

young man, evidently calling on the daughter of the house, and he could speak English.

We were taken downtown to the Burgomaster's office, and official papers were made out, and we signed them. This was what the gendarme's interpreter had been telling us, about not being able to change our minds after we had signed the paper!

The Burgomaster evidently told the gendarme to take us to the hotel and have us fed, and by this time, after our walk, we were quite ready for something. When we offered them money for our meal — which was a good one — it was politely refused.

We were then taken to the home of one of the Borgen gendarmes where we stayed for the night. His name was H. Letema. We ate with the family and were treated with great kindness. The white bread and honey which we had for tea were a great treat to us. One of the other gendarmes gave Ted a pair of socks, and he was able to discard the strips of underwear. We had a bed made of straw, with good blankets, and it seemed like luxury to us.

The next morning Mr. Letema gave us each a postal-card addressed to himself, and asked us to write back telling him when we had safely reached England. Then another gendarme walked with us to Assen, which seemed to be a sort of police headquarters. We stayed there all day.

In the afternoon a Belgian girl came to see us, and although I tried hard to understand what she said, she