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liberté." That was what the Swiss wanted them to feel, and the reason why, though perhaps the Tommies did not realize it, they were treated everywhere as conquering heroes.

If only their people at home could have witnessed the wonderful reception, it would have done their hearts good.

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## ARRIVAL AT CHÂTEAU D'OEX.

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### A HAVEN OF REST.

CHÂTEAU D'OEX, MAY 30, 10 A.M.

Many people in England know and love the little grey electric train which climbs up the steep slope from Montreux to Les Avants, zigzagging backwards and forwards between the walls of vineyards, now facing the wonderful pile of the Dent du Midi, now turning its back on it to look down far over the lake, always sinking lower and lower, across to the distant outline of the Jura Mountains in the west. This morning they would hardly have recognized the train with the windows crowded from end to end by cheering British soldiers.

Up to Les Avants the day was grey and misty, and one did not quite get the feeling, properly belonging to the Montreux Oberland Railway, of climbing far above the strife and bitterness and troubles of the lower world to the white or grey and green realm of high hills, deep valleys, rushing streams, blue skies, sparkling sunshine, and eternal peace. But once we passed the long tunnel gateway of the valley the sun shone out, not in its full Swiss splendour, but enough to show the marvellous colouring of the fields. Great sheets of white, blue, mauve, and yellow, with here and there smaller patches of pure crimson and rose, made the pastures climbing up the sides of the mountains a feast of beauty for the eyes, with narcissus, cow parsley, white and yellow marguerites, dandelions, buttercups, globe flowers, rose champions, wild geraniums, and forget-me-nots in scores of marvellous harmonies of Nature's arranging. We all broke spontaneously into cheers when we saw the sun at last, and though the higher mountains were still half hidden in the clouds, that, as one man said to

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me, was only a deferred pleasure.

At Château d'Oex, which the first of our two trains reached at 10 o'clock, we received a village welcome. The whole population was ready to receive the tired men, who had had no sleep and had travelled off and on for three or four days, and who yet, though many were suffering badly from the effect of their wounds, were quietly happy. The British Minister and Mrs. Grant Duff, Colonel Wyndham, Military Attaché, and his wife, M. Favrod Coune, President of the Communal Council and of the Swiss Committee for the Reception of Prisoners, M. Galland, British Consul at Lausanne, and Mme Galland, the British Vice-Consul at Montreux, and many prominent inhabitants of Château d'Oex welcomed the officers and men. After they had enjoyed the tea provided by the kind Swiss hosts at tables on the terrace facing the rocky mountains of the south valley, first M. Favrod Coune, then Mr. Grant Duff, and then the Rev. E. Lampen, the British Chaplain, addressed the soldiers and the people in short, well-chosen speeches.

M. Favrod Coune's speech, expressing the real sympathy of the Swiss and their joy in receiving the wounded British in Switzerland, "a little isle set in the midst of the opposing currents of war," was of a touching, fatherly friendliness. Mr. Grant Duff, speaking first in French, paid an admirable tribute to the countless deeds of kindness shown by the Swiss to the members of all the belligerent nations passing through the country. Every word was sincere, and expressed exactly what Englishmen feel about the great debt we owe Switzerland. It was a speech which, for every one who heard it, brought the two countries closer together. Afterwards, in English, he reminded the officers and men that it was always a tradition that British soldiers should be gentlemen, and said he knew that when they left Château d'Oex for England all their Swiss hosts would regret to see them go.

The speech was a fitting end to a very memorable day for all who took part in it. As for our men, friends and relations at home may feel assured that they could not have had a finer and more sympathetic reception, not even in England, and could not have come to a pleasanter resting-place after their long and trying imprisonment and the fatigues and sufferings of the war.