Typed transcript of diary and letter

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Mrs Keyser

Daughter of

~~Col. J. P. Lyons~~

Col. Drake.

Go Lloyds Bank.

~~G~~ Cox & Co's B

6. Pall. Mall.

RAMC 453

School of Instruction
R.A.M.C. Depot
Aldershot

13th Jany 1916.

Dear Brereton,

I am sending you my diary for the period 31st July 1914 to 27th August 1914. This period covers the precautionary stage, mobilization, operations in France and Belguim up to the time of my capture at Laudrecies.

I have not a copy of my account of the journey to Germany, and life in prison camps just now, I did write a long account of both, and I am afraid that it has been lost in the post, I will re-write it and send it to you as soon as I can.

I gave evidence to two ladies of the B.R.C.S. on conditions in German camps, and horrified those ladies considerably, this evidence was sent on to Sir Louis Mallet, and he is going to do something about it sometime after the war, when it will be "too late".

Our men were treated most shamefully in Germany last Winter, I saw three camps for men and in each of them the conditions were much the same.

The following are the principal items in the programme of mal treatment.

On their arrival in Germany our men were often beaten by both civilians and soldiers, long whips were often used for this, and on their arrival in camp they were often beaten by the guard.

They did not get suitable food their meals being almost always unfit for comsumption; at my last camp in Germany, the smell from the cook houses was just as bad as that of the latrines, which were most insanitary.

At first the German Government charged duty on all parcels sent to prisoners, and as in a great many cases all money had been taken from the prisoners, the men were unable to take delivery of their parcels, this was a most awful hardship to many of our men who had been waiting anxiously for parcels of food and clothes. The weather was very cold at the time.

Our men were made to do all the dirty work of the camps, in most places they had to clean out deep trench latrines with hand scoops.

A good many men have been shot in the prisoners camps in Germany, I know for certain that a man named McEwan a private of the Scots Guards was shot at Gottingen early in December 1914, by a German soldier and I have not heard that the German was ever punished for it.

There are some entries in the diary which are confidential, and I wish that you will not make any use of them without first referring to me.

Please excuse the delay in answering your letter, I put it by in the holidays and nearly overlooked it.

Yours sincerely

J.P. Lynch.

Friday 31st July 1914. (Fine weather) - On 31 st July (Friday) in compliance with a telegraphic order received the day previous from the A.D.M.S., D.D. I travelled by motor bike from Eastbourne to Canterbury; my wife and little girl Norah accompanied me in the sidecar. The journey home to Canterbury was a pleasant one, we had no trouble with the motor, but the little tail lamp refused to light properly, and caused a good deal of delay on the road near Tenterden and again in Ashford.

We just got home before the rain came and found that the servants had arrived, without their and our luggage which had gone on by a later train, they very stupidly allowed themselves to be separated from the kit at Eastbourne. After some trouble and several runs to and from the West Station, I got all the kit up to the house with the help of an exhausted outside porter, and having fixed up the household affairs for the time being R and I went to one of the hotels and had a little supper, we then taxied home leaving the bike at the hotel as all the garages were closed.

Saturday August 1st 1914. (Fine weather) - Back at the old hospital again, and glad to see all my old friends again.

Col Winter and I discussed international politics and the possibility of war very fully, we came to the conclusion that it is inevitable.

Down in barracks I met Major Lamont R.H.A. and Capt Rasch The Carbiniers, Lamont was in great form, and so was Rasch, I felt sorry that on mobilization I must part from the 4th Cav Bde which I have known so long.

According to the evening papers Germany has sent ultimata to both France and Russia and they say that the replies of both will not be satisfactory to Germany.

Sunday August 2nd 1914. (Fine day) - Spent the day at home quietly picking cherries and playing about the garden with Nora.

Garvin used very strong words in his article in the "Observer" today, the article was headed "England's Fame or Shame".

Col Winter came to tea and we had further talk about the coming event which had already cast its shadow on our peaceful life in Canterbury.

Pilot did like his swim at Tonford crossing in the afternoon, he prefers swimming to walking.

Got the "Times" Sunday edition, the first that has been issued for a long time; there was serious news reported in it.

Wrote to Michael, and both of them to come down to Canterbury.

Monday August 3rd 1914. (Showery day) - War was declared by Germany on France last night and today between Germany and Austria on the one side and Russia and France on the other.

In barracks today the air was full of electricity; I went down to see the Buffs in the morning, and it was obvious that there was a great deal of excitement amongst the officers, but it was very well suppressed. No one knew what was going to happen, and doubt and suspense got on the nerves of everyone.

An order was received (wire) later in the morning, about 11.30 a.m. for

.../2

Monday August 3rd 1914 continued.

us to carry out the medical examination of all the troops of the garrison, for fitness for "Field Service", so it became evident to all of us that the expected was about to happen.

I went round the town to hunt up doctors to help in the examination, and succeeded in getting only Harold Wacher, Sydney was away, and Williams was too busy. My examination of the Carabiniers was finished in 70 minutes.

Gracie arrived while I was examining the men in barracks, it was very good of her to come so quickly to us, Michael could not leave his work.

Tuesday August 4th 1914. (Fine day showers) - Not much doing at hospital today; I was found fit for field service. Col Pinches R.A.M.C. RP arrived to take over charge of the hospital.

The medical examination of all men left over from yesterday was finished today. The suppressed excitement which was felt in barracks yesterday, has cleared up today, and everyone is merry and bright; the cause of this being that it is now settled that we are to mobilise, and the order will come out today.

The Garratts and Col Winter came in to tea, in the afternoon, and we were all very anxious about it, it was uppermost in all our minds and there was nothing else to think about but it, during the tea party we did not say much but we thought a great deal.

After tea Gracie, R, and I went down the town, and we met a sergeant of the Carbs in St Georges St who got off his bike and told me that the order to mobilise had just come in, so I got a few things and went back quickly to finish up my packing for tomorrow.

Later we 3 went down through the town to see the illuminations, Gracie admired the lights very much.

Wednesday 5th August 1914. (Heavy rain all day) - First day of Mobilisation.

Got up early and finished packing, had a quick breakfast, and then said "Good Bye" to Rosie and the two little girls (Norah and Joan) and Gracie.

The taxi came and R and I drove to the East Station, it was an anxious drive, and I cannot describe how we felt while waiting in the station for the train, as the feeling of the unknown had taken possession of us, she did not know when she would see me again, and I felt that I was about to part from them for a most indefinite period of time.

Travelled up to London with Hunter of the Carbs, we changed at Faversham, and got up to Canon St. by a good train, but I took a long time to get from Canon St to Waterloo, and so I missed the early train down to Aldershot. I went up to Picadilly by tube and did a little shopping, got a waterproof at Gording's and a pocket case of instruments at the Junior A & N. stores by the way they charged me 10/- too much for the case, this was my first brush with British Patriotism.

London was very quiet, there was a rumour that 2 German cruisers had been captured.

I left Waterloo for Aldershot by the 11.45 train down, and arrived in Aldershot at 1.30 p.m.

.../3

Wednesday 5th August 1914 continued

The train was packed full with officers of all branches of the service, soldiers, reservists and civilians, it was considerably late in arriving at Aldershot. I met Nolan on the platform at A'shot and taxied up to the Mess with him (dropping him on the way).

The old Mess was strangely familiar, and on getting there I asked about No 4 Field Ambulance, there were only 2 Subalterns of the Ambulance present, Hattersley and Brown, so I found myself the senior officer present, and as such I had a lot of papers, pamphlets and books of instruction thrust upon me by Major Fell D.A.D.M.S. A.C.

My next step after having sorted out the jumble of papers etc, was to hunt up the Depot Sergt Major, and he at once found Sergt Mackay for me, this Sergt. called out the recruits from the depot to help in pitching the camp on Redan Hill, and the long afternoon and evening was spent in drawing rations (meat, bread and groceries) tents, blankets and groundsheets and finally pitching the camp.

Major P.F. Falkner, Capt A.A. Sutcliff and a few R.A.M.C. S.R. and civil surgeon subalterns arrived in the evening, and found everything ready for them in camp.

In the afternoon a letter came from Major Collingwood and in my capacity as O.C. I opened it and found it to be a request for command of "C" Section, as he is O.C. Field Ambulance, he must take A Section.

The old mess in McGrigor Barracks was fairly crowded, and I met a good many old friends in it, of course the mobilisation caused great excitement there.

Major Hinge No 1 Field Ambulance wanted to know Col Winter had not turned up, so when I told him that the Colonel's mobilisation orders had been cancelled, he found himself O.C. No 1 Field Amb.

Met Egan who comes from Dungarvan and had a long talk and a game of billiards with him.

Wrote letters to Rosie and to Mother.

Thursday 6th August 1914. (Fine day) - Busy day at mobilisation work today.

Major Collingwood O.C. No 4 Field Ambulance arrived in camp early this morning and took over the duties of C.O.

The part of Redan Hill on which I slept last night was very hard and lumpy but I was so tired that I had a good sleep in spite of the lumps.

I was appointed transport officer to the F.A. and O.C. "B" section today.

The N.C.Os and men are very slow in arriving.

As T.O. I later took over 13 light draught horses today, they looked a nice lot of horses fresh from stall, and well fed, it was rather hard lines to take them over, and put them out on Redan Hill without picketing gear, and without men to look after them, an orderly of No 5 F.A. named Thompson who had been a cow boy and used to tying up horses without gear and was very useful to me.

Received a letter from Michael wishing me good bye and good luck.

.../4

Friday 7th August 1914. (Fine hot day) - Loss of H.M.S. Cruiser Amphion reported today. She went on to a mine and went down with 131 officers, and men 141 were saved.

Had a very busy day as we took over our waggons from the ordinance stores, three of the Amb. waggons were full of harness and saddlery all in a most awful jumble. About mid-day 39 H.D. horses arrived, and I got on with the picketing of them, it was after much hard labour and many mistakes they were all tied up at 8 p.m. I wonder how Carter Paterson would like to see their best shire horses tied in knots out on Redan Hill this evening. These horses did not have any use for head ropes or heel ropes, and the little shackle straps were too small for their hairy hind legs. The pegs both fore and aft came up at the first tug though it was hard to hammer them in, finally I gave it up as a bad job and went to bed very late, hoping against reasonable probability that there would not be a stampede during the night

Saturday 8th August 1914. - Got a move on with the personal today, at the 6 a.m. parade the N.C.Os and men were told off to their sections. The B sect lot were like the others a strange mixture of infantry reservists who had transferred to the R.A.M.C. reserve, R.A.M.C. Reservists proper, and a few serving soldiers of the R.A.M.C.

My senior N.C.O. Sergt Todd comes from the Aberdeen University where he has been an instructor of the O.T.C. He has been allotted to tent sub-division.

Sergt Smith has been allotted to the Bearer Sub-sect, he is from the R.A.M.C. reserve, but he is a very smart N.C.O. and he ought to do well.

My servant is an old Dublin Fusilier named O'Connor, he is a cheerful man, he speaks with a rich brogue, he has been through the South African War, and he knows what's what.

Sunday August 9th to Saturday August 15th 1914. - Those days passed quickly, we were all so busy at mobilization work, getting the men, horses and equipment into shape, and arranging the sections.

We were ready to entrain on the 13th but we did not do so until the 15th Aug.

We all regretted having missed our parade before on Tuesday the 11th, before the King, we were late owing to a mistake having occurred in our orders.

On Wednesday Rosie and Norah came down to be near me for the last few days, their presence in A'shot brightened up the outlook for me in a wonderful way, and with the other ladies who came to camp (Mrs Falkener and Mrs Sutcliffe) we had many pleasant little parties on Redan Hill.

I shall never forget saying goodbye to R and Norah on the morning of the 15th on the muddy road in the drizzling rain outside the Govt. siding. Poor little Norah seemed to realize that something strange was about to happen, her last words to me were.

"God will protect you Daddy".

.../5

Saturday 15th August - Our entrainment went off without a hitch, although Major Morgan who has been set up as an expert in entrainment was on the platform to criticise, I hope that he was pleased to see his own time record beaten easily by No 4 F.A. by about 20 minutes.

We soon found that our train was bound for Southampton, and the journey down was an uneventful one; when we passed towns, and villages etc crowds assembled to cheer us and our men cheered and waved their hands in return. Our train ran right into the docks at Southampton and we quickly detrained in a large shed, which was already ¾ full of cavalry (a squadron of the 9th Lancers and the 18th Hussars).

We spent a weary day waiting in the shed, there was nothing to do and it was raining hard all the time.

Met most of the Carbiniers who were embarking on the S.S. Welshman at a dock close by, and said "good bye" to them; I felt very sorry that I was not going out with them, and I envied Dunn his charge, and I fancy that he would have preferred my place in No 4 F.A.

The arrangements for obtaining refreshments at the dockyard were bad, we did manage however to get a cup of tea late in the afternoon, and for dinner we went out in the town, where we were charged 100% more than the usual price.

At about 9 p.m. we began to embark on the S.S. Armenian, and we finished at 11.30 p.m.

The Armenian is a big cattle boat, and she belongs to the Leyland Line, there was plenty room in her for all on board, the cavalry and ourselves.

Maughan of my batch came on board in charge of the 18th Hussars.

Major Falkner and I were lucky enough to get a deck cabin, all the others were in cabins down below.

Sunday 16th August 1914. - This day was spent on sea, for the most part, as we left Southampton at 4 a.m. and sailed for an unknown destination, but although we did not know our destination, we all felt certain that we would not meet any German warships on the way, because The Navy.

The crossing was calm and the weather was bright and breezy, only a gentle zephyr. I spent the morning looking at the familiar Sussex Coast and easily recognised many of the spots I saw last month when we were at Eastbourne. Brighton, Beachy Head, Eastbourne and Pevensey Bay all looked familiar in the distance.

About mid-day we lost sight of land and headed straight for Boulogne, about ½ way across we passed a Battle Squadron all ready for action, and looking ugly and strong after the usual salutes we went by, amidst loud cheers from the sailors and answering roars from the men on our ship.

The band was paraded on one of the Dreadnoughts and they played "God Save The King". There was something about those ships, that made me think about war, they looked so strong, and so ready, fo it, that I shall not soon forget the sight of a battle squadron cleared for action.

We arrived at Boulogne at 3 p.m. and were received with acclamation by the people.

.../6

While we were waiting for the cavalry to disembark, I wrote two letters one to Mother and one to R, and photographed the S.S. Welshman arriving with the remainder of the 9th Lancers.

Our disembarkation was a tedious business, water carts, ambulance waggons, G.S. waggons and horses took a long time to get ashore, and it was about 11 p.m. when we left the quay to march to the rest camp.

During this march I had some trouble with the 3 water carts, all of which had a strong tendency to pull the horses attached them, over backwards, on the steep hills which we climbed on the way.

It was after midnight when we arrived at the camp and then we parked our waggons in the best approved style, and picketted the horses on long ropes fixed up from wheel to wheel.

Monday 17th August 1914. - After much labour with men and horses during the night; at last I got into my little bivy at 3 a.m. There was not sufficient tent accommodation for officers, however I was very well off in the bivy, and I soon slept the sleep of the just, the little bit of ground on which I slept, was very good for that purpose.

Up early feeling fresh and hungry as we did not have much in the way of food yesterday, Jones soon had breakfast going, and after that we all felt and looked better.

The day was spent in camp waiting for orders for our move up country, which is to take place tomorrow.

Emergency rations were issued to all officers, N.C.Os and men at 11 a.m. The tin of bully with 4 ration biscuits and a little case of groceries when covered with the American cloth waterproof cover makes a fair sized oblong parcel which has to be carried in the small of the poor soldiers back; mine went into one of the wallets of my saddle.

In the afternoon I went down to the town (Boulogne) with Major Falkner, we first went to the bank and changed our money there, it was rather a problem to work out the rate of exchange, but the bank people did it well and quickly, We put our horses up in a quaint old coaching establishment, and then went out to see Boulogne. The afternoon, and evening passed quickly, as we did some shopping and got a good tea at a little cafe.

