

Then each tried to give me something, as if to say that even if they did not get out, perhaps their button, or belt, or skull-cap, would get back to civilisation.

When I left their barracks I began to cry because it did not seem possible that I was going away, and already I could see them starving slowly, just as I had been starving.

Next morning a sentry came to my barracks, called out my name and took me to the commander of the camp. They searched me and then ordered me back to barracks again. Then the men all thought they were just playing a joke on me, and they said so.

The same thing happened next day, and when one of the men said that probably I would be put up against a wall and shot I began to feel shaky, I can tell you.

But the third morning, after they had searched me, the commander said, "Well, you'll have to have a bath before you leave the country," and I was so glad that I did not mind about the bath, although I remembered the last one I had, and it did not agree very well with me. After the bath they escorted me out into the road.

There were four sentries with me, but not Swatts, nor did I see him anywhere, for which I was sorry. But all the boys came down to the barbed wire, or to the gate, and some were crying, and others were