

We drove two days through fantastic scenes cluttered with dead horses, looted towns, gutted farms. We passed the grotesque remnants of a column of refugees, a perambulator standing amidst the bodies. German soldiers were digging in a field. Their arms were bloody.

At nightfall we came to a town. It was forbidden to pass after dark. A German soldier led us to a looted house and assigned us a room. It seemed most courteous, until next morning, when we found our car robbed of everything of value.

We stopped beside the road for lunch, but were interrupted by the passage of an armoured column. We heard them laughing and shooting after they passed. Hurriedly, we drove on.

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Up to that time, you must comprehend, we were more confused than resentful. Like most Europeans, we were accustomed to the thought of war as a distressing but inevitable phase of existence, more political than personal. Of the old war, I remembered only the excitement. As a man I had known some Germans. They did not seem to me as the Nazis seem now—monsters incarnate, beastly creatures to be exterminated with unrelenting thoroughness and an utter absence of compunction.

That cold anger grew as we reached my father's estate near Antwerp. German troops had used one wing as a brothel. In all other rooms, obviously done with deliberate contempt, were heaps of human offal. The cellars had been looted of the choicest wines: the rest had been smashed. China and crystal had been hurled against the walls. It was a shambles.

Our house in the city had escaped harm, although my business was wiped out. We tried to take up our life. Food became the paramount problem. Two pounds of tea cost \$50; a loaf of bread, \$2; two pounds of beef, \$5; gasoline, \$3 a quart. These were Black Market prices. The Germans ran the Black Market. They would post ceiling prices for the shopkeepers, then refuse to give the shopkeepers enough to sell. But German officers would sell anything, at 10 to 1,000 times the ceiling price.

They would even have soldiers deliver purchases to the door.

In larger matters, they tried to cloak their depredations with a disarming suavity. If they wanted a man's business, building, residence, motor-car, they politely served legal documents and agreeably held conferences. Of course, they always got what they wanted. They have abandoned this mockery now.

But the problem of living, just living, surpasses belief. Malnutrition is the national ailment. The most pitiful victims are the children. I thank God each night that my friends in the Underground are watching over my own youngsters until the hour of liberation. . . .

As weeks passed, I feared I was going mad. Sleep became impossible; my nerves were fraying raw. The Germans—just their presence, the look of them, their arrogant insolence, their green uniforms, their placards on the walls, their diabolical hypocrisy—became intolerable. It was like living in a cage of monstrous beasts that played with us, taunted us, as a cat plays with a mouse.

Our neighbour was an old gentleman, almost 75. He staunchly refused to truckle to the Germans. One day he borrowed a bicycle and rode into the country, where he bought a small bag of potatoes from a farmer. Returning, he was caught by a German road patrol. They beat him insensible and threw him out of a car at his doorstep. He died that night.

I called upon the wisest, kindest man I ever knew. He had been one of my professors. I talked myself out. When I finished, he said quietly, "I have been waiting for a man like you. We must fight." We talked until midnight, making plans. That was the beginning of the Underground. Our first helpers were three of his young relatives.

From that night, the sight of the Germans annoyed me no more. I could even smile at them—anything, to get what I wanted. This is an odd thing, and I want you to comprehend. It is something that happens inside a man. He becomes a dual personality. On the one hand, he is solid, sedate, prosaic; on the other, he is an avenging spirit in whom the flame of resistance is a slow