

were entitled to carry with them thirty kilograms of luggage. And thus a woman might see her husband leave her first. Of her four children one, ten years old, remains to her. Three daughters of fifteen, seventeen, and twenty have been carried away. Where are they? For two months she has had no word of them.

And this woman is here, before us; a big woman, visibly honest; her eyes are filled with tears.

"Yes, monsieur, they took them away from me one morning. I had barely the time to kiss them before they were gone. What do you think they have done with them?"

Come into the next house that is filled with rabbish; here we find the same story, and in the next again, and everywhere. Sometimes it has been said with a sneer: "The girls who have gone were willing enough. A hint suffices." To grasp the true horror of the reality one must be on the spot, one must speak to the people, hear their complaints, read the agony in their eyes. For we are here concerned at once with deportation to forced labour and with the dispersal of families. Here are missing the father and two boys of fourteen and sixteen, carried off on three occasions; here it is the father, a son, and two daughters; the mother and a little girl of eleven have been left. Here only two old people of seventy remain; the two other generations are gone, nine souls in all. Among these ruins of Ham and Noyon there is not one person who is not asking what has become of children or of grandchildren. They have witnessed such scenes of savagery, they have lived through