

show herself again in that part of town. The Gestapo was cursing and threatening. They had even found out in what cafe the child had waited. They knew that a woman had visited him there and that the two had left the place at different times. On her way home, Mrs. Meunier considered the danger into which she had plunged herself and her family. She pondered long on what she had done so thoughtlessly, on the spur of the moment. But everything on her homeward journey confirmed her decision: the lines before the open shops, the shutters on the closed shops, the German cars careening wildly over the boulevards, tooting their horns, the swastikas fluttering from the buildings. When she reentered her kitchen she patted the refugee boy's head in a kind of second welcome.

Her husband reproached her that she doted too much on the lad. Now that his own children tolerated the stranger, Meunier made him the butt of his ill temper. He felt that all his hopes had suddenly been transformed into a troubled, dismal, and fettered future. Since the boy was too prudent and taciturn to give him any pretext, he hit him without reason, asserting that the lad had a saucy look in his eyes. Besides, he was now deprived of his last pleasure. He still spent most of his free time in the bar, which was some consolation. But the machine shop at the end of the street where he had worked was forcibly taken over by the Germans.

The street, hitherto tranquil and free of swastikas, began all at once to swarm with German mechanics. German trucks sputtered and snorted, waiting to be repaired. Nazi soldiers took possession of the bar and made themselves at home there. Meunier the machinist could not stand the sight. His wife now found him often sitting mutely at the kitchen table. Once when he had remained motionless for almost an hour, his head in his hands and his eyes wide open, his wife asked him what he was thinking of. He replied: Oh, about nothing—and about everything. About something quite far away. Imagine, I just thought about that German. Remember? The one your friend Annette told you about. I don't know if you remember—the German who was against Hitler, the German the Germans arrested. I'd like to know what became of him. Of him and of his son. . . ."

Mrs. Meunier answered: "I met Annette a little while ago. They put that German in Sante prison. He's probably been murdered since. The child disappeared. Paris is a big place. I suppose he found some shelter or other."

Since none of the Frenchmen liked to drink with the Nazi soldiers, they often came to the Meunier's kitchen with a few bottles. That had previously been unheard of and would have been considered almost insulting. Most of them were Meunier's former shop-mates. They spoke their minds freely. The boss of the factory had yielded his office to a German director, who came and went as he pleased. German experts tested, weighed, and carted things away. They no longer even took the

trouble in the main office to keep secret for whom they were working. The manufactured parts of plundered metal were sent to the East, to slit the throats of other peoples. The honeymoon was over—now wages were cut, strikes were forbidden, work fell off.

Mrs. Meunier lowered her shutters; the men in the kitchen dropped their voices. The strange boy lowered his eyes as if he himself feared that his sharp eyes would betray his heart. He became so pale and thin that Meunier observed him sullenly and expressed the fear that he was victim of an illness which he might give to the other children. Mrs. Meunier wrote a letter to herself in which her "cousin" asked them to keep the boy a little longer—her husband was very sick and she preferred to remain near him for a while. "She certainly doesn't fuss much about her own kid," Meunier said.

Mrs. Meunier was quick to praise the lad. He was very resourceful: "Every morning at four he goes to the market; for instance this morning he got a nice piece of beef without a food card."

There were two sisters living in the same courtyard as the Meunier family. They had always had a bad reputation. Now they often went to the bar across the street and sat on the knees of the German technicians. A policeman noticed them and took both of them to headquarters. They yelled and fought but he had them put on the list of suspicious characters. The whole street rejoiced. But unfortunately the sisters grew much worse. German technicians came in and out of their apartment. The noise could be heard dis-

tinctly from Meunier's kitchen. It was no longer a laughing matter to Meunier and his friends. Meunier no longer praised German order. His whole life had been shattered by this disciplined order—his life in the shop and his life at home, his little pleasures and his great joys, his well-being, his honor, his peace of mind, his very air and existence.

One day Meunier was alone with his wife. After a long silence, he could not control himself. "They have the power. What can we do about it? How strong they are, the devils! If only there was somebody in the world stronger than they! But we're helpless. If we just open our mouths, they murder us. Like that German your friend Annette once told you about. Maybe you've forgotten about him; I haven't. After all, he did risk something. And his son, there's a kid for you! Let your cousin shift for herself with her brat. He leaves me cold. But that German's son, there's a boy I'd take in, he'd be somebody. I'd treat him better and feed him better than my own son. To shelter a boy like him in our house while those bandits pass by the door and have no idea what I'm doing and what kind of a person I am and whom I have hidden in my house. Why, I'd take in a boy like that with open arms!"

His wife turned away and spoke softly: "You've already taken him in."

I HEARD this story in the hotel where I lived in the 16th District in Paris. It was told to me by Annette who took a job in the hotel because she no longer felt safe in her old place.

ANNA SEGHERS.

## Throg's Neck

Sky; and a line of land; and a vast arm of the sea.  
Complement sea and sky blowing to change with the hour.  
O momentarily-change, here is your source, depth of your power,  
In wind-shaken living sky and skittering sea alike.

