. So, my daughters must have horses."

He talked a great deal of his father, of whom he was very fond. "After I began to make money," he said, "I brought my parents to Madrid to live with me. It was then that I discovered that by the time that one becomes wealthy it's too late to do all with one's money that one had planned. My parents, for the first time, lived in luxury. For the first time, my mother had servants. My father was perfectly happy because, although he was too old to enjoy any of these luxuries, he was contented to be near me. But I saw that my mother was literally pining away. She had always been an extremely active, independent woman who had done all her own work. She missed the work, and it irritated her to have servants around. There was nothing for her to do all day. At last I realized that she would probably die of sheer boredom and inaction. I talked this over with my father, who had also been worried about her, and we decided that, much as we hated to be separated, there was only one solution. I bought them a small property in Catalonia, and there they now live. Mother is once again in full charge and doing all her own work. She recovered her health instantly and looks ten years younger than she did when she lived in Madrid."

We touched again on the political situation. Carceller remarked that

he was aware that neither the British nor American Embassy liked him. Our conversation had been so free, and he'd been so frank with me, that I dared say something for which another man would probably have had me thrown out of the country.

"Yes," I said, "the rumor is you're a crook."

He laughed at that and asked, "What else do they say?"

"Well," I went on, "they say you can be bought."

"What is your answer to that?"

"All I can answer is, if you can be bought, why in hell haven't we bought you?"

"You can also ask," he said, "why the Germans haven't bought me in three and a half years. And they haven't. You can confirm that statement of mine. Time and again I have refused them export permits and have held out on certain issues. They were furious, but they didn't publish any of this. They have never wanted it known that they had any setbacks in Spain."

He continued, "I know that I have the reputation of taking graft. Actually, I don't. And I will tell you why. When I was a very young man, I was the foreman in a plant which used forty tons of coal a week. The coal merchant came to me and offered me one peseta out of twenty if I would say that we needed forty-three tons. I was tempted, and I almost accepted the offer, but then I said to myself, 'You mean to be a very wealthy and successful man. The man who gets wealthy is not the one who gets one peseta out of twenty, but the one who keeps the nineteen. So I refused, and I would hate to tell you how often I have had to pay that one peseta in graft."

I foresaw that I would probably have difficulty with the censorship over the Carceller interview. It treated a very ticklish subject, which the Spaniards were no more anxious to have aired in public than were the Americans. They were both being stubborn and, on the whole, handling the affair clumsily, so, as is usual under the circumstances, were taking refuge in "diplomatic secrecy." I have discovered that in most cases "diplomatic secrecy" is used as an excellent cover for diplomatic ineptitude.

I took the article in to the censorship, remarking casually, "There shouldn't be any difficulty about this. It contains the declarations of a minister." That didn't work. The same evening the censor phoned to say he couldn't possibly pass the article on his own responsibility and he had sent it to the Foreign Office.

That this should happen to me was really poetic justice. My system of playing the Foreign Office against Falange had backfired. The last

place I wanted that article to go was the Foreign Office. Feeling as he did toward the Minister of Industry and Commerce, it was scarcely to be expected that Jordana would be enthusiastic about having Carceller's point of view publicized.

For five days I called the Foreign Office several times a day to ask about the article. Each time I was given the run-around. Finally, through a friend in the Ministry, I discovered that it had been translated so that the Chief of the Political Section could read it. Then he sent it on the Minister. As far as I could gather, everybody in the Ministry read that article. Each time I met an official who worked there, he would tell me how much he had enjoyed the story and how good he thought it was. This was all very pleasant and flattering, but, as I finally pointed out in exasperation to one of the young men, I was not writing for the amusement of Spanish government officials.

Eventually the article found its way to the Pardo for Franco's perusal. Then, at last, at the end of the fifth day, I was informed that the interview had been killed *in toto*. I argued and pled in vain. Finally, I grew angry enough to say that although I recognized the right of Spanish censorship to kill a story, I didn't recognize its right to take five days to do it. This angle irritated me so much that I found a way of getting the manuscript to Portugal, where it was sent by air mail to London. From there it was telephoned to New York.

About a week after I had dispatched this piece, I received a call asking me to go in to see the chief censor. I knew what that meant. The Carceller interview had been published and the news had reached Madrid. I telephoned Ralph Forte to tell him what had happened and ask him what he thought my fate would be. "You'll be handed a railway ticket," he said, "and ordered to leave Spain within twenty-four hours. Through some of your many friends here, you may be able to get that fixed up, so just deny everything and don't argue."

The chief censor greeted me with a very serious face. He told me that an interview with Carceller had just been published in the *New York Herald Tribune*. Looking innocent and stupid, I inquired what that had to do with me. "It's your article," he said.

"What makes you think so?"

"It's signed with your name."

There was nothing for it but to pretend to be very amazed. He didn't believe me, of course, but he was courteous enough not to say so outright. After stating his case, he said sternly, "Miss Moats, we've often had trouble with foreign correspondents who smuggled articles out of Spain without submitting them to censorship. But never before

has a correspondent had the effrontery to send out a story which had been killed not only here at the censorship, but by the Foreign Minister himself. The Foreign Office is very angry with you indeed. It has demanded that some sort of sanction be imposed upon you."

Oh, oh, I thought. Here comes the railroad ticket.

"You are to be suspended for two weeks. That means that you can't file anything at all in that time."

I'm afraid that my face must have reflected the surprise and relief I felt. I tried hard to look crestfallen, but I doubt that I succeeded. For form's sake, I protested and departed still denying that I had had anything to do with the story's getting out. The two weeks' suspension might well have been a tragedy for an agency man, but in the case of a person like me who seldom filed more than once every ten days it was not a serious punishment.

During the week that I had been trying to get an answer out of the Foreign Office, I had felt rather sour about Spain. Some of my friends who had to listen to my complaints on the subject of the Spaniards and their methods were very amazed to find me beaming with pleasure and good will toward all men after I had been suspended. They declared they couldn't understand my attitude as, logically, I should have been more annoyed then than I had been before. I don't think my explanation made sense to them, but it was the true one. "If you like a race of people," I said, "you have to like them for their defects as well as their qualities. Spaniards are hopelessly inefficient, and never was there anything quite so inefficient as suspending me for two weeks. That's why I feel warmly toward them now."

Dorsey Stephens had been transferred to London and Zora was going ahead to arrange for living quarters. I decided that, since I couldn't work, I might as well take a complete vacation and accompany her as far as Lisbon. We left on April 1. Zora flew to England two days later, but I stayed on until the end of the week.

On my return to Madrid, I found Adela in a highly excited state. Two days earlier, at three o'clock in the morning, she had wakened to hear someone trying to get in the front door. Thinking I had returned unexpectedly and that I would ring if I wanted anything, she started to go back to sleep. Then she remembered that she had shot the bolt on the door and got up.

As she was going to the front hall, she heard steps and men's voices in the courtyard leading to the kitchen. She peeked out of the bathroom window and saw two men jimmying the kitchen door open. Thinking they were burglars, she fled to her own room and locked

herself in. But she wasn't the screaming type, and when she heard them in the hall she called out to know who was there. "Police," a voice called back. "We want to see you."

After considerable argument, she emerged from her room and the two men showed her some badges. They said they wanted to see my office. She told them I didn't have an office. They insisted that I must have an office, arguing, "A famous correspondent must have a place to work."

"If you must know," Adela told them, "she always types in bed."

They ordered her to lead them to my room, and there, wearing gloves, they went through all the papers in the night table, dropping each one disgustedly on the floor as they read it.

They were curious as to why I was in Lisbon. Adela gave an answer that didn't happen to be right—that I had gone there to do some work. Later, when they went into my dressing room and saw a typewriter, they cried, "A-ha, so you say she's working in Lisbon! How is it then that she didn't take her typewriter with her?"

Adela had an answer for that one too. "You have just told me that she's a famous correspondent. Don't you imagine a famous correspondent has two typewriters?"

Going out in the hall, they noticed the door leading to the sitting room and asked where it led. Adela told them and they said they wanted to look it over too. Leading them straight past the desk in the hall where I kept all my papers, she took them in and lighted one small lamp. They naturally couldn't see a thing, and she informed them that none of the other lamps had bulbs. Finding nothing of interest, they started to go. Adela couldn't control herself any longer and said, "The lowest of the thieves wouldn't have done what you've just done."

The leader replied, "You talk too much. You'd better be sure not to tell the señorita anything about this. If you do, you'll get in trouble. We are the Gestapo."

Knowing Adela, I can imagine the scornful look she gave them. "I am a Spaniard," she said, "and therefore do not know the meaning of that word."

As soon as she had given me an account of what had taken place, I went to see one of the heads of the Falange as I was sure the housebreakers had been members of the Party. The search had been too inefficient to have been directed by the Gestapo. Knowing full well, from long experience, that there was no point in appealing to the embassy, I raised hell on my own. I demanded some explanation of

this outrage, saying, "If those men really were from the Gestapo, you should have some questions to ask. If they weren't, I have several questions to ask."

My friend of the Falange acted astonished and was very apologetic over the incident. He sent me over to see the Director General of Seguridad to whom I also told the story. From then on, I couldn't get the police out of my hair. I was offered a guard, which I turned down firmly on the basis that guards always spent their time in the kitchen smelling it up. Adela was called in to the police station to give a full report. This worried me a bit as I knew that her Republican past wouldn't bear too much inspection. I promised her that if she wasn't back by luncheontime I would go to the police station myself and get her out. But after two hours she returned, saying she had been treated with great courtesy.

Finally, after several days, the Chief of Police of my particular quarter came personally to apologize. At first he was very reticent, but he finally broke down and told me the whole truth. The men had been members of the Falange police who, it was discovered on tracking them down, were making a practice of getting into foreigners' houses in the hope of finding papers they could sell either to the Allies or to the Germans.

Part II

NAZI-OCCUPIED FRANCE

23. Preparations for the Journey to France

On a Sunday morning three days after my return from Lisbon, Adela woke me at nine o'clock with the announcement that I had callers. In Spain, where it is the custom to go to bed very late at night, dropping in on someone at nine o'clock in the morning is like paying a call at dawn in New York. I opened one eye and muttered, "Tell them to go away."

She was back in a moment. This time I opened both eyes in order to glare at her. "What's come over you?" I asked. "You know you are never supposed to wake me up!"

"Yes, but these people say it's very urgent."

"What's their name?"

"It's one of those queer foreign names I never can pronounce."

I instructed her to have them write it down and curled up under the covers with the idea of going to sleep again. Adela reappeared with a piece of paper which she handed me. On it was written, "Pierre sent us." I was wide awake in an instant. "Bring them straight in!" I cried.

Adela ushered in the visitors. I was amazed to recognize a quiet French couple whom I had met on several occasions but never noticed particularly. "When do I leave?" I cried.

They burst out laughing and, sitting down by the bed, replied, "Next Friday."

They went on to explain that they had just received a message the night before from Pierre saying he couldn't get to Madrid himself but that everything was set for my journey. They were to make all arrangements to get me as far as the frontier, where guides would be waiting to lead me over the mountains.

They outlined the plan: I was to take the night train to San Sebastian on Friday. I would be met at the station by a Spanish couple who would look after me until time to leave for Pamplona by taxi. The driver of the taxi would turn me over to a man called Don José in

Pamplona, who would see that I got to the place where the guides were to meet me.

"What about luggage?" I asked.

"Take a bare minimum. Remember that everything has to fit into a knapsack which one of the guides will carry. A dress to wear in France and an extra pair of shoes is about all you will need. As for the clothes you wear during the trip—the best costume is a pair of slacks, heavy shoes with cleats, sweaters, and a windbreaker. Under no circumstances wear a long coat. Anything flapping around your legs will bother you dreadfully."

"What else do I have to attend to before I leave?"

"Have some passport-sized pictures taken for the French identity card that will be provided once you arrive in Pau. Leave your American passport here in Madrid but carry some document with you in case there is an inspector on the train. Your press card will do. Leave it in Pamplona and be very sure you have no papers at all with you when you arrive in France. Pierre has already told you the trip will cost twenty-five thousand pesetas. You are to give us the money. If you can't raise it all at once, give us part of it now and you can pay the rest on your return. It will be changed here at the black-market rate of two hundred francs to the peseta and sent to Pierre by courier. He will pay all the expenses and you can draw on him for cash while you are in France."

They left, after giving me the address of the apartment where they were living. I was to dine there the night before my departure to give them the money and receive any last-minute instructions.

Although I had gone to bed very late, there was no question of going back to sleep again. I was much too excited. I foresaw that the next days were going to be busy ones. First of all, I had to think up a good story to explain my absence just at that moment. Ordinarily, my comings and goings aroused no curiosity among my friends; they were used to having me take a trip at a moment's notice. But I had made an engagement to go to the Seville Fair on the sixteenth with John Marks, Marjorie Davie, and John Walter. Ralph Forte and several other friends had agreed to meet me in Seville, and I knew they would all be surprised if I didn't turn up.

It was obvious that I was going to need help in putting them off the scent. In any case, I had to have someone in Madrid who was in on the secret. There had to be a person who could answer any important cables that might come for me and hold the fort in case some emergency arose. I telephoned to John Marks and asked him to come

right over to my flat. When he arrived, I told him what I was going to do. He was very enthusiastic and offered to help me in any way possible.

It took us some time to think up just what we should tell Marjorie, John Walter, and the others. In the end, we decided that the only fairly satisfactory explanation I could give would have to be tied up with my work. The story we made up wasn't very good but it was the best we could do. I was to announce a couple of days before leaving that I had received a cable from my editor demanding a series of articles on Spanish industry to be filed immediately. That would necessitate going to Bilbao and Barcelona. When I sprang the story, it didn't go over very well. There was a great deal of argument and everyone pointed out that since it was always impossible to get real facts and figures in Spain, I could perfectly well run up a few pieces right in Madrid with the help of friends. When such suggestions were made, I grew rather pompous and stated that I never worked that way. It was clearly impossible to make me change my mind, but nobody was pleased with me.

What worried John most was that the Germans in Madrid had always kept an eye on me and it was possible that one of the Gestapo agents who worked in Spain would be in France and recognize me. I had all kinds of romantic ideas of cutting or dyeing my hair, but John thought it wouldn't be necessary to go quite that far. It would probably be sufficient if I merely combed it differently. The most characteristic thing about my appearance is that I always wear my hair smooth and pulled straight back from the face. If it were waved, my entire appearance would be changed.

I went to the hairdresser at the Ritz and told him that I had a beau who found my coiffure too severe. I wanted to prove to him that he was wrong by appearing with the most unbecoming waves possible. When the hairdresser finished with his curling irons, he stepped back exclaiming, "There, I think that should satisfy you! The effect couldn't possibly be more vulgar."

A few days earlier, I had spotted a small photographer's shop a few blocks away from the Ritz. I raced over there and ordered some pictures taken. While I was posing, it suddenly occurred to me that the photographer would stamp the pictures with his name and address. That involved me in still more lies. I told him that I lived in Salamanca with my family and that I was supposed to be in Barcelona just then. I didn't want my parents, at some future date, to come upon photographs marked "Madrid." He leered at me and I'm sure believed I

was deceiving a husband. At any rate, he agreed to leave his name off the prints. The next day I couldn't go for them myself, as it would have meant getting another wave, so I sent a messenger boy to collect the pictures in the false name I had given.

Buying the right clothes was another problem. John Marks went shopping with me and his advice was invaluable. Being an Englishman, he thought of an item which would never have occurred to me—woolen underpants. The face of the clerk was quite a picture when we went into a shop to select them. He could have understood if we had been buying crepe-de-Chine flimsies, but that a man should help a woman choose a pair of utilitarian woolen underdrawers was quite beyond him. The only thing in stock was a bright pink bloomer model, about the most repulsive garment I have ever seen. Later, hiking for hours through the cold and rain, I had occasion to be very thankful for it.

At the sports shop which was supposed to have the largest stock in town, I found, to my horror, that a girl I knew quite well was working there as a saleswoman. I had to give her some explanation as to why I should want a skiing outfit in the middle of April. The best I could do on the spur of the moment was to tell her that I was going on a camping trip in the mountains. I don't imagine she could have been much of a success as a salesgirl for she kept urging me to borrow her slacks rather than spend money on new ones.

It ended with my deciding against trousers. I don't like them anyway. All the boots I tried on were very heavy and not at all suited to an American foot. It seemed wiser to wear a pair of my own walking shoes which I knew were comfortable rather than to risk new ones which I wouldn't have the time to break in. The soles of my shoes were too thin to allow cleats to be hammered on, but I had metal tips put on the heels and toes. It would have been better if I had overlooked that detail, for the metal turned out to be far more of a hindrance than a help. After an hour, I left the shop with only one purchase—a windbreaker with a hood and zipper.

My costume, when I assembled it, consisted of the woolen underdrawers, a checked woolen shirt, a gray flannel skirt, a pull-over sweater, a cardigan, the windbreaker, lisle stockings, knee-length woolen socks, shoes, a woolen scarf, and a pair of leather gloves. The latter had to be bought in the men's department of a store in order to get them large and loose enough. Spanish women still go in for tight kid gloves to make their hands look as tiny as possible.

The amount of lying I had to do in those days was colossal. Aside

from putting off my friends, I also had to keep Adela from guessing the truth. I pretended that I was going to Seville from Barcelona and, packing a large suitcase with all my best clothes, lugged it over to John's apartment. Theoretically, he was to meet me in Andalusia with it. Adela stolidly helped me to pack. On my return, I found that I hadn't fooled her for a moment. She knew all along that I was up to something and didn't intend to go to Seville at all.

By Thursday all the preparations had been made. As usual, I was short of money and had to borrow 10,000 pesetas from a friend. Luckily he was the kind of person who doesn't ask questions, and he let me have the money without inquiring why I wanted it. That evening I took it to the French couple and we discussed all the aspects of the trip during dinner.

It was quite early when I returned home. I put my jewelry, passport, and valuable papers in a small bag which could be locked. I was going to leave it at the embassy next day, with the request that it be kept in the safe, and given only to me or to John Marks. I wanted John to be able to get it in case anything went wrong. I also put in a letter for my parents which John was to send them if he heard I had been either arrested or shot.

I wrote the letter that night. It was just like writing a suicide note. For the first time I realized what the effect would be on my parents if anything happened to me, their only and very much loved child. But I knew they would understand. Whatever courage I possess is the result of their training. They never permitted me to show fear even when I was very small. It was they who had taught me to be independent and to show initiative, and they wouldn't want me to pass up a chance like this one. I pointed out that it was merely an accident I hadn't been a boy, in which case I would be in the Army and probably risking my life somewhere in the South Pacific. Then I tempted fate by writing something I knew to be true—that owing in great part to them, I had had a really perfect life, and if anything happened to cut it short there was always the satisfaction of knowing that I had enjoyed more happiness than most people get in sixty years. The letter ended on a very prosaic note—a list of my debts with the request that they be paid if I didn't get back.

By the time I sealed the envelope I was feeling very depressed. Until then I hadn't really given much thought to what I was about to do. I seldom grow nervous before embarking on an adventure because I have very little imagination. (My mother, on overhearing me make that statement, remarked, "For a girl with no imagination you can

think of the damnedest things to do!") But this night I was suddenly overcome with terror. I couldn't get to sleep and I began pacing the floor picturing all the things that could happen to me. I kept remembering all the stories I had ever heard about what the Gestapo did to its victims—knuckles broken with nutcrackers, fingernails pulled out, horrible, disfiguring beatings. I thought of all the tortures and felt the cold sweat running down my back. At last, when it was beginning to grow light, I said to myself, "There is no law to make you go to France. You can still get out of it. A correspondent isn't supposed to go out of his way to risk his neck for a story." That calmed me a bit and I went back to bed where I soon fell asleep, quieted by the thought that there still remained one day in which to back out.

When I woke up, my fears were gone and I went ahead with my plans. After taking the bag over to the embassy, I had lunch at the polo club with Renaud Sivan. By chance, he talked about France and how interesting it would be to see it just at that time. I had a difficult time keeping a straight face and I wanted very much to offer to look up his family, but I didn't dare because I knew that anyone who was in on the secret could get into trouble later. When he left me at my house Renaud said, "Monseigneur asked me to tell you that he would come in to see you this afternoon." I had called Monseigneur that morning to say that I was going away for a couple of weeks. He never liked to talk on the telephone and had cut me off rather abruptly. Apparently he had sensed there was something back of my call and was coming to find out what it was.

He swept in at four o'clock, skirts flying as usual. He wanted to know where I was going. I repeated the story about the articles on Spanish industry but I found it hard to lie to him convincingly. When I let it drop that I was going to San Sebastian first he looked at me very shrewdly. I had spoken to him several months before about my desire to go to France and he had assured me he could arrange it very easily. However, I hadn't brought up the subject again because I didn't want to involve him in any way. I think he remembered the conversation and put two and two together, but he gave no open indication of having guessed the truth. As he was leaving, he took both my hands in his and, with a very kind and sympathetic expression on his face, said, "I will pray for you, my child. I congratulate you. You are a brave woman."

Marjorie and John had supper at the flat and took me to the station. After I got on the train, John handed a package through the window. "Here are some biscuits," he said. "You'll probably need them in the

morning—there's no diner." I took the package and, when the train pulled out, waved to them until they were out of sight. Then I went into the compartment and prepared for bed. When I picked up the package of biscuits to put it in the luggage net, I saw that there was something penciled on the wrapping. Looking more closely, I read, "Good luck, Moatsie dear." I burst into tears.

24. Crossing the Pyrenees

Sometimes it happened that there would be a police check on train passengers. This, unfortunately, was one of those occasions. I had left my passport in Madrid, but a press card and a residence permit satisfied the inspector. I didn't like having to show my papers because I wanted to leave as little trace of my passage as possible.

Usually there is only one thing that is predictable about a Spanish train—that it will be late. Having taken that for granted, I was in no hurry to get up. This time, however, the train pulled into San Sebastian fifteen minutes ahead of time. I had just begun to dress when we reached the station. As this was the Hendaye express, I had to move quickly because I couldn't afford to be carried to the border. Minus stockings and with my hair down my back, I fell off just in time.

There was no one to meet me, although I had been told there would be. That didn't really matter as I had the address of the apartment where I was expected. Luckily it was very near the station for there weren't any taxis to be had, and after asking the way, I set forth on foot, carrying my small suitcase. The apartment belonged to a Spaniard and his wife who were just setting forth to the station. They were very surprised to see me so early, particularly in my semi-clothed condition.

They showed me to a room where I finished dressing and then we drove several miles out of town to a country inn for luncheon. The meal was delicious, but I found that I had no appetite. There seemed to be so many feathers, butterflies, and buzzing bees in my stomach that there wasn't much room left for solid food. Just as I was preparing to leave we realised, to our horror, that a big package containing French francs

which I was to carry across the mountains had been left at the apartment. My hosts took the taxi into town and sent back the parcel with the driver. They also thoughtfully sent me ten lumps of sugar to keep me going during the night. At five o'clock everything was finally organized and I could start for Pamplona. It was during the worst moment of the gasoline crisis, so the car was a charcoal burner. The chauffeur was an old man who was in the regular pay of the French. By some miracle, we didn't break down on the way and arrived exactly on the minute.

The taxi deposited me in front of a small shoe shop where the driver pointed out a heavy-set fellow wearing a beret. "That," he said, "is Don José." Then he drove off without another word.

Don José stepped forward and asked, "Who sent you?"

Feeling more than ever like an E. Phillips Oppenheim heroine, I gave the right answer: "The cat and the flea."

He led the way into the shop, where there were several people standing about talking to the shoemaker while he worked. Nobody looked up when I went in. Apparently they were all used to the strange goings on in that place.

Don José opened a door at the back and showed me into a small storeroom with an unpleasant smell of bad leather. "Change your clothes here," he instructed.

There wasn't any light at all. By groping around I found a packing case on which to set my things and began to change. The navy-blue suit I had worn on the train I rolled up and stuffed into a knapsack with a couple of blouses, some underclothes, two pairs of stockings, a pair of high-heeled shoes, a purse, gloves, a toothbrush, and some cosmetics. That was to be my entire wardrobe for three weeks.

As it turned out, it wasn't the best choice in the world because the suit, being American, had a short jacket. Frenchwomen were wearing very long jackets and extremely short skirts. They also carried only the kind of purse that is slung over one shoulder with a strap, so that my handbag was also out of fashion. However, the suit was shabby, so I merely looked like a woman who couldn't afford any new clothes.

I did my hair in a braid down my back and tucked it inside the collar of the windbreaker in order not to risk having it catch on the branches of trees. When I emerged in my hiking costume, the people who were still in the shop acted as though I weren't there. Don José gave the suitcase in which I had packed my identification papers, fur jacket, and the other things I was leaving behind to the shoemaker, and we went out.

There was another taxi waiting at the door. I got into the back and Don José sat up in front with the driver. This, he pointed out, was the most risky part of the trip because we had to go through a zone forbidden to foreigners. There was supposed to be a patrol at the entrance to every town. We could only hope not to be stopped, counting on Spanish laxness, the darkness of the night, and the fact that the car was registered in the forbidden zone.

We had a very unexpected piece of luck. Another car passed us just before we reached the first town. It was stopped and then allowed to go on. When we came along, the patrol apparently assumed we belonged to the same party and didn't hail us. That happened all the way. I never did find out who was in that other car, but it probably belonged either to a government official or some rich smuggler who had generously subsidized the police.

Don José assured me that the guides were reliable. The same ones were used each week to carry the secret correspondence and to act as guides whenever members of the Underground group helping me crossed the mountains either way. Smuggling is in the tradition of the Basques. All of them are in the contraband game in some form or other. "It is all the same to them whether they smuggle cows, cigarettes, or human beings, as long as they get paid," Don José said.

At nine-fifteen on the dot, the hour of our appointment with the guides, we halted by the side of the road. It spoke a great deal for the French Underground organization that even in Spain it had succeeded in having cars and guides reach places on the minute. It was extremely dangerous to have any waits at all, since a parked car in the open country attracted attention. I could see absolutely nothing. Don José whispered, "Get out quickly." As I stepped from the car, two men rose out of a ditch by the side of the road. One of them grabbed the knapsack. The other took my hand and pulled me over the ditch into a field. The car moved off instantly.

There was no moon and even the stars were hidden. It was so dark that I felt as though I had a black hood over my head. I was terrified of losing the guides. The moment they were a few steps ahead of me, I couldn't make out even a blur to indicate where they were. It had rained the day before, and the ground was still wet and muddy. We had scarcely gone a hundred yards when I sank into a puddle up to my knees. Fighting my way out of it, I lost one shoe. The guides didn't notice what had happened and kept going. I let out a little squeak which one of them heard and they returned. It took me a quarter of an hour to find that shoe, feeling around in the mud and suffering

from an attack of giggles. I had to find it; otherwise it meant going across the mountains barefoot. When at last I did locate the shoe, it required all my strength to pull it out. I tied the laces more tightly and once more followed the guides, who, at this first stage of the journey, were very nervous and impatient.

There wasn't a sound to be heard except the squish of our footsteps on the soggy ground. The guides, when they talked at all, kept their voices to a low murmur and spoke in Basque. Once in a while a dog would bark in the distance. Whenever that happened, I turned cold with panic. On that walk I discovered that all the bromides about the effects of fear are very descriptive. My stomach really did turn over; my blood did run cold; my teeth chattered; and my flesh crept. The peril lay in being caught by the *carabineros* (frontier guards). That would have meant not only being arrested, but also the end of that particular route over the mountains.

It was a very strange sensation for someone like me, who had always taken it for granted that the forces of the law were there for my benefit, suddenly to be afraid of the very people I had always counted on to protect me. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to feel hunted. That was the best possible preparation for a visit to France. It made me better able to understand the state of mind of the French people, who had endured four years of hounding and pursuit.

We crossed one field and then another and then another. Each one was bounded by a barbed-wire fence. The guides didn't have any clippers because cut wire would have indicated the path we had taken. The stakes had to be pulled up, but in some cases they were so solid and so deeply set in the ground that they couldn't be budged. Sometimes we crawled through the wires, and at others I was hoisted over them by one of the guides. My stockings were torn to shreds at the first fence and my hands and legs were covered with scratches. I was soon caked from head to toe with mud and blood.

In other countries one can count on farmers being sound asleep by ten o'clock at night. But not in Spain. Every village and every farmhouse still showed lighted windows. We had to give them all a wide berth, which meant sticking far out in the fields. A white, furry dog attached himself to us, and we couldn't get rid of him in spite of throwing stones. In a way he turned out to be useful, for he ran ahead and attracted the other dogs' attention away from us. There were many brooks and streams. Every time I heard water running I was certain it was voices and would nervously grab the guide's arm. Although by then I was soaking wet from the many puddles I had stumbled in and

out of, Pepe insisted upon carrying me pickaback across the streams while Antonio went over with the knapsacks.

We were in the Forest of Roncevaux. The very name spells romance. It was there that the rear guard of Charlemagne's army was surrounded and destroyed by the Basques who then made their escape, favored by the darkness and their knowledge of the ground. The fact that the descendants of those same Basques, still counting on the darkness and on their traditional knowledge of the ground, were acting as my guides added enchantment to the expedition. It was heartbreaking, however, to think that although I actually was in Roncevaux, I couldn't see it.

We made a detour of the Abbey, which I had always hoped to visit. Pepe whispered that a group of *carabineros* was stationed there. Shortly after that the climb began. Until then I had found the going fairly easy, but from then on it was a nightmare. We were never on a piece of smooth ground or even a path again. I don't care for sports at all, and I never walk when I can ride. Aside from that, I am a chain smoker. It soon became clear that I was in no condition for such a hike. The guides were setting a very fast pace. I panted and scrambled after them as best I could. Since it was impossible to see the ground, my ankles kept twisting as I tripped on roots and stones.