We had a quiet little dinner at one of the hotels, and then went back for our horses; the owner of the coachouse insisted that we should have some wine with him, and he got up a bottle of the best from the cellar, and we drank his health and the healths of his wife and family and they drank ours, and success to the army. We then rode up the hill to camp and bought 2 doz eggs on the way. The horses were pegged out and we turned in for the night.

Tuesday 18th August 1914. - I had a rude awakening at 2 a.m. when I received a violent kick on the left thigh from a loose horse which belonged to the 3rd Field Troop R.E. some 3 or 4 other wild horses cleared my bivy without touching me. I spoke to Jordan and Egerton in the morning about loose horses and told

.../7

them that the incident reminded me of the old days in Canterbury, we parted good friends as of old.

At 10 a.m. we left camp and marched to the Gare du Nord for our entrainment.

There was no trouble about getting the F.A. on to the train, the waggons had to be run up a steep ramp on to the waggons and paired off properly, but it was done with great ease.

After a long delay our train started off for an unknown destination at 3.15p.m.

The journey up through France was a very pleasant one, the people were more than good to our men, before long we all had had various presents and many a man parted with his badge to one of the many French girls who were so keen on souvenirs.

All the officers were decorated with flowers and little bits of riband (tricolor) and tricolored badges.

We did our messing in good style on the train B Section did just as well as C.

After a short sleep during the night we arrived at Wassigny.

Wednesday 19th August 1914. - Began our detrainment at Wassigny at 3 a.m. The men did not realize in their half sleepy state that they had to get a move on, and there was a regrettable incident when a French R.T.O. went to the door of one of their compartments. The R.T.O. became wildly excited, and spoke about mutinous British soldiers, we pacified him by means of the British R.T.O. and then got our detrainment through in quick time.

We then marched to a field close bye and breakfasted while we were there Jones and Lauder gave a side show in the form of a wrestling match.

Major Collingwood and I went for a stroll up the hill to the village of Wassigny where we found the headquarters of the 2nd Division.

We soon got orders to march into billets at Grougis and I started off with the billeting party at 7 a.m. A cyclist guide showed us the way and we had a pleasant ride through the woods to Grougis.

I was the senior of the billeting party and a subaltern from each of the other sections came with me.

A. Sect Lt Lauder

C. Sect Lt Routh

The remainder of the party consisted of the interpreter and our 3 batmen.

The billeting arrangements were simple we were allotted a big farm yard with spacious outhouses for the N.C.Os and men, they had plenty accommodation. The officers were given billets in various small houses in the village.

Cooking and other sanitary arrangements as in camp, contaminated wells supplied us with water.

Majors Collingwood, Falkner and myself were billeted in a pretty quaint old farm house in the midst of a splendid kitchen garden; our host a little deformed man was very glad to supply us with eggs and vegetables at a reasonable price. We slept well, all in one room, each in a feather bed of great size and depth.

Thursday 20th August 1914. - When we came in yesterday we heard that things were quiet in Grougis up to the present and we looked forward to a few days of ease and a little more time at any rate to get things straight in the sections.

.../8

Thursday 20th Aug. Contd.

We intended to unpack the operating tent and pitch it today, but this was not to be, neither was the bathing parade, for orders for the march arrived early in the morning.

B. Sect was the first to move, our orders were to march in rear of the 3rd Coldstream Guards at 1.47 p.m. We were ready when the time came and having said "good bye" to the others we fell in in our place.

It was a very sultry afternoon; all the men in the brigade were in fine form, they marched with an easy swing under their heavy packs, and although I say it myself, my little lot treked as well as the best of them.

For the first time ambulance waggons filled me with gruesome thoughts, it was horrible to think that many of those fine fellows would soon have to be carried in them.

Friday 21st August 1914. - We left Oisy at 8.30 this morning and did a peace march to Marvilles B sect. marched in rear of the 1st line transport of the 3rd Coldstreams.

My billet of last night was a very comfortable one, and my hostess gave me a very good cup of coffee in the early morning.

The march to Marvilles was uneventful, but on the way I picked up the sick of the Irish Gds. at a little village off the line of march about 2½ miles from Oisy. The Quartermaster was one of the sick, he was suffering from lumbago and sciatica.

On arriving at Marvilles the section was directed down a side road to our billets, but there were no billets for us down that road, I went up through the village to ask the Bde. Hdqrs. about it, and in the village I ran into the staff of the 2nd Division. The A.D.M.S. Col Thompson told me that we had been allotted billets up near the Bde. Hdqrs. I then found that some of the Guards themselves in occupation of our billets. Result words between D.A.D.M.S. (Major Irvine) and the Staff Captain (Soames).

The outcome of this argument was that we got very good billets, and our waggons were parked on the green in front of Bde Hdqrs.

Almost as soon as we were settles in, the A.D.M.S. visited the lines and told me not to prepare for the reception of sick, he then went away, and soon came back with Irvine, and asked me why I had not prepared for reception of sick, so up to this I thought the war is exactly like manoeuvers.

I ordered the sect. to get ready at once for sick, and soon we had the cover of one of the G.S. waggons (M.S.W.) thrown from the waggon to one of the ambulance waggons; the A. and D. book out and everything in order for treatment of minor cases, and I then found the A.S.C. Officer i/c M.T. and made arrangements with him for the evacuation of more serious cases to rail head in the returning lorries.

A few sick did roll up later on, and I sent 4 cases back in a lorry to Laudruies which was rail head for the division.

Sinclair and Shields were supplied with dressings, pills and powders this evening, and in order to make up the deficiency so caused I sent a long wire to Advance Depot Med. Stores indenting for dressings etc.

.../9

Friday 21st August 1914 contd.

We had quite a small tea party in the lines in the afternoon, Sinclair and the M.T. Officer were our guests.

There was a weary wait for orders this evening, I waited up until the small hours of the morning, and finally went to bed, but I was not allowed much rest in our luxurious billet; orders and counter orders turned up and we left our beds at 3.15 a.m. (22.8.14) to take the road.

A word about our Marvilles billet.

Host a very good fellow.
Fine house
Splendid garden

We had a long talk with our host in the evening over a bottle of wine; he had very good maps of the country and I remember him putting his finger on Manbenge and saying that "The Germans will never take Manbenge".

Saturday 22nd August 1914. - B. Section marched out of Marvilles at 4.30 a.m. in rear of the Bde. ammunition column; for the first time in its proper place. The march was a very orderly one, as heretofore we halted 10 minutes before every hour, for ten minutes.

It was rumoured on the way that the evening's cavalry might be expected on our left, but though we kept a sharp look out, we saw none of them.

I had some trouble with a pair of greys and the medical store waggon on the way, they gibed and put the off wheels of the waggon into a deep ditch, it seemed an impossible position for the waggon but with the aid of another pair of H.D. horses it was pulled out without damage to itself or to the medical stores. While the cart was in this difficult position the A.D.M.S. rode up and then came along with me, and talked about the medical service in war etc.

A great many men fell out with sore feet on the march today, at one time I had 17 in the waggons.

Saw Jack O Keefe marching along in charge of the Royal Berkshire Regt.

We arrived at La Longneville early in the afternoon, where we found a barn for the men, and the officers bivouacked in an orchard.

On arriving we opened up for reception of sick, and had quite a busy afternoon at sore feet, and soldiers' hearts; a few of the cases were temporarily unfit, and I intended to send them to the base on the first opportunity, and I admitted them for this purpose, but there were no empty supply lorries in the evening so they remained over.

Late in the evening Lieut Shields R.A.M.C. O i/c The Irish Guards reported that an officer (Lt Onslow) of his btn was down with appendicitis. This officer was seen by Hattersley and myself and though we were uncertain about the diagnosis, we decided to bring him along in one of the waggons in the morning and keep him under observation.

The only available treatment for him was a No 9 and a liquid diet.

.../10

Saturday 22nd August contd.

Had a long weary wait for orders this night and finally tired of waiting I turned into my bivouack and waited there in the light of my lamp, orders came at 12.30 a.m. and amendments, and counter orders kept on coming at irregular intervals, apparantly the order to march at 4 a.m. was final, but at 2 a.m. we got the final order to be ready for the road at 2.30 a.m.

Sunday 23rd August 1914. - B Section marched out of La Longneville at 2.30 a.m. in rear of the Bde. ammunition column, before leaving La Longneville we got Ouslow into one of the waggons and brought him along. We had quite a number of sick from the Bde during the march this morning, and I hoped to be able to send them to a hospital on the lines of communication, but there was no means available, and though we passed two railway stations, on the way I had to keep the waggons full of sick.

It was rumoured early in the day that the Germans had made a rapid advance to meet us and that there would be some fighting around Mons today, the men were glad to hear this and we pushed on as hard as possible, there was one halt soon after the start, and I do not remember any more after that. This was a hard march on the men with their heavy loads and empty stomachs, they were in a bad way when we halted on the hill near Hyon at 11.30 a.m.

The column halted on the high ground south of Hyon at 11.30 a.m. I lost sight of the battalions of the Bde who marched around a corner of the road. During this halt my cooks were busy getting breakfast for the men, and they were not long about it, as they did not know how long we had to stay. I remember the bacon and eggs we had that morning when I sat with my back to a stuke of oats, with Hattersley and Hills with 2 batteries of the 41st Bde R.F.A. in position on either side of us, and not very far away.

This position was not a good one for B. sect. but there was nothing to do but wait for orders and in the afternoon about 1.30 p.m. the staff captain came and asked me to send an officer on billeting duty to meet him at the V of Bommetean in ½ an hour, as we were going into billets at Query le Petit and Quevy le Grand.

The Bde retired soon afterwards and just as we were on the point of turning round at a cross road, I heard the sound of guns in front and I saw a few shells burst in the distance.

B sect retired in rear of No 5 Field Coy. R.E. in fact behind the brigade. We found the road blocked in Ciply and it was here that I felt for the first time that the show had begun as there was a continuous growling of artillery behind near Hyon and we could see the sharpnel bursting all over the place.

As soon as the road was cleared we went on to Quevy le Petit by a bye road, just outside the village I saw the red cross flags flying and on turning in found C section in possession, but there was plenty room for both sects., and we put up in the field as it had been allotted to us.

I was glad to see Major Falkner, Capt Sutcliffe and Lt Routh again, it seemed that old No 4 would soon be reunited.

.../11

Sunday 23rd Aug. contd.

We gave the men dinner as soon as possible and all the afternoon we watched the artillery fight in the distance.

The shells kept on coming over a wood about a mile away and they burst up high in groups of 6 or 8 at times the fight approached our position by a little, and we heard the explosions more distinctly, but in the evening the firing gradually died down and finally stopped soon after 8.30 p.m.

Early in the evening No 5 F.A. passed by on the road.

The A.D.M.S. Col Thompson visited us at 5.30 p.m. and read Sir John French's letter to the men, asking them to uphold the traditions of the British Army, and telling us that we are in the presence of the enemy.

Having heard the sound of guns and seen the shells burst in anger, I sat down in the afternoon and made my will, and sent it off to R in a special "urgent cover".

The order of the evening was that we were to be ready to march at any time, so when night came on we slept for short intervals out in the open field and when after a short sleep I was wakened up by the cold I got up and walked myself hot again, a cold wetting mist hung over the field, my best sleep was under a waggon cover where I found Hattersley slumbering in comparative comfort.

Under orders of the A.D.M.S. Sutcliffe and Routh (C sect) went out with the bearers and waggons of C sect in the evening, I did not hear where they were going.

Late in the evening Hills and I opened up a large barn and filled it with the sick from B and C sects. Ouslow spent the night there with the men, most of whom were weary and footsore; and there was one case of severe bronchitis.

Monday 24th August 1914. - I was up and about in the small hours of the morning, before there was light, I visited the sick in the barn and found them all the better for a nights rest, most of them were still sleeping and snoring as only soldiers can.

The battle began again at 4 a.m. when at that hour I heard the guns firing heavily and not very far away. Soon after this when I was going back from the hospital to the camp (R A) I saw six or eight shells burst up in the distant clouds, they looked like rockets, and I did not know what they meant until I saw an aeroplane flying about up amongst them, I watched this extraordinary shooting for a time through my glasses, but I soon lost sight of the aeroplane, and I did not see it again. I do not know whether it came down or not.

At about 5 a.m. the A.D.M.S. came and told us that a retirement had been ordered and he ordered us to fall further back as quickly as we could, otherwise we should soon be scuppered.

We marched slowly back to Genly, meeting many and various troops on the narrow road, soon after we passed through Onevy le Grand there was an N.C.O (Sergt) and 27 men of the 15th Hussars. The Sergt told me that they were all that remained of his squadron, all the officers of the squadron had been killed and most of the men were missing, there were other remnants along the road.

.../12

Monday 24th Aug. contd.

I should have first written about our sick we took 2 waggon loads of them along with us leaving two waggons available for cases which might crop up along the road. All the rifles and ammunition we carried on the roofs of the waggons, I was very sorry to have to leave 14 men behind in the barn, but there was nothing to do, as we had no room for them.

We marched slowly along a most sorrowful road, there were a few refugees on trek yesterday when we went up, but today there were hundreds of poor miserable people flying from the burning villages which had lit up the sky last night. There were old men and women who sat down on the roadside when they could walk no longer. There were mothers with their little children, and a few young girls walking along the road, and at short intervals we passed refugee convoys made up of all sorts of horses and waggons, full of people and their household goods. All those poor people who were walking along the road carried bags full of their few little things even the little children had their hands full, but although the times were full of trouble those poor people looked more cheerful, and hopeful than one would expect. At one point just beyond the Malplaquet monument a large party of civilians were digging trenches. All the time the guns were booming in the rear.

We halted in a field at the crossing ar Riez d'Erelle, and remained there for about 2 hours, until Major Collingwood arrived with A Section, then No 4 F.A. less wagons and bearers of one section marched down the road to Pont sur Sambre.

While we had been waiting at Riez d'Erelle Sinclair passed by with his battalion, and Egan with a section of No 6 F.A.

As we marched through La Longueville we saw an R.C. Soldier's (British) funeral, the cure gave him the last rites of the church.

Found Pont sur Sambre full of French Cavalry, they looked very fine fellows, and they were very good to our men as we passed through; the glass of neat brandy which one of them gave me, fairly took my breath away I thought that it was Vin blanc, and swallowed it as such, however it warmed me up, and made me feel better.

We went into a field near Pont sur Sambre and bivouacked there for the night.

The bell tents of B Sect were pitched for the sick and we made them as comfortable as possible for the time being.

Ouslow felt much better this evening and a wash and shave altered his appearance very much for the better.

We all had baths and shaved and felt much better for it in the evening, and after a good meal we turned in to our bivies and slept the sleep of the just.

A French cavalry officer came into our camp in the evening, he was full of buck about the war and particularly about the Cavalerie Francaise.

At least a bde. of French cavalry passed during the evening.

Tuesday 25th August 1914. - After a good night's rest which was badly wanted we marched out of camp at 6 a.m. to join the 4th Guards Bde at Landrecy. The going along the road was very slow owing to the crush of troops of all sorts in full retreat.

.../13

Tuesday 25th Aug. contd.

I met Paddy Dwyer in charge of the Regtl S.Bs of the D.C.L.I. He had lost his unit, but was making for Le Catteau to join them there, both himself and his party looked tired and waary, and he told me that he had had a busy time at Douai on Sunday.

A few miles farther down the road when we were nearing Marvilles I met Tom Potter who was very depressed about the whole show.

Just when we had arrived at the outskirts of Landrecy in the afternoon at 5 p.m. a terrified crowd of civilians rushed out in a fearful panic, shouting "Les Allemands". Those people were running for their lives, some were on foot others in motor cars, some in horse waggons, and frightened parents were running with their little children in prams or in their arms. We got through this crush with difficulty, and then when we were all but in Landrecy the order came down the column that any men who were being carried in the ambulance waggons who were fit to go into the firing line were to go forward immediately with their rifles and ammunition. As this order came down the column, the addition "A.S.C. get out your rifles" was made by some person or persons unknown d - - n them whoever they may be for this was the cause of awful confusion, several rounds went off on the road.

A corporal of the Irish Guards whose feet were swollen and red like boiled lobsters, went forward at the double on receipt of this order, this was the best performance that I saw in the war.

