

the guards gave us cigarettes and brown bread and treated us with every consideration, when they found we were non-combatants. Shortly after reaching the farm-house day broke and the rattle of dozens of machine-guns, intermingled with heavy rifle fire, told us another day of battle had begun. In a short time we were in danger of being killed by the shells from our own guns, and our guards kept ducking to the ground every few seconds. Somewhat to the astonishment of our captors we prisoners did not duck; we were feeling too reckless to care very much.

Some of the prisoners were badly wounded and had to be helped along. After about three hours march the party was halted and the guards given bread and soup; the prisoners received jeers and were called a few pet names. Then another two hours march, when we stopped at a large church where nearly 100 British prisoners were waiting. Apparently the souvenir craze extends to Germany; while in the church several officers came through and took our Canadian badges.

After a halt of two or three hours all who could walk were marched away with a guard of Uhlans. Along the way German soldiers struck some of the prisoners and spat in the faces of others. The Uhlans laughed and when wounded men could not keep up with the others, rode their horses on the heels of the prisoners.

We arrived at the Belgian town of Roulers about 6.00 in the evening. A large square in front of the Town Hall was surrounded by German troops with a brass band to furnish music. All prisoners captured during the previous two or three days heavy fighting around Ypres (possibly 1000) were congregated in the square. Belgian women and children tried to give us bread and fruit, but were struck or kicked by the Huns and driven away. The seriously wounded were taken to the hospital, while the remaining prisoners were taken into a large school and given some brown bread and coffee. After twenty-four hours fast and a twenty mile march some of us were hungry.

At eight o'clock that night we were put on board a train. The cars were of the horse box-car type and about 50 men were allotted to each car. There was no room to lie down, merely space to sit on the floor in a cramped position. Some men had bandaged heads and others wounded legs or arms. "Keep away from my leg," "Look out for my arm" was the cry as the train jolted along. The night passed very slowly, the car had no ventilation, and we nearly suffocated.

Late in the afternoon our train reached Cologne, and brown bread was given us for the second time that day. Six or eight hours later the train stopped and we were ordered out by German soldiers. After being counted several times we were marched through the town, which we afterwards learned was Giessen, some two and a half miles to the internment camp.

*(To be Continued.)*