Several times I had to call a halt because I was sure my lungs were going to burst. One of the guides finally took my arm and pulled me up the worst hills. As I gasped and wheezed, he kept up a steady stream of conversation in rather bad Spanish, asking me questions which I didn't have the breath to answer. I stood this as long as I could and finally at one halt said, "For God's sake, stop talking. You're just like a dentist who asks questions when he's got his fingers in your mouth." He was somewhat surprised at this outburst and explained he was merely trying to take my mind off my misery. It happens that I am a girl who likes to keep her mind on her misery and it was taking all my powers of concentration just to lift one foot in front of the other. It didn't make things any better to know that every step I was taking would have to be retraced on the way back. That is, if I had the luck to get back.

Just then I had one of the flashes of fear that were to strike me unexpectedly during the next three weeks. It occurred to me that there I was, up in the mountains with two professional smugglers whose faces I had never even seen, completely at their mercy. They could abandon me or they might even think it worth while to sell me out. What's more, I scarcely knew the French couple who had made all the ar-

rangements from Madrid. They had said they came from Pierre, but I had no proof that they actually did. It might have been quite possible that they were working for the Germans and were sending me straight into a trap that would also catch Pierre. That thought took away the little breath I had left and I had to sit down for a moment.

The ground was not only uneven but slippery. I came to think that the most wonderful sensation in life would be to put my feet down flat. Several times I slipped and fell. Once, when we were on the edge of a precipice which I hadn't seen, my feet went out from under me and I started to fall. Antonio reached out and grabbed me. Unfortunately it was one breast he was clutching. I didn't even dare scream to let him know that he was hurting me. We never could speak above a whisper, and although in certain places it was safe to show a light, the battery soon failed in the only electric torch the guides had brought with them.

When we paused for a breather, I couldn't smoke. Smugglers, it seems, never smoke because the smell of tobacco carries too far. It had been many hours since I had eaten anything and I was beginning to grow very hungry. The lumps of sugar which I had been given in San Sebastian helped a bit, but what really kept me going was the red wine the guides carried in leather bottles. The first time I took a drink, I was so clumsy that the wine splattered all over my face and jacket. Eventually, however, I grew expert at aiming the stream of liquid from the bottle into my open mouth.

At one o'clock in the morning we reached a shepherd's hut near the village of Val Carlos. We slipped inside quickly, careful not to open the door very wide lest the light show. This was as far as Pepe and Antonio went. From there on, two other guides took over.

Pedro and Juan, the new relay, were already there. They had lighted a big fire on the ground which filled the place with smoke, for the vent in the roof was too small to carry it all off. Still, the warmth was very welcome. The flame provided the only light and cast our shadows very tall on the walls. At one end there was a sort of bed made of rough logs and covered with bracken. The only other piece of furniture was a long rustic bench in front of the fire. The whole scene was so picturesque and so exactly what one would expect a smuggler's hideout to be that I felt as though I were taking part in a play.

By the flickering light I saw the faces of Pepe and Antonio for the first time. Until then, all I had known was that one was tall and the other was short. Neither of the men looked young and their skin was dark and weather-beaten. The two new guides resembled them in type

and were dressed in the same way—heavy hob-nailed boots, dark trousers, pea jackets, and, of course, the inevitable berets. They spoke Basque with one another, and there was a great deal of laughter over my sad plight. I sank wearily onto a wooden bench and took off my shoes to dry my feet. A tin of sardines, a big sheep's milk cheese, and a round loaf of bread were produced. I was given a hunting knife to cut the bread and cheese, but my hands were far too unsteady. At the first attempt I almost beheaded myself, and after that, the food was sliced for me. We washed it down with more of the raw, strong wine.

After a half-hour rest it was time to go. I shook hands with Pepe and Antonio. We would meet again on my return. The two new guides led the way, and I followed. We walked until six o'clock in the morning. Here the going got worse, or maybe it just seemed worse because I was so tired. During the last two hours I went along like a dumb animal, clinging to the knapsack on Pedro's back and stumbling stupidly after him. I was exactly like a blindfolded mule which goes round and round in circles, working a treadmill. The sky was beginning to turn gray. We crossed a little stream and Juan said, "You are now in France."

I flopped down on the ground and answered, "I don't care where I am just so I don't ever have to move again."

They took my hands and hauled me to my feet. Then, with one pulling and the other pushing, they somehow got me up one more hill to another little hut. The two French guides were waiting there. Barely mumbling a greeting, I flung myself onto the bed, also made of tree branches and covered with bracken. The guides warned me that there were sure to be fleas in the bracken, but I didn't care. They warmed themselves in front of the fire and talked again, in Basque. It greatly simplifies things for the smugglers in the Pyrenees that they have this language in common. The French ones have learned three words of Spanish, a rather peculiar vocabulary consisting of *puta, coño,* and *bota.* They always call their wineskin a *bota,* and the other two they use whenever they have occasion to curse.

After only a few minutes the French guide, Jacques, said, "Come. We must get going. You were late, and it's already daylight. We have to leave here." I begged to be allowed to remain in the hut for the day, but he insisted it was too dangerous. Besides, it would upset the carefully prepared schedule.

There was another hill to climb, and the two Spanish guides accompanied us to the top in order to help me. I have always believed that, with enough will power, a person can do anything. This, I found, was

a fallacy. The will power was there, but my muscles simply couldn't function. I would take three steps and then my legs would double up under me.

The combined efforts of the guides got me to the top. From there I had my first view of the scenery, for by then it was broad daylight. We faced a wide valley flanked by rocky crags. Jacques said, "This is the place where there are often German patrols. We've got to go quickly." I stared helplessly at the steep incline we had to descend, took a step and fell flat on my face. Realizing that it would take a long time for me to get down that hill, he put me on his back and went down at a dead run.

There was an old man wearing wooden sabots at the foot of the hill, watching some sheep. Jacques asked him to go ahead and reconnoiter. If he saw any signs of a German patrol, he was to whistle. He set off at a run and started up over the rocks at such speed that I watched him openmouthed. I was even more amazed when I was told he was sixty-five years old.

There was a worried expression on Jacques' face as he watched me limping slowly beside him. He was sympathetic and far more gentle than the Spaniards had been. He helped me as much as he could, but our progress was slow. It was obvious that in my condition it would be impossible for me to walk any faster. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I've got an idea! I left my donkey with the old shepherd. That's his house down there. We'll put you on it."

The house was only a few hundred yards away, but it seemed miles to me. Finally we reached it and saw a little gentle-eyed gray donkey tethered by the door. Jacques put a sheepskin and some sacks on his back and hoisted me up. The old man returned to say that the coast was clear. He took the rope tied around the beast's neck and led the way. The second guide, Emile, went ahead to keep an eye out for the patrols and Jacques followed. Because of the cold, I tied my woolen scarf over my head. That was all that was needed to complete the picture. We looked exactly like a tableau of the Flight into Egypt.

Once in the cover of the woods, we made a halt by a stream for breakfast. Again the menu consisted of cheese, bread, and wine. Two hours later we reached a farmhouse where we were to hide out for the day. The old man took Jacques' donkey back to his house, and I went on foot along the road leading to the farm. It was a typical Basque farmhouse, solid and thick-walled. The kitchen, which also served as living and dining room, was whitewashed and scrubbed clean. A huge fireplace occupied one entire side of the room. On the high mantel

there was a row of brass candlesticks, polished to gleam like gold. Cheeses and hams hung from the roof.

Four men wearing berets sat at the table drinking coffee. Two were farm hands, but the others were members of the Maquis, hiding out in the mountains. A toothless old crone was frying ham and eggs over the open fire. I was too tired to be hungry and went immediately into the next room where there was a bed made up with rough but clean sheets. I took off my clothes and slipped into it. Nothing has ever felt as good as that hard bed.

I fell asleep and didn't come to until late afternoon. After putting on my clothes, I went into the kitchen and washed my hands and face in a basin near the chimney. There was nobody there but the old crone. She spoke only Basque, but quickly understood from my pantomime that I wanted some food. She took down one of the hams, cut a few slices off it, and fried them with a couple of eggs. She also gave me some coffee. This was my first taste of the rationed coffee then used in France and called *café national.* It had nothing in common with the real thing except the color.

At ten o'clock Jacques announced it was time to leave. A donkey belonging to the farmer was provided for me. It was a black one and much bigger than the other. It was also much less sure-footed. Whenever the going got rough and stony, I had to get off and walk because he would begin to stumble and fall.

One of the Maquis boys led the animal as Emile had to keep far ahead to spy out the land, and the donkey had to be returned to its owner. At one o'clock we reached Jacques' village. The only access was by way of a bridge where there was the risk of meeting a patrol. The Maquis boy was terrified and kept muttering, "I've got to go quickly. I haven't any identity papers." I whispered that I hadn't any either, but that didn't seem to reassure him. He left and Jacques and I hid in a clump of bushes and waited for the other guide's signal. Soon we heard a low whistle that meant the coast was clear. We hurried over the bridge and then slunk behind the houses that lined the main street. At the side entrance of Jacques' house he scratched on a heavy wooden door. It was instantly opened, and we darted in. We were in the stable. I could just make out the shape of the cows lying in their stalls.

We went through another door, across a hall, and into the kitchen. Jacques' mother and three sturdy, short-legged sisters were waiting for us there. One of the girls removed my filthy shoes and took them away to scrape off the mud. I was given a pair of espadrilles to wear in the meantime. We ate bread and cheese and eggs and then I went into the

next room with two of the sisters. The third brought a basin of water. I cleaned up a bit and one of the girls washed my feet. In an attempt to change my appearance, I brushed my hair up into a pompadour and the little sisters, with much laughter, tied my scarf over my head in the shape of a turban. They brushed as much mud off my skirt as possible and I left the windbreaker for them to keep with the knapsack and heavy woolen stockings. The idea was that all signs of the long hike must be removed so that I would look as much like a native as possible when I appeared in the first village.

25. Arrival in France

On my return to the kitchen I saw a strange man standing by the fire. He was about fifty years old, very dark, and dressed in dark blue britches with leggings. He looked tired and there was an expression of great sadness in his black eyes.

Jacques introduced him, explaining that he was a captain of the customs guards. I never did hear his name for he was always known as "Monsieur Frontière." It was he who was in charge of all arrangements; he directed that entire line.

He had left his comfortable home in a small town near Pau in order to make his daily trips into the mountains seem legitimate. He and his wife and children lived next door to Jacques in considerable discomfort. Between his regular customs job and his work for the Underground, he averaged fifty to sixty kilometers a day on a bicycle. Nothing, of course, could have been more incongruous than a customs guard working hand in glove with smugglers. I can't imagine what is happening now that he has returned to normal life, and therefore become the declared enemy of his former allies. If he has stayed on the same job, it must be very hard on the smugglers, for he not only knows all their tricks; he taught them a few new ones.

"Monsieur Frontière" had a pocketful of French identity cards. We shuffled through them and chose one bearing a photograph that someone with very poor eyesight might possibly have mistaken for a picture of me. It described me as a *"Marchande de frivolités."* After giving us

some final instructions, the captain departed. He had to bicycle all the way down to the foot of the mountains to pick up the car and wait for us there. After wrapping my extra clothes in paper parcels, we left the house with many whispered farewells. At the door I looked back to wave once more to Jacques' mother. There was such anguish on her face that I suddenly realized what life must be for that poor woman who, three or four nights a week, had to see her son set forth on a dangerous mission.

Jacques had provided the second guide with a bicycle. The idea was that I was to ride on the handle bars. Since we couldn't show a light, that wasn't a great success. After going ten yards we piled up in a hedge and it was decided I would be safer on my two feet. Part of this journey was along a road and the going was all flat. In spite of being stiff, I was able to move along at a good clip. In fact, I walked much faster than the guides, which amazed them after my earlier performance.

At five-thirty we reached a shed near a farmhouse where carts and farm implements were stored. Owing to the pace I had set, we were half an hour ahead of time. We crawled into one of the carts to wait until six o'clock. At that time Jacques and I walked down the lane to the highway. We could see the lights of a car in the distance. It had apparently stopped. Jacques began to curse. "That driver must be a damn fool. What in hell is he doing down there?"

Pretty soon the car started up and went right past us. That was worrying; it meant that it might not be the car we were looking for. However, Monsieur Frontière soon appeared on his bicycle, and when the car went by again we hailed it. I leaped in. There was a slight delay while Monsieur Frontière tied his bicycle onto the back and then we were off. The car was a charcoal burner belonging to a baker, supposedly out making morning deliveries. Something had gone wrong with the engine. The baker, who was driving, pulled at everything on the dashboard, shifted gears every few moments, slowed up, then wrathfully pushed down the accelerator and kept up an angry mutter of *"Ah, cette putain!"*

I took off my shoes and lisle stockings. The latter were nothing but big holes held together with threads. They served to wipe the worst of the mud off the shoes. These I wrapped in newspaper, put on silk stockings, and with great difficulty got my swollen feet into the high-heeled shoes I had brought. Then, still trying to look as normal as possible, I dabbed on some powder and lipstick, but after two nights

and a day with no cold cream or make-up, there was little to be done about the shine on my face.

Monsieur Frontière was worried because he had just learned that the Germans had put a heavy patrol at the entrances of Mauléon. The driver had been stopped on his way through, and he was afraid to return with a "hot" passenger. At that time, the Nazis were following a system of unexpectedly placing extra guards at certain points. They didn't have enough men to keep a strict watch on all towns and villages, but by picking on certain ones without warning, they were keeping a fairly effective patrol. When the people realized that a particular town was dangerous, the patrol was moved elsewhere.

Our only hope lay in the fact that it was then breakfasttime and the guards might be eating. By making a long detour and going in by a side road, we did succeed in avoiding detection. However, the baker would go no farther with me in the car, and I was deposited at a garage owned by a man who worked in the Underground. His wife took me into her parlor where she gave me a cup of hot so-called coffee. Monsieur Frontière went on with the baker to Oloron where the second car was awaiting us. There he gave orders to the other chauffeur to pick us up. Then, in order not to create suspicion by entering the town in one car and leaving immediately in another, he bicycled back.

He waited with me in the parlor, pacing up and down. "When are the Allies going to land?" he asked over and over again. "We can't take much more of this hell. The man hunt that has started up in the last few months is too terrible. In the autumn, Churchill made a speech which made us think the invasion would come soon. That gave us all hope, but now everybody is growing discouraged. I lose agents every day and I have a hell of a time getting new ones. They say they can't risk their own and particularly their families' lives in what seems to be a hopeless job. The Underground was organized too early. You know how we French are—our spirits rise quickly, but they fall equally quickly. The Nazis are conscripting another million men for work in Germany. Farmers and police are still exempt, but this time even government employees between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five are being taken. Soon there won't be any men left to fight behind the lines when the invasion does come." He lifted his arms and let them drop again. *"Je suis las,"* he sighed. That was a phrase I was to hear on the lips of every Frenchman.

He went to the window and stood there watching for the car. When it drew up, we raced out through the garage and got into it. It was a

small sedan with a very sinister-looking young man at the wheel. His face was far more Slav than French—very thin with high cheekbones and narrow, light eyes. Monsieur Frontière sat up in front with him and they talked in an undertone, discussing various aspects of their work. I was surprised to note that the car was running on gasoline. Monsieur Frontière grinned when I asked him about it and said, "A few days ago we blew up a gasoline depot, but the watchman was a friend, and before we set off the dynamite we emptied the place. It was a good haul; two thousand liters."

As we drove along, I admired the rich green fields that stretched on either side of the road. Every now and then there would be a glimpse of an ancient gray château between the trees. The sky was blue and the sun was shining. This was France, and it was spring—a lovely country at its loveliest. It all looked so familiar. The beautiful, tranquil, smiling countryside looked just as it used to before the war, but I knew that nothing else was the same.

Soon I grew so sleepy that I couldn't keep my eyes open. I curled up on the back seat, which was a good idea because I couldn't be seen. It was particularly important that I shouldn't be noticed, since it was against the regulations at that time for women to drive in cars.

At noon we reached Pau. At the foot of a flight of steps leading up to the town, we left the car. Monsieur Frontière deposited his bicycle in a shop, and we walked on from there. I was so stiff that I had to lean on his arm. The best I could do was to appear to be limping.

We climbed what seemed hundreds of steps and walked past the Hôtel de France. There, on the corner, I saw a German soldier carrying a vicious-looking Tommy gun. He was the first German I had seen. I felt sick. I stopped short, staring at him. He wore a grayish green uniform that looked as though it might have been taken off a dead man. His blouse was open at the collar to display a red, weather-beaten neck. All the German soldiers I saw went without shirts, and their clothes were invariably of bad quality. Only their boots were good. Officers, on the other hand, were still smart and well dressed.

Monsieur Frontière understood it was sheer fright which had made me stop. He pulled me along by the arm, muttering, "You'll get used to the sight of the filthy Fritzes, and after a while you won't notice them any more."

He was wrong. I never did get used to the sight. The figures I was given for the number of Germans in France varied between sixty divisions and one and a half million men. I was inclined to believe that the latter was no exaggeration. They crowded the streets of towns

and villages, and they were on every highway. They covered the country like a gray scum.

Most of the soldiers in the south were foreigners—Czechs, Poles, etc. I saw many who appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen, and others who, at first glance, I took to be in their late fifties. The latter were the ones who wore ribbons indicating that they had served in Russia, and on closer inspection I usually came to the conclusion that they were actually only in their thirties. They had merely aged rapidly on the eastern front.

The traditional fat German was nowhere to be seen. They were all thin with heavily lined faces and corded necks. The Nazis were requisitioning more food than ever before in France, but the major part must have been going to Germany to keep up the morale on the home front, because, from all I could learn, the Army of Occupation was scarcely being fed on what might be called the fat of the land. Once, in a village, I looked on while some German soldiers ate their midday meal. Each portion consisted of three potatoes in their skins and the broth they had been boiled in. The broth may have been made with meat, but there was certainly no outward evidence of it. The men peeled the potatoes, ate them, and then drank the liquid. They had no bread or wine.

Very often while in France I thought of *The Moon is Down*. The condition of numb despondency reflected on the Nazis' faces was exactly what I had pictured when reading Steinbeck's novel. The French, whom I remembered as a noisy people, were strangely quiet. The Germans were even more quiet and looked more depressed. I never heard a German soldier laugh, never saw any groups of Nazis talking and joking as soldiers do in other parts of the world. When they spoke at all, it was in low tones.

They seemed to be woman hungry. Every time a pretty girl went by, their eyes invariably brightened only to grow dull again when she passed them without a glance. As a matter of fact, I seldom saw them with any girls. Even prostitutes wouldn't have much to do with them, because there had been too many examples of what the Underground did to women who played around with Germans.

Still leaning heavily on Monsieur Frontière, I walked another five blocks. We came to an apartment house. Crossing the courtyard, we went up two flights of stairs. Monsieur Frontière gave a special ring on the bell of one of the doors, which was immediately opened.

We were greeted warmly by Jean and Yvonne. They were espionage agents whom I had met in Madrid. Up to that time they had made

fourteen round trips over the mountains. They were in their thirties and came of wealthy, aristocratic families. Although brought up in security and comfort, they did without both in their job and accepted the hardships and unbelievable danger that went with it as lightly as though they were engaged in a make-believe game of cops and robbers. They joked continually about *"le petit mur,"* but they fully expected to end up before a firing squad. In Madrid they lived with false papers claiming a false nationality and stayed quite openly at the Ritz. Yvonne always pretended she had a bad heart and couldn't walk up even one flight of stairs.

In Pau they used their own names because they were known by everybody and they explained their many absences by saying she had to go to Paris to see what she could do for her eighty-year-old mother and two sisters who were in a German prison. Actually she never attempted to communicate with them for fear of making things worse for them, as well as calling attention to herself. Monsieur Frontière departed, and the maid, Henriette, was sent out to inform Pierre that I had arrived. Jean and Yvonne had no telephone so they had to use a neighbor's.

They, the maid, and Yvonne's eleven-year-old son were living in what can only be described as a railroad flat. It had two tiny bedrooms and a sitting room, in which they also ate. As Henriette spent most of her time running errands to do with Underground business, she didn't get around to doing much cleaning. The table in the sitting room was piled with dirty dishes, and there were papers and clothes scattered all over. I found an armchair in the sitting room and fell into it. By then I was practically in a coma and could take no interest in the food that Yvonne produced from a minute and disorderly kitchen.

Pierre arrived within half an hour, quiet and calm as ever. He burst out laughing when he saw me stretched out in the armchair. "Was it as bad as that?" he asked.

"Worse, much worse," I replied.

He sat down for a moment to talk with Jean. "I learned yesterday," he remarked casually, "that Gerard has sold out to the Gestapo."

Jean asked, "Has he been shot yet?"

"No," Pierre replied. "He's got something I want. I shall get it this afternoon and give orders to have him put out of the way tonight." They spoke as though they were discussing an invitation to a garden party. Then he turned to me and said, "You are going to stay with an English girl who is a very old friend of mine. I think you can remain

in her apartment without arousing any suspicions. You'll have to wait there until we get your papers in order."

We left the packages containing my small wardrobe to be delivered to me later. I still had difficulty in walking, but I succeeded in making the short distance we had to go without too much trouble. We crossed a square which was the center of the shopping district and which also contained the bus terminal. A few doors down a side street we turned in through a wide gateway. There was a long, narrow courtyard, flanked on one side by a low building which housed the concierge. At the head of a flight of stairs we came to a door. It led to a bare corridor. Another door on the right was the one we sought. Pierre opened it with a key, and we entered a charming sitting room furnished with some excellent pieces of old French furniture and gay with chintz. On the antique wooden mantel were two beautiful bouquets of pale pink peonies and lilacs. The two windows of the sitting room overlooked the courtyard. A small bedroom led off it and the kitchen and bathroom were at the back.

We sat down to wait for my hostess, who had gone out to luncheon. Pierre had not informed her until that morning that she was to have a guest. He never approved of letting his co-workers know anything too far ahead of time. "As I've told you," he said, "Jane is English. She lived here for several years before the war and remained on after the German occupation. When the Nazis took over this section of France after the North African invasion, they rounded her up with all the other foreigners and kept her locked in a villa for three days. After that, she and the others were allowed to go, and now all she has to do is report to the police once a week. She forms part of the Underground only in that she's attached to the organization which helps Allied flyers to escape from France. Besides, this flat is so conveniently located that we use it for leaving messages. I always pop in two or three times a day. It's safer than talking over the telephone."

Jane appeared very shortly. She was an extremely thin, dark girl in her early thirties with a waxlike face, which made her look rather like a mannequin in a store window. She spoke in a very low voice, and I never saw her excited or flurried. After taking one look at me, she said, "I think bed's the place for you. You will sleep in here on the sofa ordinarily, but this afternoon I'd better let you have my bed so that you can sleep without being disturbed." From then on, I remember nothing. Apparently I must have got out of my clothes and into the bed, but I was asleep as soon as I pulled the covers over me.

About midnight I opened one eye to see Jane getting something out

of a cupboard. Seeing that I was awake, she said, "I was afraid you were dead. Pierre and I looked in on you at dinnertime. We even shook a Martini over your head, but you never stirred." She brought me a glass of milk, part of the pint which a friend brought in every day from the country. It was cold and creamy and delicious. I fell asleep again and didn't wake up until ten the next morning. With Jane's help, I managed to reach the bathroom and got into the tub into which she had poured water boiled on the stove (the hot-water heater didn't work). She added some arnica, and when I got out of the tub I began to feel like a human being again.

Pierre had told Jane nothing about me. All she knew was that my name was Alice and that I was an American. She was supposed to assume that I was an agent of some kind, but the very first evening she asked, "What newspaper do you work for?" That was very upsetting. Whenever I pursue my profession as a journalist in foreign countries, I'm taken for a spy. And this time, when I was actually trying to pass for a spy, I was instantly spotted as a journalist.

It took several days to make arrangements for me to go to Paris. During the first three, I stayed in hiding except for one hour when I went to a photomaton in a department store. The pictures I had gone to so much trouble to have taken in Madrid were of no use. The marcelled hair-do I had so carefully adopted covered my ears, and according to new regulations, photographs on identity cards had to display the right ear.

The card was run up by a nice old lady in Tarbes who specialized in such things. She had the authentic paper and seals. Pierre brought it to the flat on the evening of the third day, and we filled it in, as well as putting my fingerprints on it. I took the name of Antoinette Martin. I was afraid I might carelessly have brought something with me which had a monogram on it, so I purposely chose a name whose initials corresponded with mine. We put in the correct date of my birth. That meant one thing less I might have to lie about. My place of birth, according to us, was Sedan. It was one of six cities in which the town hall had been completely destroyed by Allied bombs. As the records were all gone, there could be no checkup.

My place of residence we gave as St. Jean de Luz. That was in the forbidden coastal zone, which only residents could enter or leave without a special permit. I planned to visit it and, of course, didn't want to ask the Germans for a permit. Pierre said that my identity card was so good that I actually was registered in St. Jean de Luz, and the record of my residence there since 1941 would be found if anyone in-

quired at the police prefecture. I had been to St. Jean de Luz many years before and remembered it slightly. Pierre described the town to me street by street and public monument by public monument. No detail was overlooked.

On the first day, Pierre found me scratching at the lining of my shoes with a knife. When he inquired what I was doing, I explained that I was trying to remove the name of the American maker. He took the shoe away from me and said, "Don't bother about that. If the Germans ever pick you up, it will be because you've been denounced. In that case, they will know all about you and the labels in your shoes won't make any difference."

He went on, "You will always be followed by someone of our organization, so if you are picked up by the Gestapo we will know it immediately. We will also know exactly where you've been taken and that same night the Maquis will storm the building and get you out."

That was supposed to reassure me, but actually it had quite the opposite effect. Epecially when Pierre added, "I'm afraid we wouldn't have more than twenty-four hours in which to work. It would take the Germans just that long to discover that you have no information of any value. That, of course, is why we are willing to help you. If you really knew anything, it would be too dangerous. Once they have grilled you with no success, they'll certainly shoot you. As an American with false French papers, you will, of course, count as a spy."

I think I was really scared most of the time, but when I was with other people I wasn't aware of it. At night, however, I always had nightmares in which I was chased by sinister Gestapo agents.

26. A Wreck in Pau

During the first days, when I didn't have an identity card, it was necessary to keep my presence in Pau a secret. This was difficult at Jane's because her friends had fallen into the habit of dropping by for a chat whenever they were in town doing their marketing. We had to avoid them at all costs. This meant keeping the windows closed to prevent anyone in the courtyard hearing voices from the flat or seeing our heads as we passed back and forth.

The bell rang every half-hour or so. Each time, I ducked into the kitchen while Jane peeked out from behind the curtain to see whose bicycle was downstairs. By some miraculous means, she could tell one friend's machine from another. Most of the visitors were persistent for they knew that Jane was usually in after eleven o'clock in the morning. Maddeningly, they would ring several times and then we would hear them clattering downstairs to ask the concierge whether she'd seen Mademoiselle go out. Luckily, the concierge was old and took no interest in the comings and goings of the tenants. Her answers made very little sense and the visitor would finally grow discouraged and depart.

Pierre, Jean, Yvonne, and their maid had a special knock. So did Jane's best friend, Rosemary, an American girl who had lived most of her life in France and was married to a Frenchman. She used to give what she fondly imagined was a "V" signal. Always in a hurry, and usually in a turmoil over something, she dropped in several times a day to consult Jane about some problem. Her problems had to do with American and British flyers whom she helped to escape.

As Jane's health wasn't very good, the active part of the job was taken on by Rosemary. She was an ideal choice because there was nothing about her background which would have led anyone to expect her to be so fearless and energetic. Until the war, she had been a typical product of fashionable boarding schools and had made a conventional marriage with a wealthy young man of her own group. Although rather pretty, with masses of light brown hair, clear eyes, and a lovely complexion, she had been overshadowed by an older sister who was a belle. Most of her friends who had known her since childhood regarded her as a nice, though somewhat addle-headed, little girl, in spite of the fact that she was twenty-five. The only characteristics for which she was noted were laziness and an almost numb indifference to her surroundings.

By the time I met her there were few traces of the old Rosemary left. Fired by patriotism, she had become energetic, interested in everything, and so full of vitality that she never walked when she could run. She was up early every morning and bicycled an average of thirty miles a day. Although her cupboards were full of Paris clothes sent to her by a rich father-in-law, she stuck to one costume—a flannel skirt, a white blouse, and a man's jacket which some house guest showing belated good taste had left behind. It was much too big for her, had heavily padded shoulders, and was made of a stiff tweed in the wildest plaid I have ever seen outside Hollywood. It gave her the ap-

pearance of a heavy-set girl, and I was greatly surprised, one day when she took it off, to see that she was actually very thin. She liked that jacket and wore it not only because it saved her trouble, but also because it had inside pockets in which she could carry papers. Any one of those papers that she stuffed so negligently into the pockets could have caused her to be instantly shot by the Germans.

Jane and she were both perfectly aware of the risks they were taking, but they were never dramatic about them. They played with their lives as rashly as if they were stakes in a poker game. At the times when it looked as though everything were going wrong, they would inevitably see a funny aspect to the situation and collapse with laughter. It was this gaiety as much as their gallantry which aroused my admiration.

They often had financial as well as other worries in connection with the flyers. The money was a serious problem, for it cost about 7,000 francs per man for the French guides. (The Spanish ones were paid from the other side.) Seven thousand francs was the minimum, and the price just then was going up because the various organizations who looked after flyers had started bidding against one another. Aside from this item, there was the expense of travel in France, food for the boys while they were there, bread tickets bought in the black market for the bread which they took with them on the Pyrenees crossing, and, above all, shoes. The British flyers were all right in this respect for the tops of their flying boots could be cut off, but since the Americans usually went in for daylight raids at very high altitudes, they wore electric flying boots which had to be replaced with ordinary peasant shoes, stout and heavy enough for the long hike. Shoes were practically unobtainable in France, and when they could be bought, cost thousands of francs a pair.