Our next order was to turn about on the road and this movement was carried out in considerable disorder, the sections did not come up to the turning point with their usual smartness. We went back on our tracks and turned into a field about 2 miles out on the left of the road.

The next order was to get our A. and D books out, and prepare for the reception of wounded, this was done and we waited in the pouring rain.

Soon after 8 p.m. the show began with terrific rifle, machine gun and artillery fire, at Landrecy, it was a fearful sound crashing out in the night the guns were obviously firing at close eange, and flash answered flash in rapid succession until about 11.30 p.m. The rifle and machine gun fire occurred in waves which gave one the impression that it was a well controlled rapid fire.

During the fight I had abusy time with all the horses of the F.A.; they had been tied up to a wire fence and there was great danger of a stampede.

A large number of motor lorries with bright headlights went into Landrecies while the fight was going on, they reminded me of London by night.

About 11 p.m. when the firing was most fierce we thought that the position of the F.A. was not sound and might possibly be wanted for guns, so we marched out of the field, and took the road for Marvilles, I insisted on absolute silence and no smoking on the road, having gone about a mile down the road, we turned back again, and marched back to Landrecies.

The F.A. (less the bearers B Sect.) marched down the bye road to the village of Favril which was about 1½ miles from Landrecies. We halted on the road for the night, most of the officers and men slept for a few hours on the roadside,

.../14

Tuesday 25th Aug. contd.

but I found a barn with some straw in it, and I got about 2 hours sleep there. The people of the farm made some coffee for us in the small hours of the morning and all the time we could hear the fighting at Landrecies.

Wednesday 26th August 1914. - Hattersley rejoined the F.A. with the bearers of B Sect soon after 2 a.m. He had been at Landrecies all night, but got no orders from the Bde.

About 2.30 a.m. we marched from Favril and met a supply column in the village, immediately on leaving the village 3 shells burst over a field about 100 yds from us, they did no harm, and we marched on without further adventure; a little way down the road an old woman gave a large quantity of milk to the sick, and to our men. On coming through a wood we met a strong patrol of the Scots Greys on the road and we met the main body of our Bde a little farther on where our road joined the main road.

A Section found a place in the column, and marched on, but B and C Sections had to halt on the bye road as there was not sufficient space for the whole F.A. in the column.

While waiting to fall in in the rear of the Bde. Bde Gnl Scott Kerr passed on the road, he was leading his horse, and he looked very worried and sad; he asked me in passing; what I was going to do, and I said that I would march in the rear of the column and carry stragglers in the waggons.

The General told me that the losses of the Bde. at Landrecy last night were 160 killed and wounded he then passed on with the column.

Major Falkener, Lt Hattersley and myself were waiting at the junction of the roads when the Bde Major (Major Hore-Ruthven) came up, and spoke to me. He said there are 160 killed and wounded in Landrecy and he then gave me an order for the whole Field Ambulance to go to Landrecies, to collect and evacuate the wounded and to buyy the dead. I asked him if B and C Sections would not be sufficient, and he replied, "No, the whole Field Ambulance must go back", he also said that we should propably have Landrecy to ourselves all day, as the Germans would probably not come in there, he finally told me that the Bde was making for Guise.

I sent Hattersley with the above order to Major Collingwood O.C. No 4 F.A. In the meantime Major Falkner marched with B and C Sections back to Landrecy; I waited for A Section to turn about on the road, and then rode back with Major Collingwood. A Section took a considerable time to turn on the road, and by the time this Sect. got back to the junction of the roads B and C Sects were about 2 miles ahead on the way to Landrecy.

In my opinion it was the delay in waiting for A Sect. that lost the Field Ambulance later in the day, and further I believe that with B and C Sections would have been able to evacuate all the wounded who could be moved at Landrecy, and that if those sections alone had gone back, we should have been able to rejoin the Bde later in the day at Guise.

We marched to Landrecy and passed an outpost of the Gloucesters on the way; when we were about a mile outside the town a battery began to fire from a position quite close to us, on the right of the road.

.../15

Wednesday 26th Aug. contd.

Before leaving the column of Guards, Sinclair asked me to get his kit for him from the barracks at Landrecy.

When A Section arrived at the Military Hospital, Landrecy, we found most of the waggons of B and C Sects already loaded with wounded, these waggons B & C were all full up at about 8 a.m. and Maj Falkner marched back with them to rejoin the Bde.

In the meantime Major Collingwood after consultation with the O.C. No 19 Field Ambulance who was already in Landrecy, and had been there all night in touch with the Bde., ordered the Bearers to search the town and the scene of the nights attack for wounded and dead. I went out with the bearers and was still searching when B tent sub. sect. marched out with Major Falkner. No wounded were found in this search but 4 dead were brought in. Early in the search I found a school which I suggested to Major Collingwood might be used as a dressing station; this school had been fitted up as a hospital and was in every way suitable for a dressing station, so it was chosen and we moved two wards full of wounded into it from the Military Hospital.

The personnel of No 19 both officers and men were all rather exhausted after their night's work, and some of our officers were busy helping them with the wounded.

About 10 a.m. a German motor car appeared on the bridge over the canal, and Major Furness of No 19 F.A. came out and waved to them to come on, but they turned back, and about ½ an hour afterwards a patrol of German infantry (4 men) marched on to the bridge, and remained there.

Hills went out on the road and waved a red cross flag, so that the German patrol should not fire on us; soon after this (about 10.45 a.m.) a patrol of the Scots Greys entered the town, but they did not come into action against the German patrol, as a medical officer of No 19 F.A. waved to them to go back.

Our bearers were stopped in their search for wounded by other German troops who were now coming into the town and Major Collingwood and I saw one of our small parties held up, and being searched with their hands up, we went forward to remonstrate, and our own hands went up, but we were not searched. The Ger. officer who took us came to the hospital and all arms were handed over to him, although his patrol was with him with their rifles and fixed bayonets, this officer kept his pistol ready in his hand. This German officer (Major) asked me a few questions about Genl. Sir D. Haig (a) Whether he was at the front or not ? (b) Where is he ?

Finally he said that he was a personal friend of General Haig, that he had frequently shot with him in Scotland, and had stayed with him in England.

My answer to the questions (a & b) was, I do not know.

He then said that British wounded had fired from various red + hospitals, on his regiment, and that many Belgian civilians had also fired on them, when they were coming through the Belgian villages, and he added where ever this occurred we burnt the village, and killed all the inhabitants, men, women and children; we were horrified at hearing such a cold blooded statement, and asked him if he thought that such wholesale slaughter of non combatants were right, and he replied,

.../16

Wednesday 26th Aug. contd.

it is war. This gave us furiously to think.

In order to relieve No 19 F.A. we filled two of our wards with some of their wounded and commenced operative treatment.

About mid-day I went to No 19 F.A. and amputated the leg of a Sergt., who had been hit by sharpnel.

Trans condyloid amputation, there was no difficulty about the operation, except the popliteal artery which I had to clamp with a pair of Spencer Wells forceps, as the silk ligature was rotten, and useless. The patient stood the operation very well, and was sent back to his ward in good condition.

While I was engaged at the above operation my horse, with saddle, emergency ration etc., was stolen from the hospital compound by some German soldiers.

Next I went back to No 4 F.A. and gave CH.Cl3 to a case for Dwyer who trimmed up 2 hands which had been shattered by sharpnel.

While giving chloroform to this case, I felt very tierd, and sleepy, the operation was a tedious one, and before it was finished, I was pretty well under the anaesthetic myself, it had been a long day, and full of excitement, marching into the lines of the enemy, searching for wounded, getting captured, hearing the guns at Le Cateau, amputation, anaesthetic, and no food all day.

We lived on emergency ration which we ate in the evening, and finally went to bed in an empty room of our dressing station.

Our men slept on straw, on the verandah of the dressing station. They were fairly comfortable, but they were without food.

Thursday 27th August 1914. (Heavy rain all the afternoon and evening).

Up in the morning and attended to the wounded in the dressing station, there were so many of us that there was not much for us to do, and the cases were all dressed and made as comfortable as possible in a very short time.

During the morning we listened to the sound of the guns at Le Catteau and we all hoped that they would soon come back, so that we could get out of Landrecies and rejoin our own army, at times they seemed to come nearer, but eventually the firing died away in the distance and we were left with the Germans in Landrecies.

The rumour which circulated amongst us, last evening to the effect that we are to march and work with the German army is obviously without foundation, they cannot take our uniform from us, and with it our lives would be worth only a very short purchase in the midst of our enemies. Today it is evident that the local German authorities do not know what to do with us, and we are all full of the hope of a speedy return to our own army; in accordance with the terms of the Geneva Convention; we little knew how this convention had been disregarded, turn up and treated as rubbish by the over confident Germans.

At, or about 10 a.m. I went with a party of 8 of our men to search the barracks which had been so hurridly evacuated by the guards, for food; the scene in those barracks was simply awful; panic and confusion were written plainly all

.../17

Thursday 27th Aug. contd.

over the place; the men had left everything behicd, there were rifles (not many of those) webb equipment, thousands of rounds of ammunition and the packs of about 2 battalions.

This scene was most depressing for my little search party, and the work we had to do was also of a depressing nature; we found a large quantity of stale bread and several tins of Bully Beef (Emergency rations) and had them moved back to our dressing station. In the barrack square we found a large quantity of meat but unfortunately it was putrid and unfit for use.

While searching the barracks I found Sinclair's kit, amd the medical equipment of his regiment, hidden away in a cellar, I had the lot moved over to the dressing station.

In the afternoon, at four oclock there was quite a heavy outburst of rifle fire which lasted only 2 or 3 minutes, there were none of our troops around at the time 2 + 2 = 4.

There was heavy firing East, West and South of Landrecies all day, but Landrecies itself was very quiet.

A German Officer said to me, "We shall capture your whole army in a few days and you will return home in a short time". I said to him, "There will be some fighting before you do that".

German M.Os armed to the teeth kept on visiting our hospital today, all of them had their pistols cocked in their hands while talking to us; they were most overbearing and rude in their manner to us, but they were not abusive.

We gave them dressings, for which they did not even thank us, they were full up of the will of the conqueror.

All the cases in my ward are doing well, some of the wounds are ghastly, but they are all clean, and all of them ought to recover. One man who was severely wounded in many places by a high explosive shell, is conscious today, and since yesterday the prognosis in his case is much better.

Experience of a Prisoner of War in Germany.

The Capture.

The Journey to Torgan.

Life in Torgan)
) Officers camps.
Life in Burg)

Sufferings of British Prisoners at Attengrabow.

Sufferings of British Prisoners at Gottingen.

Better Treatment of Prisoners at Oberdruf.

Nearly all the personnel of No 4 Field Ambulance were captured at Laudreius on the 26th August 1914, this was the day after the night attack on the 4th Guards Brigade by the 45th Regt of German infantry, and some artillery. The enemy had been successfully beaten off during the night, but not without the loss of 160 killed and wounded including 4 officers, 3 of whom were killed and one wounded.

No 4 Field Ambulance was ordered to evacuate the wounded, and bury the dead, (30 men had been killed) and while searching the scene of the battle for wounded and treating urgent cases in our dressing station we fell into the hands of the advancing Germans.

Quite early in the day our search parties were driven in by the German infantry, the latter were not rough or violent towards us. We had to put up our hands, and they searched us for weapons etc., they did not take our money or valuables, but they took maps, and pocket knives.

Major Collingwood, and I were captured by a patrol of the 45th Infantry which was under the command of a Major, who spoke English very well, he was quite polite about our capture, and he did not make a great fuss about it, but he had the hospital searched for weapons immediately, and luckily for us he found none in the building, during the search he suggested to me that our wounded had fired on his troops from the windows of the hospital, and it was evident that he intended to punish all of us for it, I convinced him that no shots had come from the hospital, and so when no rifles were found in the building, he gave no orders for a firing party.

I shall never forget the calm, and callous manner in which this Major told me how his troops had killed all the men, women, and children in the Belgian and French villages, where civilians had fired on them, and then how they burned down the villages, when I expressed surprise at this he said "C'est la guerre", and that seemed to be sufficient justification for him.

Our captor finally enquired about General Sir Douglas Haig, he wanted to know all about the General, he asked me a great many questions about him, and when he did not get the information he wanted from me, he made a few suggestions, the following is as near as I can remember his enquiry.

Q. Was Sir Douglas Haig here last night ?

A. I do not know.

Q. Has he come over to the war ?

A. I do not know.

Q. What division is he commanding ?

A. He is not commanding a division.

Suggestions:- He is a personal friend of mine and I would like to know where he is, and what he is doing. I used to shoot with him in Scotland nearly every year. He carried on in that strain for quite a long time but it was no use, so he finally smiled in a cute kind of way and gave it up.

We were very busy on the day of our capture, as we had a large number of wounded in the school which had been turned into a temporary hospital, and we helped a section of No 19 F.A. with some of their cases. The officers of No 19 F.A. who were there were exhausted from hard work during the night, and they were very glad to have our assistance.

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During the day our hospital was very frequently visited by German officers both combatant, and medical, and at each visit the building was searched for arms, it was strange to see how the Germans loved their automatic pistols, they kept them ready in their hands all the time they were in the hospital.

It was an exciting and tiresome day, we had started at day break, and marched about nine miles searching for wounded in contact with the enemy when we were captured. After being captured we had to do the surgical work in the hospital, as we had no food all day, we were very fatigued with the latter work. I remember giving chloroform to a case for Dwyer, and nearly becoming anaesthetised myself, the patient would not go under, and I could not keep awake, but I managed the chloroform all right by pinching myself to prevent sleep.

About mid-day a guard of 4 German soldiers of the 45th Regt was placed at the gate of our hospital, these men were dirty looking, unshaven, and they were hungry, they did not worry us, and soon our men were sharing their last remaining tins of "bully beef" with them, our men did not know then, how badly they would want these tins of bully later.

Towards evening German officers suggested that we should be ordered to follow their army, as they thought that there would be plenty of work for us to do. None of them seemed to know what should be done with us, and we remained in Laudruies for the night.

All day on the 26th Aug 14 we heard heavy firing a little to the west of Laudruies where the battle of Le Cateau was going on, while the firing lasted we had hopes of a speedy re-capture, but late in the evening the guns seemed to be farthur away from us, and we felt that the chances of re-capture were becoming rapidly more remote, and we realized how hopeless our position was.

German troops of all arms poured past Laudruies all the forenoon, they marched in 2 columns abreast on the road, and everything had to give way for them, but that did not cause any inconvenience as there was no other traffic on these reads that day these German troops were much fresher than ours who were not very far in front of them, and there were so many of them, and such a large number of guns that I felt that it was all up with us unless a miracle happened.

A German officer said to me "You will meet all your friends in Germany in a short time, as in a few days, we are taking the British army". I replied, "You will have to fight the British army first", and you will not take it easily.

This German officer seemed to think that taking the British army would be a very easy matter for the Germans, and when I saw them marching through Laudruies in such numbers I thought that he might easily be right, and for a while I lost hope to a great extent, but not entirely, even if they do take the British army all will not then be lost. My thoughts for the next few days were drepressing, and pessimistic, but at my worst moments I always retained a little hope, this hope was very indefinite, but I never lost it, and so I never felt the absolute desolation of despair.

.../3

On Thursday 27th August 14; the day after our capture, we heard that we were to be under orders of the German authorities, and that they intended to send us back to our army as soon as it would be convenient for them to do so. That cheered us all up tremendously, but we did not then know as we know now, what a long time might elapse before they could "conveniently" do so.

We had no food for our men on the 27th Aug. but we noticed that the troops had left some little things behind in the billets they had so hurriedly evacuated, so I went out in charge of a small party to look for food in the French barracks, we hunted through all the kits that were left behind, and found a number of emergency rations etc., and we found a quantity of good white French bread lying about also, we put all the food on stretchers and carried it to the hospital, where it was badly needed. During this search I found Sinclair's kit in a cellar; he had asked me to look after it for him so I took charge of it, and brought it along, hoping to return it to him in a short time. I did not think for a moment that I should keep this kit for nearly a year before I could give it back to its owner.

