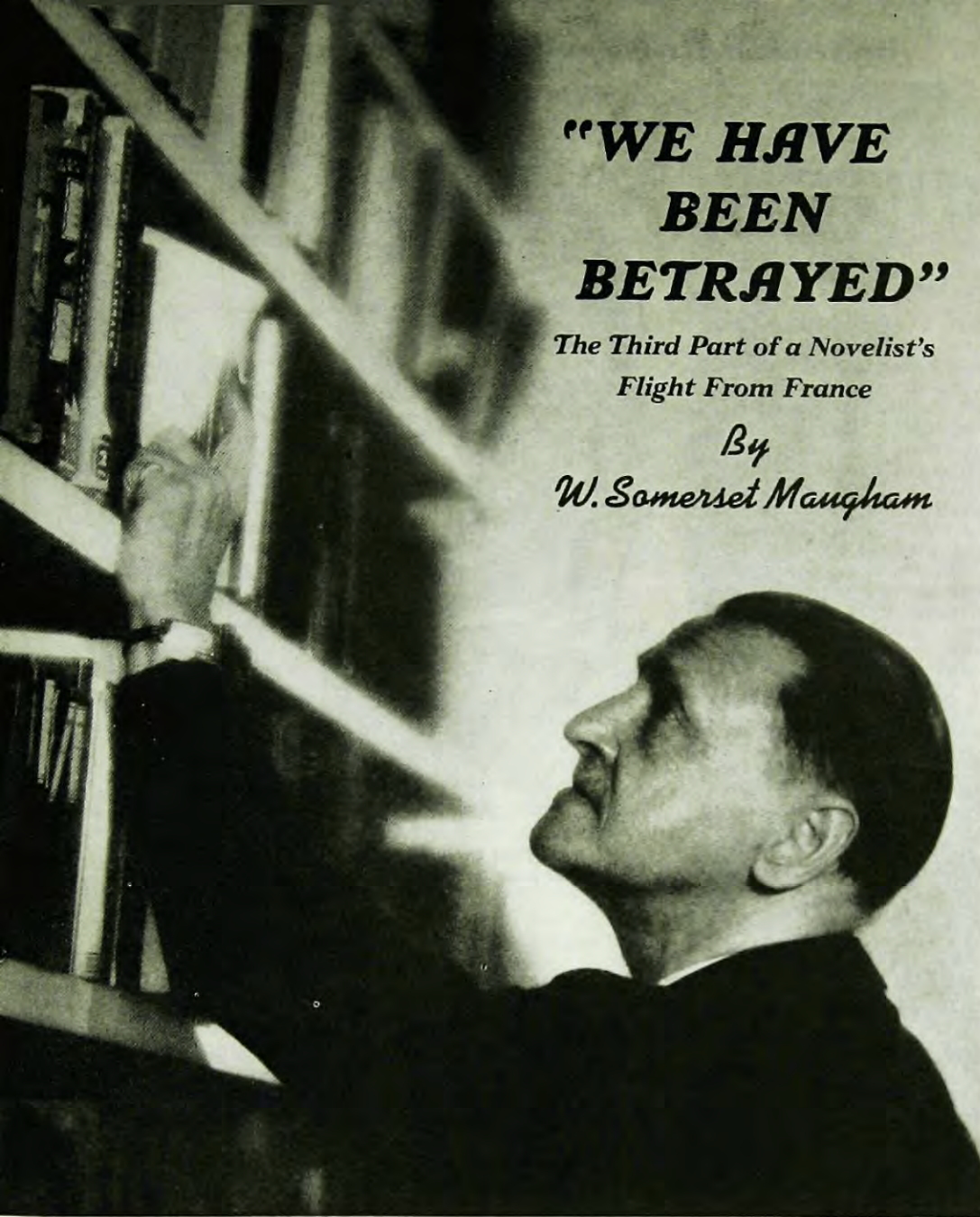


"WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED"

*The Third Part of a Novelist's
Flight From France*

*By
W. Somerset Maugham*



*"... and I took a last look at the shelves. . . . They stared at me
with silent reproach. . . . For a moment I could not decide what to take."*

D'ORA, PARIS

I SPENT the next week visiting munition works. Everyone seemed to be working very hard; the hours indeed were so long, for seven days a week, that I felt bound to ask Monsieur Dautry, the Minister for Armaments, whether he was certain flesh and blood could stand it. He told me there was no help for it. I think now it was an error. Men can work twelve hours a day for seven days a week for a short spell, but when it comes to month after month, the amount and quality of work are reduced and the exhaustion of the workers greatly affects their morale. It was unfortunate that a large number of skilled workmen had been mobilized and were guarding bridges or scrubbing barracks. Permission to talk freely to the workmen had been promised me with great cordiality. But I was accompanied everywhere by two engineers, one military and one naval, so that they might explain to a person of my limited knowledge whatever was not clear, and they dogged my steps. I might have been a gangster between two cops. The directors of the various factories were mighty civil to me, but when I stopped to talk to a workman, the director and the two engineers stopped too. I could not be so foolish as to suppose he would tell me anything they would not

like. I did, however, hear one or two things I was not meant to. At one factory I heard the director tell one of my companions that sixty of his workmen had been sent to prison for sabotage or Communist propaganda. On one occasion I heard a director say I had better not go to such and such a factory, because the general feeling was bad, and at another I was asked outright not to attempt to speak to any workman.