The money for all these expenses was sent in from outside, but it didn't always arrive in time or in sufficient quantity. Rosie often dipped into her own pocket, but she couldn't spend any very great sums without having questions asked at home.

Jane could do nothing from the financial angle for she had to live on an income of 1,700 francs a month. She received this from England through Swiss diplomatic channels. (At the rate set by the American military authorities after the invasion, 1,700 francs amounts to only $34.) Somehow she managed to live on it. Her rent had never been raised and was 250 francs a month. With what was left over, she had to eat and pay her electric light and gas bills. Of course, there was no question of buying any clothes. Luckily she had quite a few on hand

and Rosemary often gave her dresses. Other friends would send luxuries for the table and wine. Every six months she received a huge earthenware jar containing duck preserved in fat from a friend in the country, and it often came in very useful at the end of the month when she began to run low in money and ration points.

Sugar was cheaper and more easily obtainable in town than it was in the country. She would mail a pound or so to somebody on a farm and receive butter in exchange. Eggs would also be mailed to her. As there was a terrific shortage of paper, all wrappings were returned to the sender. When she exchanged packages regularly with somebody, the outside wrapping had her name and address written on one side and the friend's written on the other. This same paper would be used until it wore out.

She did all her own work as did most of the women in France at that time. Servants were out of the question for the majority of people as a maid's wages had risen. Even those who could afford to pay 1,500 francs a month for a maid couldn't afford to feed her. In order to save money as well as wear and tear on her linens, Jane also did the laundry. Soap was terribly scarce. After trying the cake in her bathroom, I marveled at how she ever got anything clean. It not only looked like a large piece of gray stone, it might as well have been one for all the suds it produced. No amount of rubbing would make it lather. For her personal use and lingerie, Jane was luckier than most French people because travelers from Spain often brought her several cakes of soap. Once a week the concierge, a tall, gaunt old woman, came up and gave the place a thorough cleaning. She was remarkably untalkative for a Frenchwoman, and particularly for a French concierge. She minded her own business so strictly that she never gave any sign that she was aware of my presence.

It was difficult at first for me to adjust myself to the life. The first day I went out I made what could have been a very serious mistake. I smoked a cigarette on the street and threw away a long butt. If any passer-by had seen that careless gesture, he would immediately have spotted me as a newly arrived foreigner. Women received no tobacco ration cards, and those who smoked either got cards from men who didn't or bought cigarettes in the black market. The regular price for a package of Luckies or Camels smuggled from Spain was between 250 and 300 francs. Everybody had a little box in which to keep butts. These were later used to roll new cigarettes. Many women even carried these boxes in their purses, and they all had special metal contraptions for rolling their own.

The first few times I went shopping, Jane or Rosemary went along and hovered by anxiously to prevent my making any mistakes. They were afraid that I might ask for something which had been out of stock for years.

I helped with the housework. In fact, I did so much housework in France that I had callouses on my hands when I left. In the beginning I'm afraid that I was far more of a hindrance than a help because I understood so little about the shortages. The first time I lighted a fire, I used an entire newspaper and was starting to throw in a second when Jane caught me. She almost burst into tears at such extravagance. Newspapers were carefully hoarded to be used as wrappings. They were read only to study the lists published daily of Frenchmen executed by the Nazis.

Because of the laundry problem, Jane, like most people in France, never used tablecloths. I soon learned to wash and roll the linoleum cloth after each meal. We each had our own napkin which had to last a week. Jane taught me never to turn on more than one lamp at a time in order to save electricity. The current was so strictly rationed that no household, no matter how small, could ever stay within the limit allowed. According to the regulations, the limit might be slightly exceeded at the cost of a fine, but if it was exceeded too much, the current was cut off for seven days. And it was impossible to buy candles.

Gas was even more strictly rationed than electricity. Even by cooking very simple meals, Jane always exceeded the limit. A real bath was a luxury she could seldom afford. After the first day, when she allowed me three inches of water in the tub, I had to keep clean on a kettleful. In the three weeks I spent in France, I had only three real baths: the one at Jane's, the second when I was smuggled into Rosemary's house, and the third at the hotel in Paris.

Jane watched over me anxiously to make sure I wasn't too rough on household articles and utensils. I learned to turn taps on and off gently and to handle brooms, sweepers, and saucepans as though they had been made of the most delicate Venetian glass. That was necessary not only for reasons of economy, but also because once anything broke, it couldn't be repaired or replaced. Tea leaves and coffee grounds were always used twice. After that they were carefully put aside to give to the cleaning woman.

The food one could buy on a ration card amounted to ten meals a month. The rations varied and were divided into eight classes—children under three; children from three to six; from six to thirteen;

thirteen to twenty-one; adults over twenty-one; old people over seventy; workers; and agriculturalists.

Adults, for instance, were entitled to three hundred grams of bread a day; theoretically they got fifty grams of cheese a week—but few people ever saw that much. The monthly rations were: 180 grams of fat (but there was also a catch here for, according to the cards, this amount was merely *"en principe"*); 500 grams of sugar; 150 grams of *café national,* which included ten grams of actual coffee; sometimes half a pound of noodles or spaghetti; between ninety and a hundred grams of meat and ninety grams of sausages; four liters of wine, also known as *"national,"* which was as undrinkable as the coffee; in some localities, two kilos of potatoes. Cigarette rations varied between four and six packages a month. Sometimes there was a half a pound of jam. A household containing two people received 300 kilos of coal for the winter. Fish, chicken, and eggs varied. On the average, I found that people had been able to get fish on their cards once every four months, chicken twice a year, and one egg a month.

It can be seen from this that it was necessaray to resort to the black market. The prices were fabulous. Meat cost 250 francs a kilo, pork from 300 to 350, butter from 500 to 700, and sugar about 200. Even more so than in Spain, everybody either sold or bought in the black market. Peasants had made so much money that by the time I reached France they no longer wanted to take cash. They had gone back to the barter system.

Even with all this, the food situation was better than I had expected to find it. After all, France is agriculturally the richest country in Europe. Although the Germans were requisitioning 80 per cent of the meat, it must be remembered that they were requisitioning 80 per cent of what they could get their hands on. When I reported this on my return to the United States in June, I aroused considerable indignation. Nobody would believe it because everybody was determined that the French must be starving. When the stories began to come back from Normandy of the amount of food the American troops had found there, my statements were confirmed. But the indignation was just as great. I never could understand why the American public was so disappointed at hearing that the French weren't all dying of hunger.

Of course, there may be an explanation for this in the fact that as a nation we have never had to endure oppression. When we talk of suffering, we think of it in its physical aspects, such as hunger and violent death. Mental anguish can actually be much worse. A boy in the Maquis put it in these words: "One can endure hunger. The real

torture is the continual fear in which we live. To understand that, you have to know what it is like to be hunted, to return home each evening wondering whether you will find your family there. You have to understand the agony of a woman whose husband or son has been taken by the Gestapo and who can't find out where he is, or even whether he is alive or dead."

Eventually I did come to understand. I met no one, not even among collaborationists, who didn't have a member of his family either in prison or working in Germany or dead at the hands of the Nazis. In one of the small villages I visited I spent an hour with a young woman who was still in her thirties. She looked fifty. She was the widow of a lawyer. "My husband," she said, "worked in the resistance. He was caught and kept in jail eight months. At the end of that time he was shot. The German officials told me I could have his body if I paid eleven thousand francs."

"Of course you didn't pay!" I cried.

"Yes, I did," she answered very quietly. "You see, there was always the hope that it might not be his body."

Edouard, who convoyed American flyers, had a sister who lived in Clermont Ferrand. Married late in life, she adored her husband, who worked on a newspaper. Not very able, he got caught after doing only two or three small jobs for the Underground.

He was taken to a local prison where she went every day to deliver parcels of clean clothes and food. The crowds of other women on the same errand were so big that she often waited in line as long as four hours. Then, one day after about a month, she was told that she needn't come back any more as her husband had been moved. She tried every way she could to find out what had happened to him, but could get no information at all.

In despair, she arrived at Pau to ask Edouard's advice. He, of course, could do nothing. She went around dull-eyed and expressionless. When she came to Jane's she just sat quietly, not listening to anything that was said, unless the subject touched on prisons. Then suddenly she would come alive and take a passionate interest in the conversation. One day she announced, "I am going to Paris next week to make a round of all the prisons. If I ask at every one, I'm sure to find my husband." We all tried to dissuade her, but she was quite determined. Then a message was forwarded from Clermont Ferrand, telling her to be at Lyons two days later with her husband's clothes; he was about to leave for Germany.

Those were just two instances of the many I encountered. Everyone

story a bit. I couldn't very well assume a French accent in so we said that I was of American birth, but of French n through marriage. Luckily, nobody ever inquired after Monsi tin. They didn't seem to be at all interested in him, and I was upon to create an imaginary husband.

There were a few uncomfortable moments. The worst occ morning when a silly, chattering Englishwoman blew in to and found me still in bed in the sitting room. She had me because, not having included a nightgown in my luggage, I v between the sheets naked. Her curiosity immediately arouse unexpected presence, she wanted to know all about me. Jane edly murmured something to the effect that I was her bes cousin, at which the lady exclaimed, "But how nice for you t little friend staying with you!" From then on, all Jane's effo her attention on some other subject were in vain. She was one extraordinary creatures who can live right through a war having it in any way change her mental outlook. Her very soc had obviously remained unchanged since her debutante c wanted to know where I lived. I replied, "Cannes."

"When did you leave there?"

That was a poser because I didn't exactly know when the had evacuated the Mediterranean coast. At random I sai months ago."

Quick as lightning she came back with "But at that time, hadn't been given for the evacuation."

"No," I answered, "but I could see it was coming, and I w get out before I had to."

"Where did you go?"

"Grenoble," I said for no good reason.

She was horrified. "But why would you have chosen Grenol terrible places?"

"I don't know. It just seemed the obvious choice at the tim

"Did you have friends there?"

I was ready for that one and answered very firmly, "I didn' soul."

"Where did you stay?"

"At a small cheap pension that you never would have hea

That seemed to satisfy her on that score, but she continued about the room restlessly, still asking questions. "How long going to stay here?" she inquired.

"Just a few days."

where are you going?"
en't quite made up my mind. I feel very lost and can't decide
› settle. I think I'll do a bit of visiting for a few weeks."
t she departed, leaving Jane and me feeling quite limp.
ɛ fourth evening of my stay, Jane had some friends in to din-
ɛy included a pretty and seemingly very frivolous Countess
olande, in her early forties, who lived on a country property
Her two sons were in Algiers. She was careful to keep that
' dark and was on good terms with many collaborationists as
ıome Germans. At the table the subject of Allied flyers some-
ıe up, and Yolande observed that she wouldn't know what to
ɣ of them turned up on her place. After much discussion, she
that she would keep them for twenty-four hours, give them
l money, and then send them on their way. Jane, Rosemary,
d a difficult time keeping straight faces. As it happened, there
gular path beaten across her property by flyers who used it as
ut practically every night.
as planning to go to Paris to stay with friends, but she was
htened at the idea of traveling alone. The bombings and de-
had made train travel hazardous. When she heard that I was
or Paris, she immediately suggested that we go together. This
in a panic. After dinner, when we were clearing the table, I
ı and Yvonne aside and whispered, "How do I get rid of her?
ws I'm going to Paris, and it's probably going to be impossible
e the date of my departure."
nerely smiled and said, "Don't get excited. She was invited
h a purpose. We hoped just this would happen. There could
ɛtter cover for you than traveling with another woman, and
ɣ one who gets on so well with collaborationists."
finally agreed that Yolande and I should meet in Biarritz the
ınday evening. She was going on a week-end visit near Biar-
said her friends would get her there somehow. She didn't
ɛrmit to enter the coastal zone, but thought it would be safe
chance.
aged to keep fairly busy while I waited. After finishing the
rk in the morning, I would go out to do the marketing or
bits of shopping. I wanted to see what there was for sale in
s. Most of them were fairly well filled with merchandise, al-
ɔn the whole it was cheap and shoddy. The one thing that
ouldn't be found was kitchen utensils and such things as steel
cleaning frying pans.

At a small shop I selected a broad-brimmed navy-blue felt hat. It cost 250 francs. Dipping low over one eye, it almost entirely concealed the upper part of my face. Wearing it gave me the great advantage of seeing people before they saw me. If I ran into anyone I knew, I could turn away before being recognized. Jane was very surprised at the ease with which I had found the hat, for she said that it had been practically impossible to buy anything in felt for months. It wasn't what one would describe as very chic, and according to Rosemary it made me look just like a German nurse. That wasn't flattering, but it was pretty much the effect I wanted to achieve.

There was a shop which specialized in handmade, very much beribboned children's clothes. I thought of getting something for Adela's child, but had to give that up when I discovered that coupons were needed.

On the surface, life seemed very normal in Pau. Only the presence of the German soldiers on every street reminded one continually of the situation. People kept on living pretty much as they had before the war, except that they used bicycles instead of cars. There were dinner parties every night, some small and intimate, and others large and quite formal. People played bridge and golf. They met at the club on Saturdays and Sundays, and during the season there had even been horse racing as usual. I dined twice in large houses. Both times the food and wine were excellent. Even the service was good, although the menservants were all old. Everyone was having difficulty in finding men to work in the house and fields. All the young, strong ones had been conscripted for labor in Germany, and the farmers, who were exempt, had their own places to look after. One man, the citizen of a neutral country, however, told me that until three months before, he had had a thirty-six-year-old English chauffeur. Then suddenly the Germans had been tipped off to his presence in Pau and were about to conscript him. Just one hour before they arrived to take him away he managed to disappear, and he was still hiding on the property.

There was a great deal of gossip of the usual kind and it predominated in most conversations. There were also the customary feuds. Rosemary became involved in one of these through Jean and Yvonne. It was ludicrous, but might have been very dangerous. Jean, unfortunately, had an ex-wife who lived in a château just outside of town. She was on friendly terms with Jean's cousin, an old countess who worked in the organization. The Countess hated Yvonne and, because of her loyalty to Jean's first wife, didn't like him very much either. Aside from that, she was envious; she was convinced that Jean was

being better paid for his work than she was for hers. Without thinking, apparently, that if she hanged Jean, she might well hang with him, she began inventing the most fantastic stories about the millions that he was earning through his work. She carried on about how disgraceful it was that Yvonne should have such fine clothes—all imported from Spain.

This gossip immediately got back to Jean, who called in the Countess, gave her a lecture, and forbade her or her daughter ever to enter his house again. Unfortunately, he also forbade her to see Rosemary. At that, poor Rosemary received a summons to the "palace," as the Countess' pink marble villa was known. There she was greeted with much weeping and wailing and many accusations against Jean. She came back to Jane's and gave a report on the interview. She was extremely comical about it, but nevertheless rather frightened. Pierre happened to be present and she begged him for advice. Imperturbable as usual, he just laughed and said, "Don't worry. All this will be over by tomorrow. I know the right cure for the old harridan's trouble. I will give her ten thousand francs tonight, and she'll be satisfied. She's just furious because she thinks Jean is getting more money than she is."

Another name that often cropped up in Jane's and Rosemary's conversations was "La Générale." That was the nickname they had given to a very efficient older woman who was one of the heads of the local organization. Besides that, she ran the social-service end of the Underground in that section. In this case, the social service consisted of looking out for the wives and families of resistance members who had either been shot or imprisoned by the Gestapo. "La Générale" would visit these people and give them clothes, food, and money. When it seemed better for them to go away, she made the traveling arrangements.

Rosemary took me to see her once. She lived in a neat little stucco villa with a tiny garden. Rosemary pointed out a place under a bush where she said La Générale had buried 4,000 copper francs. Although hard up, she had sacrificed this money rather than let the Germans get their hands on the copper.

The sitting room was a replica of every sitting room I had ever seen in a French bourgeois house: stiff, imitation Louis Quinze chairs and settees neatly placed around the wall and a glass-fronted cabinet full of fans and bits of porcelain and lace. But there were less conventional features to the house. Underneath there was a big cellar with cots for the accommodation of either flyers or members of the Underground who had to be hidden.

La Générale received us in an upstairs room austerely furnished with a big square table and four straight chairs. This was her office. As soon as I saw her I understood why she could go about her work unsuspected. She was the prototype of the respectable French governess, complete with high pompadour created with the aid of a frizzy transformation; a high-collared black dress; button shoes; and chains festooned on a bosom that looked as though it were encased in a shoe box. Her manner was genteel beyond belief and she moved with tiny tripping steps, carefully putting her toes down first. She talked incessantly in a high monotonous voice with a prunes and prisms enunciation. As she spoke, spit collected in a corner of her mouth. I was so interested in seeing whether she was going to swallow it or let it dribble down her chin that I sometimes lost track of what she was saying. But always, just in the nick of time, she swallowed. While we were talking a young man wearing peasant clothes came into the room. He reported, "I have just heard a rumor that Robert has been bought by the Gestapo. What shall we do about it?"

La Générale looked up and answered curtly, "Order him to be shot tonight." Then she went on with some story she was telling me about her social-service work.

I simply couldn't let it go at that and asked, "Surely you can't shoot this man just because of a rumor? You haven't any proof."

In a tone she might have used to explain the pluperfect tense to a rather dull pupil, she replied, "In this business, one doesn't have time for collecting proof." Then she went right on with a sluggish story as though there had been no interruption.

Suddenly I realized that here before me, in spite of her genteel airs and refined manner, was a true descendant of the *tricoteuses* of the Revolution. In her I had a further proof that the real French spirit still lived.

28. An American Fighter Pilot

The term "Maquis," I discovered, was a loose one. It was used in France at that time to describe anyone who resisted the Germans in any way. A man who merely hid out in the mountains to avoid being

conscripted for labor in Germany was rated as a Maquisard. He didn't necessarily have to be engaged in active work for the Underground.

It was something of a surprise to find that the Underground wasn't one large organization under one leader. It was divided into groups, some pro-De Gaulle and the others pro-Giraud. (On the whole, I found that the Giraudists were in the north, while the Gaullists were in the south.) A member of a group seldom knew anyone except his immediate chief and the people with whom he was in close contact. That was one of the reasons that the Germans had so much difficulty in repressing the resistance. They could lop off the branches of the tree, so to speak, but they could never get their ax into the trunk.

Jane and Rosemary were directly connected only with the section of the Underground which made the arrangements for Allied flyers to escape. Their group was merely one of many. Intensification of the raids in the spring meant that more Allied crews were bailing out over France than ever before. In April there were 500 airmen in Paris alone. There, although they were supposed to be in hiding, they went to restaurants, cafés, and movie theaters. Of course, since few of them spoke a word of French, they could never go out unaccompanied. A French person was always with them to do the talking. Pau being a small town, they couldn't appear in public at all. They would have been far too easy to spot.

According to the figures given me later in Madrid, 45 per cent of the men who landed in France alive managed to escape. As the organizations spread all over the country like a network, it was not too difficult for members of Allied crews who had bailed out during a raid to contact one of them. Even people who were not in any way connected with the Underground would help the boys and eventually put them in touch with the right person. I heard of only one case of anybody turning in a flyer.

Usually the men traveled in groups of four with a Frenchman or -woman acting as convoy. When a foursome left Paris, word would be sent ahead. That was where Rosemary and Jane came into the picture. Their job was to find somewhere to put the flyers up in Pau and see that they got out as quickly as possible. Getting quarters for them was the real problem. Jane's flat was too small and too centrally located to be of any use. Rosemary's house was out of the question. In the first place, her husband knew nothing about her connection with the Underground, and in the second, she had some Portuguese friends staying with her. This arrangement was inconvenient, but it had been prefer-

able to the only alternative of having German officers quartered in the house.

Since sheltering Allied airmen carried a death penalty, only people willing to risk their lives for the cause would co-operate. Rosemary and Jane had to find out who of those with pro-Ally sympathies could be counted on to go that far. A more serious drawback was that the same house or apartment couldn't be used too often. A certain amount of unusual activity was inevitable as food had to be taken to the men, and Rosemary or Jane had to call several times. If this happened repeatedly in one place, it was sure to arouse suspicion. For that reason it was never considered safe to use the same house more often than once a month.

The moment Rosemary received word that a group of flyers was on the way, she would start making the rounds of all the people who might possibly take in her charges. She approached the owners of private houses, apartments, small hotels, pensions, assignation houses, and even brothels. This certainly widened her circle of acquaintances, and some of her best friends were very shady characters indeed. But nothing mattered to her if only they would help. Luckily, her husband wasn't curious. He never asked any questions, even when days went by without her turning up for luncheon or dinner. It is difficult to believe that he didn't have some suspicions, but apparently he didn't care so long as he, personally, wasn't involved.

Train schedules were extremely erratic because of the damage caused to the railroads by air raids and Maquis derailings. Usually the flyers came in on a train that was scheduled to arrive in the early afternoon. It seldom pulled in before nighttime. Never knowing exactly when to expect them, Rosemary made a point of going to the station herself to make sure that the boys actually reached Pau and were picked up by the convoys who were supposed to lead them from the station to wherever they were spending the night.

The curfew lasted from eleven at night until five-thirty in the morning. Anyone out on the streets between those hours without a special pass was instantly arrested by the Germans. And the patrols had an unfortunate habit of shooting first and asking questions later. Rosemary would go to the station when the train was expected and sit in the waiting room. When she had to remain after eleven o'clock at night, she would walk out with the passengers asking for a special pass as though she too had arrived by train. The guards, of course, must have recognized her after the first few times, but happily they were French and could be counted upon to play dumb.

After she had followed the boys to the house where they were to be quartered, she didn't dare go any farther until after the curfew. Night after night she sat on a hard kitchen chair in cellars or in attics, waiting for the hour when it would be safe to appear on the streets again.

Several times I went with Rosemary to collect food for the men. Some things we bought ourselves, but most of them we picked up at a small pension where the owners, an old woman and her son, kept vegetables and ham and bread and eggs stored in the basement. Since they ran a boardinghouse, they could buy food in large quanties without making themselves conspicuous. After filling the pouches which hung on either side of our bicycles, we would start off to distribute the food at various places where flyers were in hiding. We usually stopped for a chat with the men.

With the exception of two Canadians, all the ones I met were Americans—they were generally bombardiers, engineers, waist gunners, or radio operators. Once, as we were leaving a house where we had visited two sergeants, Rosemary observed wistfully, "We never seem to get an actual pilot. Of course I know all these men are important, but still I wish we'd get a pilot."

One day we dropped into a small hotel run by two extraordinarily respectable old maids. We climbed to the top story where we'd been told we would find the Americans. Not daring to knock, we just opened the door. Three men lying in bed sat up, eyes popping with terror. "It's all right," Rosemary said. "We're Americans." The boys relaxed a bit, but they weren't entirely reassured. They kept glancing at us anxiously from time to time. Their nervousness was partly due to the fact that early that morning there had been a police raid. They had been hustled up a ladder that led to the attic, where they stayed for an hour, not daring to stir. The experience had left them jittery.

We gave them some cigarettes, and were astonished at their excitement. They stared at those Lucky Strikes as though they were diamonds. "Gee!" one of the boys exclaimed. "I didn't even know they made these things any more! We've been rolling our own ever since we've been in this country. None of us is very good at it. Coming down on the train, there was an old man in our compartment who kept giving me queer looks whenever I began to spill tobacco all over the place."

We asked them if they had had any narrow escapes. One, a snub-nosed kid from Texas, answered, "Well, at Toulouse there were police at the station asking everybody for identification papers. We just showed them our American cards, and they handed them right back

without batting an eyelash. They were French, of course. Still, it was a terrible moment. I don't like these French trains. I tell you, I'd rather go on ten bombing missions over Berlin than to take that train ride from Paris to Toulouse again."

The next day we took some food to a Canadian and American who were hiding in the attic of a small villa on the outskirts of the town. The owner of the house was an artist. At least he painted and did sculpture. He was out, but we saw evidences of his art on all the walls. In the dining room there was a bas-relief of Roosevelt surrounded by a sort of garland of Lorraine crosses. The features were more those of Churchill than Roosevelt, but in either case it was a dangerous work to display. Madame, to whom we pointed this out, merely shrugged and said her husband had to let off steam somehow.

She led the way up to the attic where we found the two men being entertained by Madame La Générale. She didn't speak English, and they didn't speak French. Each seemed quite happy chattering in his own language. They were playing some kind of card game, which the boys said they couldn't understand, and La Générale was beating them badly.

The Canadian was extremely tall and very blond. Scarcely the perfect type to pass off as a Frenchman, but he had managed to remain three months in Amiens, two weeks in Paris, and to travel south in the train without being caught. His companion was a heavy-set, dark boy of Italian extraction who also looked anything but French. His accent, when he spoke, made me homesick. He sounded just like a New York taxicab driver.

La Générale left with us, and on the way downstairs said we must see the artistic creations of Suzanne, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the house. For an hour we had to admire one wildly tinted water color after another, while Maman and La Générale stood by beaming with pride. Still we hadn't seen everything. La Générale asked Maman to show us her piece of white satin. We went into the dining room where Suzanne's mother climbed up on a chair, lifted a false top off the high sideboard, and produced a roll of white satin. With a dramatic gesture, she unfurled it. It was a banner decorated with the Cross of Lorraine in red satin. Also in red satin were the words, *"De Gaulle comme Jehane d'Arc, pour la France."*

"On the day of victory," she announced, "Suzanne is going to go through the streets of Pau carrying this banner. I have made her a long flowing white dress and a Phrygian cap to wear on the occasion. I wish she could ride on a white horse, but I haven't been able to find a white

horse anyplace. However, I do know where I can get a white donkey. Do you think that will do?" We assured her that we thought it would do very well.

One morning, early, as I was making up my bed in the sitting room, I heard Rosie's characteristic knock on the door. It was quicker and even more agitated than usual. When I opened the door Rosemary flew past me to the kitchen where Jane was washing dishes. I heard her exclaim, "Carlow has arrived! I don't know what to do." They were both looking very serious when they came into the room. Rosemary was wringing her hands and saying, "I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do."

Jane said, "There's nothing for it, Rosie. You'll have to drop him like a hot cake. It's much too dangerous to take a chance."

Rosemary paced the floor, wringing her hands harder than ever. "But I can't, I can't," she wailed. "He may really be an American, and if he is, think how awful it would be to know that we had let him fall into the hands of the Germans."

Jane explained to me that a young man had arrived who said he was an American flyer. The trouble was that he had somehow managed to travel that far on his own and had not contacted the organization until getting to Tarbes.

"How did you happen to hear of him?" I inquired.

"He was sent to Monsieur Dupont."

"Isn't he part of the organization?"

"He's supposed to be, but now I've just been told that he's suspected of having sold out. If he really has, that means that this man isn't an American at all, but a German planted on us to find out the line we're using."

"But surely," I said, "you can tell by talking to him whether he's an American or not."

Rosemary shook her head. "No, I've lived in France too long. I can't tell one American accent from another."

"I think I can," I told her. "Let me talk to him for awhile, then I'll probably be able to judge whether or not he's a phony."

It was finally decided that all arrangements would be made for Carlow to leave that evening in a group of eight. Rosemary was to bring him in to tea an hour before bus time. If I gave her the high sign that he was all right, she would lead him to the bus station and he would leave. If I thought there was anything wrong with him, he would be taken back to the house where he was living and cross-

examined. In case he turned out to be a German, he could be quietly disposed of that same night.

At five o'clock the bell rang. Jane opened the door and a young man slipped in. Rosemary stayed outside in the hall and signaled wildly for me to come out. When I joined her, she clutched my arm and whispered, "There's something very queer about this fellow. I asked him how many missions he'd been on, and he answered casually, 'Oh, a hundred or so.' To begin with, they're never supposed to go on more than twenty-five, and although I've passed about seventy flyers, I've never had one who had been on more than thirteen missions. Usually they seem to get it on the fifth or sixth."

We went into the flat. I inspected the young man carefully. He was wearing the same kind of clothes that all of them wore—heavy peasant boots, threadbare trousers, a blue reefer, and a beret. If he was an American, he had one great asset. At least he wouldn't stand out in a crowd of Frenchmen like most of the tall blond youths I had seen.

I asked how long he'd been in France. "Two months," he replied. Just then Jane came in with the tea and the cake she had baked that morning. Somehow, she performed miracles on the days flyers came to tea and always had something good for them to eat. I began to put questions in order to make Carlow talk.

He told his story very simply. "I came down near Amiens, in the section we call 'Purple Heart Corner,'" he said. "After burying my parachute in the wood, I hid by the side of the road until I saw a buggy coming along. There were only two girls in it, so I thought it would be safe to show myself. I hailed them and pointed to my uniform. They caught on right away and made signs to show that I was to hide again and they'd be back. In a little while, one of the girls returned with a farmer. She dropped him and went away again. The farmer gave me this old pair of pants and coat. After I had put them on over my uniform, he led me to a barn where I hid for several days. While I was there I got sick. The farmer brought a doctor to see me who gave me some fine medicine. When I was strong enough, the doctor handed me a ticket and put me on a train and told me whom to contact in Tarbes. Neither he nor the farmer would take a penny of money. I still have most of the two thousand francs that were in my rescue kit."

At the mention of rescue kit, Rosemary's eyes gleamed. She loved the maps printed in colors on squares of silk which all the men had in their kits. Often they gave them to her. She was making a collection which she buried in her garden with the idea of digging the maps up

after the war for use as scarves. Carlow produced his, on which he had penciled the route he had taken from Amiens. Much to Rosemary's disappointment, he put it in his pocket again.

