

talked so fast I could not follow her, although I knew a little French. She brought us some cigars, and we could see she wanted to show us her friendliness. When she went away, I deeply regretted my ignorance of the French language. But the Belgian girl came back in a little while, accompanied by a Holland woman who could speak English, and then we found out about her.

She had fled from Antwerp at the time of the bombardment, and was supporting herself by needlework at Assen, where she was the only Belgian person, and I suppose she was tired of "neutrals" and wanted to see us because we were of the Allies. She urged us to tell her what she could do for us, and we asked her for some postal-cards, so we could tell our friends that we had escaped. She sent them to us by her friend the interpreter, who also gave us some English books and a box of cigars.

That night a young gendarme took us upstairs to his room, which was nicely decorated with flags and pennants, and he told us the Germans could never conquer Holland, for they would cut the dykes — as they had done before. He showed us the picture of his fiancée, and proudly exhibited the ring she had given him.

The next day we were taken by another gendarme to Rotterdam by train, passing through Utrecht and in sight of the Zuider Zee. Arriving there, we were taken to the alien officer, who questioned us and wrote down what we told him. Then the gendarme took us to the British Consul, and left us there. The Consul shook