The impression I brought away with me was that an immense effort was being made to remedy the lamentable deficiencies in French armaments, and that most of the workmen were collaborating in this with all their strength, but that there was a minority—I did not know how formidable—which was discontented or worse. It was more a feeling I got than evidence that a great many workmen had a fear that the owners were using the war to wrest from them the privileges they had won when the Socialist government was in power.

My next task was to visit the districts in the southwest of France to which the inhabitants of the danger zone in Alsace-Lorraine had been evacuated. When I returned to Paris, I went to the Bureau of Information and said that if I had to write an article

of German propaganda, the material I had got was admirable, but as that wasn't the object of my tour, I didn't know what I was going to do. They looked down their noses and said, yes, they knew that conditions were none too good. They were, in fact, disgraceful.

These wretched people had been hustled out of their houses at two hours' notice and told to bring with them only what they could carry. They had been put in cattle trucks. Some fell dangerously ill on the way and not a few died. They had been told that all they had to do was to lock their front doors and the troops would guard their houses. It was with consternation that they learned after a few weeks that their houses had been looted by the soldiers who had been entrusted with their care.

Man's Inhumanity to Man

THE mayor of one town who had been obliged to go back on business told me that he had found everything taken. He had a large library and every book was gone, and since it must have required a truck to take them all away, he could only conclude that officers had had a hand in the looting. His silver was gone, all his linen, and his pictures had been cut out of their frames. Many of the refugees wanted to go back to save anything that remained, but the authorities, unwilling they should see what had happened, refused.

They were miserably housed. The rich landowners and the well-to-do *bourgeoisie* refused to give them shelter, and the mayors of the various communes were afraid to requisition the houses of these incredibly selfish people for fear that it might lose them votes at the next election. Camille Chautemps, the minister in charge of the refugees, was too busy, too timid or too indifferent. They were put in hovels in which you wouldn't have put a pig, in cottages in which the roof leaked, in stables, in abandoned factories, in ruined farmhouses. They were crowded together, often two or three families in a single room, without sanitary conveniences, and with no place to cook unless they rigged up a makeshift stove for themselves. They suffered from cold, since they had hurried away with only their summer clothes, and their shoes having worn out, they were forced to go along the muddy roads in felt slippers. They could not buy lumber to make their miserable dwellings rainproof, or make bedsteads for themselves so that they wouldn't have to sleep on the floor, because the merchants were holding up their stock, hoping to get better prices for it as the war increased the need. They were the lucky ones who had mattresses. I saw many who slept on straw.

The whole business was a monstrous example of ineptitude, indifference to suffering and gross selfishness. It showed want of elementary common sense on the part of the government, for the people of Alsace-Lorraine were none too satisfied with the French administration, and the neglect, the unnecessary hardship they suffered greatly embittered them. I heard more than one say: "If this is how the French are going to treat us, we'd sooner be German." I was determined to write nothing that was untrue, but it would have caused a useless scandal to relate the facts as I saw them, and I should have been hard put to it to write my article, except for the courage and good

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more bears. Several hundred woodsmen—guides, trappers, and sporting-camp operators—met with their legislators in Ashland, Maine, in February and pleaded for legal measures aimed at extermination of the black bear. Year after year, the New Brunswick Guides' Association has petitioned the provincial parliament for a bounty high enough to encourage killing them off. Yet it is almost certain that if the black-bear tribes were wiped out, the woodsmen would wish them back—forgetting their depredations and remembering only the comedies bruin is constantly staging.

One early morning, in their camp on the shore of Upper Jo-Mary Lake, Louis Cote and Pete Babneau looked out and saw a big bear investigating a granite jug, filled with molasses, they had hung from a tree limb with a heavy wire. The bear gave the jug an experimental slap that sent it a few feet in the air. It swung back and whacked bruin on the end of his tender nose. The bear wouldn't take that insult and swung a haymaker. There he stood, gaping, while the molasses jug shot around the limb in a perfect circle and landed a terrific wallop on the back of bruin's skull. The angered bear threw a second punch—and forgot to duck. A third round left the bear groggy, and he went into a clinch, both forepaws around the jug. That was too much weight for the wire. Bear and jug crashed to the ground. Cote, intent upon saving the molasses, burst out of the door, yelling, and heaved a heavy frying pan. Bruin decided the situation was growing too complicated and streaked for the timber.