His accent, as he spoke, was unmistakably New England. I wasn't surprised when he told me that he came from Maine. He named a small town that I had never heard of. That didn't make any difference because I figured that only a person who had lived in Maine a long time could have just that accent.

I looked over at Rosemary. She was sitting on the edge of her chair, gripping its arms and gazing at me anxiously. I answered her unspoken question by nodding my head and forming with my lips the words, "All right."

She relaxed and sat back. The atmosphere changed and became more that of a normal tea party. Carlow sipped his tea slowly and ate sparingly of the cake. The boys always behaved that way when they came to tea. With innate good manners, they held back, feeling they shouldn't eat all of Jane's rations. When it came to American cigarettes, however, their self-control slipped. I had brought several cartons of Luckies and Camels from Spain, where they were on sale, and would hand them out to the flyers. Carlow's reaction to the package I offered him was the same as the other's. "My God! American cigarettes!" he cried.

He was cautious about answering questions, but that was usual. The boys were always careful not to tell us where they'd been based in England. He did volunteer, however, the fact that he was the pilot of a Mustang. Rosemary spilled her tea at that point. This was exciting news. At last, a pilot! Just to keep the conversation going, I inquired how long he'd been in England. He replied, "Since 1940."

That gave me a jolt, and I could see the other two girls stiffen. He looked surprised at the expression of dismay that was all too plain on our faces. "But," I finally brought out, "America only got into the war in 1941."

"I was with the Eagle Squadron," he answered easily. Again we three relaxed, and I, for one, sighed with relief. That made everything understandable—even the fact that he'd been on a hundred missions. It also gave us an extra check on him, for I had several friends who had been in the Eagle Squadron. He knew most of them and mentioned details that made it clear he actually had known them well. It was safe to let him leave that night.

Rosemary got up and said it was time to go. She told him to follow thirty seconds after she left and gave him some ration tickets for bread

with instructions that they were to be turned over to the guide once he reached the mountains. The guides always bought the bread and provided the rest of the food. He refused the ten lumps of sugar which had been wrapped up for him, saying his friend the doctor had given him some medicine to take in case of exhaustion. Rosemary told him exactly what to do at the bus station. She also put a newspaper in his pocket with the edge showing so that his convoy would spot him.

"You get off at the last stop," she said, "so you don't have to worry along the way. Once there, walk straight ahead, cross a bridge, turn left, and sit on the second bench in the square. Edmond, who's going to convoy you, will pick you and your companions up there. He will lead you to the place where you are to meet the guides."

She left and we could hear her heavy wooden-soled shoes clack-clacking down the stairs. Jane stood by the window to make sure no one was waiting to follow her. Carlow went up to the mirror over the mantelpiece and adjusted his beret at exactly the right French angle. He thanked us. We shook hands, wished him luck, and he went out. The last we saw of him he was walking nonchalantly through the gate of the courtyard.

We were still clearing up the tea things when we heard Rosemary coming up the stairs. She was running. We opened the door before she had time to ring. She came in, hair flying and eyes shining, and flung herself on the bench in front of the fireplace. We wanted to know if the boys had left safely. "Oh, yes," she answered. Then she cried, "Oh, Jane, just think—he really was a fighter pilot! He's the best one we've ever had. We've never had a fighter pilot before!"

29. Biarritz and Bayonne

At last all the preparations were made for the trip to Paris. It came as a surprise to discover that I didn't need any special permit in order to travel by train. When the Germans took over all of France at the time of the North African invasion, the inhabitants of what had once been the occupied zone still couldn't communicate by telephone or telegraph with those in what had formerly been the unoccupied zone, but

they could travel freely between the two. The only restrictions were in the coastal regions. Biarritz was in one of these forbidden zones. However, as my identity card described me as a resident of St. Jean de Luz, there was no reason to expect any complications in case I was stopped in Bayonne.

On Monday afternoon, April 24, I left Pau by car. There was a certain amount of risk involved in that, partly because cars were so rare that they attracted attention, and partly because they weren't supposed to carry women passengers, but I was anxious to get a close view of this part of the country. Patrols had suddenly been put on at the entrance and exits of Pau, but we took a back road and avoided them.

We drove along a straight tree-bordered highway typical of France, passing old châteaux and prosperous-looking farms. The only other vehicles we met were German trucks. Everything looked peaceful and serene except that at intervals beautiful old trees were being chopped down by German soldiers and Russian prisoners. These trees were to be used in building fortifications. Also, the Germans wanted them down so that the roads wouldn't be so well marked from the air.

It was a tragic sight, for those tree-lined roads are very characteristic of France. Aside from that, the trees have a definite purpose. They prevent the earth on either side from being washed away. Without them, the French roads soon go to pieces. They already were showing the effects.

Few trucks or lorries were used for transporting logs. Most of the work was being done with carts drawn by Percherons. The horses were fat and sleek. They looked definitely better fed and cared for than the men. Most of the Russian prisoners, I noted, seemed to have come from the east, for they were very Mongolian in type. Their faces were quite expressionless as they worked.

There was a steady stream of heavy artillery moving toward the frontier and the southwest coast. Time and again we had to get out of the way to allow cannons and field pieces to rumble past. It looked as though the Germans might have taken seriously the rumor which was current in Spain about that time—that the Allies were going to land in Bilbao.

On my return to Madrid, when I was telling an assistant American military attaché about having seen all this heavy artillery, he asked for more details. He wanted to know the exact size of the guns. I answered that I didn't know. "Well," he insisted, "did you see any howitzers?" I confessed that, although I had often heard the word, I had never taken the trouble to ascertain exactly what it meant. Still trying, he

asked, "Were any of the cannons you saw big enough so that you could have put your head into one?"

"Look," I snapped, "I was already in sufficient danger without going and putting my head in the mouth of a German cannon!"

After three hours we reached Bayonne. We were afraid of being stopped on the bridge, but there was no sign of a patrol of any kind. Between Bayonne and Biarritz the road was badly scarred. Signs at intervals announced that it was mined, which explained the many patches we saw in the asphalt.

In Biarritz I got out of the car in the center of town to take a walk while Raoul went off to see what he could do about getting sleeping-car accommodations for Yolande and me on the Paris express that night.

Just three weeks earlier, Biarritz had been bombed by American planes. Something appeared to have gone wrong, for the town itself, where there were no military objectives, was badly battered. The story was that the lead bomber had been struck by antiaircraft fire and had had to drop his load. The other planes followed suit and dropped theirs. Whatever the reason, the section all along the Rue Mazagran and out toward the Chambre d'Amour was a pile of wreckage. The debris hadn't yet been cleared up completely. Broken glass and bricks littered the sidewalks; wooden planks were nailed across empty spaces where there had formerly been shop windows. There were warnings against looting pasted up everywhere, and one house out of three bore a sign forbidding entrance because of the danger of walls collapsing.

About 200 people were killed in that raid. I met a man whose wife had been a victim. They had stood in the doorway leading to the cellar of their villa and he had his arm around her. When a bomb dropped near by she was killed instantly, while he received only a slight scratch on the cheek.

There was considerable grumbling against the Americans, who, it was said, were less humane than the British. It was quite seriously believed that the British dropped flares several minutes before loosing their bombs as a warning to the civilian population. The real explanation, of course, was that the English raids were at night and the flares were dropped to fix the target. American raids were in the daytime so that flares were useless and the planes flew so high that the aim couldn't be as accurate.

By walking into small shops on the streets that had been hit and entering into conversation with the proprietors, and by talking with

people on the streets on the pretext of asking a direction, I succeeded in obtaining some idea of the reaction to the bombing.

One man who was a government employee told me that his wife had been killed and his house completely destroyed. "What a terrible thing it is, Madame," he said, "to be slaughtered by the very people who are coming to liberate us."

"But surely it's an unavoidable necessity," I said.

"Let us hope so. I, for one, will be able to forgive and forget everything if this present horror is really a prelude to the invasion."

Raoul was waiting for me when I got back to the Place de la Mairie. No amount of pull or graft had been of any use in obtaining a compartment for that night. Everything had been reserved for weeks in advance. I didn't care, as the day trip gave me a better opportunity to see what travel was like. Yolande, when I stopped to pick her up at the address she had given me, was a very good sport about it. She, too, said she almost preferred going up to Paris in the daytime.

Raoul had left me with instructions as to what I was to do that night. He made arrangements for Yolande and me to sleep in the villa of some South Americans who were away at the time. Only the servants were in the house, and they had been told to expect us. I was to pretend to Yolande that the owners were friends of mine. The next day we were to take the servants' bicycles and pedal to La Negresse, a station a few miles out of Biarritz. The suitcases were to be picked up early that morning and delivered to us there. The bicycles would be collected later at the station by a friend of Raoul's and returned to the villa.

Yolande had some friends who lived in a château near Bayonne. She called them up, and they invited us to come right over. They were giving a party. Leaving our suitcases at the villa, we took two bicycles, rode to the railway station, and put them on the train, so that we could bicycle to the château after we reached Bayonne.

The grounds were full of German soldiers, and we saw some currycombing horses as we pedaled past the stables, but Nazi officers had been kept out of the house itself. Our hostess was a high-spirited Irish girl married to a Frenchman, who managed to brazen her way through all kinds of difficulties, counting on her neutrality to save her. She always spoke English, even over the telephone, much to the annoyance of her friends, and she told us that when two German officers were quartered on her, she led them firmly up to the attic. There she pointed to some mattresses on the floor and said, "Here you are. This will have to do." Then she went downstairs and turned the radio on at its

loudest for a BBC news broadcast. The next day the officers departed and no others came to take their places.

There were about twenty people sitting out on the terrace when we arrived. The party had started at noon, but the buffet lunch hadn't been served until three o'clock. It was obvious that everyone had spent the interval filling up on cocktails. The men were dressed in flannels and the women wore scanty bathing suits or slacks. Everyone was tight and extremely gay. I felt very out of place in my shabby blue suit and hat. I must have looked it too, for no one paid much attention to me, except to offer me a drink once in a while. The cocktails had been replaced by a very strong punch. After one taste, I disposed of the contents of my glass by pouring the stuff into the plants. I didn't want to take a chance on growing talkative.

They all knew each other intimately and gossiped merrily about Hélène and Daisy and Bobby, for all the world as though they were playing an English drawing-room comedy. There was a gramophone playing inside and couples wandered into the sitting room to dance. I had that uncomfortable, awkward feeling that overcomes one in a group of which one doesn't form a part. My hands and feet seemed to be enormous, and I was sure I was looking very prim and disapproving. Once in a while the hostess, taken with an unexpected spasm of politeness, would try to draw me into the conversation. It would have been better if she hadn't, for it led to my making a very bad break. She was talking to a young man whom she had brought over to introduce and happened to mention a close friend of mine, a Spanish girl who had recently married and lived in the neighborhood with her husband. Stupidly, I gave away the fact that I knew her, but then added that I hadn't seen her in many years. After a while the hostess returned and asked, "Weren't you at Marita's wedding in Galicia last summer?"

"Oh, no," I replied. "I haven't been to Spain for years."

She stared at me with a puzzled frown and said, "That's funny. I saw some pictures taken at the wedding. There was an American girl in them who looked just like you called Alice Moats."

I kept my face as blank as possible and casually remarked that I had never heard of the girl. But I was sure she didn't believe me, and when I got back to Madrid I discovered I was right. I called Marita, who happened to be there on a visit, and she told me she had heard that I was in France. She had had dinner with my hostess of that afternoon, who had given her an account of our conversation.

When we returned to Biarritz, Yolande and I found two rooms prepared for us at the villa. They were very comfortable, and I was de-

lighted to see the big tiled bathroom which connected them. The water, however, didn't run, and the next morning I had to wash with the usual small pitcher of warm water.

We left early in the morning in order to be at La Negresse in plenty of time to buy our tickets. Thus far nobody had asked to see my identity card or in any way bothered me, but I was afraid that there might be a patrol at the station. The identity card was in perfect order, and there wouldn't have been any trouble if I had had to produce it. Still, I preferred to pass unnoticed. The fewer traces of my passage I left behind, the better.

The station was practically empty, and there was no patrol anywhere about. We bought two first-class tickets to Paris. The fare was nine hundred and some odd francs. Then, as it was early and the train hadn't yet come in, we went out to walk up and down the platform while we waited. At one end stood four shabbily dressed Frenchmen wearing handcuffs. They were escorted by two Germans in civilian clothes. Near by were three wooden cases that looked as though they might contain munitions. Yolande, always very excitable, caught me by the arm and pulled me quickly in the opposite direction. "Those must be Maquis prisoners," she whispered. "There's been fighting near here just recently between the Landes Maquis and the Germans. They say that three hundred patriots were caught in a week, and only one truckload of them managed to escape."

Halfway down the platform I turned and looked at the Maquisards. They were thin boys in their late teens. Their faces were drawn with fatigue and fear. Helpless to do anything for them, since even a smile of sympathy would have aroused the Germans' suspicion and wrath, I turned away again. When the train came in I noticed that their handcuffs had been removed. They were pushed up the steps and then locked into a compartment with their guards.

The train had been made up at Hendaye, just a few miles away, so it was practically empty. We found places in a compartment occupied by a well-dressed old man and a young woman. They were talking and apparently had found people whom they knew in common. As far as I could gather, the girl was a trained nurse returning from San Sebastian, where she had gone to look after a patient.

Once we were settled, I stepped out into the corridor to seek Raoul. He was in the next compartment and saw me immediately. He came out and brushed past me, murmuring, "Watch out for the old fellow sitting opposite you." When I went back to my place, the man offered

me a magazine and a cigarette. I refused them both and kept Yolande from talking to him by embarking on a long, involved story.

He and the girl got off at Bordeaux. There we saw crowds on all the platforms, and within a moment of stopping, our train was so full that there were people standing in the corridors. It was amazing to see the kind of person who was traveling first-class. Most of the passengers in our car were of the type who, in prewar times, would have thought and saved a long time before taking a short journey, and then would certainly have gone third-class. But a lot of money was being made just then in the black market.

Another reason for the overcrowding of the trains was that an average of eight out of ten cars was reserved for members of the Army of Occupation. German soldiers never traveled in the same compartments with French civilians. What's more, the modern steel cars were set aside for the Germans, on the theory that they were safer in case the train should be derailed. The old wooden ones, which flew into a million pieces in an accident, were considered quite good enough for the French.

Most of the passengers were women. In those days, the women did a lot of traveling to and from the country in order to obtain provisions. Since they couldn't leave their children at home alone, they took them along.

Over Bordeaux there was the only balloon barrage that I saw while I was in France. The outbuildings and water tanks were camouflaged, too. That was the single occasion I noticed any camouflage.

Everybody carried small packages of sandwiches. Yolande had a hamper packed with roast chicken, bread, butter, cheese, and wine, but we didn't touch it when we discovered that the train had a diner. It was a German Mitropa car. A German waiter handed us a menu written not only in German, but in script. I succeeded in deciphering it and found that it consisted of potato soup, beef with mashed potatoes, salad, and cheese. Red and white wine could be bought by the bottle. Though not very good, it was considerably better than the unpalatable *vin national* obtained with ration cards.

I didn't have a ration card, but Yolande seemed to have plenty of tickets and when I said I had forgotten mine provided me with some of hers. She must have bought them on the black market for the meat alone cost fifty points each, and a month's ration was ninety. She also had to give up ten points for fats and fifty for each piece of bread.

The mashed potatoes were gray and lumpy. As I wasn't very hungry, I left mine on the plate. The waiter, unable to believe that a person

could possibly leave a portion of potatoes uneaten, wouldn't remove my plate.

The other people at the table became interested in my efforts to get rid of the plate and seemed to be as amazed at my behavior as was the waiter. This made me nervous. I didn't care to be noticed. I was about to start eating the cold, disgusting mess, when at last the waiter broke down and took it away. We bolted the salad and a sliver of cheese and then paid the bill, which amounted to 115 francs each. As we left, I was followed by many curious glances. Word had apparently traveled that I was the eccentric female who hadn't eaten her mashed potatoes.

30. On the Train to Paris

The trip up to Paris was a revelation of the change which had taken place in the French character in four years. Tribulation had miraculously turned an irritable, impatient nation into a good-natured, patient one. The journey was in many ways extraordinarily tiresome and uncomfortable, but I didn't hear a single person grumble or complain.

The train was electric and made good time as far as Bordeaux. After that, it began to go more slowly and to fall behind schedule. Between Angoulême and Poitiers it came to a full stop in the open country. The conductor made his way along the corridor, calling out that we had to change trains. Yolande stuck her head out of the window and shouted at a man standing on the track to ask what had happened. He explained that during the night a freight train had been derailed when it went over a bomb placed on the track by the terrorists. (Maquisards were always called "terrorists" when there was any possibility of being overheard by Germans.) Our train couldn't pass so we had to change to the one coming from Paris, while its passengers were to get into ours.

My luggage presented no problem since I had nothing but a small suitcase lent to me by Jane. Yolande, on the other hand, had two large suitcases as well as a food hamper. We divided them up and stumbled along for about a kilometer on a rough, stony path running beside the track. We passed the wrecked freight train. It had been a good job, obviously the work of an expert, for the bomb exploded only when

the fourth car went over it. They always tried to have it happen that way, in order to spare the lives of the French crew.

Pushing bicycles which had been salvaged from the baggage car and carrying straw suitcases and shapeless bundles, the people made their way along the track. Everybody moved quietly. There was no pushing, no quarreling, no arguing. There were no protests voiced against the men who had placed the bomb. In normal times if such a thing had happened the shoving and the elbowing would have had half the people down on their faces on the sharp stones. The cries of *"Espèce de salaud!"* would have rung for miles.

We reached the other side of the derailed train about half an hour before the Paris express put in an appearance. German officers and soldiers fretfully stamped up and down glaring angrily at the wreck. The rest of us just sat on the ground patiently. Yolande and I realized it was going to be something of a battle to find seats. We came to the conclusion that the best thing to do would be for her to take my small suitcase and rush ahead to stake out places in a compartment. I could then take my time with the three heavy pieces.

When the train came in, the crowd got out of control for the first time. There was a high embankment to be crossed and there was much turbulent slipping and sliding while everybody frantically attempted to get to the train ahead of everybody else. The congestion in the narrow space between the train and the embankment was frightful. It was particularly bad because most of the people coming from Paris were old and crippled. Men and women on crutches or helping themselves along with sticks couldn't get out of the way quickly, and they had a difficult time crawling up the embankment.

Unable to carry the two suitcases and the hamper, I pushed them down ahead of me, much to the fury of the people in front. Then I slid after them, tearing a precious pair of stockings on the brambles. With much elbowing, I fought my way through to the first car, only to find that the step was too high to reach. There was a German soldier standing at the head of the steps, and I succeeded in attracting his attention. He didn't know French, and I didn't think it was safe to speak German, but I made him understand what I wanted with a few imperious signs indicating that he was to take my suitcases and pull me up. He seemed startled but obeyed meekly enough. As he gave me his hand to haul me up, it struck me what an extraordinary situation I was in—grasping the hand of an enemy. It was lucky for me that everybody was too busy with his own affairs to notice what I had done. Had anyone been watching me carefully, the little scene

would have been a dead giveaway that I was not French. Frenchwomen weren't ordering German soldiers around at that time.

Yolande had located two seats. She was jumping up and down in the corridor very agitatedly, trying to keep one eye out for me while keeping the other on our places. It must have been a shorter train than the one we had come on, for every first-class compartment was carrying more than its quota of six people, and the corridors were so full that it was soon impossible to get through them.

There were seven of us in our compartment to begin with. We were an oddly assorted group: Yolande in a smart cinnamon-brown wool suit with her coroneted luggage; two landowners from Angoulême dressed in somber black suits, so typical of the French bourgeois; a lady of obviously doubtful morals though exceedingly genteel manners with a natural-colored straw hat about three feet high which had birds flying round the crown; an accountant traveling with one of the landowners; and a night-club entertainer all decked out in a modified version of a zoot suit. His black, greasy hair was slashed straight across the back of the neck in a kind of Dutch bob. Swing and zoot suits had just hit France, and the addicts of this fad were known as *zazous*.

The accountant, a stringy little fellow with wispy hair that fell over his forehead, had obviously had a great deal to drink. Nevertheless, he was gripping a bottle of red wine with both hands, and between long pulls wrathfully shouting against the British and Americans. He was in a fury over the bombings and kept saying, "I know those damned English and Americans! I fought with them in the last war. They'll liberate us, but they'll do it with our skins."

The others sat by looking very embarrassed and not saying a word. It was clear they didn't agree with the accountant, but they were too frightened to speak up and risk an argument about the war in a public place. Later, when the man had wandered off to buy another bottle of wine, his employer, who from his accent must have originally been an Alsatian, made excuses. "My accountant," he said, "is very drunk, and he talks too much. But at accountancy, he is an artist."

The Alsatian and the other landowner were well provided with such rare delicacies as oranges, homemade cookies, and *crêpes au Grand Marnier,* which they shared with the rest of us. They even had American cigarettes, some obviously smuggled in from Spain, for the packages still bore Spanish seals. The Alsatian said, "I had ten thousand Chesterfields on hand when the war started. But just the other day some militiamen came to my place to search for Maquisards.

They walked off with a thousand cigarettes. I've written a letter to Pétain complaining of this outrage, but so far I've had no answer." That brought a laugh from everybody.

I inquired whether the militia had found any Maquisards. "Of course not," he snapped. "I don't see why they should have expected me to know whether or not there were any on the place. After all, my property amounts to three hundred hectares. How can I know what goes on in every corner of the place?"

Yolande inquired whether there really were any members of the Maquis in that district. The Alsatian gave the correct answer: "The Maquis is nowhere and it's everywhere." From the expression on his face, I had a shrewd suspicion that he could have given us some very exact details.

At Poitiers a tall, thin, very respectable-looking lady fell into our compartment. She asked if she could leave her suitcase there while she hunted for a seat. The accountant wabbled to his feet and, bowing elegantly from the waist, offered her his place. There was much protestation, a lot of *"Mais non, Monsieur," "Mais pas du tout. Je vous en prie, Madame,"* and *"Vous êtes trop aimable, Monsieur"* before she finally agreed. The accountant went out into the corridor announcing that whatever his faults might be, he had never failed to be gallant.

The new arrival sat down next to the lady with the birds on her hat. They made a wonderful pair; the one so raffish, and the other the very picture of respectability. She didn't even wear make-up and had the long, thin face of a gray mare topped with a perfectly amazing hat crowned by an enormous bow of tartan taffeta.

The night-club entertainer had a friend among the waiters in the diner. Through him we were able to get places for dinner. Again it was a Mitropa car, and the meal was almost identical with the one we had eaten earlier. Yolande didn't have quite enough meat tickets for both of us. A woman sitting opposite with a small child offered me some of her coupons. When I made a polite protest, she insisted that I accept them and waved away my thanks saying, "It's quite all right. These are days when one must share."

While we were having dinner the train pulled slowly into the big junction of St. Pierre des Corps, just outside Tours. It had been bombed a few days previously, and we all glued our noses to the windows to see the wreckage. The scene before us might have been the inspiration for a Gustave Doré picture. Coaches were piled up on one another, locomotives stood on end, loose rails and bits of wood were

scattered everywhere. For a moment everyone remained speechless, and then, in chorus, exclaimed, *"Titanesque!"*

There was a long wait at St. Pierre des Corps, but eventually the train started again, barely moving as it felt its way along. The conductor told me that there was just the one track, which had been put back into commission within twenty-four hours of the air raid. The Germans, he explained, had mobilized all the men of the city of Tours and sent them out to work with picks and shovels. He added that the track wasn't very good, but it would have to do until after the war because there wasn't enough material on hand to put the junction back into full working order.

The lights in our compartment didn't work. As the blinds had to be pulled down at nightfall, we sat in complete darkness from nine o'clock on. The night-club entertainer kept us amused by rattling off jokes about the Germans. When we complimented him on how well he told them, he said, "I should be good at it. That's my business. What's more, I've just served a prison term because of my little jokes."

Asked how that had happened, he answered, "Well, in my night-club act I used to tell stories on the Germans which were so full of double meaning that the Fritzes didn't understand them and laughed heartily when everybody else did. Then some lousy collaborationist took it upon himself to explain the point to the Feldkommandant. I was accused of being disrespectful to the Army of Occupation and ordered to apologize. I simply couldn't get that apology out. It stuck right in my Adam's apple, so I was sentenced to six months' solitary confinement. During those six months I didn't have any newspapers, any wine, or any cigarettes, but I had plenty of time in which to make up some new jokes against the Germans."

His fund of stories seemed unlimited. He told them from nine o'clock at night until three in the morning. Toward the end they began to grow somewhat dirty and I expected him to receive a withering rebuke from the old maid of Poitiers. She bore up very bravely, however, and was clearly trying to be a good sport. When the Alsatian asked our entertainer if he knew any jokes against Pétain, he replied, "Not a one. As far as I know, there aren't any."

Of all the jokes he told us I remember only two, probably because I heard them several times on other occasions. They were the ones that were going the rounds at that moment.

One was about a German officer traveling in a train compartment with five other men. He asked one: "What nationality are you?" "I'm a Pole," the man answered. "Oh, no, you're not. Poland is now a part

of Germany, so you're a German." He then asked the next man, "What are you?" "A Norwegian." "You mustn't say that. Norway is a part of Germany, so you're a German." The same thing happened with the next man, who was a Belgian, and the fourth, who was a Dutchman, and the fifth, who was a Czech. After the officer had given his usual reply, the Czech said, "Well, since we're among Germans, I guess it's all right to talk. Isn't that a hell of a kicking around the Russians are giving us on the eastern front?"

The second story was about a man who wanted to commit suicide. First he tried to hang himself, but the rope, like all ropes in France today, was made of paper and broke. He decided to shoot himself, but when he went to look for his revolver, he remembered that at the time of the occupation all guns had had to be turned over to the police. As a last resort, he stuck his head in the gas oven, but of course he had exceeded his gas limit and it had been cut off.

In despair, he went to a friend of his and told him what difficulty he was having and asked his advice on the best way to commit suicide. The friend said: "There's a very simple solution. All you have to do is walk up to a German sentry and insult him. He'll shoot you right down in your tracks."

The would-be suicide immediately went off and stopped in front of the first German sentry he saw. He pointed an accusing finger at him and said: "Filthy Boche." The sentry didn't even blink. He repeated the phrase in a louder tone. Still the sentry showed no sign of having heard. He tried again. "Hitler is a dirty pig." Still no reaction.

Finally, pulling the sentry's sleeve, he screamed: "The Germans are a stinking bunch of murderers." The sentry replied, "So what? I know it. I'm a Czech."

The Frenchman then explained that he wanted to do away with himself. The soldier suggested, "The Gestapo offices are right upstairs. Go up there and those boys will certainly oblige you." The man rushed up the stairs and barged into a room where he found a group of Gestapo agents sitting around a table. He screamed, "The Germans have lost the war!" One of the men looked up and said, "Sh! We all know that, but don't talk so loud. There are some French militiamen in the next room and they might hear you."

31. Arrival in Paris

The train was due in Paris at nine o'clock that night. It arrived at three in the morning. We went into the Gare de Lyon, which was the wrong station for trains from Bayonne, but it happened to be the only one that could be entered that day. The approaches to all the others had been so severely bombed that trains couldn't get through at all.

There were still two and a half hours to go before the end of the curfew. (In Paris travelers weren't given special night passes at stations as they often were in small towns.) All the waiting rooms had been taken over by the Army of Occupation, and the café didn't open until five-thirty.

The platforms were in total darkness. The only glimmer of light was at one end, near the exit. Since the roof of this station is made of glass, the blackout was a necessary precaution. I tried to forget about the glass roof. It was not pleasant to think of sitting helplessly under it in case of an air raid.

The train we had come on was being shunted to the yards immediately, so we had to get out of the compartment. Raoul appeared at my side as I stepped onto the platform. Behaving as though he were merely an acquaintance, he offered to help Yolande and me with our luggage. He said that there were several trains made up entirely of third-class coaches left on the tracks all night especially to accommodate passengers who had to wait until the end of the curfew. Groping about blindly, we literally fell on a hand truck. It turned out to be very useful, for we put the suitcases on it and Raoul pushed it.

Bumping into German soldiers, falling over their kit bags, and tripping over their rifles, we made our way up one platform and down another, opening the doors of compartments. Each one was full. We had almost given up hope when at last we found one with only four people in it. I'm sure the windows hadn't been opened in twenty years. What with the dead air, the sour smell of humanity, and the stench of bad tobacco, the atmosphere was hardly bearable.

Yolande didn't seem to mind it and fell asleep on the hard wooden seat almost instantly. Sure that I was going to be asphyxiated, I preferred to face the perils of the platform. Raoul got out with me. We had several things to discuss anyway. "I don't quite know what to do with you this morning," he said. "The person I am planning to have

put you up has not yet been warned that she is about to have a guest. We can scarcely wake her up at dawn to break the news. I think the best solution is to try to find a hotel room where you can get some sleep. By this afternoon, everything should be arranged."

"But I thought all the hotels had been commandeered by the Germans," I objected.

"All the first-class ones have," he replied, "except the Bristol, and that's of no use to us because it's always full of Gestapo men and Spaniards, the two kinds of people you least want to see. However, there are still some third-rate hotels where you can probably find something. Yolande may know of one. We can ask her."

He went back to sit with Yolande, and I walked to the gates where I ran into four people whom I had met at the party near Bayonne the day before. They greeted me with loud cries and offered me a suitcase to sit on. One of the men had a flask of brandy, which he passed around. I was glad to have a couple of swallows, for I was beginning to feel rather tired. We sat there for over two hours, entirely surrounded by Germans. Nazi soldiers kept milling around and German voices blared over loud-speakers, announcing the departures of trains for Ulm, Munich, and Vienna.

