

and steady fire, burning deep and warm, never going out.

It is not like the cinema. We do not fight for glory or adventure. We fight because the urge is in us, driving us on; because it is a way to express ourselves and to help others. We do not use a yardstick to measure the fitness of those we select to fight beside us: we use a thermometer, plunged into their hearts. If the flame is there, they are worthy to become patriots.

We built slowly, one man at a time, striving for quality, not quantity. Other groups sprang up. We affiliated. To-day, we are legion. To-day Belgium seethes and boils with resistance. Almost a fourth of the total population works actively in the Underground; the rest are passively helpful, doing what they can.

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We are two organized groups; the Armed Front and the Psychological Front. Each has its leaders. Both fronts work under a unified command which, in Belgium itself, has no fixed headquarters. To-day, it may be a residence in Brussels; to-morrow, a dentist's office in Antwerp or Liege. We work along military lines. If one command post is cut off, another takes over. If I were to die to-night, another man would step into my place. The flame never flickers; resistance never ceases.

Of the Armed Front, I can assure you it is one of the best small armies in the world. Its members are farmers, tradesmen, teamsters. By night they are mobile, well-equipped troops trained to strike with deadly speed and skill.

At the outset, our only weapon was psychology. We determined to combat German propaganda inside Belgium. To that end, *La Libre Belgique*, the clandestine newspaper of the last war, was born again. It is delivered by volunteers, of whom scores have been caught. We have had to move our printing-plant many times. But the paper has never failed to come out on time. I am proud that a copy of every issue has been placed on the desk of General von Falkenhausen, Nazi military chief of Belgium and northern France.

Our most vicious opponent was Paul Colin, a renegade editor whose paper,

*Nouveau Journal*, was a Nazi mouthpiece. We decided Colin must be exterminated. Volunteers were called. A few days later he was shot and killed. A boy of nineteen was arrested and tortured. All joints of his hands and feet were broken. He was then hanged.

Earlier atrocities had led to the formation of the Armed Front. Now men begged to avenge that boy. But we needed more weapons. We had contact with our friends in England through a secret system. We asked them to send guns, ammunition, explosives. The answer came: "Be at a certain place on a certain night."

We were there. It was a farming district. We heard heavy firing far away; the clump of exploding bombs. Soon we heard air-plane motors overhead. We flashed the signal with our electric torches. The planes swept away; returned. We saw the blur of opening parachutes. We gathered up the bundles and hid them. We cut up the parachutes converting the cloth to practical uses. Thus we maintain our arsenal.

Soon after, the Germans took over a factory to produce an improved type of airplane propeller. It was surrounded with barbed wire, soldiers and dogs. We notified England. Nothing happened. We grew restless; made a plan. The only Belgian permitted inside the gates was the milkman. He was not very clever, so we furnished him a strong young helper who spoke German. He listened to the Germans and reported what they said.

One hot day the milk truck blew out a tire as it passed a doorway of the factory. The milkman and his helper had to take out a dozen big milk-cans to find the tire tools. They set the cans just inside the factory, in the shade. Just as they finished repairing the tire, the young man walked to the milk-cans as though to return them to the truck. Instead, he struck a match. There was a blast of flame, a series of explosions. They were filled with high-test gasoline stolen from the Germans. The factory burned to the ground. Both men got away. The younger was burned and wounded by bullet, but we sent both to England that night.