Even when bearskins were worth big money, many a bear has saved its pelt by giving a woodsman a laugh. Wild Bill Griffin, of Boiestown, was awakened one moonlight night by a noise outside a supply shack, perched high on a bluff above the Miramichi River. Peering out the window, he saw the rear end of a big bear sticking out of an empty molasses hoghead left balanced on the edge of the hill. Not giving a thought to the price of pelts, Wild Bill slipped out, kicked the hoghead, bear and all, over the lip of the incline. While the scared and indignant animal, all through the dizzy roll, split

the silent night with protests, the guide shook with laughter. The big barrel hit a stump near the bottom of the hill, burst into pieces, and the bear kept right on going, a dark stripe in the moonlight. Bruin swam the river, yowling every inch of the way, while Wild Bill was rolling on the ground, weeping with joy. The suggestion that a thirty-dollar pelt was a pretty high price to pay for a laugh didn't upset Bill.

"What's thirty dollars beside a distance record for bear kicking?" he remarked.

I've heard many a woodsman assert that bruin knows very well the difference between right and wrong. But Hunter Ellis, a guide from north of Moosehead Lake, carried that conviction to extremes. A Boston fisherman whom Hunter was guiding paid the old woodsman fifty dollars in advance to get him a prime bear pelt and head at least six feet long from nose to tail. It took a lot of trailing to find the spoor of a bear that big. But finally, just after a midautumn snowfall, with the bears heading toward denning country, Ellis found a regular he-walloper of a track. For three days, bedding down wherever night overtook him, Ellis followed a hard trail. About noon on the fourth day, shaking with fatigue, nearly starved, he caught a flash of his quarry just fading into thick woods, the biggest animal he ever had glimpsed in the wilderness. The trail led out into an ancient burning, with dead trees piled together like a giant's game of jackstraws—a couple of square miles of jumbled timber that no man in Ellis' condition could hope to cross. Far out among the crisscrossed trunks the hunter could see the huge black hulk bobbing up and down, clearing deadfalls in great leaps, scrambling over the higher piles. Ellis emptied his rifle at his target, but bruin was far out of range. Then he threw his gun on the ground, flung his mackinaw and hat off, and jumped up and down on top of them, filling the air with imprecations.

"There you go, you dirty, double-crossing, thievin' so-and-so, just like all bears!" he finished up. "You know dang well that your hide has been sold and paid for, but you ain't honest enough to deliver it!"

"WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED"

(Continued from Page 29)

nature of the refugees themselves. I dwelt lightly on their miseries and spoke chiefly of the ingenuity they showed in making their lives tolerable; their cleanliness and order in those unspeakable surroundings; their kindness to one another, and the brave determination with which they made the best of their intolerable condition.

I was being driven round the country by a woman who had been doing a great deal, as had a few charitable English and American women, to alleviate the lot of the unfortunate refugees, and latish in the afternoon I remarked that I must think about getting a room in some hotel for the night.

"You needn't bother about that," she said. "I have some distant cousins in this part of the country who'll be glad to put you up for the night. They're very simple, provincial people, but they're quite nice, and they'll give you a good dinner."

I gathered that they were poor relations, so I was surprised when, at nightfall, we drove into a town and stopped at a house which, in the dark-

ness, seemed quite imposing. We were received by a shortish, fat man with a very red, homely face. He was dressed in dark, somewhat ill-fitting clothes and looked the typical French bourgeois. He showed me to a warm and comfortable furnished room and I was glad to see that there was a bathroom. He told me that dinner was at half past seven.

At the appointed hour I found my way to a living room in which a bright fire of logs was blazing. My host offered me a glass of sherry. I sank into a large armchair.

"Did you find a bottle of brandy in your room?" he asked me.

"I didn't look," I said.

"I always keep a bottle of brandy in every bedroom in the house, even the children's rooms. They never touch it, but I like to know it's there."

I thought this an odd notion, but said nothing. Presently my driver of the day came in with a thin, dark woman to whom I was introduced. She was my host's sister, but I did not catch her name. I gathered from the

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conversation that my host was a bachelor and that she was staying with him with her two daughters, her husband being mobilized. We went in to dinner and found waiting for us two girls of perhaps fourteen and fifteen, with a prim governess. We were waited on by an ancient butler and a maid.

My host said, "I've opened for you my last magnum of claret, a Château Larose, 1874."

I had never seen a magnum of claret before, and I was impressed. For a poor relation, I thought my host was doing very well. The food was typical French country cooking, copious, slightly on the heavy side perhaps, but extremely succulent. One dish was so good that I was forced to remark on it.

"I'm glad you liked that," said my host. "Everything in this house is cooked in brandy."

