

CHAPTER XIX

HOME

OUR departure from Switzerland was a repetition of our glorious arrival. We were sent home in two parties, one three days before the other, and those from Mürren were fortunate in being included in the first party. As we passed through Switzerland we collected, from different towns, several small groups which brought our numbers up to about four hundred.

At Interlaken a great crowd was at the station to see us pass through and, as I was standing on the platform, I was accosted by a little Belgian soldier who knew my name. I racked my brains and suddenly remembered that he had been a prisoner in Lazarett VI, where he had acted as orderly to the Feldwebel. I shook him warmly by the hand and asked him how things were in Cologne. In broken English, which he had learned while in Germany, he said, "I leave Lazarett VI tree weeks ago. She's awful, nothing to eat — macaroni every day. She's better here in Suisse, n'est-ce pas? You glad to go home? Au revoir, bon voyage."

At Berne we spent an hour in the station, where we were fed. The train also stopped for a short