We remained at Laudruies until the 29th Aug. when we marched to Bavai, our time in Laudruies was spent mostly in idleness, there were such a lot of us, and so few wounded, that we had practically nothing to do, but to listen to the sounds of war getting farthur and farther away from us.

There was some rifle fire in Laudruies on the 26th Aug. when a patrol of the Greys came in the afternoon and fired on some Germans in the town, it only lasted a few minutes, but there were some Huns killed and wounded while all the Greys got away.

On August 28th 14 at about 3 p.m. there was a heavy burst of rifle fire a little to the west of the town, which only lasted a minute or two, it did not sound like the work of a firing party as it continued too long a time, and there were no opposing troops about we did not know what was the cause of this firing, but soon smoke curled upwards from a burning farm house near the town, and then we knew that they had been shooting civilians, and burning their houses.

Our march to Bavai on the 29th Aug was uneventful, the country was lovely, there were no French people to be seen anywhere, we met some German artillery on the march, and when we were nearing Bavai we had to pass a supply column. If the drivers of all German supply columns are like those we met near Bavai I hope that they will be exterminated in the war, because these men were brutes, the only word which describes them adequately is one of their own language, and that is schwimhundt.

These men cursed at us and lashed at us with their long whips, one of them paid particular attention to me, he tried hard to get me with his whip, and he fairly cursed me in English and in German, it was the first time I heard that word which means so much in Germany "Schwimhundt".

On our arrival at Bavai we put our wounded into the hospital there, with other wounded who were being treated by a French doctor, and nursed by French sisters of charity.

.../4

It was a great improvement on the hospital at Laudruies, the nurses made such a difference.

We were quartered for the night in the girls school, not very good quarters. People at home ought to go and look at the schools of France before sending their children to them.

We found a little estaminet in Bavai where the good old French woman specialized in ommelettes. She did us very well, and even now I remember how hungrily we ate those ommelettes in her little back room in Bavai. It is sad to think that that poor woman is still in the hands of the enemy. 6-4-16.

We halted at Bavai all Sunday the 30th Aug we refused to go on owing to the condition of our wounded who were not fit to be moved. The Huns were anxious to get us away, as they feared a sortie from Maubenhe, but we rested, and took things easy, and hoped for the sortie.

That afternoon a German officer a Lieut. of the reserve came and took over command of our guard, apparently, the sergt major who had been in command up to this, had not sufficient authority over us, so this reserve lieutenant came to enforce Prussian discipline.

The sortie that we had hoped for, and the Germans feared so much did not take place.

I spent the Sunday in Bavai looking for a boot shop, and although I found several, I was not able to get a pair of boots, there were none to suit me so I stuck to my old gums, all that remained of my kit.

Monday 31st August 1914 :- We were up early in the morning, and busy getting ready for the road, but it took some time to load up our waggons, so we did not start until after 8 a.m. The Lieut of reserve rode at the head of the column mounted on a dark grey charger, he would not go by the main road to Mons, as it was under fire from the French guns at Maubenge, so we went by bye roads, and thus made the march longer than it should have been.

We arrived at Mons at 3.30 p.m. and on our arrival there Herr Lieutenant showed us his true Prussian colours; he had been polite up to this but now he changed into the conquering hero, and he marched us through the town on show, we marched up to the gates of the barracks and halted there for a short time, and then we marched down to the railway station, and finally back again to the barracks through different streets, so that all the people of Mons might see us and be impressed by the victorious Germans with their British prisoners. Our wounded were groaning in the ambulance waggons, they were tired and sore, and it was cruel to have them jolted backwards, forwards over the paved streets of Mons.

The people of Mons were very good to us, when we were being marched round on show, numbers of them both young and old rushed out and gave chocolate and smokes to our men, much to the annoyance of the German guard to whom of course they gave nothing. I remember how furtively an old lady handed me a packet of cigarettes, as I passed along, and I had barely time to say "Merci Madame", as the guard was close at hand, and very ready to express his disapproval in a forcible manner.

.../5

At 5.30 p.m. we marched into the barrack square, and our journey came to an end for the time being, here the guard who had marched us from Bavai left us, and we were placed under a guard of line of communication troops (Laudivehr).

The men of the new guard were schwimhundts of the first order, I cannot find a word in the English language which describes them as well as this German word therefore I must use it; it is the most useful word in the German language.

On looking up at the top floor of the barrack on our right, we saw English faces at the windows and those faces belonged to other prisoners who had got there before us, they looked very sorry for themselves, and we soon learnt that they were considerably overcrowded in their rooms, but as it was strictly forbidden for us to talk to them we did not learn much about them then.

We waited on the barrack square for a long time and while we were there I saw for the first time an unwounded British officer prisoner of war, he was Lieut Ivan Hay of the 5th Lancers, he looked as though he was only just recovering from a severe fright, he was unshaven with a dirty looking beard coming on, but there was that something in his eyes which led me to conclude that he had been through something terrible, and later I heard that when he was being marched along with some French prisoners, that owing to an indiscreet action on the part of one of the French men, he was put up against a wall and fired on at very close range, all the French were killed, or wounded, and he alone escaped.

I heard here that a German officer had stated that we had made improper use of the white flag, and that our circus march in Mons was a reprisal; how soon they began reprisals.

When we had waited until night fall on the barrack square at Mons we were ordered to move our wounded into barracks.

We began to unload the waggons and to move the patients up forthwith, and now we had our first experience of German harshness; all around the door way leading into the barracks were pools of liquid filth through which we had to wade ankle deep, and there were two sentries at the foot of the stairs, we were all allowed to enter, and to go up the stairs, but no one was allowed down again when I attempted to go down the sentries presented their rifles at me and looked ugly, so I stayed up; gradually all of us assembled up stairs on the landing, and there was not a chance of getting down again, although we badly wanted our great coats we had to get on without them, and so we shivered for the night. There was a little straw on the beds for the wounded, but there were no bed clothes, or coverings of any description.

Neither the wounded nor ourselves got any food that evening at Mons, and it was so chilly after the march from Bavai that we could not sleep. I found a few sheets of brown paper, and covered myself with them, but even that did not keep me warm.

We were called at 3.30 a.m. on the 1st September, and warned to be ready as soon as possible to march with our wounded to the railway station where we arrived at 6.30 a.m. but there was no train for us until 7.30 p.m.

.../6

I shall never forget that wait at the Station at Mons, it was a day of many incidents. Major C. interviewed a senior German officer, as to our position and destination, what the German officer said was not fit for translation, and only Butler knew what it meant, Butler had a hard time being cursed all day, and generally abused when he acted as interpreter at interviews.

We were separeted from the wounded and not allowed to treat them. I tried to go and see them in the goods shed, but a Hun with a bayonet would not let me pass.

We got no food all day. The pork which we had carried in the waggons from Bavai, was bad, but not too bad for the hungry huns, who seemed to like it.

Our Medical* and Surgical stores were confiscated.
* These belonged to the field ambulance.

I saw a German officer beat a wounded man with the flat of his sword, and a German soldier hit me on the back with a heavy stick, I don't know why he did it, as I gave him no provocation, nor had the wounded man provoked the officer in any way.

Captain S. and I had put our field glasses away in our packs at Bavai, as we thought that they would be safer in the packs than on our belts when we got separated from our kits last evening we felt that there was a chance of losing the field glasses and anything else that would be of any value to our captors, but we were told that we need not worry about the things as there would be a guard over them, yet when we opened our packs at Mons railway station both pairs of binoculars were gone, and some instruments had been stolen out of my pocket case which had been broken open. Poor old S. was very sorry at losing his glasses, as they had been given to him by his wife. Mine had no sentimental value, but they were good glasses which I had only bought about a week before coming over, at any rate we learnt not to trust the German and we could not complain to the authorities who were far too angry for that.

After our long wait in Mons station all day we were marched on to the platform for our train at 7 p.m. Just as we were going to the train we were ordered to hand over all knives and ordinary razors, and we were warned that we should be searched for weapons later, when anyone found in possession of a knife or a razor would be shot, and that probably all the others would be shot as well, so we handed over our little penknives and our dinner knives, and smashed our razors on the stones.

We heard that this precaution was taken because, two men of a cavalry regiment (9th Lancers ?) had succeeded in killing their guard with knives, and had escaped.

Our train came in at 7 p.m. and the wounded were put on board first, we 14 M.O's and the padre were then put into a 2nd class carriage 5 in each compartment as the train steamed out of the station we saw our R.A.M.C. men standing on the platform, and we did not see them again.

The train which was loaded with wounded both German and our own, travelled slowly stopping at most of the stations, and so we did not arrive at Brussels until late at night, on arriving there we heard English voices on the platform, and soon a number of the B.R.C.S. came to our carriage, and told us that we were on our way to Germany, and that we should be treated well. The wounded received some attention

.../7

at Brussels, and after a long delaythe train went on, we passed Louraine early in the morning of 2nd Sept. 14; it was a fearful thing to look at this fine town, or rather the remains of it, as there was nothing left but blackened walls, the skeleton of the town that had been there before the Huns came, the destruction was very complete, but there were one or two houses intact at the outskirts of the twon, it seemed strange any could have been saved from the fire.

What a memorial to Germanie Kultur is Louvain, a burnt city does not last a long time, and perhaps it will be forgotten sometime in the future, but the remembrance of this crime should be preserved for ever, so that a similar outrage should never be allowed to take place again.

In the station when our train stopped a Hun unteroffizier said. This war is hell B - y nonsense. It was got up by the newspapers chiefly the Times and Daily Mail. He asked us whether we had heard of what had happened near Heligoland.

As we had not heard, he told us that most of the British fleet had been sunk there, and that there had been trifling German losses.

Here at Louvain, we heard from German sources that Kitchener, Joffre and Winston Churchill had hanged themselves, and that Mr Asquith and several other British statesmen had gone mad.

We passed through Liege later on in the morning, and from the train one could see no signs of the recent fighting, that had taken place there, but away to the west I saw a Zeppelin heading south. We were all feeling hungry by this time, but had nothing to eat, and we only had a little water in our bottles since the day before.

The train steamed on slowly, and we did not arrive at Aachen until 3 p.m. This was our first halt in Germany, and owing to the extraordinary demonstration which took place against us there, it nearly became our last resting place. The cause of the trouble was a wounded German soldier who was in a carriage near ours, he said that we had been gouging out the eyes of wounded Germans down in France, and as a proof of this, he produced one of the large pocket knives which we had carried on service, and pointing to the long marlin spike, he said we had used that on the wounded Germans' eyes, needless to say, he was soon surrounded by a most indignant audience of civilians, most of whom wore the red cross badge on their sleeves, and soldiers from a troop train which had just arrived in the station, in a short time this crowd rushed at our carriage and threatened to kill us. They looked very ugly, and capable of doing dirty work, some of them carried knives in their hands, and they looked as though they meant to use them on us. I can picture the faces of several of them as I write, they were ugly faces, pale with rage, and almost foaming at the mouths, and they were going to kill us. If the abuse that they yelled at us was as bad as it appeared to be, it must have been awful, I could not understand many words of it, but there seemed to be a lot of the word "Schwein" in it. A German officer arrived on the scene, and caused a lull in the storm, but after a few words with the men he told them to carry on, or something to that effect, and he went away, and the uproar commenced again, the men looked more murderous than before we began to feel that they would kill us,

.../8

some of them began to pull at the door handles or our carriage, and our position was more hopeless than ever.

Suddenly a young officer appeared on the platform and he shouted a word of command to the men, and they instantly slunk away to their train, looking rather ashamed of themselves, and the murderous looking civilian red cross men disappeared. We were saved.

That experience at Aachen is the worst that I have had in my life, it was such a sudden affair, they were so murderous looking, their shouting and spitting were so disgusting, and we were in such a poor condition to meet with such an affair we had been in the train for nearly 24 hours without food, and we did not have much the day we spent at Mons station. I can see now why criminal have a good breakfast before being hanged in England, they could not face the rope on an empty stomach.

Our next stop was at Duren, and it was dark when we got there, that was well for us as it saved us from the people. We got some and black bread by mistake at Duren, owing to the darkness, this was the first, and only food that we had for 48 hours, and there was not much of it, but it helped us on, and I shall always think of Duren as a good place.

We got our guard at Duren up to this we were without a guard, but after our affair at Aachen it was evident that a guard was considered necessary for our protection from the people, rather than to prevent us from escaping. The guard consisted of an N.C.O. and 6 men, they were Hannoverians.

We bumped about in the train all night, most of the time was spent stopped in stations, and in the morning we stopped at Dortmound, so we had not got very far during the night.

The C.O. and Butler interviewed the station commandant at Dortmund at 9 a.m. on the 3rd Sept. and the result of this interview was that we got orders for Paderborn and we all left the train, and got a plate of soup and some more brown bread in the corridor near the commandant's office, this was the first attempt at a meal that the Germans gave us. It was not much, but it kept us going. While at the Commandant's room the Padre asked a German lady if she could speak English, and she replied, "Yes, but I do not wish to". Poor Padre ! !

In due course our train arrived at Paderborn and there the Kommandautur sent us farther on, we heard that we were bound for Leipsic, but we did not go there; someone said Leipsic is the great legal centre of Germany and we should go there to have our case decided. We went on in that train all day stopping at every station and being jeered at, at every one of them. On looking out of our carriage at the stations where the train stopped the rule was to see angry men drawing their hands across their throats, in a sugnificane manner, while others did the "rope dance" and all of them cursed us loudly.

Our guard was very good to us, these men got us water to drink, by handing out their own water bottles for it, it was no use handing out ours as no one would give us water. The men of the guard also pulled the curtains across the windows of our carriage, and so protected us from insult, but not altogether, as

.../9

some kultured hun had written some offensive words on the outside of the carriage, and there was no getting away from the abuse of the station mobs.

We were allowed to have supper at Kriensen at 8.50 p.m. on the 3rd Sept. this was the first sit down meal we had had since our departure from Bavai on the 21st Aug. we were given only 10 minutes for the meal and we made the most of it, the sausages and ham were very good.

We travelled all through the night of the 3rd and 4th September and arrived at Halle on the morning of the 4th our train must have stopped at a great many places during the night, people shrieked at us at all of them, this part of the journey was a night mare, it was our first night in Prussia.

Our guard was changed at Halle, we were sorry to lose our Hannoverians as the Prussians who replaced them were not so good to us. The new commander of the guard was a very angry man.

He was particularly irate with the Padre, who as usual addressed a few kind words to him.

We travelled from Halle to Torgan on the morning of the 4th Sept., the torrents of abuse became fiercer as we went along, but that did not worry us as much as at first, as we had been fed at Halle (soup and bread) and we were getting used to it.

Our train stopped at Torgan at 12.15 p.m. 4.9.14 and we were ordered to get out of it, which we did and pretty quickly too. My kit (Sinclairs) was seized by a burly Prussian and thron out on to the platform with great violence and there I left it as I could not carry it to the camp.

When we stepped out on the platform at Torgan we were immediately surrounded by a fierce guard of Prussians, who made a great noise in loading the magazines of their rifles and in fixing their bayonets; they looked like men who had already made up their minds to do something nasty to us. After a short halt at the station we marched off under this guard on our leaving the station there was a good deal of excitment amongst the crowd of civilians, who had assembled outside, and loud words of command sounded all around.

The people were distinctly hostile, and we were face to face with a German mob for the second time, but this time we had our guard, and this made all the difference, even so things looked nasty for us as we marched along to Bruskenkoff. It was well for us that the German mob is a disciplined mob, and the people obeyed the orders of the commander of the guard, the people were not allowed to follow us on to the bridge, and we got safely across the Elbe to the fortress of Bruckenkoff, where we were interned.

It was well for us that we had had a sufficient guard as without it we should probably have fallen victims to the violence of the Torgan mob. We learnt soon afterwards that those people had severely handled both wounded and unwounded British prisioners on their march from the station to the fortress.

.../10

As the gates closed behind us at Bruchenkoff we felt that our journey was ended, and personally I felt very much relieved that it was so. We spent 3½ months in Bruchenkoff, and all the time we were glad that these gates were strong as they protected us from the people.