Flaws in a Fleet

I began to think it was a very strange house indeed. We finished dinner and I had coffee. Then the butler brought some large glasses and an immense bottle of brandy. I had done myself very well with the claret. I was among strangers, and thought it wise not to take any more alcohol, and so, when it was offered to me, I refused.

"What?" he cried. "Have you come to spend the night in the house of Martell and you refuse a glass of brandy?"

I had been dining in the house of the greatest brandy merchant in the world.

I ended my tour with a visit to the French fleet at Toulon. My description of what I saw did not meet with the full approval of French naval officers. I was sorry, because they had given me a cordial reception and I had enjoyed their hospitality. I could not help noticing the slovenliness of the men's appearance, which contrasted so with the trim cleanliness in British and American vessels, and I was taken aback by something that looked very like lack of discipline. In the British fleet, an order is obeyed without question. I spent a short time on a battleship and heard quite a little argument between the captain and a petty officer before the latter carried out the captain's order. Indeed he did not do so till the captain got quite in a pet about it. But what chiefly vexed the naval men who read my article was some remarks I made about the attitude of the officers toward their calling. I was sure they were intelligent and conscientious, but I got the impression that they went on board as a man goes to his office, with the thought at the back of his mind that he will go home when the day's work is done; and from this hazarded the opinion that the French naval officer did not go to sea from any deep-seated, romantic urge, but adopted it, after weighing the pros and cons of the profession, as he might have adopted the law or medicine. It was a means of livelihood rather than a vocation. The family is the center of the Frenchman's life and it seemed to me that the real and passionate concern of these men was not with their ship, but with the home in Brest or Toulon where their wives and children were waiting for them. I think the event has shown that my guess was not far from the truth.

I got home just before Christmas and started at once to write my articles. I had been too tired after my day's work to write them as I went along and I have not the journalist's gift of turning out copy hot on the acquisition of a story. I find this sort of writing more

difficult than fiction. I am hampered by the facts I have to deal with and I need time and reflection to set them in order. I had read in one of the English papers the articles written by a correspondent who had been doing very much the same sort of tour as I; and though I found them superficial and sometimes inaccurate, I could only admire the skill with which he had seized on the salient points and produced a readable and striking column. I sweated blood over these trivial little pieces. Much of my subject matter was dull, and I wanted to make them interesting; I wanted, too, to be truthful, and yet I was obliged to leave some of the truth unsaid; and for my own sake I wanted to write them as well as I could.

While I was writing, a young French aviator came over from a neighboring aerodrome. He was very despondent. He told me that planes were sent to the aerodrome at which he was stationed to be tested, and a certain number of 1000-franc notes found their way from the pocket of the manufacturer's agent to those of the persons whose duty it was to test them, and then they were passed. Another story of his filled me with dismay. It appeared that an order had been given in America for 500 planes a month to be delivered to France, but one small, yet essential part was made under the patent of a French aeroplane manufacturer and he was demanding for its use a royalty of \$1000 a plane. This meant that the American makers would have had to accept a loss on the transaction, and so delivery was held up. I heard the sequel to this much later. Two days before the fall of Paris this French manufacturer cabled to the American firm that they could use this patented part for fifty dollars a plane.

When I had finished my articles I dispatched them and set out for England, where I was told other work awaited me. The journey from Paris to London by train was at that time intolerable. I had never flown before. It had always seemed to me an unnecessary risk to take, when I was in no hurry to reach my destination, but I determined now to take to the air. But the weather was so bad when I arrived in Paris that no planes were flying; there had been floods in England and most of the aerodromes were under water. I took advantage of this to see my friends, and while I was there an interesting proposal was made me.

Counting Chickens —

At the end of the last war it was found that no definite plans had been made for a treaty of peace, and this had to be improvised upon inadequate data. The French did not want to be caught napping again, and a small committee had been formed under the chairmanship of an able diplomatist.

It was suggested that the British Foreign Office and the British armed forces should be represented. I was asked to join and help in the spade work. This entailed the study of past treaties, starting with the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, the ethnographical study of populations, with a view to eliminating the difficulties of alien minorities, and frequent journeys to Geneva to consult documents and people.

It looked like a useful though exceedingly tedious undertaking, but of course I could do nothing without the proper authority. I put the notion before the ambassador at the British embassy, and he thought it interesting



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enough to refer it to London. The somewhat dry reply that came was to the effect that the government of His Majesty did not much fancy deciding what to do with the bear's skin before the bear was killed.

I found my French friends just as confident as ever they were in the ability of the French army to crush the German attack when at last it came. Except for this, I should have been disquieted by the reports that reached me of the pro-Nazi talk in the salons. The aristocracy hated the republican régime and took small pains to conceal their belief that in the long run they would be better off under Hitler than under a Socialist government like Blum's. One great lady was sent for by Sarraut, the Minister of the Interior, and told that she would be put in jail if she did not hold her tongue. The rich *bourgeoisie* were declaring that France would be ruined if the war lasted too long, and if it was to continue for perhaps three or four years Great Britain must be prepared to pay the piper.

