

by Sir Charles Ferguson (who was to represent British General Headquarters as Military Governor of Cologne) when he said that, in spite of German behaviour in France and Belgium, we were not to imitate them in any way, but were to behave with restraint and forbearance.

To me one of the most interesting aspects of our short stay in Spa was the opportunity of meeting so many of the Intelligence Corps from all parts of the British Front. Some of them we knew, others we had heard of. Certainly it was a very cosmopolitan crowd, made up of men of very varied upbringings and experiences.

We started from Spa for Cologne on the morning of December 13th, the day on which the occupation was to begin, by a special train placed at our disposal by the German Government. The first incident of any interest happened in the station of Düren, half an hour's run distant from Cologne. Some of our people were to stay in Düren. They themselves got out of the train all right, but before their luggage could be taken off the train the stationmaster gave the signal for the train to start. She did so pursued by a mob of angry and distressed soldiers. A colonel of the postal corps in our compartment put his head and most of his body out of the window, for he was really angry, and forgetting that he was now in a foreign land, ordered the stationmaster in English to put the train back. To which the latter replied by a weak smile and a bow but took no steps to stop the train, possibly thinking that the colonel was very pleased with the speed with which he had got the train started. As the colonel was in possession of the window we could not help matters. Some bright person then pulled the emergency cord and put on the brakes—to the immense horror of the German officials, who had never seen one of these cords used before—and then we got

the train run back, by which time the Postal Corps Colonel was in a state bordering on apoplexy. The stationmaster told us that we had done five hundred marks' worth of damage by pulling the emergency cord, to which we replied that, when he found time, he ought to run and have a peep at some of the French railway stations, where his friends had been playing about for the last four years!

It was raining hard when we landed in Cologne and we went at once to the hotels, where we were to be billeted. The manager of our hotel evidently wished to do things on a peace basis and was assigning rooms of his own choosing to us, but it ended by our roaming very freely over the whole hotel and taking the rooms we preferred, a novel and pleasing experience in a hotel for most of us. After a very indifferent meal—all of our rations had not arrived and the German food in the hotel was poor—we took a stroll across the Domplatz, the square in front of the great Cathedral and down the main street of Cologne, the Hohestrasse. It was very crowded—it was what the Germans call the "Bummelstund", between five and seven o'clock in the evening, the hour for taking a stroll in the town—and our progress was very slow owing to the curiosity of the people of Cologne at seeing British uniforms for the first time. Their attitude was not unfriendly but we had almost to push our way through the crowd. In fact, but for the help of a German policeman, we would have had much more difficulty in getting through. But in this as in other matters, the Schutzmann did his best to help. The first sight of the city of Cologne was amazing to us. We had expected to find a city not, it is true, like the broken towns of France, but showing, at any rate, some of the effects of the war. At first sight everything seemed as in pre-war days; the shops brilliantly lighted, great displays in the windows, a well-dressed