Torgan

On looking round the fortress yard on our arrival we saw a few British and French officers who had arrived there some little time previously, they all looked sorry for themselves, and sympathetic towards us, they were our friends in misfortune. We wanted food after our trying journey, but there was none for us, and I shall never forget how those British officers shared their meagre prison fare with us that day; they had only very little to give us, and the food was coarse, they gave us what they had, and it was very good of them.

The other prisoners were not allowed to speak to us until our names had been taken and handed in by the professor, and then we were marched off to our rooms by a tall hairy looking Prussian, who had a fearful voice, which he used with great effect. He was afterwards familiarly known as Mossy Face.

I was allotted a bed in Room No 42. There were already 8 French officers in the room and they had installed themselves on the best beds so for the most part we had to be content with the top beds of the double deckers.

Our first meal at Torgan consisted of half the ration of the prisoners who so kindly shared their food with us, it was just sufficient to make us feel hungry, we had been so famished before it that we did not feel the pangs of hunger, but by 6 p.m. I must say that I had an apetite for the evening meal (Abend Essen) but when this meal aeeived on the table is was so bad that I for one could not eat it, I shall never forget the"soup au lard" flavoured with cinnanmon, it was disgusting.

I remember going to bed for the first time in Room No 42, just as I had climbed up into my bed a French officer pointed out a troop of bed bugs on the wall above my bed, he said these bugs were always ready, and that they reminded him of cavallerie. I got out of bed at once, and killed off as many of the bugs as I could with my slipper and most of the others did the same.

At 9.30 p.m. the bugle sounded lights out, the bugler was a bad one, but he succeeded in spluttering through the call after a fashion, and it struck me that there was something aggressive in the discordant sounds which he produced, the lights were not put out as quickly as the commandant had ordered, and then we heard the angry guttural tones of the sergeant of the guard who shouted "Licht aus".

The bugs attacked most of us, fiercely during the night, so that several officers spent the night walking about the room, when those who had slept during the night in the verminous beds, their faces were swollen up with bug bites, and several had their eyes closed by the swelling.

.../11

All the available insect powder was bought up in the canteen early on the 5th Sept 1914 and a fresh supply of it was ordered from the town, this was freely sprinkled on the beds, and some officers who were specially singled out by the bugs took their mattresses and placed them on the floor, and then surrounded them by a rampart of "insecten Pulver", this was the only way in which they could escape those insects.

We soon settled down to life in Torgan, the time was very monotonous there especially at first when we had only a very small space for exercise, but we always had something to do, as we had to do nearly everything for ourselves.

At first German orderlies did our rooms and made the beds, but these men were soon called to their regiment, (The 72nd) and we were left without servants for a time, so we were occupied in cleaning out the rooms, making the beds, cleaning our boots, and we had to wash up our crockery after each meal, in doing this we learnt how hard it is to wash greasy plates in cold water.

We had to wash our own underclothes shirts, vests, pants etc., how well I can remember the groups of officers at the benches around the yard of the fortress, all hard at work washing their things in the foul water which they obtained from the pump. A cold in the head became suddenly a much more serious illness when one had to do the washing of the pocket handkerchiefs.

I was astonished at seeing how the dye came out of khaki shirts and handkerchiefs.

The French officers were great washers of clothes they looked so picturesque in their "pantalons rouges" scrubbing away as hard as they could at the benches, and usually using hard brushes on everything.

The food of the prisoners at Torgan varied from bad to worse, it was never good. At first it used to be cooked by the German Kantine staff, but soon this arrangement came to an end, and the cooking was taken over by the French, who improved the coffee, but the very best cooking could not alter the other food which was always of poor quality.

The average day's meals were as follows.

Breakfast:- Black coffee which tasted mostly of the soup of the day before.

* Butter)
* Leber Wurst)
* Jam)

* Purchased by ourselves to supplement the meal which really consisted of the first 2 items only.

Mid-day meal or Mittag Essen:- Vegetable soup) Peas / Beans

Small portion of meat) Fat pork / Veal / Beef / Mutton

* Sugar beer
Potatoes
* Kriegsbrot)
* Jam)

* Extras purchased by ourselves.

.../12

Though the meat varied from day to day it always looked much the same, somtimes the ration was less than usual, and it was frequently worse than usual.

One always got a chunk of meat floating in the thick soup, and it always looked nasty.

The caramel or sugar beer was not a nice drink, it was mawkish, and always flat, we drank it because there was nothing else to drink, the water from the pump was so foul smelling that no one could drink it.

Supper, or Abend Essen. This consisted of soup and cheese, which we supplemented with K bread and jam, the soup was usually what had been left over from dinner, the cheese was good, but this meal was the worst of the day, and we often went to bed feeling hungry.

On Sundays we used to have Bismarck herrings for supper, these were simply raw herrings soaked in vinegar, and we could not eat them.

The following was the system of issuing the food to us at Torgan:- Two orderly officers were appointed by each mess for the day, and these officers were responsible for drawing the food, and buying the extras and last but not least it was their duty to wash up the plates, knives and forks. They had a fair amount to do, and they had to be very careful not to be late for the issue of food, and caramel beer, this in itself was no easy matter, because the hours of issue used to be changed frequently.

The orderly officer drew the breakfast food at 7.45 a.m. The drawing consisted of handing in a two handled pail for the coffee, picking up the bread and butter at the little door in the corner of the corridor and buying the sausage in the canteen, finally bringing all the supplies over to the corridor outside our room where we had breakfast.

After breakfast we washed up the crockery of the mess, this was usually done on a bench near the pump, the same bench on which we used to wash our clothes.

The beer for the mid-day meal was drawn by one of the orderly officers who waited his turn in a long queue which led up to the beer house. It was strange to see the queue of French or British officers each with an earthenware jug in his hand waiting his turn for the caramel beer.

The other meals were drawn in the same way, and there was the same amount of washing up after each of them. The orderly officers were always glad when the days work was done.

I was at Torgan from 4th September to the 26th November and twice during that time we were able to buy eggs for breakfast, those eggs had been boiled but not hard boiled, they had to be eaten cold, without egg cups, and with a table spoon, this is about the most disgusting way in which it is possible to eat an agg.

I have described the food etc., above in order to show how the huns tried to humiliate us even in this.

The number of prisoners at Torgan on the 6th September 1914 was
French Officers 69 - British 73.

.../13

There were artillery, cavalry and infantry officers, the British were all young officers of the regular army, but the French were all elderly gentlemen who were on the reserve, there was but one who belonged to the active army.

Our first days in Torgan were not dull, we had such a lot to talk about, each one told every other how it had happened, and the battle of Mons was fought over again many times, officers could be seen at any time tracing positions on the sandy court yard, while others looked on and discussed the situation that had been, in a short time this lost interest for us, and the drawers of positions in the court yard were avoided by the others.

We missed news more than anything else, there was a notice board in the court yard and we got the German version on that, needless to say this was not very satisfying.

At first various rumours circulated as to the ultimate destination of the R.A.M.C. officers, on the 7th September 1914 we had a rumour to effect that the Germans considered the red cross prisoners a great nuisance, and that they did not quite know what to do with them, it was also said that we were to go home, or to Magdeburg, or perhaps that we should be sent to look after British prisoners in various camps, however nothing happened, and we stayed on at Torgan, though judging by later events it is now evident that these rumours had some foundation on fact.

The arrival of fresh prisoners was always an exciting event for us, we used to wait about until we were allowed to speak to them, and then we used to ask them for the latest news, as most of the prisoners who arrived at Torgan up to the end of October had been captured as early in the retreat as we had, we did not get much fresh news from them.

On the 8th Sept 1914 I wrote my first P.C. home, it was generally understood that we were allowed to write on that date, but on the 14th Sept I got my P.C. back, and we were forbidden to write home, this was a great worry to all of us who had anxious relatives at home.

Our first Kommandantur at Torgan was a German gentleman, and he did not trouble us much, for instance there were no roll calls or parades from the 4th to 9th Sept. He did not think that they were necessary, but on the 9th Sept we had a surprise parade at 5.30 p.m. and at this parade it was rumoured that if any prisoners were absent, the remainder would be severely punished, we were all present, and nothing happened.

The court yard of the fortress was much too small for an exercise ground for the prisoners, it was a dusty place, and there was always a foul smell in it as the sanitary arrangements were not sufficient, but on the 11th Sept 14 the large open space behind the fortress buildings, was opened up for us and we had plenty space for exercise, the grand circle was 880 paces I often counted them as I had nothing else to do.

As soon as we got the ground, games were started, international soccer matches were frequent, and good sport. The elderly French officers used to play a game of bowls, tennis courts were marked out at one end of the ground, and though the courts

.../14

were bad, we had many good sets on them; the game of rounders was also a great stand by, and general favourite, all these games helped to keep us fit and to pass the time. I played rounders nearly every day, it was good fun, and the French officers were very much interested in it especially when any of the Gordons were playing.

Our first Kommandantur at Torgan was evidently considered too lenient towards us, so he was relieved of his charge about the 13th Sept., and replaced by a martinet named Braun, who was a Lieut of the reserve, and in civil life was post-master in some obscure Prussian village.

Herr Braun was a cad, in all probability it was because of his cadish nature that he was made Kommandantur of Torgan, he used to strut about the fortress in the most approved militarish manner, with his sword clanking along, and making a noise like a travelling tinker on the march. He was full of a sense of his own greatness and importance, and his one object in his capers about Bruchenkoff was to impress us with his mightiness. He had an eagle eye for salutes, and he knew all about the position of attention, he made a great fuss if by chance a prisoner had not saluted correctly or had failed to stand properly at attention when he passed by, he was the Prussian Lieutenant, yet the senior officers who were prisoners had to salute him, it was about the limit to see him saluted by a full colonel.

Herr Braun sent a good many letters to the Senior British Officer, and the language he used in most of his communications was more forcible than polite. On 18th Sept 14 a notice was posted up by the Commandant, in which he referred to the bumptiousness of British officers, and in it he threatened to mix us with Russian N.C.Os if we were not less bumptious in the future.

When we were allowed to write post cards home on the 6th Oct 1914 (first time) Frau Braun did the censoring, and as the Frau was not very good at English we were asked to write but little and clearly, we heard that the good Frau used to stay up nearly all night trying to read our correspondence, with the aid of a dictionary.

Life in Torgan was very dull and the time passed very slowly, but it passed and though the days were very long the weeks were just as short as ever, and now that I have been out of it for 17 months I have forgotten the little incidents that filled up the hours, but I will never forget Herr Braun, and his Frau who censored our letters.

Most of us took up languages at Torgan, I brushed my French there, and I had a few lessons in German it was a great opportunity to learn French, the French officers were very willing and able to teach us in exchange for English lessons. We did not have any gacilities for learning German, and it was generally hoped by all of us that that language would soon cease to exist.

In spite of the games and the space for exercise etc., we were all very bored with life in Bruchenkoff, there were constant sources of irritation, Herr Braum was always there, there were the potato peeling parades in the mornings 6.30 a.m. when parties of officers had to peel potatoes, carrots and apples for their meals of the

day, there were the poor meals taken along the dark and dismal corridor, letters were few, and far between and we were not allowed to look over the rampart, it is very bad to be confined, but it makes it much worse not to be allowed to look out of the prison, on one occasion an officer looked out through a certain window which gave him a view of the land near the Elbe, and very soon a bullet came through the window, a sentry saw him from outside and fired on sight. The only thing that we could look at was the Schloss Hartenfels across the river, this could be seen from several windows of the fortress.

The reign of Herr Braun at Torgan was short, he soon got himself into hot water with the higher authorities and he suddenly disappeared, and was replaced by a promoted unteroffizier, who had a face of the Jewish type.

The new Kommandantur did not do any good, or any harm as far as we were concerned. There was an improvement in the postal service, but not a great improvement, the new Kommandant chiefly interested himself in the prices of things at the canteens, and it was said that he made a good thing out of this, it was also said that this Kommandant had served in a menial capacity on Lord Kitchener's Staff in Egypt.

On the night 19th - 20th Sept 1914 Major Tate K.O.T.L.I. attempted to escape from Bruchenkoff. He got away from the fortress, but it was reported that he had been shot by the guard on the morning of the 20th Sept., and later it was denied officially that he had been shot, and the official report was then that he had managed to get ten miles away from the fortress during the night, and on his being questioned by a farmer in the morning, he suddenly pulled out a razor from his pocket and cut his throat. It was also stated that he had applied for work at a factory, and that the farmer who stopped him was suspicious of him from the first because the Major was not wearing a hat. We had doubts as to the veracity of the German official report, there was no reason why he should have killed himself, and when the request of certain British Officers to be permitted to see his body, was refused, we all believed that there had been foul play, in other words Major Tate had not committed suicide, but he had been killed, and the circumstances under which he met his death require examination and explanation.

On the day before he attempted to escape Major Tate was interviewed by two German staff officers, on the use of Dumdum amunition by the British troops. Both Capt Roche and he gave evidence about this matter.

Our days in Torgan were either optimistic, or pessimistic, sometimes the most cheerful optimists of the morning used to be the blackest pessimists by the afternoon, there were some whose optimism never altered, and others who were confirmed pessimists, all of us were at all times longing for news, and it was rare that we ever got any except the German version, and that only from the local paper, all the leading German papers were forbidden, yet they used to get into the camp, and we were often amused by the "Berliner Tagblatt" and the "Leipziger Neueste Nachinchten"

The Gott strafe England campaign started while we were in Torgan, and I well remember how we smiled when the professor read to us about it from the local paper, the anouncement was to the effect that the Germans should give up saying "Guten Morgen"

.../16

to one another, but they should say Gott Strafe England instead.

On 20th Sept 1914 it was stated by the Kommandantur that R.A.M.C. officers who were detained at Torgan are not prisoners of war, but free men, and that we could not be sent home to England, or back to our army, as the resources of the German Government at that time were not sufficient for them to guarantee our safety during the journey. This was the most extraordinary admission that the Kommandantur could make, as one could not wish for better evidence of the brutal temper of the German people.

On the 4th October 1914 the Kommandant stated that he wished to employ us in the hospitals in the town, but he could not do so, as he feared that we might be mobbed by the people. This was additional evidence as to the peculiar nature of Torgan Kultur.

All British prisoners were vaccinated on 17th Sept 14 at Torgan, the technique of this simple operation was very crude, there was no attempt at antisepsis, and the Hun doctor drew too much blood with his lancet, about 99% of these vaccinations were failures, but when the Hun inspected us on the 28th Sept., he reported 100% successes so that is how vaccination was done at Torgan.

On 22nd Sept 1914 we were asked to subscribe to the German red cross society, and it was added that we had better give something in the interest of our own, and French wounded. Most of us who had any experience of the methods of this society knew how they had treated our wounded, on the journey into Germany, when those red cross people refused even water to our wounded who were thirsty, and we did not see our way to subscribe, but a further inducement was held out to us as we were informed that cheques would be accepted, and as we had not been allowed to write home up to this, many officers gave cheques so that their relatives would in this way receive news of their position. This was a most pernicious form of blackmail, and I felt so strongly on the subject that I did not subscribe even by cheque.

On the 6th October 1914 the long expected red cross post cards arrived in the fortress, and we were allowed to write home, there was a great rush on those P.Cs but there was one for each of us, and we all felt better when we had sent off our first post card, beginning with "I am a prisoner of war in good health". Soon after this letters arrived for prisoners at Torgan, and we all lived in the hope of getting something sometime, in time we all heard from home, and then we waited for parcels, which came in a short time. At first the German Govt. charged duty on parcels to prisoners though this is contrary to international law.

Owing to the absence of reliable news at Torgan, rumours were many and various the French prisoners used to hear something from the British prisoners and the British always got something good from the French, but the strangest of all used to come from German sources, many officers used to try to trace rumours to their sources, but they never succeeded in running down a first class one. The best rumours used to have some foundation on fact, and we were often able to confirm them a few days later in the German papers, it was remarkable how often the French were able to anticipate the news by a few days.

.../17

I was able to go to mass every Sunday while in Torgan, the French priest had arranged a nice little chapel in a loft over one of the barracks, we had an altar and a harmonium there, and it was a great thing for us to be able to go there.

The Church of England party also had a chapel in a loft where they used to have service, which was conducted by the Rev. B.G. O'Rorke.

