

time in Lausanne, where the station was literally packed with people. As we pulled out, the cheering from the platforms and the train mingled into a roar that made the roof vibrate. We did not leave Geneva till 3.10 A. M., but in spite of the late hour many of our friends were at the station to say good-bye, and the girls of the Swiss Red Cross passed up and down showering us with dainties of every sort.

After leaving Geneva we peered out into the blackness of the night to try and see the place where we crossed the border. Brewster was in our compartment. He had travelled over the same line before the war, and it was he who made the announcement, "Gentlemen, we are in France!"

We were prisoners no longer.

The news soon travelled the length of the train, and the men gave vent to their feelings by prolonged cheering.

The first stop we made in France was at Bellegarde. It was 4.30 A. M., but the station was crowded with people. As the train came to a stop a military guard presented arms, while a band played "God Save the King" and the "Marseillaise." We stood smartly to attention till the last note sounded, and then leapt on to the platform. We actually stood on French territory!

Tables had been erected all along the platform and from these the kind ladies of Bellegarde served champagne and biscuits. This was hospitality in-