

be seen, and hard as I worked throwing stuff out of the window, while M. shouted encouragement from the platform, the train was off before I could get the biggest and heaviest out, which was M.'s.

Two German fellow-travellers meanwhile sat stolidly through it all without making one effort to assist. Rushing to the vestibule I found it closed up, and the outer doors shut tight.

However, at the expense of a lot of skin from my knuckles, I managed to wrench the door open and stood upon the step while the train gathered speed in the outer yard. Choosing a nice sandy spot, well clear of switches and posts, I leaped, and alighted gracefully, just as a gold-faced individual made a grab for me from behind. And then the fun began. Policemen ran from one direction, soldiers from another, while the station master bore down upon me from the platform, waving his metal train signal.

I was immediately the centre of a gesticulating, shouting crowd of officials, all gabbling at once and talking with their arms, hands, legs and tongues.

I knew that I had committed a heinous crime and would have to go to prison—but I was very angry—and my injured hand was bleeding.

So was M. angry, when he found it was *his* bag that had been carried on.

It reminded me of Harris and George in "Three Men in a Boat" when the shirt fell into the river. "It's very unfortunate," said M. "Of course you will have to telegraph to the next station and have your bag found and put off, then, when they let you out of jail, you will have to go and claim it, paying storage. Of course you will miss the boat at Flushing, but that cannot be . . ."

"But it's your bag, not mine," said I. We had been moving in a dignified procession through the yard to the station, I with bowed head as befitted a criminal, and then and there the procession halted, while all listened to words which poured forth from M. Why had there been no porters? Why had the train stopped only half a minute? Why had it been allowed to proceed with me trying to get off? Somebody must suffer for this outrageous conduct.

In five minutes the station master was begging pardon over his shoulder while he talked over the telephone to the next station out of the other side of his mouth—and I was having coffee and rolls in the refreshment room, while I bound up my lacerated hand and calmed my ruffled feelings.

To make a long story short it was M. who went on to Duisburg and brought back the bag, though he needn't have gone, while I explored the half dead, stupid town of Oberhausen until from very ennui I came back to the station and watched trains arriving and departing with their solemn-faced, over-worked looking crowds of people. One military train arrived, and the men detained to stretch their legs for ten minutes.

They were a much more convivial crowd than the civilians, but in physique could not compare with the Russian troops we had seen. We did not leave Oberhausen until nearly eight in the evening, and proceeding via Wesel we crossed into Holland, and sped through Baxtel to Vlissingen (which is Flushing), where we arrived at 11:30 on a very wet, dirty, cold night.

The good ship "Mecklenberg" was indeed a haven of refuge, and I sat down to the first decent meal I had had for six weeks. We sailed at about 12:20 a.m., and it felt so good to be on the billowy, bounding sea again that I stayed up on deck until at 3 a.m. the cold wind and spray of the North Sea drove me below. And it was good to hear