There were two canteens at Torgan, one outside the building in the large recreation ground, and the other inside the building. The outside one was the best canteen we were able to buy a great many things there, which were strictly forbidden, or "streug verboten". It was extraordinary what a long list of things were "streug verboten" yet Herr Braun and his Frau used to bring them in for us, or rather for our money, and even when old Braun used to hold up his hands, and say "Alles verboten" (all forbidden) there was nothing that money could not buy, and after a word in English, French and German he used to say "demain matin", this was his reply always, and at an uncertain hour the follwoing day one got the prohibited articles at the outside canteen, and old Braun was generally nicknamed "demain matin".

The inside canteen was the beer canteen, at first we were able to get good beer there but after some little time this was forbidden, and we could only get the caramel beer there, yet Wilhelm the bar man used to bring in many a crate of the verboten bier, and occasionally there was a trace of alcohol in the teetotal caramel beer such is the power of money.

One of the most extraordinary creatures at Bruchenkoff was Grederic Kaise the barrack master, this man was known as Mossy Face to the British prisoners because he wore fierce moss like red beard, and because he presided over the shower bath, he was known to the French as Baden Baden.

Mossy was supposed to make a good thing out of the prisoners in one way or another, it was said that he used to bring in whiskey and brandy and other things which were "streng verboten", and that he was a very wicked man. He used to make a lot of money out of the shower bath as he got ½ a mark from each prisoner per week for baths, and as there were 1200 prisoners in the fort this alone came to M 600 per week.

Mossy was the genius of the lamps, but it was hard to get any extra oil out of him. He will be remembered chiefly because of his voice which was like the sound of an insane electric saw mill, how he used to roar in our rooms, and in the corridors, at first we were under the impression that he was in a constant state of anger, but after sometime we found that all the sound which he produced, was only noise, and it meant nothing, and he was not so fierce as he looked.

Mossy had a son who was a prisoner of war in England, and this son wrote to his father saying that he had never been so happy in his life as he was then in England, and he hoped that the war would go on for a long time, so as early as 5th Oct 1914 we had this evidence as to how the Huns were being treated in England.

There was not one of us who did not want above all things to get away from Torgan, yet before long most of us found that there were far worse places in Germany.

.../18

The rumours which circulated amongst the prisoners at Torgan were extraordinary, they varied from day to day, these rumours of German origin usually to the effect that the allies were beaten in one, or other of the theatres of war, the number of Russian prisoners which they were supposed to have taken was so great that one often wondered if there were any Russians left, then we had Indian mutinies galore, the Transvaal had been painted red by De Wet, the Omir of Afghanistan was marching against us with a large army, there was any amount of trouble in Eygypt where the Genussi and the Dervishes were having a walk over, Holland had declared war on us, we had had many defeats on sea, and our Navy had for all practical purposes ceased to exist, and finally all our leaders both Naval, Military and Civil had committed suicide.

Our counter rumours consisted of German defeats on land and sea; the army of the Crown Prince was badly mauled many a time, Von Firpitz was a prisoner, the Russians were advancing, the Austrian army need not be reckoned as a fighting force any longer, the most pessimistic German proclamations had been seen in Torgan, in which the people of the town were asked to remain tranquil as notwithstanding their heavy losses, the position was not so bad as it seemed for the Germans.

We did not believe the German rumours and though many of them had some foundation, they were all gross exaggerations. As a rule we believed in our own rumours until we found that they also had nothing in them, or were exaggerations like those of the Germans.

On Friday 16th Oct 1914, Bruchenkoff was visited by the American Consul General from Berlin, and also by Prince Munster. They drove up in a big car at 11 a.m. and soon they were engaged in conversation with the Senior British officer and others. They did a tour of inspection round the fortress some enquiries were made by the American Consul General, after missing officers, he had my name on his list, and he heard that I was there and well, but he did not see me.

Count Munster made a speech out in the big exercise ground, his audience consisted mainly of junior British officers, and he made a fierce attack on England, he said that as we prisoners had taken up arms against Germany, that we must be punished, and that he could never go back to England again as there would be no place for Germans there after the war. We were all glad to hear this.

When Count Munster saw the large number of R.A.M.C. and red cross officers who were prisoners at Torgan he siad that the Authorities in Berlin had no idea that there were so many of us, and he promised to let them know about us as soon as possible. This gave us <u>fresh</u> hope.

Life in Torgan became more and more monotonous as time went on, there was monotony in everything, the meals were always much the same, and gradually the things obtainable at the canteens became less, until in the end old Herr Braun used to say "Alles verboten" all the time.

.../19

We scrubbed the floors of our rooms, did our won washing, and continued to peel potatoes in the mornings, the German higher authorities did not approve of the peeling of potatoes by officer prisoners, but the local authorities at Torgan ruled that we could peel them, or have them in their jackets so the peeling went on. Towards the end of our time in Torgan it was done by orderlies, and we escaped this degrading parade. "Pas d'epluchage des pommes de terre".

We were glad when it was rumoured that we were to leave Torgan for Ulm early in November, and this rumour continued to circulate up to the end of our time in Torgan, so like a good many bazaar stories there was something in it.

On the 25th November the first party of British officers left Bruchenkoff for Burg bei Magdeburg, and the remainder following on the 26th Nov 1914.

Burg bei Magdeburg.

We were all prepared for a demonstration of Prussian hate on the journey from Torgan to Burg. I travelled with the 2nd party and we marched quietly down to the station, under a heavy guard, we were warned not to speak in the ranks on the way down, as if we did the people might have become excited, so we marched in silence followed by a small crowd of the townspeople. They did not molest us in any way until we halted outside the railway station, and then there was some spitting, and that term of abuse we knew so well was freely heard on all sides Schweinhunden ! Schweinhunden !

The train journey was uneventful; in some of the stations when our train stopped there were shouts of "Gott Strafe England", but nothing more serious than this happened until we arrived at Burg.

The railway station at Burg was full of young German soldiers, who had evidently come out of a troop train which was halted there, they were rather excited at seeing us, and they received us by singing Die Wacht am Rhein and Deutachland uher Alles.

These German soldiers looked very fit and healthy and they appeared to be very keen on the war, but they were then in the middle of Germany and they had not been to the war.

Our party formed up in fives on the platform, each officer carrying his kit in his hands. We were heavily guarded by a guard from the camp and in a short time we marched off to the Gefaugenen Lager which was about two kilometres distant, I well remember this march; the night was dark, and the road was frozen, many of the officers were hampered by their kits, and soon there were some stragglers, these stragglers were beaten by the guard who used the butts of their rifles on them, the distance to the camp appeared to be much longer than two kilometres, but at last we got to the camp and felt the gates close behind us again, and we were glad to be off the road.

.../20

Our party halted in the yard at Burg at 10.30 p.m. on the 26th Nov 1914, the lager was not well lighted at the time, there being only a few high power electric at long intervals, but there was sufficient light for us to see that we had come to a bad place. It looked all so dirty, and dismal, it was well that the ground was frozen, otherwise we should have been ankle deep in mud.

From time to time while we were halted there, men with pale anxious looking faces came to look at us out of the windows above, these were Russian officers prisoners of war, they were also our friends in misfortune. A short time after we had halted an order came from the German officer who was there that all Irish Roman Catholics were to fall out, and I was one of those who fell out and were marched to the Irish Room, or Room No 33 at Burg.

We found most of the officers of Irish regiments who had been at Torgan already installed in this room, and soon they let us know the latest Teutonic idea.

On the arrival of the 1st Party from Torgan, the Commandant of Burg held a court of enquiry, before which several officers of the Royal Munster Fusiliers were called, and these officers were asked if on a certain date somewhere in France, the Munsters had not attacked and annihilated the K.O.S.B.S. because the latter regiment had fired on the mob in Dublin.

Needless to say this was denied by the officers who were examined, but the Germans would take no denial, they were so certain about it, and they could not believe that the Munsters had never seen the K.O.S.Bs in France, it was too good a story from the German point of view, the K.O.S.Bs had been so easily wiped out by the Munsters, who in their turn were smashed up by the irresistible German army, this had been published in the German news papers, and therefore it was true.

The above story lived for about a week after our arrival at Burg, and then after repeated denials by all the officers concerned, it died a natural death.

I was warned not to sign any blank forms if I were called to give evidence before the court of enquiry, some officers had done so, and they did not know what use the Germans were going to make of their signatures.

We turned in for the night without having had supper of any description, and on waking up in the morning our first impressions of Burg, were fully confirmed.

The buildings in which we were housed were converted stables, and gun sheds and not much converted at that, they were scarcely fit for human habitation.

The only exercise ground was the yard where we had halted the night before, and this was a bad place, as it had been cut up by heavy traffic before our arrival, everywhere off the foot paths the mud was very deep and the paths themselves were also inches deep in mud in most places. The whole yard was much too small for us, as it was only about 100 yards long and 20 yds broad, and we were not allowed to go round at the end nearest the gate, thus our available space was considerably curtailed.

.../21

There was one dry path between our quarters and the barbed wire topped wooden fence, and this was strictly forbidden to us, in fact the two sentries who were on guard over this pathway, had orders to fire on any prisoner of war without challenge, who should be seen on the pathway.

In a great many other ways Burg was a bad place, all the out door games which kept us fit at Torgan, were impossible at Burg, there was nothing to do there but to walk along slowly in the crowd on the muddy foot paths, so those of us who had bad boots did nothing, and we became unfit for the want of exercise.

We also missed the morning shower bath which we used to have at Torgan, as at Burg there was not sufficient bathing accommodation for us, we were able to have a bath once per week, and this was not sufficient for personal cleanliness.

We were annoyed and tormented considerably at Burg, but not in the same way as we had been at Torgan, there was no regular morning parade at Burg but every day we used to have roll calls in our rooms at irregular hours, one never knew when there was to be a roll call, as at any time a man of the guard might commence to ring a bell, and at the end of the ringing performance, one stroke used to indicate meal time, two strokes a roll call inside our rooms, and three strokes a parade outside our quarters. Once when I was having a bath, the bell rang for roll call in our rooms, and the bath man was greatly perturbed by it, as I stayed on and finished my bath, during which a German officer came and took note of me, another example of Teutonic thoroughness.

Burg was better than Torgan in some things, for instance we were able to send washing out to a laundry, our food was better there, and it was drawn from the cookhouse by orderlies, we did not have to do any dirty work at Burg, and for a time after our arrival we were actually able to buy brotchen (small rolls) in the canteens, finally the canteens at Burg were better than those of Torgan.

There were some 400 Russian Officers, prisoners at Burg on our arrival there, we got on very well with the Russians, who were very nice fellows, and it was always good to see the contempt they had for the Germans, and their frightfulness.

Most of the Russians spoke French, so we were able to speak to them in this language, but in s short time several of our officers were hard at Russian, and the Russians were very keen on learning English.

Before our arrival at Burg the Germans issued two false reports about us; the people of Burg were told that we were fresh prisoners just taken at Ypres and the Russians were told that all British officers were criminals, who were capable of committing any crimes. The people of Burg were deceived by NOT but the Russians knowing the Germans better than most other people do, and as some of them had met British officers before, they simply laughed at the Hun, and did not believe his stupid report.

.../22

I often wondered what was the use of trying to spread dissension amongst allied prisoners of war, as the Germans had evidently tried to do on this occasion and on may other occasions afterwards.

French, Russian, Belgian and British officers were all thoroughly mixed up, in the rooms at Burg, and it was arranged that no officers of the same nationality were permitted to sleep in adjacent beds, the Germans said that the reason for this arrangement was that we should get to know our allies better, and so we did and many sincere friendships were formed between allied officers at Burg. The Irish room No 33 was the only one in which there were no French, Russian or Belgian officers, but not all the officers in this room were Irish, many of them were English officers who were serving in Irish regiments.

Otherwise the treatment of officers in room 33 was exactly the same as that of other officers in other rooms, and personally I often thought it would have been better for us if we had officers of other nationality in the room with us, at any rate we should have had more opportunities for learning languages.

From the point of view of sanitation Burg was disgusting, the latrine was a disgrace to sanitation, there were only eight seats in it, and there were 750 officers prisoners in the lager. The entrance to it was very foul, here we constantly had to wade through liquid filth.

If we had found life at Torgan monotonous, we soon found existence in Burg ten times more so. We were much more closely confined at Burg, and we had nothing to do, a great many things were forbidden from time to time, the food became gradually worse, the white bread (brotchen) was soon forbidden, and the little ealues we used to buy in the canteen were no longer obtainable, the pork which we used to have for the mid day meal was frequently bad and uneatable, and the raw fish suppers became more frequent, needless to say we did not eat half rotten pork or raw fish, suppers were no longer obtainable in the canteen, we began to get thin, and letters were sent home for food.

The weather was bad all the time I was at Burg there was nearly always snow, frost or slush outside, and there was no comfort in the rooms.

The postal arrangements were better at Burg we were allowed to write longer letters, and we received a great many more than we used to at Torgan, and no duty was charged on parcels.

Although we did not have much space for exercise at Burg, we were able to look out at the surrounding country, which was a rather bleak stretch of land with an important railway line not far off.

While we were at Burg there was a search for money, most of the British officers escaped this search which mainly affected the French and Belgian officers. The search took place on 12th Dec 1914, it was very thorough, the victims were first stripped of all their clothes, which were carefully searched for concealed money, then their boxes or bags were opened up and their kits were ransacked, and finally all corners and crevices of the rooms were carefully looked into, it was siad that the Germans found a good deal of money, which they confiscated,

.../23

and that they gave no receipts to the owners of the money. This search was carried out under the supervision of a German officer named Lieut Deinemann, and while it was going on inside the rooms, the commandant made some noise outside.

One French officer had some gold hidden away in a pot of plum jam which ought to have been rather a safe place, but even this did not escape from the search party.

Throughout the ten months which I spent in Germany, I was never searched, although I was frequently prepared for searches I escaped them, this was simply a matter of luck on my part.

I have frequently said that things were forbidden, from time to time in both Torgan and Burg, and the following is a list of the strictly forbidden at Burg:-

Streng Verboten, Burg. 2nd Dec 1914.

1. All ordinary razors (Razier messer)
2. Penknives
3. Ink
4. Tea
5. Chocolate
6. It was strictly forbidden to recline in deck chairs, though there was no objection to any officers who possessed such chairs, sitting bolt upright in them.
7. It was strictly forbidden to sleep during the day.
8. It was strictly forbidden to place anything on one's bed.
9. We were not allowed to open windows at night.
10. We were not allowed to walk outside in pairs after 5 p.m.
11. There was the forbidden foot path already mentioned.
12. The "Berliner Tageblatt" was streng verboten from the 1st January 1915.
13. The sale of white bread and calnes in the canteens was forbidden on the 6th December (Kuchen und brotchen streng verboten)
14. Sale of cigars, cigarettes and tobacco in canteens was forbidden from 2nd January 1915.
15. Butter on 15-12-14.

Prussian Discipline at Burg.

The Kommandantur of the Gefangenenlager at Burg was great on discipline, his name was von Madai.

Von Madai was evidently a great believer in frightfulness he used to practice many forms of this on everyone who had the misfortune to be under his command, he was a big man with an evil looking face, and in moments of excitement and rage his expression was absolutely diabolic. He looked like a man who was in the habit of eating too much, and not very fond of exercise, it appeared to me that his waist measurement was considerably greater than that of his chest.

.../24

He was not of very exalted rank, as he was only a lieutenant of the reserve. He was very fond of "rattling the sabre". On his first arrival at Burg on the 9-12-14 the order was that all officers prisoners who happened to be in the yard when he came in, were to stand at attention wherever they happened to be and remain at attention until von Madai went by, when they were to salute and dismiss.

I well remember his first arrival, we did not have enough food that day, and we were all in our rooms, so the order was without effect. We looked at him through the windows, and saw him turn out the guard, the wretched landsturn men of the guard were in a great state of terror when he roared his words of command at them, they were already acquainted with von Madai, and they knew how easy it was for anyone of them to get three days in cells on prison fare. They stood so rigidly at attention during his inspection, that they looked like old soldiers made of wood. The guard were always on the look out for the arrival of von Madai, and when he was seen approaching the lager they used to fall in ready for his inspection.