Paris Omens

Leave was frequent during that period of inaction, and I was shocked to hear that some of the younger officers, when they came to Paris, were saying openly that the war was a great bore and a waste of time, and perhaps it would do no great harm if Hitler took France and organized it and let them lead their own lives in peace and quiet. I heard that Daladier was bitterly hostile to Reynaud, who was intriguing against him in order to get the premiership for himself. One story I found diverting. The president, Monsieur Lebrun, arranged to visit Strasbourg, and his projected journey was kept secret. It was known only to the essential persons on his staff, and even the police who were to escort him to the station were informed only at the last moment. He arrived and was taken to the banks of the Rhine. As he came in sight of the Germans on the other side, they hoisted a huge placard on which could be read in immense letters: "Welcome to President Lebrun," and a military band blared out the Marseillaise.

The weather continued bad, but it was necessary to get the embassy bag over with urgent dispatches, and I was told to hold myself in readiness to start at an hour's notice. I was to fly in an

RAF plane. I twice went down to the airport at Le Bourget and came back to Paris again. Once I waited in the plane for half an hour before the pilot announced that he could not go up.

On the third occasion he said, "Well, I'll start, but I don't know if I shall be able to land." The circumstances were not such as one would have chosen for one's first flight. We flew very low, so that we might not be mistaken for an enemy, and over the Channel we could not have been more than 100 feet above the water. I knew that it took only a quarter of an hour to cross it, and I was surprised when the time passed and still there was no sight of land; we went on and on over the sea, and I began to think the pilot had changed his mind and we were heading for America. It was more than an hour before we were over England. We circled round an aerodrome, but the pilot, I suppose, received a message that he could not land there, and eventually we came to ground on a military aerodrome in Sussex, bristling with planes.

This was my first visit to England since the war, and I was unprepared for the spirit that seemed to prevail. Of course everyone was doing some form of war work, or trying to get some to do, and they talked about it incessantly, but I received the impression that much less than the country's whole energy was being put into its prosecution. But when I tentatively expressed this opinion, I was tartly rebuked. I met cabinet ministers and leaders of the forces at luncheon and at dinner parties, and when I wondered that they had the time for social activities I was told that they must eat somewhere. The restaurants were crowded, and at luncheon at the Ritz you saw everyone you knew; the theaters were doing splendid business, though the black-out was much more severe in London than in Paris.

Grumbling at the Government

There was a lot of grumbling at Mr. Chamberlain. I heard many people say that he was grown so conceited that he would listen to no one's advice. The country, I was told, was being ruled by him, with Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare, and parliament had become a negligible quantity. Any hint of insubordination was ruthlessly crushed by the chief whip. The more important newspapers blindly supported the prime minister. Rebellious spirits in the House of Commons, with a considerable section of the public, and the Labor Party were of opinion that a much greater effort was needed than the cabinet was able to give, if the war was to be won, but they could not see how Mr. Chamberlain, strongly entrenched as he was, could be induced to give way to a more vigorous leader until he was forced by a disaster, either on sea or on land. It was tragic.

Mr. Chamberlain is dead now, and on his death the press wrote long eulogies of his character. They



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GUEST-ROOM DOOR

By JANE REITELL

DON'T shut the door.

I like to hear you move about
While the winds cry without,
And all the anguish of a world at war
Tears at my soul.
Don't shut the door.

I like to see the light within your room
Like yellow maples' gold against the gloom
Of black November skies;
I like the cries

The baby makes when lifted from his bed,
And the soft sounds when he is comforted.
So in your light and life I dry my tears
And sleep comes gently, unbeset by fears.
Don't shut the door.

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TEN STEPS are worth ten thousand words about *Tred-flex*. On pavement or pasture, these Bostonians spring into action. They won't sacrifice wear to flexibility, or shape to comfort. Try flexible "*GLENDAL*" (at left).



were exaggerated. I think he will go down in history as a man sincere, no doubt, and honest, but muddled by self-conceit, who put his party before his country, and by his ineptitude and stubbornness brought it to the verge of ruin.