When at last I could see some signs of activity through the glass doors of the café, I dashed off to get my companions. We queued up and when the doors opened there was a stampede. Raoul, using football tactics, succeeded in getting through among the first, and staked out a table. We ordered coffee and some bread. Then I brought up the question of where I was to stay. I told Yolande that I was planning to visit friends, but I wasn't sure they had received my message and didn't want to fall in on them at six o'clock in the morning. She offered to take me with her to the house of the collaborationist where she was staying, but after one look at Raoul's panic-stricken face I refused. Then she remembered that someone had told her about an obscure hotel called the Prince Albert on a side street behind the Rue de Rivoli. Raoul offered to telephone to see whether there was a room available. He came back with the cheering news that there was one which I could have until four o'clock. He then went out and subsidized a porter to accompany us on the subway and carry our luggage.

There was no means of transportation except the metro. There were no taxis, no trolley cars, no busses. The bicycle rickshas called *velotaxis* had recently been taken off the streets by the Germans with the statement that it was beneath a man's dignity to pedal another human being around.

It was a gray morning, and there was no noise on the broad boulevard in front of the station except that made by the shuffle of tired feet. No one spoke. Everybody looked weary, dispirited, and dirty. There was no traffic, not even the trucks and carts that used to make the Paris streets lively at that hour carrying vegetables and fruits to the markets.

I was in Paris and I should have felt excited, but all I felt was weariness. There was nothing about this silent, dreary, neglected city to remind me of the gay, noisy, delightful *ville lumière* I had once known.

At my stop, which was near the Louvre, we got out of the subway train and, leaving the porter to look after Yolande's and Raoul's luggage, walked along the Rue de Rivoli carrying my suitcase. The Hotel du Prince Albert wasn't very prepossessing in appearance. The small lobby looked shabby and rather dirty. A sleepy night clerk in his shirt sleeves opened one eye long enough to shove a printed form toward me. It had to be filled out with my name, age, occupation, reason for visiting Paris, and the number of my identity card. I had to take the latter out of my purse in order to get the number, but the clerk didn't notice.

The elevator, of course, was not working. There wasn't enough electric current to waste any on elevators. After saying good-by to Yolande and Raoul, I followed the clerk up a couple of flights of stairs, catching the heels of my shoes in the torn carpet. My room gave onto a small courtyard and faced some kitchens. The brass bed had a lumpy mattress and the rest of the furniture was dilapidated, but at least there was the luxury of a washbasin with running water. I inquired what time the maid came on. When the clerk said eight-thirty, I told him to have her come in the room to take my suit out to be pressed. It was all I had to wear, and after a night spent in the train looked too dusty and wrinkled even for the seedy figure I wanted to cut.

It had been a long night, and I had had no sleep at all. I thought I was so exhausted that I would doze off immediately, but I remained wide awake. It was the first time I had been completely alone since my arrival in France, and I was frightened. Although there was nothing in my appearance to attract any particular attention (I am tall and blonde, but so are many northern Frenchwomen), I was afraid that something about me might have aroused the clerk's suspicions. In that case, he might send the police form around to the Gestapo. Every step I heard in the corridor, and I heard them all because the walls were very flimsy,

I was sure must belong to a German who had come to interview me. I could visualize myself being led away, with no means of notifying Raoul where I had been taken.

When a knock finally came on the door, I had succeeded in working myself up to such a pitch of terror that I lost my voice. It was only after much gulping that I was able to croak a feeble *"Entrez."* Instead of the big uniformed German I had expected, a maid walked in. For a moment I couldn't think why she was there. Then I remembered that I wanted my suit pressed. As she was leaving, I ordered a bath prepared at noon.

"That's impossible, Madame, there is no hot water after nine o'clock."

There was nothing for it but to take a bath right away. I followed her directions and went down the hall to the public bathroom, carrying a sleazy towel no larger than a small face towel. The tub was gritty and covered with green stains, but at least I could fill it with tepid water and scrub off the travel dirt. It seemed quite luxurious, for it was only the third bath I had had since reaching France. It was also the last.

Now that the hotel had come to life, steps in the corridors didn't sound so sinister. I relaxed and fell asleep. It was afternoon before I woke. I rang and asked for something to eat, only to be informed that the kitchen closed at half past one. There wouldn't be so much as a crust of bread to be had until dinnertime. I resigned myself to ordering half a bottle of white wine. It was better than no refreshment at all and gave me the energy to get dressed.

Just before leaving me Raoul had whispered, "Be at the Ritz bar at five o'clock. Jean and Yvonne are to meet us there."

As I had to vacate the room by four o'clock, that left me with an hour in which I had nothing to do. I wandered out and walked along the Rue de Rivoli, looking in the shop windows. They didn't seem to have changed much since prewar days. They were still arranged with great taste to display bottles of perfume, handkerchiefs, lingerie, and other luxury items.

The street was full of people, all heading in the same direction. I stopped a man and asked what was going on. He answered, "I don't know, but something seems to be happening at the Hotel de Ville. You'd better come along."

I joined the crowd, curious to see what was happening. There was a huge throng in front of the Hotel de Ville. Just as I arrived, Pétain appeared. Cheers and applause broke out, swelling into a great ovation.

I imagine that since no one knew the Marshal was coming to Paris, a couple of hundred people were undoubtedly planted to attract the rest of the crowd, but the ovation was completely spontaneous. Of course, there were contributing factors—"The Marseillaise," usually forbidden, was being played and the Tricolor was flying. Also, it was the first time the Marshal had been in the city since the armistice, and his presence was taken to mean that the capital was about to be reestablished in Paris. Actually, he was there only to visit the victims of the La Chapelle bombing, which had taken place three days before.

I walked back to the hotel puzzling over the extraordinary way in which hundreds of people had responded to the sight of Pétain. Still, it tied in with the impression I had already gathered that the Marshal continued to be respected. Even the members of the Underground who were most violent in their condemnation of the Vichy regime never reviled the old man.

Back at the hotel I picked up my suitcase and started for the Ritz. By that time I was beginning to feel toward that suitcase very much as the Ancient Mariner must have felt toward the albatross.

Going in the Cambon entrance of the Ritz (the Place Vendôme side was closed to everybody except Germans) I gave the suitcase to a bellboy to keep for me until later. I turned to the right, looking for the entrance to the small ladies' bar which I remembered from my last visit to Paris in 1931. The bellboy asked where I wanted to go. When I told him, he led the way to a door on the opposite side, saying, "This way, Madame."

"But I can't go in there," I objected. "That's the men's bar."

He gave me a puzzled look and answered, "That hasn't been the men's bar for years."

Realizing that I had made a break, I murmured something about being absent-minded and hurried through the door. Jean, Yvonne, and Raoul were waiting for me at a corner table. I joined them and they ordered champagne, which seemed to be the staple drink in most bars those days. A half bottle was brought to each one of us. It was green wine, but very dry. Because of the shortage of sugar, most of the champagne was *brut*. "Look," I said, "I've had nothing to eat since last night, and half a bottle of wine for breakfast. I must have a sandwich or something." The waiter was positive that there wasn't a chance of getting anything to eat, but after Raoul had a talk with the barman, three small ham sandwiches were produced.

Jean and Yvonne had expected us the day before and had arranged for me to meet several people whom they thought it would be inter-

esting for me to see. Now they could do nothing because they were leaving that same night. They had received word from Pau that the police had been at their apartment inquiring for them. They were afraid to stay away any longer. That seemed foolhardy to me, for it looked as though they were walking straight into a trap.

Jean said, "We have no choice. We have to go back because our work is there. Anyway, we are not returning to the flat. We have rented a country house eleven kilometers out of town where I think we will be safer. We can see all the entrances to the place, which will give us time to escape in case of a visit from the Gestapo."

They added that they had had some information which made them believe it wouldn't be wise for me to stay in Paris too long. Through one of their many channels, they had found out that another section of the Underground had picked up the information that an American journalist from Madrid had arrived in France. That was alarming because one never knew what spies there might be right within the organizations. "You'd better leave here at the end of the week, instead of staying ten days as you had planned," Jean advised. Raoul agreed and said he would make arrangements then and there for train accommodations.

He called for the hotel porter and, slipping him a big tip, ordered a compartment on a train going either to Bayonne or Toulouse Saturday or Sunday. This touch really did make it seem as though we were back in the old days when the porter of the Ritz could always make train reservations after all the tourist agencies had failed. He asked for our names and the numbers of our identity cards. We gave them to him and he left, telling us to call him the next day to find out what he'd been able to do.

At last I was told where I was going to stay. My hostess, according to Raoul, was an Englishwoman called Sylvia. She lived in a flat in Passy with her eleven-year-old son. Raoul, to my surprise, for he was always close-mouthed, gave a further explanation. "She isn't part of the organization, but of course being English she's willing to help us out. I phoned her to meet me at Fouquet's at noon. Over a drink I broke the news that I wanted her to put someone up. She wailed, 'Oh, not flyers, please not flyers. I have to think of my little boy.' I reassured her by saying that you were only a woman and not a dangerous one. She instantly agreed and expects us at six o'clock."

Jean and Yvonne had discovered a back room in a café near the Gare de Lyon where marvelous food was served at black-market prices. They suggested we dine there as they wanted to be within walking

distance of the station. It was wiser to be near by in case of an air-raid alarm, for the minute the siren sounded the subways stopped running and didn't start again until forty minutes after the all clear. Raoul and I, still carrying my suitcase, took the metro to the Rue de la Pompe station, which was just a block away from Sylvia's flat. She lived on the top floor, six flights up, so had given him her key to the elevator. Anyone living above the fifth floor in an apartment house could ride up, but it was strictly forbidden to come down in the lift.

Sylvia turned out to be a big, very vague woman who was ideal for our purposes since she seldom asked questions, and when she did, never remembered the answers. Her apartment consisted of a sitting room, an entrance foyer, two bedrooms, a bath, a kitchen, and a library. A bed had been made up for me on the library couch, and after I had left my things there and Sylvia had given me a latchkey, Raoul and I went off to dinner.

The restaurant where we met Jean and Yvonne was really a *brasserie*. There was a small orchestra in the front room, which was full of German soldiers. The few who were accompanied by girls were dancing. The rest just sat there morosely, enviously staring at the dancers.

I was so hungry that I did justice to a dinner of *pâté de foie gras*, steak, vegetables, salad, and cheese, accompanied by a bottle of vintage red wine. Jean and Yvonne had a package of food wrapped up to take on the train. When they noticed a man who was sitting alone at a neighboring table go out to the telephone, they grew uneasy. They feared he might be someone set to follow them and made a hasty departure.

Raoul and I left shortly afterward and went back to Sylvia's flat. The bed looked very inviting and I could hardly wait to get into it. A good night's sleep seemed the most desirable thing in the world. As it turned out, I didn't get it.

32. An Allied Air Raid

Sylvia came in to ask if I needed anything. We talked for a while, and I gave her an account of the train trip from the south. Raoul had told her very little except that I was an American married to a French-

man. She accepted me with no question as Madame Martin and assumed that I was in some way connected with the Underground.

When she left I went to bed. I found a book on the night table and began to read. About one o'clock I turned off the light and opened the window. Just as I was falling asleep, the sirens began to go. I hate the sound they make. It always gives me the cold shivers. Once the horrible wailing that announces impending danger is over and the actual bombing starts, I grow too interested to be frightened, but until then I must confess that I behave in a most cowardly fashion.

I rushed into Sylvia's room to find her sitting up in bed calmly writing letters. "Haven't you heard the signal?" I cried. She said she had. "What are you going to do?" I insisted. She replied vaguely that she didn't know. If it turned out to be a bad raid, she supposed she would wake her son and get him dressed.

"Philip," she said, "always sleeps through the noise of the siren."

"Wouldn't it be safer to send him to a shelter?"

"There aren't any real shelters in Paris," she answered. "Except a few the Germans have built for themselves like the one under the Hotel Majestic. Most of the subway stations are closed off during raids because they're not considered safe, and the deep ones are reserved for the Nazis only."

By the time I got back to my room, the antiaircraft guns had started pounding. I put on my skirt, jacket, and shoes and stuck my identity card, money, and a small flashlight in the pockets of the jacket. If I were bombed out I would at least have my most precious possessions with me.

As I went round the house opening all the windows and doors I could hear the air-raid wardens on the street blowing their whistles at intervals in protest against lights which were still showing. But at the back of the house there didn't seem to be anybody in charge and lights at uncurtained windows kept going on and off. Some distance away I could see a house on a hill with a lighted window that shone out like a beacon. It continued to shine during the entire raid. The air-raid patrol, I gathered, wasn't too efficient.

Sylvia appeared after a few minutes and began carefully closing all the windows which I had opened. I explained that it was safer to have the windows open, to reduce the force of the vibrations. That seemed to surprise her. It was a detail that had never been mentioned in the air-raid instructions.

There were balconies running along three sides of the flat. I stepped out on one to see the show. By that time the raid had begun with all

the usual fireworks effects. Colored flares were being dropped to mark the targets and tracer bullets made bright streaks across the sky. The noise of the plane engines could be heard very clearly as waves of bombers passed overhead, but there was remarkably little antiaircraft fire. According to Sylvia, most of the antiaircraft guns had been transported to Germany. The only ones left were near the railways and factories. She added, "The center of Paris isn't worth protecting from the Nazi point of view. What do they care if the French people get killed?"

I ran from balcony to balcony watching the raid, which lasted for more than two hours. Philip, who had been wakened by his mother, appeared fully dressed and wearing a steel helmet which his father had had during the last war. There was a rattle on the roofs as shell fragments fell. Sylvia was worried about having us out on the balcony lest we be hit by one of them. She went round in circles in the drawing room whimpering just like a dog which has lost its puppies. Every now and then she would call to Philip, begging him to go downstairs. I realized that he would never go inside as long as I stayed on the balcony, so I went in. We drew chairs up near the window and looked on as if we were in a box at the theater. Suddenly we saw a pink glow in the distance which indicated that a big fire had been started. Sylvia remarked, "That's out by the entrance to the Gare de Lyon. It means the last railroad station is gone."

For the first time in my life, I saw a plane brought down. Always I had wanted to see such a sight, but under those circumstances it was a tragic one. I knew it must be an English bomber. First a flame burst at one end and then at the other. In far less time than it takes to write this, the two had joined and the plane was nothing but a huge sheet of flame in the sky. It disappeared almost instantly.

The next day we found out that Sylvia had guessed correctly when she said that the target had been Villeneuve St. Georges. She had also been right about the entrances to the Gare de Lyon being seriously damaged. I began to wonder if I would ever get out of Paris. It looked as though I might be trapped with no means of transportation. When I mentioned this to Raoul, he was as calm as ever. "There's no cause to worry," he said. "We have a car hidden with plenty of gasoline. We can use it if we have to."

Sylvia didn't have any servants, so the morning after the bombing I helped with the housework. At noon we took the subway to the Rond Point des Champs Elysées. As always, it was crowded. We had to stand in line to buy a book of tickets. Once we were out in public,

Sylvia and I had to speak French together. This was tiresome as her French wasn't very good, and anyway I always feel foolish talking a foreign language with an English-speaking person.

We just missed a train and had a ten-minute wait. I heard the sound of music. Walking a few yards, we tracked it down to a ragged old man who was working hard on a wheezy concertina. At first I couldn't believe my ears, but as I listened I recognized the unmistakable strains of "The Marseillaise." Playing the national anthem was absolutely forbidden, and yet he seemed to be getting away with it. No French person passed him without giving him some money. Similar old men were to be found in most of the metro stations, picking up a few francs by playing either "The Marseillaise," "God Save the King," or Sousa marches.

In Pau, Biarritz, and Bayonne, and on many Paris streets, I had noticed German propaganda posters pasted on the buildings. The walls of the metro station were papered with them. This was the most complete exhibit I had seen. With Sylvia standing in front of me as a screen, I copied some of the slogans into a notebook. There were five repeated again and again. One, accompanying a picture of big air-raid sirens, went "Alert! Beware of the cancer of Stalin's terrorism." Another had the French militia sign, which very much resembled the swastika, superimposed on the hammer and sickle. It merely read, "The French Militia, Joseph Darnand, Secretary."

The militia's job was to supplement the Gestapo. It really was not as easy to control an occupied country efficiently as Nazi propaganda tried to make the world believe. To begin with, having taken over most of Europe, the Nazis didn't have enough men of their own to make the Gestapo completely effective in every occupied country. They also were following the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief by urging Frenchmen to denounce each other.

There were two attractions that induced certain types to join the militia: members received double the pay offered by the French police force, and great opportunities were provided for those with sadistic impulses to indulge them. It was the chance of a lifetime for incompetents who had never been able to get on in the world to take revenge on their fellow men for their own lack of success. One of the basic differences between a totalitarian country and a democracy is that in the former the scum is organized.

The message of a third poster was also brief: "*Légion Volontaire Française*. For France and for Europe." This referred to the French SS troops fighting on the eastern front. The Germans made much of

the Legion, but actually it never numbered more than about two thousand men. With the exception of a few young boys brought up in reactionary families who joined because they really feared communism, it had been recruited from the scum of France. Like the militia, the Legion was German trained. I had passed a building in a town called Memours in the south, where a school had been set up about a year before for the purpose of teaching the Legion troops all the Gestapo tricks.

Another sign seen everywhere was made up of photographs of Jews who had been convicted of acts of violence against the Vichy regime. Under these photographs were the words, "Liberators? Liberation by the Army of Crime!"

The largest showed a map of Europe traced on a gruesome photomontage of corpses. The Soviet flag was painted in the center. Above the map was the phrase, "Countries Change," and below, "Men and Methods Remain the Same." Down the side were printed the words, "Katyn, Vinnitza, Haute Savoie. Stalinism Would Convert Europe into a Charnel House."

On one of these I noted that some wag had added to the list of Katyn, Vinnitza, and Haute Savoie the words, "Rue Lesueur." That was the name of the street where Petiot, a bluebeard whose crimes had recently been spread over the front pages of all the newspapers, had owned a house where he committed his murders.

We got off at the Rond Point and walked to the Boulevard Malesherbes. Then to the Place de la Madeleine, along the Rue Royale to the Place de la Concorde, and then back to the Boulevard des Capucines by way of the Place Vendôme. I was in Paris and it was spring. Paris in the spring is a phrase that always spells beauty, gaiety, and elegance. There was no beauty, no gaiety, no elegance. Under Nazi occupation, it was a dead city.

In peacetime there were many complaints about the Paris traffic. It was undoubtedly the noisiest and most dangerous in the world. Still, the continuous hooting of horns, squealing of brakes, and colorful cursing of the taxi drivers was an integral part of Paris. It added to the air of vitality and liveliness which characterized the place. All that had disappeared. From the Place de la Concorde to the Etoile there was nothing to be seen on the Champs Elysées but hundreds of bicycles, some hideous khaki-colored army trucks, a few cars, mostly of American make belonging to German officers, and an occasional horse-drawn cab. Once, while driving in one of those cabs, my hat blew off at the Etoile. I ran twice around the Arc de Triomphe before

retrieving it and am still alive to tell the story. That will give an indication of how much Paris had changed.

The open air cafés still existed, but they added no animation to the scene. Customers sat alone staring sadly into space, or if they were with friends, talking in low, cautious tones. Usually they drank orangeades made of synthetic syrup; three days out of the week spirits were forbidden. That did away with all *apéritifs* and left only wine, which had to be bought by the bottle and was therefore too expensive. That is, it was too expensive when it could be found. More often than not it was necessary to go to the black-market places to find it.

The shop windows were the only outward evidences in Paris of French good taste and skill. In many cases, shopkeepers had little left on hand to display, but they showed the same exquisite care in placing their goods in the windows which marked their prewar displays. Hermés, for instance, had only shoddy imitation leather goods to sell at the counters, but the windows were fantastically beautiful. The owner drew on his own magnificent collection of antiques to dress up the display.

Many of the old names were left on the Rue de Rivoli—Hilditch and Keyes and Sulka, for instance, but the Smith Bookstore that used to be a home away from home for the English had become the *Front Buchhandlung*. The phrase "English spoken" was still lettered on many shop windows. One of the most extraordinary sights I saw was a Ford car which must have once belonged to a dealer. It still bore a sign in English announcing, "The Ford is the best car built."

The avenues and streets were made ugly by the hundreds of German soldiers in their gray-green uniforms who crowded the pavements Nazi flags disfigured the government buildings and huge signs reading *"Soldatenheim"* or *"Soldatenkino"* defaced other buildings which had been turned into amusement centers for soldiers of the Army of Occupation. The fountains in the public squares no longer played, the streets were unkempt and dusty, and somehow even the leaves on the trees didn't look as green as they had in former days. The public was no longer allowed to stroll in the Tuileries gardens, which had been cut off by barbed-wire entanglements. Wooden sawhorses wrapped with rusty barbed wire hedged in the Hotel Crillon, the Ministry of Marine, the Place Vendôme entrance of the Ritz and every other building where Germans were quartered.

The Germans have always had a perverted love for Paris. They feel toward it rather like a man feels toward a woman. As I looked around and saw how the Nazi touch had killed it, I thought that the Germans

were rather in the position of a man who has struggled and fought to possess a woman only to have her die on their wedding night.

During the walk I did some shopping. There was a place on the Boulevard Malesherbes where, according to Yvonne, it was possible to buy nylon stockings. The saleswoman to whom she had sent me shook her head and said there were none on hand at the time; she hoped to have some in two or three weeks. If she did, they would cost 1,200 francs a pair. She sold me three pairs of silk stockings at 450 francs, and then directed me to a small lingerie shop in the vicinity. There I picked up three slips and a nightgown. They were made of pure silk with real lace and cost 10,500 francs altogether. At the rate of exchange I was getting, that amounted to twenty-six dollars.

When she was wrapping them up, the salesgirl asked for eighteen ration coupons. I said I didn't have any to spare. She took that very calmly. "In that case," she said, "I will have to add another ninety francs to the bill. Five francs for each coupon." That seemed to be the regular price for coupons in the black market, where they were bought when needed. Sylvia was very indignant because four things had amounted to so few tickets. It took thirty to buy a shirt for Philip. But, of course, that was part of the German practice of doing everything to keep the luxury trades going.

When we reached the Place de la Madeleine, the sirens started up. Whoever was giving the signals seemed to be very jumpy because the wailing would begin several times a day. One morning there were three alarms in such quick succession that I grew confused and couldn't tell whether it was the alert or the all clear.

We reached the Place de la Madeleine just at the noon hour when all the employees of the big stores were hurrying home to lunch. I expected to see the crowds stampede toward the nearest subway station, but they went quietly on their way, not even bothering to look up at the sky. Sylvia and I decided to sit out the raid in the Ritz Bar. We hurried to the Rue Cambon and found the porter standing in the doorway. He inquired whether the alarm had really sounded, and when we replied that it had, shrugged and went quietly indoors. We followed and found a table in the bar. The champagne we ordered was a great treat to Sylvia, who had to live on three thousand francs a month so couldn't indulge in any luxuries. But we didn't enjoy it very much. At the next table a man was sitting alone, reading a newspaper. He kept glancing over at us and was obviously listening to our conversation. After just a few sips we paid the check and left.

Maxim's was still the most fashionable restaurant in town, and

seemed the best place for me to observe Parisian society. It was the same gilt and red-plush place I remembered. Most of the tables were occupied, and those that weren't were marked "Reserved." I was afraid we didn't look prosperous enough and might be turned away, but we succeeded in assuming a sufficiently grand manner to impress the head-waiter, and he led us to a table in the back room. I put Sylvia on the inside so that I could be free to move quickly in case I recognized anyone. Slipping the subway tickets into my pocket, I left my purse between us on the banquette. The idea was that if I had reason to get out in a hurry, I would go straight home on the subway and Sylvia could pay for the lunch with the money in my pocketbook.

Our order must have seemed surprising coming from two such shabby-looking individuals. We chose *pâté de foie gras, boeuf à la mode,* salad, and wild strawberries. Even Maxim's couldn't produce cream for the latter, but there was granulated sugar. The wine waiter no longer had a card. He just inquired what kind of wine we wanted and, when we told him, suggested a Nuits St. Georges, 1934. At the end of the meal I asked the captain whether the coffee was real coffee. He grinned and answered, *"C'est presque du vrai café, Madame."* He was right, it was almost coffee.

I had heard abroad that Maxim's was a favorite haunt of all the German bigwigs, but that day there wasn't a German uniform in sight. If there were any Nazis around, they must have been wearing civilian clothes. I saw Yolande sitting across the room with a man and went over to speak to her. She greeted me with her customary effusiveness and invited me for dinner that night at the Scapinis', with whom she was staying. Telling me to be there at eight o'clock, she gave me a number on the Rue Cortambert.

Our check amounted to 2,000 francs. The waiter asked for bread coupons, but for no others. I was against giving him any, but Sylvia said she had plenty and it was better not to argue.

After luncheon we went next door to Molyneux. As is usual in Paris in the spring, the weather was still very chilly, and I thought I might buy a fur jacket. It seemed to me that at the rate of exchange, it might be a good opportunity to pick up a bargain. We asked for a *vendeuse* who was a friend of Sylvia's. She was an Englishwoman who had once been married to a German, but had divorced him just before the war. She had the models try on several coats. When she told me the price of one, a three-quarter-length blue fox, I changed my mind about needing a fur coat. It was 550,000 francs. The cheapest one was a Persian-lamb fitted coat at 250,000.

I was tempted by a very pretty flowered dressing gown, part rayon, part silk, priced at 10,000 francs. Because I didn't have that much money with me, I decided to think it over. Anything in the way of a dress would have had to be made to order, but it seemed that there were a few models which had been in the collection sent to the south of France and could be bought then and there. I tried them all on but they were much too small for me. Also, made in the fashion prevalent at that moment, there was too much drapery across the hips and stomach for my taste.

From Molyneux we went to the Trois Quartiers, a big department store where I hoped to find some pleated lamp shades as a present for Jane. That particular department was remarkably well stocked, but there were only two white pleated shades in the size I wanted. I took them and then went to the household department to look for a pepper mill. Marjorie Davie had often mentioned wanting a pepper mill and told me how she had scoured Madrid for one with no success. There was just one left and, strangely enough, it was made of aluminum.

By then I had had all I could take of walking and hailed a carriage. There were several old hacks around which could be rented at high prices. A trip of four or five blocks, I discovered, cost 100 francs. On the way home we stopped at Guerlain's to buy some perfume. This wasn't a great success, as the salesgirl insisted that I had to have the bottles. Not any bottle would do; it must be a Guerlain bottle. While we were arguing, a German colonel came in and purchased three large bottles of L'Heure Bleue. They were sold to him with no talk about bringing his own containers. He went off carrying his parcel wrapped in pale pink paper. That parcel looked so incongruous with his uniform that, in spite of my anger, I burst out laughing.

33. Dinner with Collaborationists

A little before eight o'clock I set forth for the Rue Cortambert. I was looking forward to the party that evening, although I realized that I was doing something very risky by going to the house of a collaborationist. I had no way of knowing who was going to be present, and if a Gestapo man happened to be among the guests, he would certainly

begin inquiries as to the identity of a Madame Martin who was a stranger to the hosts. It was very much like walking straight into the lion's jaws, but I was interested in meeting Scapini.

As a reporter it was important for me to talk to every kind of person in France. To get the entire picture I had to talk to collaborationists as well as members of the Underground. Scapini spent much time in Germany and would be sure to provide me with good material. Blinded in the last war, he had traded a great deal on his infirmity in his political career and had been a deputy for many years. He was a typical opportunist of the kind that surrounded Pétain at that time and was then in charge of French prisoners in Germany with the rank of ambassador.

The house was guarded by policemen. I was ushered into a long drawing room where I found Yolande sitting with Madame Scapini, a small woman with hair cut in a long bob and a face which, though not pretty, was so intelligent and animated that one soon forgot its imperfections. She wore the smartest suit I saw while I was in Paris. It was from Schiaparelli and had a very tight, short black skirt with a long, broad-shouldered jacket in royal blue tweed. It may have been made of ersatz wool, but it looked like the real thing to me.

We were soon joined by Scapini. Although blind, he walked briskly into the room with no hesitation. He put his hand out and I shook it while introductions were made. I had never seen him before and studied him with interest. Of average height, he had thinning light brown hair, a very high forehead, a sharp nose, thin mouth, and the liverish complexion so common among Frenchmen.

The other guests began to arrive, completing our party of twelve. A young man badly in need of a shave was presented as Scapini's nephew, and then there was a protégé of the host's with a Rumanian name. But the two who interested me most were Henri Haye, the former French ambassador to Washington, whom I had never met when he was in the United States, and Herr von Bargen, German minister under Abetz, and at that moment chargé d'affaires during Abetz' absence in Germany. He spoke little. I heard him volunteer only two opinions during the course of the evening.

Cocktails were served—Martinis made with English gin. Then we filed into the dining room, which overlooked a garden. I was placed at Scapini's right, Yolande at his left. She helped him with his food, putting it on his plate and then cutting it for him. From the way we ate that night, I gathered the collaborationists were not going hungry. The menu consisted of soup, fish (which Scapini smothered in Heinz

tomato catsup specially brought to him from a locked cupboard in his room where he kept a stock of similar delicacies), chicken with white sauce and rice, vegetable, salad, and dessert. White and red wine and champagne were served with the various courses.

Henri Haye had returned to France a couple of months earlier at the time of the exchange of Vichy and American diplomats at Lisbon. The other guests expressed considerable curiosity as to how he had fared in America. He refused to talk, saying, "My experience was so dreadful that I don't wish to discuss it." I could feel myself getting red in the face and it took all my control not to strike out at him.