Von Madai also terrorised the German women who were in the canteens, he went into the little canteen, and roared something at the women, which made them weep on one occasion.

The only persons in the lager who were not terrorised by him were the prisoners, with all his frightfulness he was a great source of amusement to us, on one occasion I saw a laudsturn man of the guard laugh heartily at him when he was not looking, so perhaps the great awe with which he inspired those men, was not very lasting.

On the 11th Dec 1914, there was an outside parade of all the prisoners at 10 a.m. We paraded in small parties outside our rooms, and then we were formed up in larger parties according to nationality. The British party was first, we were in a column of fives with the most senior officers in the front ranks.

Von Madai then took up a position about 20 yards in front of us, and the order was given that we were to approach singly to within six paces of the Commandant, we were to halt then, come to attention, salute, and while at the salute we had to state our names, rank and the branch of the service to which we belonged, then we marched past him still saluting, fell in on the other side, and waited to be dismissed.

Von Madai returned the salutes of each of us, and he remained at the salute, and at attention as long as each of us did, and when I finished my statement to him I was surprised to hear him say "Danka sebren" (thank you very much). It was evident that he was not in his usual bullying form that day; I wonder whether it was the report of the naval action off the Falkland Islands which was published in the German papers, that morning, which had affected him, he might have been thinking of the Gueisnan and the Scharnhorst and Von Spee beneath the waves, his manner was so subdued, at any rate he must have had enough saluting by the time that 750 officers prisoners of war had marched past him.

On the 16th Dec Von Madai inspected us in our rooms, we all put our money

.../25

carefully away before he came, but he did not search us on this occasion, he found our room No 33 rather cold, and he ordered more coal for us, and more light, but we never got either.

At Burg all officers prisoners of war were considered junior to all German officers. It was ordered by von Madai, that when an officer prisoner of war had occasion to speak to any German officer, the prisoner of war was to stand at attention and at the salute all the time the conversation lasted.

On 2nd Jany 1915 a senior French officer General ----- spoke to von Madai in the jail yard, the general remained at the salute during the conversation, but after some minutes Von Madai noticed that he was not standing correctly at attention, thereupon he blazed forth in full *Teutonic fury, made a fearful noise and sentenced the General to three days solitary confinement in the military prison at Magdeburg, and in a few minutes the General was marched off to cells escorted by a corporal and two privates of the guard, as von Madai was only a reserve lieutenant this was a fine example of Prussian discipline.

Another of Von Madai's orders was that when any German officer entered any of the prisoners' rooms, all the prisoners who were in the room should spring to attention, and remain in this position and at the salute until the German officer went away again. This order was not enforced even by von Madai. When German officers entered our rooms, we stood at attention saluted, and remained at attention, but not at the salute, while they remained in the room.

* 3rd Jany. 1915. (Note from my diary). General V---- returned from cells at 2.30 p.m. today. It is said that his release was ordered by the superior authorities in Magdeburg, and that V. Madai made a mistake.

There was a mild demonstration by the prisoners when the General arrived back again. We were all glad to see him, he is a gentleman of France.

Other Incidents at Burg.

On the evening of 2nd Dec. 1914 a real German General inspected the prisoner's camp at Burg, and we were surprised at the way in which all the local, and very much lesser lights from the Commandant downwards, toed the line, never have I seen men standing at such rigid attention as on this occasion, and all the canteen attendants both male and female were speechless with terror while the General was in the lager. It seemed as though he had powers of life and death over all his subordinates, and they felt very insecure on that account.

Sunday 6th Dec. 1914:- Several of the prisoners here are beginning to show signs of commencing melancholia.

Monday 7th Dec. 1914:- Dogs on guard in the lager. These were strong fierce looking dogs, mostly of a non descript breed, and one airdale terrier, they did not worry us, but they looked nasty.

.../26

On this date also 124 British and 100 Russian officers departed from the camp, for Magdeburg and Halle.

Tues. Dec. 8th 1914. Large party of French prisoners (officers) arrived from Torgan last night. Their arrival made the dogs bark. Some of my old Friends came in this party.

Tuesday 22nd Dec. 1914:- Visit of an American from the American Embassy. When he had been shown round the lager he said "We should not keep nigers in such a place". I often wondered what he would have said if he had seen Burg a few days before, because the place had been well prepared for his inspection.

We were told to hope for an exchange of doctors as the affair was being discussed.

Christmas Day 1914:- We did not wish one another a Happy Christmas today, we had to endure it the same as other days, but we felt it more today. We were allowed to buy calues (Kuehen) in the canteen at a most exalted price, and the meat for dinner was better than usual, but our food came mainly from parcels, there several plum puddings in our room.

Christmas Eve:- The R.C. priest was refused permission to celebrate mid-night mass.

The German guard stole the little harmonium from the chapel during the afternoon, and used it for a sing song in their quarters, while it was out of the chapel we wanted it for benediction. It was replaced later and no complaint was made about it.

Thursday 17th Dec. 1914:- The Germans said that a wire had just been received from Hinderburg, announcing the surrender of 400,000 Russians. This is a record rumour even for Germany, and needless to say there was no truth in it.

Towards the end of December 14 and early in January 15, we had many snow ball fights, the Irish were opposed to all others, those fights were the best form of exercise we had at Burg.

On 7th Jany. 15 we heard about the international football match between England and Germany which had been played on Christmas Day "somewhere in France" between the lines. We did not like it.

A German army order forbids all such friendliness in future, and German soldiers making any such friendly advances towards their enemies will in future be shot.

Saturday 9th Jany. 15:- All officers were inspected for vermin and skin diseases today, apparently the German authorities think that life in the lager is such that an inspection is necessary. I was inspected, but I did not inspect others, as I considered the inspection an insult to British officers.

.../27

Hoping for an Exchange.

During the time we spent in Torgan and Burg all the R.A.M.C. officers who were prisoners always hoped for an exchange, or that we should be sent back to our army in accordance with the terms of the Geneva Convention; at first we sent letters to the German authorities asking for our release, but as these letters never got beyond the local Kommandantur we gave up petitioning after a short time, and simply waited and hoped. As a rule we set our hopes on some particular date, about a month in advance, and when the hoped for day had come and gone like all the others, we were not down hearted, another day was fixed and we continued to hope. On the morning of the 11th Jany. 1915, we were more hopeful than usual, because the authorities in Berlin asked urgently for a list of all the names of medical prisoners of war, and we thought that this was the first step towards exchange, but in the course of a few lours, our hopes were rather shattered as the order came for us to proceed to Altengrabow to treat sick prisoners there, and we thought that this would be our work until the end of the war, we were all rather pleased at the prospect of work, after such a long period of inaction, and though we had vague ideas of the horrors of life in men's camps we were all glad to get orders to leave Burg for Altengrabow, where we heard there was an epidemic of some infectious disease there.

A few days before we got this order for Altengrabow the camp adjutant Herr Lieutenant Deinemann had said that in all probability there will be an exchange of M.Os in the course of a week or two, and a notice had appeared on the black board in the yard, that all crippled prisoners were to be examined by the senior medical officer of their respective countries, and on the receipt of certificates to the effect that they are unfit for service, and that they will remain so during the remainder of the war they will be repatriated. Both the statement and the notice gave us fresh hopes for an exchange of M.Os and we all felt that this was it at last, but instead of home we went to Altengrabow, and our chances of exchange then seemed more remote than ever. I have often thought since that the Germans used to torture us with hope, frequently when we were most hopeful, we got orders which were calculated to make us despair.

The Journey to Altengrabow.

We were up at 4.30 a.m. on the 12th Jany. 15. I remember well saying good bye to all the friends I had at Burg, the day before, and the Irish officers were all awake for a final hand shake and Gods speed, in the cold and dark morning of the 12th Jany., and little "Punch" the Russian from Petrograd was walking about the corridor waiting to see us off.

We got outside the gate of the lager at 5.30 a.m. and I for one felt glad to be out of that lager, it was a bad place, and it looked its worst in the cold clear light of the arc lamps at 5 oclock that morning, the air seemed better outside the gate, and we marched along the same old frozen road down to the narrow guage railway.

.../28

On the way to the station we were passed by a great many men on bycycles, they were mostly munition workers going to work, they were cycling hard, and it appeared to me that they were all in a great hurry, it did not seem to me that these workers were going to limit the output of shell from their factories, and I think at present that if our workers could only see how hard men work in Germany that they would wake up.

Our train left Burg at 6.15 a.m. and we arrived at Altengrabow at 8.30 a.m. The journey was uneventful, we were heavily guarded as usual.

The civil population did not pay the same amount of attention to us, on this occasion, as they had on our former journeys in Germany.

A man of our guard said something about the shooting of German prisoners on the Isle of Man, and pointed significantly at his rifle, this was the only threat which was directed at us on the journey.

The country between Burg and Altengrabow looked rather uninteresting, we passed several villages in which the houses were mean and badly kept, and as there had been a moderate fall of snow a few days before the whole looked cold and desolate.

On nearing our destination we saw some French, and Belgian prisoners doing farm work, they appeared cheerful, and they were not over exerting themselves, and their guard did not seem to mind, how much, or how little they worked.

Altengrabow.

We were marched from the railway station to the office of the Kommandantur, where we had quarters allotted to us in the Offiziers Barachen, so we found ourselves outside the barbed wire once more, and though we had guards on duty just outside the door, and the men on guard were armed with rifles which had long barbarous saw edged bayonets fixed on them, we felt freer than at Burg or Torgan, because we were outside the wire.

Our quarters were a great improvement on those we had had at Torgan and Burg, at Altengrabow we were only two in each room, and the quarters had modern sanitary arrangements, living in them felt like going back to civilization once more, and it was certainly a great change for us from the primitive arrangements of Burg.

We got no food on the day of our arrival at Altengrabow, we had coffee at Burg at 5 a.m. and more coffee in the evening at Altengrabow but nothing to eat. I found it hard to do without food that day, after five months "Kriegsgefaugenen" food it is hard to fast for a single day, the feeling of emptiness comes on so early and persists throughout the day.

I wonder whether it is the rule to give no food to prisoners in Germany when they are moved from camp to camp, up to this we always moved on empty stomachs.

.../29

At Altengrabow we could not see even the German papers, as we had no news from outside which was no great loss, as we could only see the German side of things in their papers.

A German soldier told me that he was tired of the war, as he had been to France, he said that it was a rotten business, and that he would like to be a prisoner so as to be finished with it.

The food we got at Altengrabow was a great improvement on that of Burg, and Torgan, here we got three meals per diem, and these meals were eatable as a rule, and when we were given raw herrings for supper we managed to cook them, we were also able to buy white bread, eggs and tea at Altengrabow so that we did ourselves compatatively well there.

I often wondered how we could buy white bread at this time, when it had been forbidden to bake it in Germany, and it was said that the Kaiser himself had to be satisfied with Kriegabrot.

There were about 25 medical officers prisoners of war at Altengrabow when we arrived there, the majority of them were French, there were only 2 Russian M.Os and very few Belgians. We soon heard from them that there was no sickness in the camp, and that there would not be much for us to do there. They had had a small epidemic of typhoid, but it had died out, and at the time of our arrival the prisoners were only suffering from lack of food, the effects of climate and they were infested with lice.

We waited at Altengrabow for five days, doing nothing, and we received no orders of any description until the 17th Jany when we met the Oberstatabzartz and he told us in French, though he could speak English, that we were to treat the Russian prisoners.

He said that our work would be, "une foome de medicine veterinaire". This remark referred to the language difficulty, and it was not a Teutonic joke at the expense of the unfortunate Russian prisoners.

He said that it was not his fault that we were at Altengrabow, and this oberststabzartz appeared to have the instincts of a gentleman.

We met the Commandant at his office at mid-day on the 17th Jany., and he was certainly a great improvement on the commandant we had left behind at Burg, he spoke politely to us, and he gave us passes to the new, and old Gefaugenen lagers. His name was Von Ouer, his rank was Oberst or Colonel, he was a gentleman.

It was a surprise for me to find two decent German officers in one day, I did not think that there were so many in Germany.

We did no medical work while I was at Altengrabow; the Russian M.Os looked after the Russians, and there was nothing for us to do. The time we spent thus was dull, but we were used to it, and we kept ourselves busy at languages etc.

We had several conversations under difficulties with our Russian friends, who spoke neither English nor French, and we could not speak Russian, one of them could speak German, and none of us understood this language, but a Belgian doctor

.../30

did, and he used to translate, the German of the Russian into French for us, and our French into German for the Russian, so it was rather complicated.

On Sunday 24th Jany. 1915 we went to a prisoners concert in the camp, and met most of the British prisoners there.

The concert was got up in our honour by the French prisoners, and it was a very good one, they had an orchestra of about 6 musicians who played violins made out of cigar boxes and other bits of wood, but they produced music from them, and it was a good show, some of our men sang rag times, and one of them who looked sick, sang "Break the news to Mother", in a very feeble hoarse voice. I can hear him now, it was so pathetic.

We had a chance of speaking to the British prisoners who were at the concert, and they gave us an account of their treatment at Altengrabow.

There were only 52 British prisoners in the camp and all of them had been wounded, they had all recovered from their wounds, and were fit for work.

The men told us that when they first arrived at Altengrabow, they had been beaten by both soldiers and civilians and that they had very hard times indeed, they had all lost weight, as the food was bad, but now that parcels were coming from home they were much better off in this respect.

They had been made to work, and the work for the British was the most degrading, and disgusting that the Germans could find for them. At one time these 52 wounded British prisoners had to do all the scavenging of the camp, in which they said were 15000 prisoners mostly Russian, only about 5000 being French and Belgian. Some time before our arrival at Altengrabow, Russian prisoners were employed to do some of this work, but the British were not entirely relieved of it, they continued to do this degrading work in the most disgusting manner, and they were forced to do this because they were British, and the Germans wished to degrade them before the Russian, French and Belgian prisoners who were there.

Our men looked healthy in spite of their treatment, they were cheerful, and had nothing but contempt for their enemies, they were afraid of starvation in the camp, but as parcels were beginning to come they had not much to fear on that score.

They were all old prisoners who had been taken in the early days of the war, and they are still waiting at Altengrabow, or somewhere else in Germany, for the end of the war.

On Tuesday evening 26th Jany. 1915 an order was received for four of us to be ready to go to Magdeburg in exchange with 4 German doctors on the Thursday, or Friday following, it was decided by our senior that the four most senior of us should go, and I was the fourth of the party, so I packed up and got ready for the road.

Being exchanged with four German doctors sounded well, and we all hoped to see the last of Germany from across the Dutch frontier in a few days. I thought that we had a good chance of getting home and I refused an offer of £100 for an exchange to remain in Altengrabow. I thought that our chances of return to

.../31

England were small, but any chance would not be bought for money.

On Wednesday 27th Jany. 1915 (Kaiser's birthday) we were ordered to be ready to leave at mid-day, we packed up and were ready long before the time, which came round so slowly, but at last we marched off with 14 French doctors who were certain that they were going home, and our train left the station at 1.15 p.m.

It was hard leaving the others behind, they were more certain than we were, that we were going home we little knew what was in store for us, when the train left Altengrabow at 1.15 p.m. on the Kaiser's birthday, a few days later I would have given something to be back there.

We arrived at Magdeburg at 3.30 p.m. 27.1.15 and waited in an underground waiting room, with a lot of people looking down at us from surrounding balconies, they took a great interest in us, this interest made me remember the animals at the Zoo and I felt sorry for them, it is trying to be constantly stared at for hours at a time.

While in this underground place we met 3 of our old friends who had left Burg on the 6th Dec. 1914, and they told us of their experiences at Magdeburg since then, and we felt that we had been lucky not to have been with them.

They had been frequently searched.
All money had been taken from them, and counters given to them instead of it.
Only two hours daily allowed for exercise.
Magdeburg was evidently a bad place for officers.

At 4.30 p.m. the station Kommandantur came and gave us our marching orders, but not for home, or even for the Dutch frontier, most of the French were sent to Cassel, their dismay and dejection on receiving the order are indescribable, our hopes were shattered for the moment, but we had not been so sure as the French had of the return, it was cruel however to give us hope for a while and then to suddenly make us almost despair.

