

# A WAYWARD GERMAN REFUGEE

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The first prize for deviousness, apparently, goes to German prisoners of war in Canada. In our issue of April 8 we quoted from the New York American what was supposedly a thrilling story of hair-breadth escape from a Canadian prison-camp. The hero was a German artist, who had formerly been in the marines. In this story he told of wandering some five hundred miles in a southwesterly direction from Montreal to the border near Buffalo. It was a lively, exciting story, but since it was printed there have been several "letters to the editor" from both Canadian and American readers, who remark rather cuttingly that this German refugee is indeed an "artist," and that since he belonged once to the marines, he had better return and try his "escape" story on them. The "escaped prisoner" said he escaped from a detention-camp at Greenburg, a suburb of Montreal, nor is there a detention-camp within 500 miles of Montreal." The only inference is that the German did not start where he thought he did, or else, as our reader hints, that he did not start at all. As to his wanderings after leaving the mythical Greenburg, they seem, in the light of expert and indignant testimony, to have been indeed perplexing. Anxious to reach the United States and safety, our refugee yet scorned the short route, sixty or seventy miles, from Montreal to the nearest part of New York State, and tramped instead off the way up the St. Lawrence and around the whole of Lake Ontario. Incidentally, he reached the outskirts of a town called Huller. "This place," another reader declares, "is on the peninsula of Prince Edward County, and to reach it, coming from Montreal direction, a water-voyage of considerable length is necessary. Or perhaps, just for the fun of it, he doubled back a matter of fifty miles in order to visit this small place."