

the sentries would have made the Huns tremble in their shoes had they but understood.

We passed a battalion of American troops marching on the road close to the train. It was the first time we had seen soldiers of our new Ally, and we gave them a hearty cheer to which they responded enthusiastically.

The crossing of the channel was made that night on a luxurious hospital ship, and at dawn the decks were crowded with men waiting to catch the first glimpse of Blighty. Two special hospital trains rushed us to London, and we were immediately placed in hospital to await a medical board.

I was fortunate in arriving on the first train, in having my board the same afternoon, and being discharged from hospital with a recommendation for two months' leave.

By a great piece of good fortune I spent only four days in England and was put on the first boat leaving for Canada.

I will never forget the day we sighted land, and the days that seemed like months, when we crawled up the St. Lawrence in sight of the shore, but too far away to make a break and swim for it.

When we arrived at Quebec I rushed off the boat and took the first train for Montreal. It didn't seem possible that I was actually a free man on Canadian soil once more, whereas, less than three weeks before, I had been a prisoner of war interned in Switzerland.