I caught snatches of conversation from various parts of the table. The guests spoke of the air raid of the night before, of women's fashions, and of where to buy rice and other black-market goods. When Scapini, addressing me, touched on the war, the others stopped talking to listen. He remarked that he thought both the Axis and the Allies were making a mistake in not trying to reach a compromise peace and, what's more, doing it as publicly as possible. "The Allies say they are continuing the war in order to liberate the occupied countries," he said. "So what the Germans should do is announce over the radio that they will evacuate all occupied countries, then discuss peace terms. If the Allies refused this offer, they would strengthen every collaborationist and totalitarian government in Europe. Everybody is tired of this war and wants it to end. Nobody would forgive the side which turned down an opportunity to finish the whole thing quickly. The Allies, on their side, should offer to make peace on condition that occupied countries are immediately evacuated."

"Supposing Hitler refused?" I put in.

"In that case, revolution would break out in all Europe. What keeps Hitler in power right now is the Allies' announced policy of unconditional surrender. The army would gladly take over, but if unconditional surrender is the only way out, what have they got to offer the people that Hitler can't offer them?"

At the other end of the table, von Bargen leaned forward and said, "We can't make any peace proposals until after the invasion."

Again I was too interested to keep quiet, and asked, "Why only after the invasion?"

"We are counting on being able to hold the Allies in France for some time and slowing up their advance just as we did in Italy. When that happens, we'll hold a card that we're not holding now. We can then come forward with proposals of peace without appearing weak."

It was interesting that while collaborationists like Scapini scoffed at

the idea of an impending invasion, the Germans took it for granted that it would come at any moment.

After some discussion of this, Scapini said to von Bargen, "What puzzles me is why you didn't accept the Russian peace proposals brought to you a year and a half ago by the Japanese ambassador. That was really idiotic."

The German nodded his head and agreed. "Yes, you're probably right. But you see at that time things weren't going quite as badly on the eastern front as they are now. We still thought we had a chance of at least stopping the Russians even if we couldn't throw them back."

Yolande was asked what news she had from Spain. Living just on the border as she did, they thought she must know something of what was going on. She answered that she hadn't had any very recent news. Scapini's nephew made a reference to a German woman who had tried to commit suicide at the Ritz Hotel in Madrid just before she was to have taken the train to Berlin. Several versions of the story were given and there was much speculation as to why she had done it. I almost bit my tongue off in an effort to keep quiet, for I knew the truth. The incident had taken place while I was in Madrid and a Spanish woman who was on friendly terms with the German had repeated a conversation she had with her at the hospital. The German, lying in bed with broken arms and legs, had said to her suddenly, "I just couldn't face going back to Berlin. You probably feel sorry for me now when you see me lying here hung with all these weights, but I assure you I am the happiest woman in the world. I don't have to go to Germany for six weeks."

The man with the Rumanian name observed that it looked as though Franco were moving further and further over toward the Allies. Herr von Bargen grew very animated at the mention of Franco's name and burst forth in a tirade against the Spanish dictator in terms that would have made any *PM* editorial on the same subject seem mild in comparison. "That son of a so and so," he fumed, "has really double-crossed us in the most shameful manner." His choice of words showed an excellent command of the more inelegant idioms of the French language. As he put it, *"Ce salaud nous a baisé."* "We didn't invade Spain when we were in a position to do so because he gave us to understand we could have anything we wanted in his country if the need should arise. Then at the time of the North African invasion when we demanded air bases, he informed us as calmly as you please that if we wanted them, we would have to come and get them. The Spanish Army couldn't have put up much resistance. We knew that.

But we also knew that taking troops into Spain would mean carrying all our own provisions and being harried by guerrillas just as we were in Russia. A fight in Spain was out of the question at that moment."

We had coffee and brandy in the sitting room. Later Scapini, from his locked closet, produced a bottle of Johnny Walker Black Label whisky. Herr von Bargen and Henri Haye had to leave early. After their departure everyone relaxed. I sat on a sofa beside Scapini and talked to him for the rest of the evening. Raoul had warned me to be as quiet and unobtrusive as possible, but I found that to learn what I wanted to know I had to steer the talk in the right channels by putting questions.

I inquired how Scapini and his friends would be able to explain after the war the fact that they had collaborated with the Nazis. He replied, "We saved France from the fate of Poland. This country was beaten; we had only one weapon left—our brains. The Germans are really an incredibly stupid race, and we figured we could outsmart them. History shows that while Germans always start wars, they seldom can finish them. They lose because of their idiotic blunders. Three times during this war, they've lost it when victory was right in their grasp. The first was when they stopped to take Paris instead of going straight on to England after Dunkirk. The second was when they attacked Russia. And the third was when they failed to invade Spain, thus making the North African landings feasible."

From what he and the others said, they all seemed to be convinced that the Germans had lost the war. However, doing a great deal of wishful thinking, they were putting their last hopes on a compromise peace. Scapini, as a professional politician and hardened opportunist, figured he could keep out of trouble even in the case of an all-out Allied victory. Jokingly he said, "I have weathered a lot of storms in my time. I can probably weather another one. I'm not even very afraid of communism. If it comes in France, I shall reappear on the political scene as a commissar of the people."

The man with the Rumanian name took an armchair near us. He wanted to hear Scapini's impressions of Germany after his last trip. He had returned from Berlin just a few days before. "The morale of the Germans in their own country," Scapini reported, "is better than that of the soldiers and diplomats we see here. It has been a strange phenomenon of this war that wherever there's been heavy bombing, the morale of the people has been strengthened rather than weakened. But the destruction in Berlin has been something incredible. I met a well-known architect who told me it would take three years to rebuild

the city. And then it will have to be moved several miles from its present site. It will be too expensive and slow to clear away the rubble and start over again in the same place. Just to give you an idea of what can happen, there's the case of my embassy. It was hit during a bombing and burned for twenty-two days. You see, the cellars were heaped with coal, which smouldered quietly just like a fire in a grate until it was all reduced to ashes."

Still on this subject he said something which I have often thought of since. It was, I fear, a very exact analysis of what is going to take place after the war. "The Allies are going to face the greatest task in history when it comes to rebuilding the cities of Europe. The tragic irony is going to be that reconstruction will be possible only under a totalitarian system of government. Because of the expense it will be out of the question under a system of free enterprise."

Discussing the Germans' chances of holding France, he said, "They haven't much air force left, but they are not as short of gasoline as the Allied press would like to make one believe. It's true that their supply from Rumania has been cut. They are supposed to receive four and a half million tons of oil a year from that country. They now get only one and a half million because of the difficulty of transportation. However, they are yearly manufacturing between eight and ten million tons of synthetic gasoline right in Germany. As the plants are all underground, not one of them has yet been hit during a raid."

The conversation became general, and the war was dropped in favor of gossip about people in the Scapini circle. I recognized several names, but I had learned my lesson at the party near Bayonne and didn't give any sign of ever having heard them before. On the excuse of going to the dressing room, I got off alone with Yolande. I wanted to inquire what luck she had at the tea party that afternoon where she was to have seen Herr Wallsteiner, the Gestapo chief, to beg him for help in getting a mutual friend of ours out of prison. "I didn't get anywhere," Yolande sighed. "When I told him about Robert's case and asked him if he could do anything, he answered me very harshly. 'I can't and I won't do anything. I am sick and tired of the French. I came here with a great respect and admiration for them, and now, after three years, I realize that they hate us.' "

"Quick, sensitive fellow, isn't he?" I commented.

Yolande laughed. "They're all like that. What an incredible race of brutes!"

Just before eleven o'clock I suggested going home because of the curfew, but Madame Scapini insisted that I remain, assuring me that

she would see I got home safely. It was two in the morning before I left with three other guests. The car was waiting at the door. Madame Scapini got into the front seat to drive. Because of her husband's position and the fact that he was blind, his car had a special pass which permitted it to circulate at any time of the day or night. She dropped me at Sylvia's apartment building and waited to see that I crossed the courtyard safely before going on.

34. A Conversation with a Member of the Waffen SS

At the Scapini dinner I had asked the women present if any one of them happened to have an empty Guerlain bottle. None of them used Guerlain perfume, but when I explained why I needed a bottle Yolande volunteered, "I think I can easily arrange this for you. I know the Guerlain family quite well. Meet me at the shop tomorrow at noon, and we'll see what we can do."

The next morning I set forth alone and walked into town. I had an appointment to meet Raoul on the Champs Elysées, as I had run out of cash. He made a principle of never giving me more than ten thousand francs at a time. It would have been unwise for anyone looking as poor as I did to be discovered carrying any large sum.

He was late, and as I waited I paced up and down between the Rond Point and the Rue Marbeuf, past the Travelers' Club where somehow Germans were kept out during the entire occupation, past a *Soldatenheim,* a *Soldatenkino,* and the Paris headquarters of the Todt organization. Germans were in the majority in this section. Officers drove up in smart cars, usually of American make. Soldiers streamed in and out of the various buildings. I saw every kind of uniform—black, khaki, and gray-green.

The men wearing the khaki belonged to the Todt organization and were of various nationalities. On their sleeves were insignia reading "Holland," "Belgium," "France," "Poland," etc. There were even three Chinese, but they wore no insignia. Two soldiers went by with the camouflaged overall of the paratrooper. There were German girls at-

tached to the armed forces, trained nurses in striped uniforms with big aprons, and the equivalents of our Wacs, nicknamed by the French "Les Punaises" (the bedbugs).

It was fairly easy to recognize which ones had been in Paris a long time and which had just arrived. The newcomers had short straight hair, wore no make-up at all, and set their caps square on their heads. The others were letting their hair grow into long glamour bobs and had gone in for frizzy permanents. They used powder and lipstick, and their caps were set at an angle. They all had tremendous behinds. I noted with considerable amusement the expression of distaste that came over every Frenchman's face when they went past. Disgust for the girls as women, not as Germans. It was satisfying to see that these scornful glances got under their skins. They always blushed and hurried on.

By pacing up and down slowly, I was, of course, leaving myself open to the suspicion of being out to pick somebody up. I realized that suddenly when I noticed the interest I seemed to be arousing among the soldiers. As I would go by, their eyes would brighten and they would start to smile. On the receipt of a blank stare from me, their faces would once more assume the dull, unhappy expression that was common to them all.

After meeting Raoul and getting the envelope of money he slipped me, I crossed the street and headed toward Guerlain's. A tall woman who seemed familiar was coming toward me. Without thinking, I did what one always does under those circumstances; I paused and stared for a moment. It was the Marquise Melchior de Polignac, whom I hadn't seen in about five years. She had the reputation of being a collaborationist, but even without that, I wouldn't have wanted her to recognize me. Quickly I turned my head away and hurried on. Once inside the Guerlain shop, I peeked around the corner of the door and saw her standing on the corner, looking very thoughtful. She apparently had the feeling she'd seen me before and was trying to remember where it had been.

Yolande was waiting for me, in lively conversation with one of the directors of the firm. She introduced us, and after I had explained that I had no empty bottles, he gave the salesgirl instructions to let me have whatever I wanted. I took two large bottles of perfume for myself and a jar of cold cream for Jane, who had complained that there was none to be had in Pau. When my package was wrapped I was warned not to carry it by the string, as it would surely break. All string was made of paper.

Yolande suggested going over to a bar on the Rue Vernet, which was a favorite haunt of actors and writers. There, over a Martini made of Gordon's gin, she pointed out several stars whom I pretended to recognize, although actually I had never seen them because they had become famous since my last visit to Paris.

She had borrowed Madame Scapini's bicycle and was planning to pedal up to Neuilly for luncheon. It was quite a long way, but that didn't dismay her at all. I never ceased to be amazed at the distances Frenchwomen, all dressed up in their best clothes and wearing enormous heavy hats, would blithely cover in a day. Before we parted I asked her to recommend a good restaurant. She suggested a new one called La Truite in the Cité Retiro. If I had any difficulty getting in, I was to use Madame Scapini's name.

I met Sylvia at the metro station and we walked over to the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, on which the Cité Retiro, a kind of courtyard, is located. We found the restaurant with no difficulty. It had formerly been a small, three-story house, and was quite old. Outwardly it was most unpretentious, but the food was superb.

We ordered a dozen oysters each, grilled sole, ham with spaghetti, and a salad. Later the waiter asked if we wanted any cheese. I had eaten so much that I said no, assuming Sylvia was as full as I was. Happening to glance at her, I saw a stricken expression on her face. "Could you eat some cheese?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered just like a child, "it would make everything perfect. The sole was such a treat. It was the first I've had in three years, and it's been four months since I've even seen cheese."

There were éclairs for dessert. As she took one, Sylvia remarked that she felt guilty eating pastry when she knew how much Philip would love a chocolate éclair. With the aid of a large tip, I persuaded the waiter to wrap up two so that we could take them back to Philip. As at Maxim's, the wine and coffee were good, and again the bill was 2,000 francs.

While we were having lunch, a young couple came in and sat down at the table next to us. The woman was dark and rather pretty. It was difficult to tell her nationality immediately, but the man with her was a typical, very blond German. In a low voice I asked Sylvia, "What's that he's wearing in his buttonhole?" She wrote something in a little notebook and handed it over to me with the words, "This is the right address for Jeanne, isn't it?" I took the notebook and read, "Waffen SS."

"I think I'll talk to him," I muttered.

"Oh, no," she cried in a frightened voice. "Don't do that!" However, I couldn't resist the temptation, and while she sat there frozen with terror I turned to the man, addressing him in French. "Would it be indiscreet to ask you what that button is you're wearing?"

"Not at all. It's the Waffen SS," he replied.

"What?"

He repeated the words. I continued to look puzzled. His wife spoke up. "You know, Fuehrer Truppen."

"Who?" I queried.

"Fuehrer."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of him." Then I spoke in German. "But you're German, aren't you?"

"Yes," the woman answered. "How do you happen to speak our language so well?"

"I've been to Germany several times."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes, indeed. A lovely country." Under the circumstances, there was no other answer possible.

Photographs of the children were immediately produced. I made all the proper sounds of admiration that I knew were expected of me. Then I passed them on to Sylvia, whose fingers were so numb with fear that she could scarcely hold them.

"Where are your children?"

"In Hanover with their grandmother."

"Isn't that a rather dangerous place at this moment with the bombings going on?"

"Oh, yes. But they're in the country with their grandmother. They should be safe there." Then hastily knocked on wood three times, the man murmured, *"Toi, toi, toi."*

Later I paid him a compliment on his French, which I had noticed was fairly fluent when he gave his order to the waiter. "How long have you been in France?" I asked.

"This time, just a day, and I'm going back to Germany tomorrow. But two years ago, I was here for several months."

"Where have you been in the meantime?"

"On the eastern front—in the Minsk and Smolensk sectors."

"What was it like?"

He exploded with just one word: *"Katastrophal!"*

"It must have been very interesting to be in Russia," I said. "I'd love to see that country."

"Oh, no you wouldn't. It's absolute hell. At least it was under the circumstances of my visit."

Looking very innocent, I remarked that I couldn't understand why Germany didn't make peace with Russia. "Oh, we'd like to," he bleated. "But they don't want to any more."

When Sylvia and I got up to go, he rose and shook hands with us. It was a difficult thing for both of us to do, but there was no way of avoiding it. As he said good-by, he inquired whether we could tell him where to buy a shirt. "Charvet on the Place Vendôme," I replied promptly, figuring it was the most expensive place in the city and the shirt would probably cost him a month's pay.

The worst bombing of Paris had taken place a few days earlier in the La Chapelle district near Montmartre. The victims numbered 565. I was anxious to see how much damage had been done and also to talk to some of the workmen. Sylvia was puzzled as to why I should be interested, but helpful. She remembered that her dry cleaner had his shop on a little street off the Rue des Poissoniers. She had never been there because he always called for the clothes, but she did know the address. She thought we could make the excuse of paying him a visit to inquire whether he was all right.

Tired of walking, I hired a horse-drawn cab for eight hundred francs to take us on a tour. We left it several blocks away from the shop as we didn't want to seem too grand. From there we continued on foot.

The quarter presented a gruesome sight. On every street there were houses that had been destroyed. Very little seemed to have been done to clear up the debris. Digging was still going on to get bodies out of the cellars. I overheard a woman saying, "The cries and moans stopped yesterday. I guess they're all dead now." Just then a corpse was carried out. The men doing the work were slow and obviously not trained for the job. It looked as though it would be a long time yet before the rubble was completely cleared away.

Men and women and children stood about watching the proceedings. Their faces all showed the same dazed look of suffering. I spoke to several of them to find out how they felt about the raids. I got the same answer as in Biarritz: "We can forgive these raids if they are to some purpose, if they really are a preparation for the invasion."

A man in overalls said, "The Allies have sent out warnings that everyone is to move away from the vicinity of railways and factories. But what are you to do if you work in a railway or in a factory? Live at the Ritz? A man has to have his home near his work."

There were no windows left in the dry cleaning shop, but otherwise

it was intact. We entered to find two women in front of the counter giving the proprietor an account of their experiences the night of the bombing. One, wearing a shawl over her gray hair, stood uncertainly on square, bunioned feet pushed into carpet slippers. She was saying, "You know I was ill in bed, and I just couldn't walk a half a mile to the subway station which is the nearest shelter. I put my head under the pillow and stayed where I was. The houses on either side of me collapsed, but by a miracle, the one I lived in lost only a part of the roof and got a few cracks in the walls."

Her companion interrupted. "You were lucky. I went to the cellar and was trapped there when the house fell down. They didn't dig me out until the next day."

The first woman said, "I hear that there's been an order to make openings to connect all the cellars in the city so that if people are trapped in one, they can go into the next."

The proprietor of the shop snorted with disgust. "Bah!" he said. "We were told that was going to be done way back in 1938. It wasn't done then, and you can be sure it won't be done now. Our only hope is to try to dig ourselves out with the broken bits of shovels and picks which are left for that purpose in the cellars. Or, of course, one can always just sit there and read those signs they've posted. The ones that say, 'If you're caught in the cellar when the house collapses, don't get excited. Keep cool.' I guess the five hundred people who were killed the other night are keeping cool enough in their graves."

The two women left, still chattering. Sylvia greeted the proprietor and explained why she had come. He was very touched at her interest, which made us both feel guilty. According to his account, he had been extraordinarily lucky. Nothing had been hurt in the shop except one blouse which had been cut to pieces when the windows were blasted out.

"Do you think the people here feel very bitter toward the Allies?" I inquired.

"Well, you can't expect them to like getting killed and having their houses wrecked."

"No, of course not, but I thought they might take the long view. The inhabitants in this quarter are mostly pro-Ally, aren't they?"

His face went blank. "People in this quarter, Madame," he said, "don't advertise their political opinions."

We went out and began walking up and down the streets. Everywhere we saw the same dismal picture and the same inefficient effort to clean up. At the La Chapelle yards we entered into conversation

with a brakeman. He told us the damage had been pretty bad, but he added, "It's all being repaired very quickly. The Germans don't bother about houses, but they certainly are in a hurry when it comes to getting the railroads in running order. The other night the all clear had scarcely sounded when they had their own workmen here carrying all the necessary equipment. They've been hard at it ever since, and I think they'll be finished by tomorrow."

We went back to the carriage and drove home. I had thought of going to a play that night, but by the time we had given Philip his supper of cabbage soup, bread, and potatoes, it was too late. Besides, it was very difficult to get tickets for any play or movie. Every theater in town was open, but the people's need for some form of escape from reality was so great that seats had to be bought far in advance.

Raoul, to whom I had suggested a visit to one of the night clubs, had vetoed the proposal. To begin with, it was dangerous to go to places of amusement, for the Nazis were likely to descend without warning on a night club or café and conscript the men present for work in Germany. The women weren't taken away, but they were interrogated and had to show their identity cards. The fewer questions I was asked, the better I liked it. Aside from that, owing to the curfew, a visit to a night club entailed an all-night session. One had to get in before eleven o'clock and stay until five-thirty. The very thought of having to go through seven hours of enforced amusement was depressing.

35. Three Underground Leaders

On Saturday Sylvia and I had intended to lunch at the Berkeley on the Avenue Matignon, but when we arrived there we found a sign on the door announcing that it was closed for lack of provisions. I remembered a large place round the corner called the Cabaret, where I had often lunched in the old days. We went there. It bore the reassuring sign *"Hors catégorie,"* so we knew we could count on finding black-market food. (The restaurants in categories 1, 2, and 3 had ceiling prices according to their classification and demanded coupons.)

All the tables on both floors were taken. The headwaiter assured us

there would be only a short wait as he ushered us into the bar. We ordered cocktails, but there were none to be had as that was a day when no spirits could be sold. We settled for some champagne, but I was amused to note that a couple of men at the next table, obviously steady customers, were drinking something that looked suspiciously like Martinis out of tea cups. The old prohibition dodge was working again.

There was a wait of three-quarters of an hour. The food, when we finally got it, was good, although not to be compared with what we had eaten at Maxim's and La Truite. We had an omelet, a Chateaubriand, water-cress salad, and strawberries. With the wine, the bill came to only 1,200 francs.

After luncheon we went in search of some gifts to take back to my friends in Madrid. Many of the shops were closed, but by walking up and down the Rue de Rivoli I found practically everything I wanted. In one place where I bought some fine linen handkerchiefs with lace borders, the saleswoman was very amiable and chatty. While she was adding up the bill three German officers came in. They wanted to look at baby clothes. They were drooling over a pale blue suit for a two-year-old when I addressed the colonel in German. "Is that for your child?"

"No," he answered. "It's for the lieutenant's baby."

"It's very pretty," I observed, "and I am sure will be becoming." At that the lieutenant promptly produced the inevitable snapshots.

I continued the conversation with the colonel by inquiring how long he'd been in Paris. That, apparently, was a military secret, for he froze instantly and snapped, "Some time."

"Do you like it?" I persisted.

"Oh, yes. It's a beautiful city." A rapturous expression appeared on his face. He cried, *"Ach, Paris kann man nie überschätzen!"* (One can never overrate Paris.)

The saleswoman had finished wrapping my package. She threw it at me without looking up, and didn't reply when I said good-by. It was obvious that the change in her manner was due to the fact that I, whom she took to be a Frenchwoman, had committed the unforgivable sin of speaking to a German when there was no necessity for it. It occurred to me that it would be ironical, though not very funny from my point of view, if she denounced me to the Underground and I was unexpectedly put out of the way.

At Hilditch and Keys I bought six silk ties. A little further on I found some chiffon handkerchiefs with embroidered phrases. One

read, *"La France est toujours une très grande dame."* I selected it for Zora Stephens because she loved France so much.

After wandering around the boulevards for a while, Sylvia and I made our way to the Rue du Cirque, just off the Faubourg St. Honoré. A hat shop then in vogue was there.

Although I hadn't worn a hat in four years, it seemed to me that I certainly shouldn't leave Paris without some fantastic bit of millinery. The more outrageous the better. I didn't know the number of the house, but as the street was short it wasn't difficult to locate. A plaque outside read: "Gilbert Orcel, First floor." We went upstairs into a room that had the atmosphere of insanity common to all hat shops. Monsieur Orcel was dancing round a lady on whose head he was erecting a mammoth turban of white satin. There wasn't time for me to have anything made, so I had to persuade the *vendeuse* to part with a model. The one I chose was typical of the hats then being made—nothing much at the back and a mass of huge pink roses standing about a foot high on the front. After paying 3,800 francs I carried it out with me.

Passing a stationer's shop, I slipped in to make a telephone call. I had made a point of not looking up any of my old friends for fear of involving them if I were caught, but there was one person I thought I should see. I didn't know her, but she was an intimate friend of June Dunderdale's, an American nicknamed Coosie who was married to a Frenchman. She had just been released from Fresnes prison after nine months. June had heard the news of her arrest when we arrived in Spain and had been very upset. Through Swiss and Spanish diplomatic channels, she tried frantically to get some details. Eventually she received a message begging her not to take steps of any kind, for she might only make things worse; everything possible was already being done to obtain Coosie's release. I knew that June would never forgive me if I didn't try to get in touch with her friend.

She answered the telephone herself. In French, I said, "I am a friend of June's and may be seeing her soon. Have you any message for her?"

There was a gasp at the other end of the wire and then I heard, "Could you possibly come to see me?" She gave me an address on the Avenue Malakoff, and I agreed to go right over.

After crossing the Avenue du Bois I had to go past an iron barrier draped with barbed wire which shut off that particular section of the Avenue Malakoff. This was for the benefit of a German general who lived just across the street from Coosie's apartment house.

Her flat was a very luxurious duplex. A butler showed me upstairs to

a sort of studio room decorated in beige. A delicate-looking girl with a lovely little head stood in the middle of the room staring at me with very frightened eyes. As soon as the servant left, I addressed her in English. Some of the fear went out of her face and she asked me to sit down.

I told her a bit about who I was and where I had last seen June. When I finished, she leaned back with a sigh. "You don't know how your telephone call scared me!" she said. "After I hung up, I was sure it was some trick of the Gestapo to make certain I was home so that I could be picked up again. I thought for a moment of running away, but I didn't know where to go."

As I was sure June would want to know all the details of what had happened to Coosie in the past year, I began asking questions. "Were the months in Fresnes very bad?"

She looked away before answering. "Not too bad." That was what everyone who came out of prison always said. On being allowed to go, they were warned against talking too much about their experiences.

I was insistent. "You at least did have a special bed, didn't you?"

She looked frightened again. "Who told you that?"

"June heard it from someone in Spain."

"Well, yes. My husband was allowed to send me a comfortable bed because I have a bad back."

"Why were you arrested?"

"I don't know. I was never accused of anything or even cross-examined. As far as I could gather, I was suspect because I had been seen in a restaurant with some young men who later escaped to Algiers. I scarcely knew them." This, of course, followed very much the usual pattern, particularly in the case of anyone wealthy whose family might be counted on to pay well for a release.

Coosie now began to talk more freely. "At first, I was put into solitary confinement. Later I was moved in with three other women—two prostitutes and a laundress. After a few days of listening to them moan and using all my energy to keep up their morale, I asked as a special favor to be put back in solitary.

"Aside from having my own bed, I also received packages of food from my husband. But the sanitary arrangements were disgusting, and my clothes were in a dreadful state from sleeping in them." I looked at the frail girl wearing a pale apricot-colored tea gown and tried to visualize her living under those conditions.

"The monotony was frightful and you can't imagine how terrifying it is to be locked up without being given any reasons or knowing when

or if you will be freed. Just for a change, I longed to fall ill. Sick people were allowed to remain in the infirmary eight days. I have always had very bad health, but would you believe it?—I couldn't even catch cold. Time and again, I poured water over my clothes and went to bed with them soaking wet and still I couldn't get so much as the sniffles. Finally I went on a hunger strike. Not openly, of course. I just refused to eat. That did the trick and I grew so weak that I guess the Nazis got scared I was going to die on their hands. Anyway, they let me go from one day to the next."

As I left, I asked whether there was anything June could do for her. She said, "Nothing, thank you, unless she can find some means of sending me cigarettes. Tell her I am well and working hard in the French Red Cross. I go out every morning at six o'clock and spend the day either visiting the slums or helping to carry the wounded to hospitals after air raids."

I walked back to Sylvia's thinking over the conversation. Each time I heard one of these stories I wondered at the amazing endurance of human beings. It was even more surprising when the person was someone who had always considered luxury one of the necessities of life. Outwardly, the girl I had just seen showed no signs of having gone through a terrible experience. It was visible only in the shadow of fear that never quite left her eyes.

The next day was my last in Paris. Raoul took me to an apartment which smelled strongly of cabbage on the Left Bank for luncheon with three Underground leaders. He didn't mention their names when he introduced us, but I had grown used to that. All I was told was that one was a lawyer, the other a professor, and the third a writer. The lawyer was quite extraordinary looking. He had a very young, strong face topped with a thick head of white hair. His skin was as white as paper and his eyes were such a light shade of gray that they made scarcely any contrast with his face. I felt a cold shiver run down my spine when I first saw him; there was something uncanny about him, an air of sadness and weariness such as I had never seen before. I thought, He's been hunted. He doesn't look as though he could stand much more. My guess was right. He had been hunted for two years. There was now a price of four million francs on his head and he was about to leave France. With a bitter smile, he said, "I have to go. Four million francs is a lot of money. There are few people who wouldn't turn one in for that sum."

The other two men were very normal in appearance. Short, paunchy, and baldish, they seemed to be quite ordinary professional men. The

writer, I noticed, used black dye on his hair and moustache. It was difficult to believe that they played such important roles in the resistance. But Raoul had told me they were more adventurous and foolhardy than any young hotheads he knew.

Sitting at table in a dining room papered in sickly green, we discussed the situation in France. They were men of education and experience and, like all Frenchmen, were excellent talkers. I gave them my impressions and they commented on them. When I mentioned my amazement at the way the crowd had reacted on seeing Pétain at the Hotel de Ville, they said, "It's surprising to you only because you have come to France from outside where the Allies have mistakenly based their anti-Vichy propaganda on attacks against the Marshal. These attacks have shown a definite lack of understanding of the feelings of the French people. The patriots among us hate the Vichy government, but few of us can bring ourselves to hate Pétain. You must remember that for twenty-five years he has been a colored picture-postcard figure in this country. Everybody knows who he is. Everybody once admired him immensely as a hero and it's difficult to exchange that admiration for contempt all in a moment. Most people feel that while his actions may have been bad, his intentions have always been good; that he really thought he was doing the right thing for his country."

Referring to the fears expressed abroad that there would be a civil war in France after the liberation, I brought up the fact that every Frenchman I had met had a long list of people he was planning to shoot and there wasn't a German name on any list. The professor said, "Those lists are just a way of blowing off steam now. They don't mean very much. I don't believe there will be a civil war here immediately, particularly if the Allied armies advance quickly and measures are taken to prevent famine. The trouble will come sometime after the liberation, once the shouts and cheers die down and the inevitable reaction sets in. The tasks before any new government will be so immense that it is sure to fail. Then France will be like a woman who, after bathing and perfuming herself and dressing up to receive a new lover, finds that he's impotent."