Land is set, brown and juttred, between two floodings.  
Place for the foot to hold, arm cling, whereon to cleave.  
Wind spins from sky, light flares, skelter waters heave:  
All change above and below; stark permanence between.

The metaphors of sight fail on test; they need delving.  
It was another spit of ground when the Algonquins came  
For clams; for them wind and water were utterly the same.  
So ho, reverse is true. Land is the all of change.

What changes most, turns permanent, in identical dance.  
The hard line slowly shapes, where men have hold to build.  
Land, the rock, most fully inhabited and willed,  
The vast above, below, open to weathering sweep.

Feeling, so seeming the essence of change, so fluid, so blown,  
Most like sky and sea is,—the vast of unchange.  
Thought, fact-hard, non-static, hazardous and iron-strange,  
Glows, is forged again and again in daily clang upon an anvil.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

**N**O DOUBT many people were sincerely disappointed because the Soviet High Command's communique of February 23 did not read like a railroad schedule with a string of names designating localities recaptured by the Red Army. These people were led by subtle newspaper propaganda outside the Soviet Union to believe that such an announcement would be forthcoming. It is hard to determine whether this advance fanfare was prompted simply by wishful think-

# THE NAZIS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

*by Colonel T.*

ing or by a more sinister desire to drum up the "anniversary communique" and then have it come as a let-down reflecting adversely on the Red Army.

Be that as it may, it is important to realize that it was unreasonable to expect such a communique necessarily to coincide with the Red Army anniversary. The omission of place names from official dispatches is due to a strictly military reason. Many German units are encircled and their lines of communications—not only roads, but wires, too—are cut. These units often do not know what is going on left, right, and to their rear. This severely handicaps them. Hence the geographical silence of the Soviet communiqués. One can hardly expect Moscow suddenly to lift the veil of secrecy just because the Red Army is celebrating the twenty-fourth anniversary of its establishment—any more than one could expect General MacArthur, for instance, to call off operations on his birthday.

**H**OWEVER, two extremely revealing documents were given to the world on February 23. One of them was the speech of the Chairman of the Defense Committee of the USSR—Joseph Stalin.

Carefully reading this speech, one finds a great many things which, although couched in Stalin's customary terse and simple language, devoid of all oratory and boasts, are of distinct military interest. For instance, he throws light on the spring operations, which elicit such breathless interest in millions of people: "Elements of surprise that formed the German stock of power have been spent. *The war will now*

*be different* in that the disparity caused by this element of surprise no longer exists." [My emphasis.]

Thus Stalin shows that the balance of power has greatly changed since June 1941.

Concerning the Red Army's strategic plans, Stalin puts it simply and bluntly: "We shall throw the enemy from the gates of Leningrad and liberate White Russia, the Ukraine, and the Crimea." Here is a forecast of operations along the four main directions of the Eastern Front. It is quite possible even that the order in which these directions are named has some bearing upon the way the objective will be carried out—although, frankly, this is but speculation, for the order might be determined merely by the position of those directions on the map.

About the Red Army tactics of pinching off stubbornly held German strong points built around important populated and communication centers, Stalin has this to say: "In recent operations the German garrisons in the towns of Klin, Sukhinichi, Andreapol, and Toropetz were summoned to surrender. Life was promised them; they refused and many Germans lost their lives." It would be hard to describe the character of colossal operations more succinctly in a couple of dozen words.

So here you have, in broad, essential strokes, the relation of forces, the strategy and the tactics. Apply this to the future military outlook and you get a feeling of calm assurance, much more encouraging and inspiring than just a string of place names.

**O**N TOP of this remarkable document comes another one, also from a great warrior—the cablegram General Douglas MacArthur sent from Bataan to the Red Army on its anniversary:

"The world situation at the present time indicates that the hopes of civilization rest on the worthy banners of the courageous Russian Army. During my lifetime I have participated in a number of wars and have witnessed others, as well as studying in great detail the campaigns of outstanding leaders of the past.

"In none have I observed such effective resistance to the heaviest blows of a hitherto undefeated enemy, followed by a smashing counter-attack which is driving the enemy back to his own land. The scale and grandeur of the effort mark it as the greatest military achievement in all history."

Now, General MacArthur certainly knows what warfare means. His tribute is as beautiful and simple as a sabre salute. Every Red Army man will place it among his most cherished anniversary greetings which came from every allied area of the globe, from every anti-Axis command.

So here is what Red Army Day, 1942, produced. There is no cause for disappointment.

I know it is almost sacrilegious to mention pigmies like Hanson W. Baldwin of the *New York Times* in the same breath with stalwart warriors, but I cannot refrain from showing up this "expert's" drivel against the two grand documents of February 23. While Stalin was speaking to the Red Army and General MacArthur was paying tribute to its courage and accomplishments ("*the greatest military achievement of all history*"), Mr. Baldwin was saying: "... the Russian gains of the last few weeks have not been definite and impressive."

With one stroke General MacArthur extols the Red Army and demolishes Hanson W. Baldwin—a good service to the readers of the *Times*.

COLONEL T.

March 3, 1942 **NM**