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CHASED THROUGH JUNGLE BY VICHY POLICE  
(From a Free French Correspondent)

A British West African port,  
Monday.

Scratched and bleeding, dressed like a scarecrow and unrecognisable as a white man because of the mud from jungle swamps which swathed him from head to foot, a 23 year-old Frenchman yesterday staggered into the main square of this British frontier town.

When he saw my uniform he drew himself up, clicked his heels and saluted smartly.

"Sergeant-Major Maurice X....", he introduced himself. "Reporting for duty."

He swayed, and I was just in time to catch him as he fell.

He went straight to bed with a high temperature, but to-day he was already convalescing and able to tell me something of his efforts to join the Free French which have lasted nearly two years, have led him over 4,000 miles and have caused him to serve periods of imprisonment in three different countries.

"I served with the artillery in the French campaign", he told me, "and I started trying to escape in September, 1940. It took me six months to get out of France. I wandered through several countries, including North Africa, always on the look-out for a chance to get away to join de Gaulle. A few months ago I signed on a Vichy ship as deck-hand. I was constantly watched, but one evening when we were lying in the harbour of a French West African port I seized my chance and jumped overboard.

"I swam out of the harbour and landed on a beach a little way down the coast. It was wild country, and the jungle came right down to the beach. I set off towards the British frontier, but had not been tramping long when Vichy native police came after me. The jungle man-hunt lasted several hours; it was terribly exhausting to force a way through the treacherous undergrowth and the swamps teeming with poisonous snakes.

"I was saved by the monkeys and parrots. It is easy to lose your sense of direction in the jungle, where the foliage is sometimes so thick as to blot out the sun, and I often found myself going in a direction which would have led me straight into the arms of the Vichy police. However, their presence was always revealed by the screeching and chattering of the animals, and I was able to change my course in the nick of time.

"I was a day and <sup>a</sup>night in the jungle before I reached British territory. It will be grand to put on a clean French uniform once again."

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