The lawyer broke in. "To my way of thinking, the Allies would be wise if they set up a military control here for a year or so. This poor country will need time to get back on its feet and return to more or less normal conditions. To convalesce from a long sickness, so to speak. One doesn't expect a man who has been flat on his back for four years with a serious illness to get right out of bed and climb Mont Blanc. That

will be exactly the position of France if a government of our own takes over immediately."

"But," I objected, "wouldn't an Allied military control arouse resentment among the French?"

"Mademoiselle, there is only one thing on which you can absolutely count—whatever the Allies do, they will end by arousing resentment. They will be greeted with wild enthusiasm when they first arrive and then, by degrees, there will be a cooling off and the complaints will begin. It was a compatriot of yours who once wrote that fish and visitors smell after three days. No matter how welcome the visitors may be on their arrival, nor how much reason one has to be grateful to them, they remain visitors with a fatal tendency to smell after a time.

"We don't like the British very much and, in principle, we do like the Americans, but I am willing to predict that it is against the latter that the most resentment will eventually be shown. Americans are a wonderful people—kind, generous, and impulsive—but they aren't realists. Nor do they seem to be able to understand foreign mentalities. It would probably be much better if they didn't try. Their childlike desire to please and to be liked is paradoxically enough what so often brings about their unpopularity. They never seem to be able to realize that nobody ever really loves the strong, the powerful, and the rich. Their efforts to please are merely taken as evidence that they are suckers. The English are usually more successful in their foreign relations because they don't expect to be liked nor do they even try to understand other mentalities. They know what they want and they go out to get it and, being powerful, they succeed in putting other nations in the position of having to understand them.

"The Americans are going to be deeply hurt when the grumbling starts. Ultimately, our seeming ingratitude will probably send them right back into their old isolationist shell. That will be a tragedy for the world which could be avoided if only they were as hardheaded and realistic in politics as they are in business."

What they said was merely a repetition of what I had heard on all sides, but I wanted them to be still more specific. "I gather from all this," I said, "that you don't really believe De Gaulle is going to be able to take over successfully. Is that right?"

The writer leaped in ahead of the others. "You have seen enough of the various branches of the Underground to know that, although we work for him, we haven't full confidence in De Gaulle as a statesman. We all admire what he did in 1940. He was the one who came to the fore and raised the tricolor in the name of freedom. That can

never be forgotten, but it doesn't necessarily mean that he is the right man for France in peacetime. Even the greatest army officers seldom make good statesmen. It doesn't follow that because a man is a genius on the battlefield, he will be a genius on the floor of parliament."

The professor interrupted. "There's another thing. Until 1940 De Gaulle was practically unknown in France. He has become an important figure only since he left France, and it's an historical axiom that great leaders can rise only within the borders of their own country. We still don't know very much about him."

I inquired whether they had any other leader in mind. The reply was "No. Nor are we very clear as to exactly what we want after the liberation."

The professor said, "If you will pardon just one more simile, I think I can make you understand. You must think of France as a woman in labor. At the moment a woman is giving birth to a child, she doesn't say to herself, 'This is going to be a boy and I shall educate him to be an engineer.' All she can think of is getting rid of the burden she has carried for so many months and having the terrible pain stop. We have been carrying a burden in the form of the Germans for four long years. We, too, can think only of getting rid of it. We can't look ahead much further."

All three expressed considerable uneasiness over what was to be done after the liberation with the active, fighting members of the Maquis. The lawyer said, "At this moment the Maquisards are doing superb work. I know because I have been with them for weeks at a time, and I'm sure they will distinguish themselves when the invasion comes. But after that, what do we do with them? Few of them are types who will fit easily into a normal, everyday life. It is a tragic truth that often the men who are heroes in wartime are bad citizens in peacetime. Most of the men in the Maquis are tough characters to whom it has come natural to be outlaws. They have been given arms and have received praise every time they have shot somebody down or derailed a train. It isn't going to be easy to take those arms away and, patting them on the head, say, 'Now run along like good little boys and behave yourselves. You've done your part and we thank you very much.' It is not in their character to lead a peaceful life and these years have increased their taste for violence. They will want a big share in the country they helped liberate. When it's refused to them, as it no doubt will be for practical reasons, they will, of course, turn to communism. Moderate liberals like ourselves who would like to see a democratic form of government in France will be able to do very little. We are too

greatly outnumbered. The Germans have seen to that. In all occupied countries they have made a point of selecting most of their victims from the educated classes, for they know that their most dangerous enemies are the thinking men."

I was interested in checking on what I had heard about the effects of Allied propaganda in France. The writer said, "Propaganda is like whipped cream; you can swallow just so much of it and then it won't stay on your stomach any longer. That's what has happened here. For four years we have been fed propaganda by both sides and the result today is that the most popular broadcast in France is the weekly one made from Switzerland by the editor of the *Journal de Génève,* René Payot. He merely sums up the week's news and explains it without attempting to influence opinion in any way. The BBC news programs are also liked. Nobody listens to the Algiers radio unless he has to, and few people are aware that American programs exist."

The lawyer continued with the subject. "There is another angle—radio propaganda can't possibly be as effective in France as it would be in the United States, for instance. A radio here is a luxury, not a household necessity, and only people of certain means own one. All in all, I think the value of propaganda has been highly overrated in this war. The Germans got excellent results before the actual fighting began. They used it then to inspire fear and it worked. But, once the fighting is on, the only propaganda that gets results is a victory."

36. Departure from Paris

Raoul and I were leaving Paris that night. There was great uncertainty as to whether it would be possible for any train to depart from a Paris station. The day before, I had been told we would have to go to Juvisy. That would have meant leaving at three o'clock in the afternoon to make a nine o'clock train, since Juvisy could be reached only by a complicated chain of subways and busses with several changes. However, in the last twenty-four hours the tracks into the Gare d'Austerlitz had been cleared and the train would be starting from there. Raoul thought it wise to be on hand early, for there was no telling what might happen.

Yolande had planned to return with me, but I was leaving sooner than she intended to go. Helpful as always, she asked the Scapinis to lend me their car for the trip to the station, as she knew how difficult it would be for me to carry my own suitcase on the subway.

On my return from luncheon, I packed up and said good-by to Sylvia and Philip. Then I walked over to the Scapinis', where I was expected for tea. Yolande and Madame Scapini received me in an upstairs sitting room. Scapini appeared after a few moments and as soon as I spoke recognized my voice. He was tired and dispirited, for he was about to go back to Germany. That, according to him, was always depressing. Two ladies came in wearing the most absurd hats I had seen yet. They were easily three feet high and covered with ribbons and feathers. When we exclaimed over them, Scapini stated that he saw no reason why women insisted upon wearing such monstrosities. It was startling to hear him discuss them just as though he could see them.

I remarked that I had to admit I didn't find the hats very becoming. One lady with a big Roman nose and prominent eyes gave me a puzzled look. "No," she said. "I don't suppose they are becoming. I hadn't thought of that at all. They are so wild that I like them because they take my mind off the terrible realities of life today. It does a great deal for our spirits to be able to have something that is completely frivolous and unessential."

This time the chauffeur drove the car. I left him at the entrance to the station and went inside where I found Raoul waiting for me. It was just as well that we were early, for the station seethed with people. The platforms were crowded with old men and women, small children, cripples, and the sick. We had to stand aside to allow four girls dressed in Red Cross uniforms to go through carrying a woman on a stretcher. Everybody clutched those awkward, shapeless bundles tied with bits of string in which evacuees carry their most precious possessions.

With immense difficulty, we made our way across the station and found the Toulouse train. (It had been impossible to get space on the one to Bayonne.) The conductor stood at the steps of the sleeping car checking off the passengers on a list. He asked for my identity card to see whether I was really the person for whom the compartment had been reserved. I gave it to him with my ticket and Raoul handed over his. We had to share a compartment, but luckily this was France, and the conductor didn't consider it any of his business to ask why a man and woman bearing different names should be traveling together.

After the train got started he returned our identity cards. That was the only time in three weeks that anybody had demanded mine.

We walked up and down the platform, pushed and jostled on all sides by panicky people fighting to get on the trains. A railway official stood watching them for a while. He seemed tired and rather sad. At one moment, just as a train was pulling out, there was a great surge and much wild running to catch it. He turned to us and cried, "But this is 1940 again!"

There were clean sheets and towels in the compartment, just as in former times. But there was no diner on the train and the porter couldn't provide anything to drink. Raoul, with his usual foresight, had brought along a basket lunch, but for once he forgot something—he had overlooked bringing a bottle of water or wine, so we went thirsty that night. Other passengers seemed to have made the same mistake; all the next day whenever we stopped they would rush out carrying every kind of vessel to get water at the station or by the roadside.

The train left on time, but during the first stretch it crawled. A man on foot could have kept up with it. Ordinarily it takes twelve minutes from Paris to the big junction of Juvisy. That night it took us two hours. This whole section had been seriously battered by bombs a short time before, and only one very uncertain track had been put back in condition. We crawled and stopped and then crawled and stopped again. Long trains were sidetracked all along the way.

One of them, made up entirely of box cars, was marked "St. Malo" and had apparently come from Brittany. It was carrying Spanish workmen. According to our conductor, they were Spaniards who had taken refuge in France during the Civil War. Now they had been picked up by the Nazis and were being sent to Germany as laborers. I could see the men through the open doors of the box cars. They appeared to have set up housekeeping, and were the only gay-looking people I encountered in France. The cars were covered with scrawled slogans and dirty words. In one, on which somebody had merrily chalked *"Viva la Pepa!"*, there was singing and dancing.

By the time we reached Juvisy it was too dark to see the wreckage in any detail, but the mangled remains of locomotives and coaches rose on all sides, weirdly silhouetted against the twilit sky. Strangely enough, although bombs had fallen all around it, the station had not been hit.

The conductor and the brakeman stood in the corridor outside our door. The brakeman remarked that he had been in Juvisy on the night

of the raid. "We all took to the fields," he said. "There was nothing else to do because there aren't any shelters here." He began to chuckle and, turning to his companion, said, "You know Bernard? Well, he was on his way to Paris with an empty train of twelve new passenger coaches and two freight cars. You should have seen his face when he came back to the station after the raid and the whole train had completely disappeared! He thought he'd gone crazy. Then he began to search and found pieces of wood and steel all along the track. That's all that was left of his precious cars." The conductor observed that it wasn't surprising, considering that 1,200 bombs had fallen in an area of 300 square meters.

"This is certainly hell," he said. "I haven't had any rest in two weeks. It takes trains so long to make their runs that they no sooner get back to Paris than they have to start right out again."

The brakeman interrupted with "Do you remember the good old times when '67' used to tear along at sixty miles an hour? Those were the days when it was worth while to work on a railroad."

Even the coaches reserved for German troops were so overcrowded that soldiers were standing in the corridors. A group of privates who had been waiting on the platform to board our train wasn't able to wedge itself in. Apparently the boys didn't like the idea of having to stay at that junction. As two passed my window, I heard one of them cursing: *"Herr Gott!* To think that we've got to spend another night in this —— hole."

It felt good to get into bed because the five days in Paris had been tiring. I fell asleep almost immediately. In the middle of one of my nightly dreams in which I was fleeing from the Gestapo, there was a heavy knock on the door. As sometimes happens, reality and the dream merged. I woke up saying to myself, "This is it. They've really come for me." Raoul got down from the upper berth and opened the door. It was only the conductor. He announced, "All passengers have to change trains. There's been a derailing ahead."

It was four-thirty in the morning and very cold. Even after pulling on my clothes and wrapping myself in an old tweed coat Yvonne had lent me, I couldn't stop shivering. About an hour later, just as it was growing light, the train drew to a stop in the open countryside. There was no station to be seen anywhere.

We started off on a two-kilometer walk over the fields. The straggling column of sleepy, puffy-eyed travelers was a strange sight as it made its way over the dewy, fresh grass. The women's outrageous hats, heavy with flowers, feathers, and bows, bobbed incongruously across

the rural landscape. There were people with crutches and sticks who had to be helped. Even those who weren't crippled kept stumbling, for although the clothes in France were of infinitely better quality than one would have expected, the shoes were very bad. The women teetered along on high cork soles, while the men couldn't keep their footing in heavy shoes with flexible wooden soles. The string on their pathetic little parcels kept breaking, and there were repeated halts to help collect the peculiar contents of these bundles when they flew out of the paper.

Again I marveled at the good nature of the French. I heard only one woman grumble. Her husband laughed and said, "Oh, come on, buck up. An early-morning walk in the fresh air will do us good after sitting up all night in a stuffy train."

As we crossed a bridge, we could see below us the wreckage of the train which had been derailed. This too had been a good job, and it looked as though it would take some time to clear the track. There was a delay of an hour before we started. We couldn't go back to bed again because there were no fresh sheets. However, I curled up in the corner of our compartment and dozed off. Just before we reached Limoges there was another long halt due to a rumor that the town was being bombed. The rumor turned out to be false, and we continued on our way.

Our connecting train to Pau left at nine o'clock in the morning. There was no hope of making that, but we did think we might get in soon enough to catch the one that left at five in the afternoon. We had to give that idea up also when, about sixty miles out of Toulouse, the train came to another stop. We waited there for three hours while the rails ahead were cleared of another derailed train. Meadows stretched on either side and there was a spring near a farmhouse. The passengers got down, filled every available container with water, and washed at the spring. That seemed to cheer them up, and some of the younger ones began to play games with the children.

We finally reached Toulouse at seven in the evening, eleven hours behind schedule. There was no way of leaving, for not only was it too late to catch the regular train, but it turned out that railway traffic had been immobilized that day by a series of derailings.

Toulouse was one of the most dangerous cities in France at that moment. As a great railway center and a base of operations for the Underground, it was kept heavily patrolled by the Germans. But we had no choice; we had to spend the night there in spite of the risk. We were lucky in that, owing to the railway jam, the crowds were so

heavy the Germans considered it impossible to put an effective control on the station. We got through the gates without being asked for our papers.

There was a hotel right in the station. Raoul left me sitting on the luggage and went to see what he could do about getting rooms. He came back with the information that there was nothing to be had. He instructed me to stay where I was while he went in to town. He returned shortly with good news. At a hotel just across the square he had been given the last empty room. "We'll have to share it, I'm afraid," he said. "But that's all to the good, because the manager will probably think we are traveling in sin and won't ask indiscreet questions."

It worked out that way. I didn't have to sign the register or even go near the desk. There was a German officer sitting by the door watching everyone who went in and out. I could feel his eyes on us as we walked upstairs.

The hotel was a dingy place and our room was scarcely luxurious. However, it contained two large double beds, and there was running water. Raoul rang for the valet and inquired where we could get a decent dinner. The valet, a bleary-eyed old man stooped with age, mumbled something about there having once been very good food in Toulouse. After half an hour of reminiscing on the past culinary glories of the city, he finally answered our question. He announced that he didn't know of any restaurants. Raoul was persistent and finally he said, "Well, I've been told that down the street there's a place called the Bar des Glaces. People who have eaten there complain that while choking down a bad rationed meal in the front room, they have seen beefsteaks being served in the back room."

At last we had learned what we wanted to know. Raoul advised me to put on my hat because the German officer downstairs worried him. I pulled the brim down as far as possible over my face, and we started downstairs. The officer was still there. Without any warning, I put my arm through Raoul's and said, "Darling, isn't it wonderful to be together?" It was fortunate Raoul had so much control, or his amazement might have been reflected on his face. He thought I'd gone absolutely crazy.

The windows at the Bar des Glaces were shattered with bullet holes, the results, we learned, of a shooting fray between Germans and Maquisards two nights earlier. Inside we looked the proprietor sternly in the eye and stated that we wanted a good dinner. He got the point and led us into a small back room where there were only six tables,

five of them occupied by Germans. We sat between a young lieutenant, who was plying a blowzy French tart with the very best wine and food, and six Nazis in civilian clothes, three men and three women, who grew more boisterous as they emptied bottle after bottle. The dinner was good and much cheaper than anything I'd had in Paris. It cost only 600 francs. Afterward we took a short walk around the town, but on encountering pairs of German soldiers armed with Tommy guns at every corner, we decided we'd feel happier in the hotel.

The next morning the trains were running again and we caught the nine o'clock to Pau. It was due at noon and arrived at four o'clock. There had been still another derailing along the line. This time the bomb had exploded with such violence that cars lay on either side of the tracks and a couple of buildings near by had been completely destroyed.

Jane was at the station when we arrived. She had been meeting every train for two days. I went back to her apartment, and for the next four days resumed the life I had led before going to Paris.

Jean and Yvonne came over for dinner, bringing the news that all arrangements had been made for me to leave on Friday night. They had moved to their house in the country and were as excited as children over getting installed. It was a fairly big place and required much cleaning and overhauling, as it hadn't been lived in for several years. Two of Jacques' little sisters had come down from the mountains to help out. Monsieur Frontière had provided customs guards to clear the undergrowth in the garden and, incidentally, to keep watch. There was a housewarming planned for the next evening. Rosemary and Jane, Pierre and I were to go out there for dinner and spend the night. Each one of us had to bring his own sheets.

The plan for me to visit the Landes Maquis had to be abandoned because of the battle raging there just at that time. This was a great disappointment, as there were still many things I wanted to know about the Maquis. Rosemary had an inspiration. She remembered that Guy, a twenty-year-old boy who convoyed flyers, had spent considerable time in four different Maquis groups in that region. She sent him word to meet her at La Générale's and, between us, we cooked up a story which would account for my asking questions about the Maquis. We decided to tell him that I had just come from Paris where I had been helping flyers to escape and that I had a young brother who wanted to join the Maquis.

We met in the same upstairs room in La Générale's villa that I had visited before. Guy was an emaciated youth with very high cheekbones

and light brown eyes. He had changed names so often that I don't think he knew his real one himself any more. When he and Rosemary had finished their business, we told him about my fictitious young brother. Unfortunately, we made him too young. I said he was seventeen. At that he threw up his hands and said, "Oh, Madame, don't put a boy that young in the Maquis! It's no place for a well-brought-up lad. The men are all rough—sailors from Dunkirk, factory hands, Apaches from Paris, and other thugs, and the discipline is ferocious. It has to be, of course."

"But," I interrupted, "I have to do something with this boy."

"Are the Germans really after him?"

"Yes. They know about our work in Paris, and they have him on their list."

"Couldn't you hide him on some country property?"

"I suppose so. But he's a patriot, and he wants to do something."

"Well then," he suggested, "let him work with us as a convoy for flyers."

"I don't think that would do," I said, and then began a conversation in which I sounded just like an anxious mamma interviewing the headmaster of a boarding school. My first question was "What are the actual living conditions?"

He replied, "I can only tell you about the four Maquis I have been in myself, but I can assure you that in those the conditions could scarcely be called living. We hid out in the woods where we slept at night. In the daytime, we worked twelve hours for farmers who were willing to keep their mouths shut in payment for our labor. Sometimes they gave us food, but often they didn't. Time and again we had only a crust of bread to eat all day. As outlaws, you see, we couldn't go openly into a town and buy food with our ration cards. I wish the Allies would drop more food and fewer guns for a while."

I inquired what the armament was like that was being parachuted.

"It has to be light," he answered, "so it's not always very good. The machine guns often jam after we've fired a few rounds." Then he went back to the original subject. "There is good discipline in the Maquis, but not much organization. Each group has to work much on its own. Of course, I must admit that I've been in the four worst. The one in Haute Savoie is the best. It's made up almost entirely of regular army men. When the Germans go in to fight them, they have to take tanks and planes. The only trouble is that they are stuck in a corner of France where they can't be of much use."

His parting words were "Take my advice, and don't put your young brother in the Maquis. Those men aren't going to be able to survive another winter."

37. Return to Spain

The housewarming at Jean and Yvonne's was a great success. We bicycled out in the late afternoon, carrying our sheets and a few contributions in the way of food and drink. The main driveway was rutted and overgrown, so we approached the place from the side along a lane bordering the neighboring farm. We found our hosts sitting in decrepit deck chairs under a tree in a sort of courtyard between the main house and the barn. That was one of the most attractive features of the property. The house itself was a manor rather than a château. Built in the seventeenth century, it nevertheless had modern conveniences. It was solid, full of surprises in the way of unexpected steps and corridors, and fitted serenely into the landscape.

The customs guards were working hard in the garden weeding and planting, while in the kitchen Jacques' two sisters helped Henriette prepare dinner.

We made a tour of the house and were very impressed at what had been accomplished in the way of cleaning it up. The furniture was extremely shabby, but it was adequate for Yvonne's and Jean's needs. The place made a good hideout and that's what they wanted. That made up for the drawbacks, which were principally the lack of a single easy chair in the entire place, and the fact that all food had to be brought from town.

Jean had told Rosemary about a wonderful two-way wireless set he had, and she wanted to see it. With an air of mystery he took us over to the barn, where we climbed a ladder into the loft. There Jean began demolishing a big pile of bricks. When he had cleared them away we saw the radio, a small, neat contrivance that looked just like a lady's traveling case. When I returned to Madrid I was told that it hadn't been possible to make contact with Jean by radio. I could readily understand this, as it probably took him so long to unearth the set from the pile of bricks that he couldn't tune in on time.

That evening after dinner we sat around the fire for a quiet talk. There were continual interruptions. Knocks on the back door heralded the arrival of mysterious men who emerged from the darkness to give Jean a message or a package. After considerable whispering, the person would disappear into the darkness again.

The next morning Monsieur Frontière arrived on his bicycle. He was to spend the night there and wait for me to pick him up the next afternoon. We went back to town after luncheon, as Jane was giving a tea party for the wife of the prefect of police, her twenty-year-old son, and a young man who convoyed flyers. Madame la Préfète arrived very late. She had been on a tour of inspection with her husband to a neighboring town where the entire wheat supply of the department of the Basses Pyrenées was stored. The prefect had received word that morning that there was some trouble there. He drove over to find that the Germans had descended on the town and conscripted 600 men. The terrified women and children had taken to the hills. When they crept back in the afternoon, they found that the Germans had taken all the grain as well as the men. The prefect was then scouring the countryside for some wheat to tide over the department.

The prefect had been invaluable to Rosemary and Jane in the matter of smuggling flyers through. He never openly admitted what he was doing, but being in daily contact with the Germans he usually knew what they were up to and could send roundabout warnings to Rosemary when special patrols were about to be put on. Just a few days before, two Americans had been picked up by the French police. The boys stupidly declared that they were Germans. That confused the police to such an extent that they arrested them. A few hours later Rosemary received a message to the effect that it was too late to do anything about those men, as they had been booked. But if it ever happened again, the convoy was to follow his charges to the jail and wait for them outside. At some time within twenty-four hours the prisoners would be allowed to "escape."

Madame la Préfète was a tall, dark woman with big black eyes and a great deal of animation. She was a steady talker and, feeling safe, gave us a running account of all her husband's troubles. He had a difficult role to play. His sympathies lay with the Underground but, as a government employee, he had to be under the orders of Vichy and appear to be hand in glove with the Germans. He was of vital importance to the resistance movement, which had to have links with the official regime. According to his wife, he had given up listening to the Algiers radio because it discouraged him so much to hear the daily

talks on how all government employees who had continued in the pay of Vichy would be punished after the liberation.

The son told us about driving to Vichy through the Corrèze region where a detachment of Georgian troops had been let loose the week before to kill, plunder, and rape. These Georgians formed part of a Russian division made up of wild hill tribes who had joined the Germans, as they would join anybody just because they liked to fight. In them the Nazis had found a ready-made propaganda tool which they were using to the limit in order to inspire fear of the Russians in France. Instead of attempting to control the Georgians, they let them loose on entire provinces with instructions to do their worst. After an orgy of slaughtering and pillaging, the Germans would say to the French, "You see what Russians are like."

Discussing this angle, the boy recounted a story of how a Frenchwoman had gone to the Feldkommandant to complain that she had been raped by eleven Georgians. The German replied, "You were lucky they weren't real Russians, or there would have been twenty-two."

The official figures turned in to the prefect by the mayors of the Corrèze villages announced 3,000 dead in less than a week. The young man told how the car in which he and his father were riding had been halted every few hundred yards by armed soldiers who wanted to know who they were and where they were going. He said it was a hair-raising experience, since none of the soldiers spoke either French or German. It was practically impossible to make them understand that the car was an official one. With tears in his eyes he described the desolate, devastated villages through which they had passed.

I could understand his emotion, for I had gone to just such a town with Raoul just before taking the trip to Paris. One house in three had been burned down, the streets were filthy, not a shop or a café was open, and every shutter was closed. The women and children were cowering behind the closed shutters afraid to show themselves. A nauseating smell hung over the entire place—a combination of charred wood, blood, and rotting corpses.

Rosemary and Pierre came to dinner that evening, and we made plans for the great victory party which would eventually be staged. Rosemary said she was going to invite everybody who had helped her with the flyers. It is one of the great regrets of my life that I missed that party, for I imagined that seldom has such a strange assortment of guests gathered together at one time. I can just see the spectacle of the countess who lived in the pink marble palace and Madame la Gén-

érale from the prim little villa rubbing shoulders with the madams of bawdy houses, the tough characters from the Maquis, the nice boys from bourgeois families who convoyed flyers, and the smugglers who guided them across the Pyrenees.

On Friday, May 5, I started back to Spain. Raoul came for me in a car in the late afternoon. We picked up Monsieur Frontière and his bicycle at Yvonne's and, taking all the back roads, drove to the town of St. Palais. There I was deposited in the house of a lawyer. It was only eight o'clock, and I wasn't scheduled to leave until nine. Raoul turned around right away and went back.

Monsieur Frontière wandered off to see whether all arrangements had been made for the bus which was to transport me to the place by the side of the road where the guides would be waiting. I sat in the stiff parlor of the little house talking to the lawyer's wife, a mild, gray-haired old lady who acted as a letter box for the Underground. "I look like such an elderly, respectable body," she told me, "that the Germans at the patrol stations aren't at all suspicious of me. They let me go in and out of town without ever searching me, so I can easily carry letters."

"What would happen if they ever did decide to search you?" I asked.

She stared at me thoughtfully out of rheumy pale blue eyes. "They'd shoot me and someone would have to be found to take my place."

At nine o'clock on the minute there was a great roaring of engines and squealing of brakes in the street. I looked out to see Monsieur Frontière getting out of a big charcoal-burning bus. Saying a few hurried words of thanks for the hospitality, I ran out and jumped into the bus.

The two front seats were occupied by a couple of giggling schoolgirls in their early teens. They had hailed the bus thinking it was a public conveyance, and Monsieur Frontière had thought it safer to take them in. As soon as we started they began to explain breathlessly that they lived on a farm eight kilometers out of town and were so glad to get a ride because otherwise they would have had to walk all that distance. One of them pulled a grubby handkerchief out of the pocket of her skirt and, untying it, produced some money. She wanted to know what the fare was. Monsieur Frontière told her not to worry, this was his treat. She shook her head vigorously and insisted upon paying something. "Very well then," he said, "we'll make a trade. Do you have any white flour at your farm?" The little girl gazed at him

wide-eyed and nodded. "Fine! My grandson is being christened next week and we need some flour for the cake. I'll be coming through here again on Monday. You meet me by the side of the road at noon with a kilo of flour. Is that agreed?"

Both little girls spoke in chorus, "Yes, indeed, and we'll bring some eggs, too."

We dropped them off and continued to the same spot where Jacques had left me nearly three weeks earlier. But something had gone wrong, and he wasn't standing in the lane. Leaping out of the bus and cursing volubly, Monsieur Frontière set off on his bicycle to scour the road. The driver got down and opened the bonnet of the car to pretend he was repairing the engine. I sat in the bus alone, frozen with terror. If anybody passed, there were sure to be some questions as to why a bus with but a single passenger was out so late. Ten minutes went by before Monsieur Frontière reappeared. "Jacques is here," he whispered. "Get out quickly and go into the lane."

I staggered across the road carrying my clothes and all my new purchases wrapped in paper parcels. Jacques grabbed them and we set off at a good pace.

It was raining and pretty soon the paper on the packages got so soaked that things began to fall out. Lingerie, tins of *pâté de foie gras,* neckties, and handkerchiefs were scattered all over. I had to take off my warm scarf in order to tie some of the things up, and Jacques produced a handkerchief for the others. We met the second guide after about an hour. Coming into a village a few minutes later, Jacques put his hand on my arm, whispering, "Stop! There's something wrong there ahead." He drew me to one side of the road. There the three of us crouched with our backs to a low wall. Suddenly I saw two headlights coming toward us. A light-colored sports car flashed by. *"Ah, les salauds!"* Jasques muttered. "So they're snooping around here again." I asked what the car had been, and he answered, "A Fritz patrol. This is the first time they've been in this district for six months. That's very bad. They must be on to something."

We continued on our way. It was one in the morning when we reached Jacques' village. The other guide went ahead as he had before to make sure the coast was clear. Jacques put his arm around my waist, saying, "We'd better look like a pair of lovers in case anyone should be peeking out the window. That way, if they see us, they'll just say, 'That Jacques, he's a terror with the girls!' "

His mother and the sister who had remained at home greeted us warmly. Monsieur Frontière was in the kitchen, having got there long

ahead of us since he had taken the direct route on a bicycle. He was nervous and upset because five seconds after I left the bus a German patrol car had appeared on the road. We told him about the one we'd seen and that deepened the worried frown he already wore. We had some supper, and I changed my clothes. There was much joking over the fact that Jacques' little gray donkey was out in the stable. He'd been brought all the way from the other side of the mountains so that I could ride him back.