When I arrived in London, a new Minister of Information had been appointed. The previous minister, Lord Macmillan, a distinguished judge, had been forced to resign by the hostile criticism of the public and the press, and Sir John Reith, well known because he had been for several years director general of the British Broadcasting Corporation, was put in his place. When answering a letter from him about my articles, I had told him that the French listened to their own radio with mistrust, but were very much inclined to believe that what they heard from England was true, and I ventured to suggest that it was important to maintain this confidence. This could be done, it seemed to me, only by being frank with the public and adhering to the facts. I thought I might very well get a snubbing for my pains, but Sir John Reith, with great civility, replied that he was in accord. Sir John Reith had the reputation of being a great organizer, but ruthless, domineering and puritanical, and his subordinates at the B. B. C. had chafed at what they considered his tyrannical methods and his interference with their private lives. He seemed the right man to put order into the Ministry of Information, which was overstaffed with a large number of people who didn't know what they were expected to do and who were at loggerheads with the journalists who depended on them for the release of news. I was immediately impressed by his businesslike methods; he made an appointment to see me at noon on the day after my arrival in England, and when I went to the desk to have myself announced as the clock struck twelve, I heard a messenger ask if I was there. The clock had barely ceased to strike as I was ushered into the minister's room.

I already knew Sir John Reith slightly. I found him in a lively state of agitation, for he was that day to take his seat in the House of Commons and make his maiden speech, both as a member and as a minister, before that intimidating body. He was shrewd enough to know that they were all out to gun him if they could. I could not but think that it would have given his underlings at the B. B. C. a lot of satisfaction if they could have seen this huge, dictatorial man, with his rugged countenance, before whom they had, with cause, trembled, shaking now in apprehension of the ordeal before him.

Muddling Through

During the three months I spent in England I made many visits to the Ministry of Information. There was as much good will as at the bureau in Paris, and almost as much confusion. The personnel was a strange mixture. All manner of people had got a job. There were novelists, lawyers, art experts, advertising agents, dons, literary agents, and women whose qualifications I never discovered; some had sought work there because they wanted to do anything they could to help win the war, others because the war had deprived them of their means of livelihood. The profession most scantily represented, it seemed to me, was that of journalism. Journalists were the natural enemies. As I suppose is usual in all government offices, there was a lot

of intrigue, and a man had to keep his wits about him to see that his colleague did not maneuver himself into his place. Anyone was liable to be fired at a moment's notice and the insecurity of tenure interfered with the individual's efficiency. The more industrious tried to prove they were necessary by turning out masses of printed matter which the recipients threw, unread, into a wastepaper basket; the more astute, having discovered that the best way never to make a mistake was never to do anything, systematically opposed every suggestion that was made to them. The Ministry of Information was greatly hampered in its work, which is to give the public news, by the obstruction of the services. Those in authority at the War Office, the Admiralty and the Air Force withheld news and refused to allow photographs to be published.

Job Hunting

My articles had attracted attention and it was decided to issue them as a sixpenny pamphlet. I think, to everybody's surprise, certainly to mine, within two days the first edition of 40,000 was sold out, and within a month 100,000 copies were sold. Meanwhile I had been trying to find something to do. They felt at the ministry that some use ought to be made of me, but no one could suggest what form it should take; I was like a performing dog in a circus, whose tricks the public would probably like, but who somehow couldn't be quite fitted into the program.

Then some bright spirit at the Ministry of Information conceived the idea that I should write a series of articles about England similar to that which I had written about France. I did not welcome the notion, since it seemed to me much could only be a repetition of what I had done before, but I was willing to do whatever I was asked. We set about getting the necessary permissions, but they were not so easy to get as they had been in France. I was just another of those damned authors who came round interfering with people's business. The first job that was assigned to me was to write an article on what was called the little fleet, trawlers, mine sweepers, lightships—the small craft that were doing useful and perilous work round the coasts of England. It was rightfully felt that the attention of the public should be called to the obscure men who were risking their lives in them. Just as I was about to embark on a trawler, the Germans invaded Norway and the picture changed. The military and naval authorities were much too busy to bother with a civilian.

Finally I was sent over to France to do what suited me better, because I was better qualified to do it. I was to write further articles there for an illustrated paper with an immense circulation, and at the same time I was to send private reports upon such matters as it behooved the government to be informed of, but with which it was unnecessary to acquaint the public. I returned to Paris by air, but I had not been there a week when the Germans invaded Belgium and Holland, and this scheme, too, came to nothing.

I went home. I expected things to settle down in a few weeks, after which I should be able to return to Paris and get to work. It was very quiet on the Riviera, the weather beautiful. I had a long strip of garden which had never been of much use, and I thought it was

(Continued on Page 102)

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(Continued from Page 100)

the very place to make a bulb garden, so I set the gardeners to work on it. There was a man at Antibes who sold bulbs, and he came over. Of course it wouldn't be possible to get any tulips from Holland that year, but he could provide me with narcissuses and daffodils, clusiana, irises and cilia. I gave an order for 20,000 bulbs. They were to be delivered in September.

