

could not give our whole mind to "an international signalling at low level crossings" or consideration of "stateless persons released from prison" when we knew we might all be stateless persons unless the signs were changed.

It was a long stretch from Monday to Friday in the last week in September, measuring time by heart beats. On Monday night we heard Hitler speak from Berlin. His fiery words were punctuated by the hoarse cheers of his listeners, as he screamed his intention of marching into Czechoslovakia on October the First if his demands were not met. On Tuesday night we had a blackout, when every blind was drawn, and every light in the street extinguished. We had supper that night at a restaurant, two blocks from the Hotel de la Paix where we stayed. The two Swiss girls in the party said their worst fear was that French troops would march across Switzerland, and the Swiss would have to resist them. "And France is our friend, but in war there is no sense or reason." The Hon. Ernest Lapointe, who was the leader of our delegation, was recalled by a cable to Canada, and called us in to say good-bye. I remember we were comforted by his words when he said: "There will not be war, I think, at least for a year. But we must be ready for anything. Hitler means business!"

Every day there were less people at the League as the delegates were called home, and from the Swiss people I gathered there was a feeling that Hitler would begin his offence by bombing the League of Nations' buildings to show his disrespect for law and order. The day we travelled to Paris the train was crowded to overflowing. Baggage was piled in the corridors and every available inch was taken in the train. There were not seats for everyone so we took our turns at standing up, and holding on to the rail we looked out at the flying Savoy land-