There wasn't much time to be lost, for we had far to go before morning. Jacques and I departed five minutes after the other guide had gone ahead with the donkey. A mile from the village we caught up with him and Jacques lifted me onto the sheepskin which served as a saddle. By that time the rain was coming down in torrents. My windbreaker with its hood kept the upper part of me dry, but there was little I could do about my legs. We jogged uphill and downhill, slipping, sliding, stumbling. In the bad parts I got off and walked. When we went past the farmhouse where I had spent the day, during my previous trip, we saw that it was dark and showed no signs of life. We didn't stop.

At six o'clock in the morning it was still rainy and dark. The water was pouring down my face and seeping in under the collar of the windbreaker. "My brother who is hiding out from the Germans has a hut up here," Jacques said. "We might as well go in there and dry off a bit, for the Spanish guides are not supposed to meet us until this afternoon. We'll be better off here than in that other hut."

Through the rain I saw a blur which gradually assumed the shape of a cabin. We went up to the door and Jacques knocked. A gruff, sleepy voice answered, and in a moment the door opened. We slipped inside. A fire was lighted and I saw that this was very like the other shepherds' huts I had seen. Wood was piled at one end and at the other there was a bed made of interlaced tree branches with the added luxury of a mattress and sheets. Drawing a little stool close to the fire, I took off my shoes and stockings and windbreaker, and spread them out to dry. Jacques was so tired that after eating a piece of bread and cheese he fell on the bed, wet as he was, and immediately went to sleep. His brother and the other guide went out to see to the sheep. As I dried off I began to nod, and nearly fell off the stool on which I was sitting. I crawled onto the bed beside Jacques and dozed off.

Some time later I awoke at the sound of a voice. Opening my eyes, I saw an old man hanging over the bed, gazing at me with lively interest. Chuckling and rubbing his hands together, he was saying,

"Yes. That's the same girl. She's the one I led on the donkey a few days ago." It was the old gaffer in the sabots who had played Joseph to my Mary on the way in.

After eating a meal of the usual bread, cheese, coffee, and wine, I put on my windbreaker again; the shoes had shrunk so that it took a major effort to get my feet into them. I clambered onto the donkey once more, and we started on. It was light, of course, because it was only three in the afternoon, but the old man and Jacques' brother reported that it was safe enough to go out, as there had been no sign of any patrols. After an hour I had to get off the donkey and walk. Jacques' brother led him back.

There was no sign of the Spanish guides when we reached the hut where they were to meet us. "They'll be here eventually. They're always late," Jacques said. "And you can't leave until nine o'clock anyway."

We built a fire and again I dried my clothes. Seven o'clock came, then eight o'clock, and still no guides. We began to grow hungry. Jacques had brought no food because the Spaniards were supposed to provide it at that point. We had even finished the wine in his wineskin. At nine o'clock he began to grow worried. He remembered that when a message had been sent to the Spanish guides to be on hand Saturday, they had sent back word that Sunday would be better because there was a fair on at Burguete, but they'd been ordered to be on hand in spite of that. "I'll bet they all went down to the fair and got drunk and have forgotten all about you," Jacques said. Then turning to Emile, "You go to Miguel's farm and see if you can get on the track of those guides. Tell him to go and fetch them if necessary."

Time went by and Jacques paced the floor anxiously. We grew hungrier and hungrier. Finally at eleven o'clock I remembered the *pâté de foie gras* I was carrying back to Spain. We opened the half-kilo tin and ate the *pâté* with Jacques' knife. That cheered us for a moment, and we couldn't help laughing at the incongruity of eating *pâté de foie gras* in a shepherd's hut. It tasted very salty and stuck in our throats. We didn't even have any water to wash it down with. I soon gave it up as a bad job, but Jacques, with many grimaces, finished the tin.

At one o'clock Emile arrived with Miguel. He explained the long delay by saying that when he reached the house he found three *carabineros* in the kitchen. Miguel couldn't leave while they were there. When they did depart it was too late to try to locate the other guides and, anyway, as they hadn't come for me, it meant that the car hadn't

been ordered to meet me that morning on the Spanish side. The only solution was for me to go back with Miguel and stay in his house. This was a solution that didn't please him too much for, although of Spanish nationality, he lived inside the French border and couldn't afford to take any chances.

It was a difficult two-hour hike downhill. The rain had made the ground so slippery that my feet kept sliding out from under me at every step. It was after three o'clock when we reached the village. Miguel's house was on the main street. It had a big heavy door which opened as soon as he tapped on it. His wife was in the entrance and led us into the kitchen where she and her old mother had kept the fire going. A row of nine black-eyed children ranging in age from two to fifteen sat against one wall. They had stayed up to see the visitor. The mother busied herself making me some fried eggs and hot chocolate. By that time I was too tired to be hungry and I left most of it on the plate. Miguel's wife and I made conversation which the nine children followed as though it were a tennis match, shifting their eyes from speaker to speaker. They seemed to be deeply interested, although they didn't understand a word, for they spoke only Basque.

"A German died two nights ago in that very chair you're sitting in," the woman remarked casually.

"What did you do? Poison him?" I asked.

"No. He and another man from the patrol dropped in to see us. They had been drinking all day and were pretty high by the time they got here. After some wine, they grew worse. We turned on the radio and happened to hit on a Hitler speech. At that, one of the men leaped up shouting, 'We must salute our Fuehrer properly!' He pulled his gun out of the holster and threw it on a chair. It went off as it hit the seat and the bullet whizzed past three of the children and me to go straight into the other German's heart. He was dead within five minutes."

I wanted to know what had happened to the man who had shot him. "He got fifteen days in the guardhouse," she answered.

A bed had been made up for me in a room back of the kitchen. It was a big room full of furniture—two feather beds foot to foot took up one whitewashed wall, and a washstand and two enormous wardrobes that must have been in the family for generations occupied the rest of the wall space. The heavy linen sheets were clean and smelled good. I was glad to get into a real bed.

I was still asleep at nine o'clock when the door was quietly opened and Miguel's wife tiptoed in, followed by all nine children. "Miguel

has gone down the mountain to get in touch with your guides and to order the car," she said. "He'll be back tonight and you can leave immediately. Now I'll bring you some breakfast."

As she was leaving, she glanced out of the window and stopped short, crying, "Oh, my God! Here come two carabineros. It's raining, so I suppose they don't want to be out on duty, but they're scared their sergeant will catch them if they stay indoors on the Spanish side. You'll just have to hide in here all day. I'll drop in every once in a while." She rushed out and was back in a moment with some breakfast. She had scarcely left the room when there was a loud knocking on the door, and I heard her greeting the carabineros.

They stayed in the kitchen the entire day, sometimes listening to the radio and sometimes singing songs of their own. The clatter of dishes and glasses went on unceasingly. When they tired of the radio and singing, they gave the youngsters a Spanish lesson. I listened to the children's high voices innocently shrilling the dirty words they were learning, and the carabineros howling with laughter.

At ten o'clock at night Miguel slipped into the room. He whispered, "Get dressed quickly. I've brought the guides and you must be ready to go as soon as those damned carabineros leave. They'll be out of here in a moment because they have to go back to their quarters for supper."

Ten minutes after the guards departed, I left with the two guides. They swore they had misunderstood the message about my arrival and hadn't expected me until they received some further word. The smell of liquor on their breaths, however, nearly knocked me over when I shook hands with them, and after I saw the way they lurched down the road I was sure Jacques' guess had been accurate. There was no doubt that they had spent the week end getting drunk at the fair.

Pedro carried me pickaback over a stream and we were once more in Spain. I breathed a sigh of relief. If I were caught now I wouldn't be in much danger. I knew I could argue my way out of any trouble I might have with the carabineros. But we still had to be very careful, of course, because every time someone was caught it meant the end of the usefulness of that particular line.

Juan said we could walk along the road for some time because the guards would be at dinner for at least another hour. That part of the walk was the pleasantest of all. We were on a hard motor highway, flat and smooth. It had stopped raining, but a heavy fog began to roll up. By the time we struck off across the open country it was impossible to see more than a few feet ahead. We arrived at a hut about one o'clock in the morning. Pepe and Antonio, my next guides, were there

and they had brought a horse for me. That was a very welcome piece of news, but I didn't like their looks. They too had apparently spent the week end at the fair and were still red-eyed and very ill-tempered.

The horse actually had a saddle. He was a nice, tame beast who knew his way. I just dropped the reins on his neck and let him go ahead as he pleased. By that time the fog was so thick that I couldn't even see the horse's ears. The two guides went ahead and kept up a steady drone of talk until we came to Roncevaux. There we again had to pass within a hundred feet of the abbey.

Antonio whispered, "You must dismount here. The horse can go no farther." He removed the saddle and bridle, hid them in some bushes, and let the horse wander off by himself to find his own way home.

Again we followed a highway. Antonio went first while Pepe and I followed him at a few hundred feet. Suddenly he turned and began to make frantic signals, then disappeared into a hedge. Pepe glanced back and, without a word to me, dived across the road and into the underbrush. I followed, landing on a barbed-wire fence. Fighting my way through, I fell face down in a puddle on the other side. Just then I heard the rumble of a truck. It was the headlights which had warned Antonio.

We walked across the fields we had been over the night I left Spain. The fences had all been put up again, and we had to stop continually to pull up the stakes so we could get through. We arrived at the meeting place twenty minutes ahead of time. Antonio went off to see if the car was by any chance on a side road. Pepe parked me and the knapsacks under a tree right out in the open, and before I realized what he was up to departed in search of Antonio.

It was just beginning to grow light. I saw a car crawling along the road, but as I didn't know whether it was mine or not I was afraid to hail it. After a moment it turned and came back again, and I began to breathe more easily. I went over and told the driver that the two guides had disappeared. He began to swear, pushed me into the car, and ran across to get the knapsacks. Just as we were leaving Pepe and Antonio appeared, and took great exception to the dressing down the chauffeur and I gave them for having abandoned me by the side of the road. When I tried to give them a knapsack to send back to Jean, they refused to take it. Flinging the package of letters which contained the weekly courier into my lap they stalked off, grumbling that they were through acting as guides.

They were certainly through as far as I was concerned. I reported

them to Don José, who was waiting for me when I got to the cobbler's shop in Pamplona. "They're all getting impossible," he said. "They've never made as much money in their lives, and yet they're not satisfied. On this side, they don't take the risks that the French guides take, for if the carabineros appear they just dump everything and run. Even if they're caught, it only means a couple of days in jail. Yet they never stop carrying on about how dangerous this work is and they charge twice as much as the French, who are shot if they are found out."

My suitcase was hidden away in the back room of the shop. After scraping off the worst of the mud and changing my shoes, I joined Don José. He advised me to go back by car, saying he could hire a taxi (a charcoal burner) to take me to Madrid for two thousand pesetas. I agreed to this, as the train service is very bad from Pamplona and I was anxious to get back to Madrid quickly and without being spotted.

Don José took me to a hotel where I asked for a room and bath. As I wasn't spending the night, I didn't have to fill out a police form. That was fortunate, as it meant I would leave no tracks behind me. After a bath and breakfast, I left in the taxi. Ten hours later I reached my apartment. By that time I had been on the road seventy-two hours and had had no sleep for nearly thirty-six.

Adela was overjoyed to see me. She had begun to grow worried about me, although John Marks had kept in touch with her and reassured her by saying he had news that I was well. When I told her where I had been, she grinned and said, "I suspected you were up to something like that. I never did believe the story about going to Bilbao and Barcelona, particularly when you took heavy walking shoes and a pair of woolen underpants."

The first thing I did was to call Dorsey Stevens and arrange to have dinner with him. He, John Marks, and I ate in the dining room of the Ritz because we were afraid there might be microphones in the Stephens apartment. Dorsey, like everyone else in Madrid, had begun to grow puzzled over my long absence. From all I could gather from John, he had had a dreadful time making up adequate lies as to my whereabouts. There had been one bit of luck—someone calling the British Embassy in Lisbon happened to ask if I had been seen there. The man in Lisbon, apparently a vague soul without much sense of time, answered that he'd seen me a few days before.

I gave Dorsey a blow-by-blow account of the entire trip. It was the political angle that interested him most, and he said he would send

one of the other military attachés around to see me the next day to find out if I'd picked up any useful military information.

It was six o'clock in the morning before I had finished my story and at last went home to bed. By that time I had gone almost two full days and nights without sleep.

Adela brought a cable in on the breakfast tray. It was from my mother, who hadn't heard from me in nearly a month. Just before going to France I had cabled that I was planning to spend two weeks in Andalusia. I thought she would assume I was having such a gay time that I couldn't get around to telegraphing or writing, but I had forgotten how very psychic she is where I am concerned. This message read: "See you looking very tired. Are you all right?"

It was uncanny. Aside from having shooting pains in my heart, there were circles under my eyes that reached to my mouth, and my hands, feet, and face were swollen to twice their size. On seeing myself in the mirror, I decided that "tired" was a very mild way of describing the way I looked.

38. Tempest in a Teapot

The day after my return to Madrid, May 9, I filed a cable to the *Herald Tribune*. I said that I had just spent three weeks in Nazi-occupied France, and suggested that the editor get in touch with my agent to decide how the story should be divided up between the paper and some magazine. The trip had cost me nearly $3,000, and I knew that only a magazine would put up the money for an expense account of that size.

That evening I had a call from the Foreign Office. It was a request that I go in next afternoon to discuss the cable I had just tried to send. When I walked into the office marked *"Gabinete Diplomatico"* all four men who worked there were waiting for me. They rose and came forward to shake hands. One of them said, "Allow me to offer my congratulations. You have shown extraordinary courage. We all wish to express our admiration but, at the same time, I must tell you that you have put us in a very difficult position. Twice you've been into

the zone forbidden to foreigners; twice you've crossed the Spanish frontier in a clandestine manner. Refugees are put in jail every day for doing just that."

"Are you planning to lock me up?" I asked.

"Of course not. We respect you for what you've done and we don't wish to make you any trouble. The only thing we must insist on is that your story shouldn't be filed from here. You can't ask us to condone publicly your breaking our laws by passing them through our censorship. The censorship stamp would amount to an official seal of approval."

"Have you any suggestions as to what I should do?"

"We can't advise you."

I had an idea. "Suppose I go to Lisbon and file from there? Would you object to that?" (As I was accredited only in Spain, I could get into trouble with the Spanish authorities for sending anything from Portugal.) They assured me that there would be no objection at all to that plan.

I had intended to see Mr. Hayes, but he was in Lisbon where he had gone to meet his wife, who was returning from the United States. As I had only a very slight acquaintance with anyone else at the embassy, I didn't go there at all. I had already given a full account of the trip to the military and the naval attachés' offices. That seemed sufficient.

I couldn't leave until Saturday, as there was no space to be had on train or plane before then. There was quite a lot to be done in the meantime. Having foreseen that I might not be able to cable my story from Spain, I had applied for a Portuguese visa before going to France. It was waiting for me at the consulate. The Spanish police gave me an exit and re-entry permit at the request of the press section at Vice-Secretaría. The fact that I received a re-entry permit showed conclusively that the Spanish Government was not really very outraged by what I had done.

Jacques Truelle, on hearing that I had been to France, invited me to luncheon. Monseigneur was there dancing with excitement. I told them both the story and they too congratulated me. On Friday night Monseigneur gave a dinner in my honor at which he served the kilo of *pâté de foie gras* I had brought back as a present for him. It was a very emotional evening with many toasts proposed in my honor.

The British Embassy called me in for a conference with the attaché in charge of the English flyers who escaped from France. All he wanted to know was whether I had taken a route used by flyers. When I gave

him my word that I hadn't, he was quite satisfied. After that he took notes on some of my suggestions as to how the job done by Rosemary and Jane could be made easier. He knew all about both of them and agreed with me that they deserved decorations. He thanked me very courteously and added his compliments on what I had done.

Because Dorsey Stephens, the Spanish officials, Truelle, Monseigneur, and the British had been so very understanding and admiring, I assumed that would be the attitude taken on all sides. It came as a surprise, therefore, when I arrived in Portugal to hear rumors that there was trouble brewing for me in the American Embassy in Madrid. I had been in Lisbon four or five days when I began to get telephone calls from Spain warning me to expect the worst. As far as could be judged by outsiders, the entire embassy staff was down with a serious case of hysterics. Each branch was cabling a different report to Washington about my trip.

On the Friday after my arrival in Lisbon the American consul telephoned, asking me to take my passport to his office. When I went to see him, he said he'd like to look at the passport to make sure it was in order. I hadn't taken it with me and insisted there was no reason for him to see it; it was in perfect order; I was satisfied with it; the Spanish authorities were satisfied with it; and so were the Portuguese.

It was quite clear that the opening shot had been fired and I knew I was in for trouble. Rumors were beginning to fly thick and fast, both in Madrid and Lisbon, and most of them were getting back to me. Still, no one at the embassy called me in to ask for an account of what I had seen and done. In fact, no one connected with the State Department ever took the trouble to get a full report direct from me.

A cable had come from my agent saying that *Collier's* would buy a series of articles on France and that it would be all right to send a few stories to the *Herald Tribune* if they in no way conflicted with the ones for the magazine. After making arrangements to file through the Associated Press, I sent off a piece to the paper describing the Scapini dinner party. At the time, a couple of news magazines in America accused me of having become a tool for German propaganda because I quoted the German minister in Paris, von Bargen, on the subject of the possibility of a compromise peace. He had declared that the Germans counted on being able to hold up the Allies' progress on the continent after the invasion and thus gain bargaining power to discuss a compromise peace. In view of subsequent developments, it has become clear that this was not German propaganda—it was advance notice of the Nazis' intentions.

The day after the story appeared on the front page of the *Herald Tribune,* I received a cable from the Columbia Broadcasting System asking me to broadcast on the evening of May 21. That was the next day. What's more, it was a Sunday. However, the chief of the AP bureau, Luis Lupi, came forward magnificently and bullied the Marconi office into agreeing to make all the necessary arrangements for the broadcast.

I had just sent the script off to the censorship Sunday morning, when the telephone rang. It was Ken Demarest, our naval attaché, with the information that the American Ambassador had heard I was going to speak over the radio that evening and insisted Ken should censor the script. "The Ambassador is exceeding his rights in demanding this," I said, "but in order not to make trouble, I'll agree. I hope, however, you'll make it clear to him that by passing on this script, the embassy becomes the official sponsor of my journey into France."

I was going to a beach picnic given by the Swiss Minister and wouldn't be back until seven that evening. Ken grumbled on hearing that, as it meant he had to make a special trip in from the country, but there was nothing I could do about it. The only copy of the script was then at the censorship.

At the picnic I happened to sit next to Colonel Solborg, whom I never could think of as an American because he spoke English with the thickest foreign accent I have ever heard. Nevertheless, he was the American military attaché. Although he hadn't seen me since my arrival in Lisbon, I knew that he was one of the people principally responsible for starting the great "Moats scare" and witch hunt then going on, so it came as a surprise to find him most cordial and sympathetic. He was very scornful of the hysterical attitude adopted by the embassies in Madrid and Lisbon and gave it as his considered opinion that Ambassador Norweb was behaving in an "absurd" manner.

"Have you any idea what all this fuss is about?" I asked innocently.

"What's got them all worried," he replied, "is how you managed to get that story back to the *Herald Tribune.*"

Very puzzled, I queried, "How I got the story back? What do you mean?"

"Well, they can't figure out what means you used to send it. They suspect you must have persuaded a Clipper passenger to smuggle it into the United States."

At that, I howled with laughter. "Do you suppose that anyone at the embassy has ever heard of a man called Marconi?" I asked.

"Why, yes. Of course."

"Do you suppose anyone has ever heard of a little invention of his called the wireless telegraph?"

"Naturally."

"Do you think they have ever heard of an organization called the Associated Press?"

"Obviously. Why do you ask?"

"Well," I explained, "it may surprise all of you to know that by combining Mr. Marconi's invention with the facilities of the Associated Press, it is very simple indeed to get a message from here to the United States."

He was extremely interested in the account of my telephone conversation with Ken Demarest and mentioned that he too had been asked to censor the script but had refused. Apparently he changed his mind, for he ended by driving me into town and when we reached the AP office pored over the four typewritten pages with Ken. I watched the two men with considerable amusement as they read with furrowed brows. They went through the script three times and finally asked me to make a correction. They felt that the word "however" should be changed to "nevertheless."

The broadcast was to be made from the office by a very complicated system involving two telephones and a pair of earphones. Lupi was out in the country and his assistant spoke no English. I couldn't get it across to him that he was to call the Marconi office to find out whether they had really understood the cabled instructions from New York telling me that if we didn't get the signal I was to go ahead blind five seconds after starting time. Ken produced his best brand of Portuguese for the occasion and the man at last called. The clerk at Marconi said, "Yes, yes," and that's all we ever got out of him.

There were four clocks in the place and each told a different time. When I thought the moment was approaching for me to go on, we tried to get through to Marconi again with no success. In the end, nothing came of all the elaborate preparations. The signal didn't come from New York and it turned out that there was a law in Portugal against starting a foreign broadcast before the signal came. All the excitement had been for nothing.

The news from Madrid continued to be disquieting and the rumors in Lisbon about me grew daily bigger and better. But I still couldn't find out exactly what was going on. I wasn't particularly worried. The trip to France had left me feeling very tired and I was really too weary to care what happened. All I felt was a faint irritation that grown men occupying official positions in time of war should be behaving like a

bunch of schoolgirls. I had found a staunch ally, Arnaud Dosch-Fleurot, a veteran newspaperman who was wise, experienced, and generous. He was tremendously thrilled over my exploit and kept saying, "But this is the biggest thing that has been done by any reporter in this war!" He made those days endurable and managed to communicate some of his own tolerant spirit to me.

My May 26 I had filed 3,000 words to *Collier's* and was working on the next article. It looked as though I wouldn't be through for another two weeks. I gave my passport to the hotel porter with the request that he take it to the police for a fifteen-day renewal of the visitor's permit. He brought it back saying that the permit could be extended only at the written request of the American Embassy. A two-week extension was usually granted automatically so it was obvious that the American Embassy had told the police not to give it to me.

Having known Ambassador Norweb in Mexico, I hoped he might be helpful. I went to ask his advice. His years of diplomatic training showed that day. He talked for an hour and told me absolutely nothing. From his office, I went to see the consul. I inquired whether he could have my permit extended. He assured me that it could be done very easily. Then I put it to him. "Have you any order to pick up my passport?" He looked me straight in the eye and swore he had received no such order. I left the passport and departed.

The next morning the consul telephoned to say he had to see me immediately. When I arrived at his office, he handed me a letter saying that on the instructions of the State Department, my passport had been picked up. There was a paragraph to the effect that the Portuguese and Spanish authorities had been notified that I no longer had a passport, and it ended with the information that for the price of one dollar I could obtain a certificate of citizenship.

I liked that last touch but it seemed to me that the significant part of the letter was the bit about the Portuguese and Spanish authorities being notified that my passport had been picked up. That meant that the two governments had been informed that an American woman, representing an American newspaper, no longer had the protection of her government.

There was nothing in the letter to explain why such action had been taken. I could only assume that it was connected with the journey to France. The consul couldn't throw any light on the matter. His only suggestion was that I return to the United States as soon as possible. He added that there was one thing he could do for me—he could see to it that I was in no way molested by the Portuguese police. I told

him not to trouble. I knew that without a passport or visitor's permit I was likely to end up in the concentration camp for foreigners at Caldas de Aranha, but at that point I really didn't care. "It's quite all right by me," I said as I left. "It won't be pleasant but I'll go and you can have the satisfaction of knowing that because of the embassy's attitude, an American woman is in a Portuguese concentration camp."

My intention was to sit tight. I knew I could eventually get back to Spain. I cabled the *Herald Tribune* giving all the details of the incident, quoting the letter in full. I also sent some cables to friends with influence. I was willing to fight because it seemed to me that the moment had come for the press to make a stand for its rights. I had done only what any up-and-coming reporter would have given his eyeteeth to have done. Besides, I couldn't understand why I should be treated in such a fashion when an American newspaperman who entered the German Embassy in Madrid with the announced intention of getting an interview with the Nazi Ambassador had not received so much as a verbal reprimand. What he had done might well have caused serious international complications. The German Embassy counted as German territory and he could have been held there, while the American Ambassador used all the pressure he could command on the Spaniards to get him out. What I had done could not possibly have caused any trouble for my government. Had the Germans arrested or shot me they would have been within their rights and the American government could not have uttered so much as a protest.

Although I was willing to fight for what I believed to be a principle, I didn't really feel very much like engaging in a major battle. It all seemed such a tempest in a teapot and I was much too tired. I was still sitting tight on the morning of June 2 when, coming back to the Hotel Aviz from a late party, I ran into a man I knew. He grabbed me, crying, "I have just got off the Clipper. Come and sit with me while I get something to eat. I have a message for you from your mother, whom I saw two days ago in New York."

As usual, Mother had been psychic. Before knowing anything about my French adventure, she had flown from Mexico to New York. She wanted to be where she could help me, for she was sure I was in difficulties of some kind. The story broke after she reached New York and she had somehow found out that a friend of mine was about to leave for Lisbon. The message she sent was, "Come home. You can't fight this from Portugal."

As her advice is always excellent, I decided to leave. At noon I called the consul to tell him that I thought I'd go home. I heard him sigh

with relief. He asked when I wanted to go. I said, "By the next Clipper."

"There's one leaving tonight. Can you make it?"

"Certainly."

From then on I saw what service an American Embassy could give if it wanted to. A certificate of citizenship was made out in a few minutes in spite of the fact that I didn't have the right number of photographs; I was given a two priority on the Clipper; the consul spent the entire afternoon running around getting all the proper visas put on the certificate; I was offered the use of an embassy car; cables were sent ahead to the consul in Brazil to meet me and see that I got on the first plane flying north. The Lisbon consul went himself to the air base to see me off. Never have I left anywhere with quite as much pomp and circumstance.

The Clipper took the southern route. The first night was spent aboard; the second in the Pan American rest camp at Fisherman's Lake. There I ran into some old pals whom I had met two years before when they were stationed in Lagos and Accra. The result was that I sat up with them all night talking and had only one hour's sleep before boarding the plane to go on to Brazil.

At Natal, the American consul was on hand to meet me. He got my things through the customs in record time and drove me out to the army post where I was put up in a comfortable bungalow and treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality.

Two days later, I started north in a Pan American Douglas which might well have been called the "Toonerville Trolley." It landed somewhere every hour or so. There were two overnight stops, but finally, on June 8, I reached Miami. Two FBI men cross-examined me at the airport. It took four hours to tell my story and I was glad to have it go down on a written record. It was still never explained to me what all the excitement had been about, but at least the whole thing was cleared up and I was out of trouble.

The questions put by the FBI men had been intelligent. That was more than could be said for those put by my friends and acquaintances in New York. Every day I was more amazed at the apparent ignorance of people in this country as to what was going on in Europe. Most of them didn't even seem to be aware that France was completely occupied by the Nazis after the North African invasion. The only definite picture they had in their minds of what was going on over there had obviously been obtained from thriller movies. They were firm in their determination that all the French should be starving to death

and had no conception of the mental anguish those poor people had been enduring for four years.

As a sample of the kind of thing I had to face, there was the question put by the wife of a government official: "Were things so difficult in Spain that you had to go to France?"

39. It Was Worth It

The worst part of being asked questions over here was that people seldom bothered to listen to the answers. That is, on the rare occasions when I was allowed to get through the first sentence of a reply. Usually the conversation would run something like this: "What was Paris like?" I would get as far as "Well, it was sad . . ." when the questioner would interrupt and proceed to tell me. Or I would be informed that I couldn't possibly be right, "Because a Frenchman was telling me just the other day . . ." On further investigation, it usually turned out that the Frenchman in question hadn't been to France in ten years.

However, seeing how many mistaken impressions there were as to the situation in a Nazi-occupied country made me understand that I had done the right thing by going to France. The trip was worth the risks and expense involved, not only from a professional point of view, but for my own personal satisfaction. It taught me an important lesson —not to jump at conclusions based on third-hand information.

It also taught me to avoid preconceived notions. I went to Spain with my mind already made up as to what I would find there. My ideas were based on what I had read and heard over here. Practically every one of them turned out to be wrong. Still, not having learned the lesson thoroughly, I went to France with my mind more or less made up as to what I would find there. Again, I discovered that practically all my ideas were wrong.

I realized then that as a nation we are much too prone to thinking in clichés. In the last few years, we have begun to use the terms "fascist," "defeatist," "collaborationist" far too loosely. Human impulses, actions, and thoughts are seldom so simple and uncomplicated that one can dismiss them with tags. How true that is has been seen in France since the Allied invasion. Many of the people most talked of over here

as collaborationists who must be shot immediately have been among the first to be vindicated. The American public is gradually coming to realize that it wasn't only the few thousand Frenchmen who went to Algiers who were the patriots, but also the many millions who stayed in France and worked for the cause.

Whether we like it or not, every day it becomes more clear that it is the United States which will have to rehabilitate Europe after this war. Americans are going to be the only ones who won't be bled white and completely exhausted by the time victory is achieved. Our youthful energy, our enthusiasm, our vigor are going to be badly needed. But it is a task that is going to require far more than energy, enthusiasm, vigor, and humane impulses. It is going to require caution, the patience to dig for facts, and a great deal of thought.

We are going to have to avoid leaping at conclusions. We are going to have to understand the background completely. Above all, we are going to have to face the fact that people of other nations don't have the same reactions as Americans. We are going to have to analyze not only what makes them behave in a certain way, but also how they are going to react to our behavior. This will be the greatest opportunity that has ever been offered to a country in the history of the world. We mustn't bungle it by oversimplifying the issues.