

said we were not either. We could hardly see them, but they began yelling again when we got nearer, and asked us, "Is there anyone there from Queens-town?" and then Hull, and Portsmouth, and Dover, and Toronto and a lot of other places.

I did not pay much attention until I heard, "Any Americans there?" and I yelled back, "Yes, where are you?"

"Barrack 6-B, Gruppe 3."

"Where from?" I yelled.

"Boston. Where're you from?"

"The U.S.A. and Atlantic ports. See you later."

So next morning I went over to his barracks and asked for the Yank. They pointed him out to me, where he was lying on the floor. I went over and lay down with him, and we had quite a talk. I will not give his name for certain reasons.

He had received several wounds at the time he was taken prisoner. He had been in the Canadian service for two years. We used to talk about New York and Boston and the different places we knew in both towns, and we also talked a lot about the rotten treatment we were receiving, and tried to cook up some plan of escape. But every one we could think of had been used by someone else, and either had failed, or the Huns had fixed it so the plan could not be tried again. We devised some pretty wild schemes at that. Altogether, we became great pals,