The news wasn't too good, but I saw nothing to be alarmed at; I had seen the French army with my own eyes and I knew what magnificent troops they were and how intelligent, courageous and patriotic were the officers. The break-through at Sedan was puzzling and disappointing, but when Gamelin was dismissed and Weygand took his place, I thought everything would be put right. My friends in Paris wrote that things were serious, but that there was no reason to be frightened; victory was certain. The mail began to come irregularly and the English papers either several days late or not at all. The capitulation of the Belgian army, the danger that confronted the British Expeditionary Force on their retreat to the sea and their escape from Dunkirk with the loss of their stores, guns and equipment—to us in the South it was staggering, but it did not destroy our confidence.

My first inkling that Paris was not to be defended came when I got a letter from the British embassy enclosing various papers which were being held for me there. Then came the flight of the government to Tours. The German army marched into Paris. No news came any more, either from England or the North of France, but the radio kept on telling us that Weygand was retreating according to plan, and at his own good time would launch his counteroffensive and drive the invaders out. We believed it. The government fled to Bordeaux. No one I saw seemed seriously alarmed; they were all still convinced that the French army was invincible. The first hint I had that things were desperate was when I heard on the radio that the government was holding cabinet meetings almost continuously. I said to my friends then, "I believe the French are going to ask for an armistice." They laughed at me.

The Death Knell of France

The end came with startling suddenness. It was fresh and sunny the morning we listened at the radio to the grave, heart-rending speech the old marshal made to the French nation when he told them that they must sue for peace. Tears rolled down our cheeks. I went down to the gardener's cottage to tell him the dreadful news. He and his wife were at breakfast. The gardener pushed his bowl of coffee away from him and hid his face in his hands and wept. His wife cried out loud, the tears streaming down her face.

"How shameful!" she moaned. "How shameful!"

The gardener raised his face, and it was distorted with grief.

"How shameful!" he gasped. And then he clenched his fists and shouted, "We've been betrayed! We've been sold!"

Josephine sobbed brokenheartedly. "La pauvre France," she murmured. "Poor France."

For all we knew, the Italians might march in at any moment. François, like all the French on the Riviera, had been very bitter against them. I told him to get into his car with his wife and go up to a little property he had in the

hills and wait there to see what happened. The under gardeners, who lived in the village, had come up for their day's work as usual, and I stood by while he gave them instructions to water the beds while he was away and see that we had vegetables for the house.

I had myself to think of. It seemed very probable that if the Italians occupied the Riviera they would intern British subjects. Goebbels had spoken on the air about a book of mine called *Ashenden*, which I had written on my experiences during the last war; I had arranged the facts, making them as dramatic as I knew how, to suit my purpose of producing a work of fiction, but the German propagandist had treated them as the naked truth and had attacked the British for their methods of dealing with espionage, and by implication myself; so I thought I should fare better in the hands of the Italians than in those of Goebbels' compatriots, but to be put even in an Italian internment camp was not a prospect to look forward to with pleasure.

Pawns of Mars

I drove to the British consulate in Nice, where I found a mob of anxious people asking for information. The consul general, a large, loose-limbed, amiable man, without a great deal of energy, notwithstanding the crowd that besieged him, maintained his nonchalance. In his lazy, drawing voice he told us that he was expecting at any moment to hear from the British embassy, which had moved to Bordeaux with the French government, what measures were being devised to get the British subjects out of the country.

I drove back to Cap Ferrat and waited all the afternoon for a message from the consulate. None came, and whenever I tried to call, the line was busy. So, about half past five, tired of waiting and anxious, I went back to Nice. The consul told me that he had that moment received an order from the embassy that all British subjects were to leave. Two colliers which had just discharged their cargo of coal at Marseille and were about to start for Bone in Algeria to take on a cargo of iron ore had been requisitioned and were now at Cannes. We were to be on the quay at eight o'clock next morning, bringing with us a handbag, a blanket and three days' provisions. There were Italian submarines in the Mediterranean and I asked the consul whether we should have an escort; he said he hoped so, but wasn't certain. Anyhow, it was the last chance of getting away, and if British subjects didn't take it, the government washed its hands of them. It was hoped that either at Oran—to which we were to go first—or at Gibraltar the Admiralty would be able to send a passenger ship to take us on. The consul asked me to see the British subjects in my own neighborhood and give them their instructions.

Some of them needed a good deal of persuasion. They did not like the notion of leaving their houses, and one or two, who had established themselves on the Riviera for good, had no connections in England and did not know where they could go when they arrived there. Others quailed before the danger of the journey. When I was asked point-blank what I thought was the likelihood of our reaching England safely, I was obliged to say that I didn't think there was more than a fifty-fifty chance, but I pointed out that if they stayed there was the risk of internment; it would be impossible for them to get money and there might be a

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shortage of food. I left them to decide whether they thought the risk worth taking. I went home.

