

exasperation when suddenly Commissioner Perry and staff entered the gallery of the school. Noticing the Commissioner out of the corner of his eye and doubtless guessing that this was to be an inspection of how recruits were treated and spoken to in the confines of the school, the r.m. hastily rode up under the gallery, turned around and ordered: "Form troop, with front to the gallery".

Rosenkrantz being a rough rider took up his position behind the troop.

"Then the r.m. addressed us", says Rosenkrantz, "in these terms: 'I have received strict orders not to use bad words in this riding school, to use nice language to you. Were it not for this I would—well tell you sons of . . . what I ah . . . well ah think of you . . . and your . . . ah . . . riding. But as I must be nice to you I can only kindly ask you to PLEASE in future do as I tell you.'"

After an absence of 25 years Baron Rosenkrantz returned to Canada in 1938 with his daughter and only child, Helle, who for two years had been attending school in England and was about to continue her studies at the University of Western Ontario, London; the young baroness returned to Denmark in July, 1939. During his stay of over three months he revisited his old haunts in the West and renewed old friendships with his former comrades in the Force. He also went on a big-game hunting expedition in the Rockies where he secured some splendid trophies of mountain goats, mountain sheep, elk, moose, grizzly bears and smaller animals, all of which he shipped home to Denmark.

Baron Rosenkrantz is well known to many serving and former members of the Force who no doubt will be interested in his letter which summarizes his impressions during the war years. It reads in part:

Regarding my experiences during the German occupation of Denmark I can claim very little of an exciting nature. Excepting our deep humiliation at our government's shameful attitude in closing its eyes to the impending danger and later forbidding the army to fight, our wrath and resentment at seeing our streets and houses overrun with German soldiers, and swastika flags fluttering from our roof tops, and all the daily indignities and restrictions we were forced to submit to, I have no personal adventures worth mentioning.

At the time I was still at our old family

place in the country, 11 kilometres (almost seven miles) from the nearest railway station. We woke at dawn on Apr. 9, 1940, to the thunder of big German planes on their way north to Norway. At 6 o'clock my bailiff came up to my bedroom and said: "The German Army passed our border an hour ago; the whole of Denmark is occupied and the government has capitulated".

"No resistance?" I asked.

"The army was forbidden to fight! But not all the regiments got the order in time, and some disregarded it. There has been fighting in South Jutland (Slesvig), in Copenhagen round the King's residence, and on the flying fields on Seeland."

They fought pluckily and well, but were ordered to cease fire. Imagine our feelings!

As the day wore on, the rumours became wilder and wilder. Next morning at 6 o'clock the bailiff again came to my bedroom. "Sixteen officers, 150 men, 135 horses, four guns and a field kitchen are arriving within an hour", he said, "and all are to be billeted here".

Nice surprise before breakfast! However, when the Germans arrived they were peaceful enough. They were armed to the teeth and with gas-masks, but once we got them located they gave us no trouble. The army (*die wehrmacht*) generally behaved well, save when the soldiers got drunk; troubles nearly always were generated by the Gestapo and the SS troops (*schutz staffel*—German armed guard), both of which outfits were heartily detested. Of course a five-year enemy occupation is an awful burden and a lot of restrictions were imposed on us.

For example, the press was censored, all driving in private motor cars was prohibited, and the lorries were much cut down. Living so far out, as we did, and being forbidden to drive to the station, we were quite effectively isolated; we had no horse carriages and no carriage horse, and could go nowhere. Often to expiate some "outrage" against the Germans, we were not allowed outdoors between 8 o'clock in the evening and 5 o'clock in the morning. Even the post could not be depended upon: letters occasionally were censored; for two months I got no letters, and no letter I wrote during that interval reached its destination.

But in the towns it was bad. The population became irritated at the Germans' excessive buying in the depleted shops, at the everlasting marching and singing of the soldiers in the streets, and in short at always seeing the green uniforms (grasshoppers, we called them) and hearing the constant tramp-tramp of enemy boots. Fighting between Danes and German soldiers became frequent. Additional restrictions followed and the Danes retaliated