

We get many quiet laughs. Once we had some new incendiaries to test. A volunteer decided to be practical. He tossed an incendiary inside a Nazi army truck he found, apparently deserted, on a side street. But he had failed to strike the fuse properly. As the bomb banged into the truck, a German soldier and his girl popped out, both in dishabille. We wrote to England: "Our new incendiaries have more fire than a German romance."

We laughed, too, about the stoves. A whole trainload of stoves was awaiting shipment to the Russian front last fall. Our patriots in the railway system shuffled the shipping orders, and the stoves went to the sunny Riviera, where I am sure they did the Germans no good whatever. . . .

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German soldiers are stupid animals. But the Gestapo is infernally clever. I do not know when they began to suspect me, but I have an idea.

One day I was taking a suit of clothes to the apartment of a Patriot who was hiding an Allied airman. I was wearing it under my own suit. As I entered the elevator, five tall, blond Germans shouldered in. I knew the type—the Gestapo. They asked for the apartment of my friend. Hastily, I asked for a higher floor. I went back down and waited across the street. The five Germans came down with my friend and another man who I suppose was the airman. We never heard from them again. I believe the Gestapo marked me down that day for future investigation.

Later, I was to meet one of our subchiefs in another city. He telephoned me in the morning and said, "What was the name of that toothache medicine you use? We have had toothaches in this house three days. They left us this morning, but we are afraid they may return." I understood; we often used that sort of double-talking. The Gestapo had been there three days and might come back. I had to think fast. I said, "I have some of that medicine. I'll bring it to your house."

I went there, carrying a bottle of medicine. As I entered, I took a pad from my pocket and wrote: "Say

nothing. Where is the phone?" We went to his study. I unscrewed the telephone box. Inside was a tiny microphone. I burned the note and left the house. Next day, my friend and his wife had a loud argument about expenses, during which he called the telephone company and asked to have the instrument removed as he could no longer afford it. But the damage had been done. I thought I felt eyes watching me constantly.

That week I came into possession of a highly important document for transmission to England. Fearful for my safety, my wife insisted upon keeping it until a messenger came for it. She concealed it in her clothing. That afternoon, as she went to a friend's home for tea, a German soldier opened the door and yanked her inside. He marched her to the library, where the others were guarded by troopers. The Gestapo was searching the house.

My wife is resourceful. After a few moments she asked to be permitted to go to the lavatory. One of the soldiers said, "I'll have to go with you." They went down the hall. The German said, "You must leave the door open." Marie stared at him haughtily. She flared, "I'll do nothing of the sort!" Then she swept in, slammed the door, and locked it. While the soldier battered on the panels, she flushed the document down the drain into oblivion. Fortunately, her only punishment was a tongue-lashing. I shudder to think how much worse it might have been.

We both felt that our usefulness in Belgium was drawing to a close. . . .

How we reached America is of small consequence. It was not exciting. On the contrary, we found ourselves expected and welcomed. We worked in other countries for a little time, perfecting our courier system, arranging better methods for supplies to reach our comrades inside Belgium. I had a great deal of information to pass to the proper authorities. Then I was ordered to the United States, since part of the material for the Belgian Underground now emanates here. As I write, I am expecting to be ordered back into Europe. There is much, so much, to be done. . . .