Though when talking to the various persons I had seen, I had tried to put the matter fairly, I was aware that I was myself in a state of indecision. I was prepared to kill myself rather than be killed by inches in a prison camp. On the other hand, it was at least possible that the Italians would let me stay in my villa. The war would be a long one now—of course I did not know that the outside world was predicting the defeat of Britain within a few weeks; the possibility of that never even occurred to me—and I was not prepared to endure the boredom of a useless existence for perhaps three or four years. Rather than that, I preferred to slip away from a world from which I could no longer receive entertainment.

The activities of the day had tired me, and as I took a last stroll in my garden, which, if I went, I should in all probability never see again, I asked myself if it was really worth while to take that journey. Ever since I was nearly drowned in Borneo, I have had an unreasonable horror of death by drowning; unreasonable I say because on that occasion I was so exhausted by the effort of keeping afloat that I wanted nothing more than the rest of death. I had had a long life, I had done pretty well all the things I wanted to do, and in the few years that remained to me I could look forward only to the gradual falling away of my powers and the gradual decrease of my capacity of enjoyment. I had upstairs in my bedroom a little tube of sleeping pills, but, on the other hand, there was a fifty-fifty chance of getting through. My death would grieve one or two persons who were fond of me, I had still several books to write, and I did not really want to lose those last few years of my life when I could sit back, having finished my long labor, and for the first time indulge myself without qualms of conscience in the luxury of leisure. I had borne a good deal of pain in my day and I didn't suppose it took more than a minute or two to drown. I made up my mind that the risk was worth taking.

We decided that Gerald, an American citizen, should stay and try to save the more valuable things in my house. Though I had nothing of great value, I had a good many things that were endeared to me by long association. There

was hardly an object that was not connected in my mind with the recollection of happy days in some far-distant country, with my youth, to which the passage of time had given a romantic tinge, or to some curious accident which had enabled me to acquire it. If I lost the notes I had made during my journey to India I should never be able to write the little book which I had projected; there were also the notebooks I had kept in a desultory fashion since I was eighteen. I had taken advantage of a few weeks of leisure some time before to make a selection from these of what, it seemed to me, might interest readers, and I had reduced them to two fat volumes of typescript which I hoped one day to publish. I had then destroyed the notebooks; if this typescript was lost I could not reconstruct the book. This and the Indian notes Gerald promised to take down to the boat, where we hoped the American flag would serve as a protection. I did not know that American consuls had received instructions from the State Department that if American property was looted or damaged they were not to interfere.

I had to go up to my writing room to fetch these papers and took a last look at the Gauguin which I had bought long ago in Tahiti out of a native hut in the bush; and I took a last look at the shelves which lined the long side of the room. They were packed tightly with books. They stared at me with silent reproach because I was leaving them. I had to choose something to read on my journey. For a moment I could not decide what to take. I had very little room to spare. I chose Plato's *Trial and Death of Socrates*, and Thackeray's *Esmond* and Charlotte Brontë's *Villette*. Both of these novels were long and would take a considerable time to read, and I had read neither for many years.

My writing room was on the roof. I stepped out, locked the door and took a last look at the dark sheen of the Mediterranean below me, then went downstairs to my bedroom to pack. It was difficult to know what to put into the one grip I was allowed to have. It gave me a pang to leave behind a beautiful new tail coat that I had recently had made, but I thought I should never need full dress again. I hesitated about my dinner jacket, but at the last moment decided to put it in.

Editor's Note—This is the third of four articles by Mr. Maugham. The concluding article will appear next week.

BLOOD ON THE MOON

(Continued from Page 35)

ate in silence. Jim was ravenous; he had not really eaten in thirty-six hours, and it might be another thirty-six before he ate again.

Finished, he rolled a smoke and went back over the plans to discover what he'd missed. Last night Lufton, Amy, Carol and Cap Willis had planned this with him, plotting each move with care. None had pretended it would be easy to hide a man for weeks in this country. When the discovery was finally made, Jim could count on them searching for him. The odds were heavily against him, for the men who would hunt him knew every canyon and ridge of the Three Braves and he did not. It was this ignorance that Cap Willis had tried to dispel last night.

Alternate hide-outs were chosen and directions to them given, and then Cap had explained the rough geog-

raphy of the range. It was this last that Jim had listened to most carefully, for he knew that when his luck played out, this would be all-important. His luck, he knew, would be short; for he had not forgotten Carol Lufton's note that night in Sun Dust. If she had betrayed her father once to Riling, she would betray his plans again—and Jim with them.

The sound of footsteps outside the cook shack made him turn his head, and then Amy and Carol entered.

Amy came up and said, "With this start, Jim, you'll be over the pass before dark."

Jim nodded, but he didn't hear her. Instead, he heard Carol say, "Ted, I think I'll ride this morning. Will you get me Monte?" She'd paused and said, "I'll ride alone, too, please." It had been spoken in a low voice intended only for Elser, but Jim had

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