I went with Maj. C--- to Gottingen, and the other R.A.M.C. officers were sent to Michelenburg Schwein and Brenheim.

Our train left Magdeburg at 6.30 p.m. We travelled 3rd class under a guard consisting of 1 L cpl and 1 Pte., both of whom were young soldiers.

The whole country was flagged for the Kaiser's Geburstag, and bells were ringing in all the towns, but even in their holiday mood I soon found that the people hated us as much as ever, I was refused water at two big railway stations, though there were taps on the platform, they preferred that we should be thirsty.

We had several changes on the journey and we had to carry our kits along many platforms, down subways and up overhead ways, so that we had some work on the journey.

The corporal of our escort seemed to be taking a great interest in our conversation so we changed from English to French, and he still listened attentively to what we were saying, but not pretending to hear, we surprised him by a few

.../32

words of Hindustani, and he looked so astonished at hearing this language that, he gave himself away. This was another example of Teutonic thoroughness, I suppose he had been ordered to make a report on our conversation.

Our escort gave us water from their water bottles when we had been refused a drink at the stations, so they were better than the people.

We arrived at Gottingen at 11 p.m. and there we reported to the Station Kommandantur, he permitted us to hire an open four wheeler and drive to the camp in it, escorted by two of the fattest Velt Vebels I have ever seen, they occupied the best seats in the phaeton, and we paid the fare. One of these unter offiziers was very rude to Maj C so our first impression of Gottingen was not good.

The Prisoner's Camp at Gottingen.

We arrived at the gates of the camp about midnight on the 27th Jany., I well remember how cold and forbidden these gates looked in the snow, and the glare of the electric light.

As soon as we got out of the phaeton, a dog made a show of attacking us but he was called off by his master, this dog was one of the same breed as we had on guard at Burg.

We marched from the gate of the camp to our new quarters in No 7 Barack. Our new abode was the N.C.Os room of this barack, and it was a most unpleasant place to live in. We were not allowed any light in our room on our arrival and we had to fix our things up as best we could in the semi dark, a little light came through the window from the arc lamps outside, we got to bed quickly and soon slept the sleep of the hungry and tired, we had been travelling all day, and we had had no food since 8 a.m. at Altengrabow.

There were about 70 prisoners in our Barack they were French, Belgian and British in about equal numbers, I saw some of them moving about their room that night, those I saw looked miserable and ghastly in the half light of the room.

We were awakened at Gottengen at 6 a.m. on the morning after our arrival there, by the electric light being suddenly turned on, and immediately after this there was a great commotion amongst the prisoners who commenced to get up and to dress themselves, and after a little time something big and heavy was dropped on the floor just outside the door of our room, then there were shouts of "cafe" from the French and of "Coffee" from the British, and we knew that the prisoners morning meal had arrived.

We stayed in bed until a German soldier came into our room, he indicated by signs and some German words that he wanted to help us; with the aid of an interpreter from the men's room I asked him to get us some food, he went away and returned in a short time with a loaf of Kriegsbrot, some butter, and a jug of Kriegagefaugenen Kafe that was some coffee, I do not know what it was made of, it was bad, but it was drinkable, I suppose that it could be worse, it was certainly the worst I ever tasted.

.../33

The German soldier brought a British prisoner to our room to be our servant, this man was Pte R. Uphill of the Wiltshire Regt., he was a splendid servant.

On the 28th Jany 1915 we were interviewed by the German S.M.O. Dr Vollermaun for half a minute at 11.30 a.m. he ordered us to wait at the hospital until he came back again, and we waited there for him until 5 p.m. when he gave us our orders for work in the camp.

Major C--- was to work in one of the medical inspection rooms, and I in the other, the French, Belgian and British prisoners attended at Major C---s room, and the Russians at mine, and we were to be at work at 8.30 every morning.

The Russian Medical Inspection Room.

I was employed in the medical inspection room for Russian prisoners at Gottingen from the 29th Jany 1915 to 10th March 1915.

I saw sick and wounded Russians in room similiar to the one in which we lived, an N.C.Os room in the Russian lines, the language difficulty hindered medical and surgical work considerably at first; the language of signs is so apt to be misleading, after a very short time this difficulty was overcome by a young Russian soldier named Maxim Gorkin, who was wonderfully quick at learning languages, he worked hard at French English and German, and in a short time he acted as interpreter and he did this difficult duty very well.

All the Russian wounded who attended for treatment were suffering from sepsis, and the amount of pus which flowed from their wounds was very great, they were all old cases, and to say the least of it, whatever treatment they had received had not been successful, and to my mind they appeared to have been neglected.

On removing old dressings (2 or 3 days old) from cases it was usual to find lice crawling underneath them, on the skin which was soaked in pus, and often the dressings appeared to be alive with those parasites, this was the German idea for the treatment of Russian wounded.

The dressings available for treatment were very limited, there were not sufficient bandages, and the usual dressing consisted of a thick fluffy kind of blotting paper, this was not a good dressing as it was practically non absorbent, cotton wool was very scarce, but I have seen it occasionally in the room, the prisoners believed that the Germans wanted all their cotton for making explosives.

The antiseptics consisted of saponified cresol, a watery solution of iodine, boric water and a solid per oxide preparation, this was most useful.

I found that antiseptic baths of a weak cresol solution was the best treatment for septic wounds, and I used to have rows of wounded having baths every morning in the inspection room, many old cases cleared up under this treatment.

.../34

The Russian prisoners were all in a rather low condition of vitality, they had been suffering from chronic starvation, their clothing was insufficient, though all of them had great coats, the majority of them had been captured in their summer kit at the battle near the Masurian Lakes in August 1914, they had not sufficient underclothing, and it was a very cold winter at Gottengen.

There were stoves in the barrack rooms, but the amount of coal allowed was only sufficient for a few hours fire every day, so that the rooms were for the most part cold, and cheerless. The Russians felt the starvation and cold very much, they became anaemic and generally debilitated, but they did not complain very much.

They had excellent boots, which many of them sold for a few pfennigs in order to buy food.

The medical cases which came to the inspection room were mostly chest cases, there were many cases of bronchitis, but pneumonia and tuberculosis was rare amongst the Russians, I saw only one Russian case of pulmonary tuberculosis, in two months and at that time the tuberculosis ward in the prisoner's hospital was overcrowded with French and Belgian cases.

The Russians who came from Russian Turkestan suffered from a chronic ulceration of the skin which affected exposed parts only, they called this condition "Penjinka", and they looked upon it as an extremely chronic condition, and almost incurable. I thought that this condition was "Oriental Sore", and I asked for bacteriological examination of the cases, but this was refused, so I could not confirm my diagnosis.

The drugs available in the inspection room were limited to the following tablets:-

Aspirin .3 grm used for pains of all kinds.
Solventis . grm used for all chest and throat complaints
Tannalbin " " used for all cases of diarrhoea
Rlici Co " " used for constipation
Calomel " " " " "

An ointment called Ungnent Anti Scabium completed the medical equipment, this ointment was evidently a strong tar, and chrysophanie preparation and unfortunate men suffering from scabies, used to prefer the disease to the cure, they said that this ointment used to send them mad.

Castor oil was streng verboten, it was said that of the available castor oil was required for lubrication of air engines.

The hospital equipment was not much better than that of the inspection room, but patients were able to rest there, and they got better food, and that was what they wanted most, so that some good used to be done in the hospital.

Our hopes of exchange home on the 27th Jany were destroyed by our internment in Gottingen, the conditions under which we had to live and work were bad, after the comparative freedom of Altengrabow, I felt our close confinement in Gottingen very much, we got no news at Gottingen except from scraps of English papers which came in parcels, the Gottingen paper was one of the worst in Germany, and we did

.../35

not take it in, the time we spent in this lager was extremely monotonous and depressing.

The Prisoners at Gottingen.

Living as we did in the prisoners camp at Gottingen we had every opportunity of observing how prisoners were treated there.

The treatment of prisoners of war at Gottingen during the winter of 1914-1915, was absolutely shameful.

Prisoners of all nationalities were treated alike, as regards food, or perhaps more correctly lack of food, the food was standardized for the camp, so that each man got the same ration as every other, every day. Each man was allowed 200 grms of Kriegsbrot per diem, this is about ½ lb which is not much for a hungry man.

The meals consisted of the so called coffee in the mornings, vegetable soup at mid day, and more vegetable or fish soup in the evenings. Men sometimes found very small pieces of meat in their soup, but these finds were rare, and I have seen men surprised and pleased at finding a few muscle fibres in their soup, the lucky man who found the tiniest piece of meat used to let all the others in the room know about it, and they used to come and look at it longingly.

The effect of all the vegetable soup was to cause abdominal distension, and men's waist measurements went up when all other measurements came down, as a result of this blown out condition, disgusting noises were frequent in the rooms, and living as we did in the N.C.Os room, we had to hear all this.

Men who had money were able to buy certain extras in the canteen, milk was cheap at 25pf per litre, sugar was 30pf per lb, the only other extra on sale were artificial honey and ugly looking salted fish. In order to prevent overcrowding only eight men were allowed into the canteen at a time, there was plenty room for more inside, but all would be purchasers had to wait their turn outside in the cold slush, so that by the time a man succeeded in getting into the canteen he had well earned whatever he could purchase, most of our men gave up trying to buy things there on account of the long wait outside in the cold.

The food issued to the prisoners was not sufficient to prevent them wasting, scientifically it was sufficient to sustain life, and German scientists said that it contained 2700 calories each man, and perhaps it did, but these calories were not available for the men as they could not eat the ration, and all of them suffered from indegestion on account of the coarseness of the food.

Our men were starving in Gottingen when I was there, the first time I saw men of the Guards Bde so hungry that they picked up potatoe peelings for food was soon after my arrival at Gottingen, and I could do nothing to help them, they were hungry, and they had only potatoe peelings soup to eat, it was horrible to see them in such a condition, but there was famine in the camp, while there was plenty in the town of Gottingen.

.../36

Extract from my diary Date Tuesday 9th March 1915. "Shocked very much last evening to see British soldiers hunting for scraps of food in a stinking rubbish cart. Famine seems all around".

The German camp guard used to get much better food than the prisoners, they always had some soup over in the evenings, and they handed this over to the prisoners, and prisoners both French, Russian and Belgian and British used to wait in the cold and snow for a long time every evening hoping that some compassionate German would give them a little extra soup; this was the greatest act of kindness I saw in Germany, and the men who did it belonged to the Landsturm battalion of the 43rd Hannoverian Regiment.

German Brutality at Gottingen.

Most of our men had their money taken from them on the battle field when they first fell into the hands of the Huns, and many of them had been stripped of their clothing, so when they were permitted to write home from Gottingen, all of them asked their relatives to send them parcels of food and clothing, these letters home, were written in the month of October, and after a long and weary waiting at last the parcels began to arrive late in November, and nominal rolls of men whose parcels had come, were posted on a notice board in the camp. Men who saw their names on this roll, were happy and full of hope of great things from the parcel, but on presenting themselves at the camp Post Office to take delivery, they were informed by the Hun officials, that there was duty to be paid on the parcels. On hearing this one can imagine what were the feelings of the unfortunate men, none of them had money, they were hungry, and the winter was coming on, their parcels of food and clothing were in the post office, but they could not get them.

Their feelings must have been awful, a considerable quantity of food went bad in the parcels, and it looked rather hopeless for the men, then some Belgian prisoners produced money, the Huns had not taken it from them.

The Belgians used to buy the parcels for the amount of duty which was payable on them, and they shared the contents with the owners, this was the only way out of the difficulty, and it was a rather risky one for the monied Belgians, as the Huns often charged rather heavy duty on articles of little value, and they did not know anything about the contents until they had paid the duty.

It is forbidden by international law to charge duty on parcels addressed to prisoners of war.

The Killing of Pte. McEwen.

I have heard the details of this crime from many witnesses and I have no doubt whatsoever as to their veracity, the man who made the post mortem examination described the wound to me.

Pte McEwen had been wounded in one of his legs and his wounds had been treated at a German hospital, from which in due course, he was discharged to

.../37

the prisoners camp at Gottingen, but although his wounds had healed the injured leg was still, painful and he walked with a limp.

A short time after his arrival in the camp, he was warned for work, and at about 8.30 one morning early in December 1914 (either the first, or second Tuesday of that month) he fell in, outside his hut, with a fatigue party. The fatigue party was marched off, and after he had gone a short distance McEwen found that he could not keep up with the others, so he dropped back, on seeing this the German soldier who was marching at the rear of the party, hit McEwen with the butt of his rifle, and forced him forward to his place in the party, after marching a short distance, he fell behind again, and evidently remembering his previous encounter with the guard, he turned half round, and pointed to his leg and said wounded. Immediately on hearing this the German guard fired at McEwen with his rifle, at a range of less than a yard. The bullet entered his chest from behind, passed through his left lung and heart, made an explosive exit wound in front.

"Wounded" in English = Verwundet in German, so the Guard must have known what he meant when he said "wounded".

The murderer was removed from the camp, but none of the prisoners knew whether he had been punished or whether he had received the iron cross.

The other British prisoners who were in the camp, were confined to their rooms all day, on the day of the crime, the men were in a very exicited state, and the Germans feared a disturbance, but nothing happened, if the men had become violent there would have been much blood shed, the Huns have artillery and machine guns always ready should anything happen.

Noch Ein Englander Kaput.

I was walking one day from the camp to the prisoners hospital and when I was just outside the first wire fence I was asked by an Unteroffizier to come, and see a sick Englander.

I found the patient lying in the snow, where he had fallen at his work, from weakness due to pleurisy, and starvation, the man was very ill, his colour and breathing were bad, his pulse was very feeble, almost imperceptible, and I considered that he was in immediate danger of death.

I ordered him into hospital, though I had no power to do so, the guard being new to the place did not know that, and he was dragged along to hospital by two other British prisoners who looked just as starved as the patient, and almost as ill.

The patient's feet were encased by a pair of enormous clogs, which dragged along in the snow, his head fell forwards on his chest, he was only semi concious, his two comrades dragged him along by the arms, which was the best they could do for him.

When the party arrived at the entrance to the hospital all the German ward attendants who were inside at the time, stood and shouted and jeered at the sick man.

.../38

"Noch ein Englander Kaput" and they said "immer noch ein", "Still another Englishman dead", "Always another".

That was how this case was received into hospital.

When I was at Gottingen, smoking was forbidden in the huts at all times, and outside, it was permitted only between the hours of 2 and 4 p.m. daily.

Smoking during prohibited hours, or in the huts, was a minor offence, and it was usually punished by keeping the offenders standing at attention out in the square, where the mud and slush were deepest, for two or three hours.

I have seen numbers of French, Belgian and British prisoners kept standing thus for hours while snow was falling, and they were kept at attention by blows with the butt end of the rifle (Coups de Crosse).

For more serious minor offences prisoners used to be tied up to a pole in a fixed position sometimes for several hours daily for a week, the prisoners hated this tying up more than the other punishemnts, it was very hard for them to be tied up out in the cold and snow for hours, as their clothing was bad, and they were suffering from chronic starvation.

The Prisoners Hospital (Lazarette fur Kriegsgefangenen)

From the 28th Jany to 10th March 1915 we worked in the medical inspection rooms in barracks, but we had our meals in the hospital, so during this period we did not see much of the hospital work though we heard a lot about it from some R.A.M.C. men who had been employed there for some months. 4 R.A.M.C. orderlies were still isolated in the ward where they treated cholera, they had been there for months, and they were tired of it, they told us about the panic of the German doctors during the epidemic, how they had been afraid to examine or treat the cases, and how they fairly ran out of the ward, so great was their dread of infection. It appeared that the treatment of all the cholera cases had been carried out by four of our men, - two Russians, they had to do everything, they treated and nursed the cases night and day, they removed the dead to the mortuary and they actually performed the post mortem examinations.

They had very hard work to do during the epidemic they did it well, and they got no credit for it.

From 10th March to 26th March 1915, we were attached to the medical staff of the Kriegsgefangenen lazarette, we were not allowed to treat cases, but we were supposed to learn the German methods, and to be duly impressed by them. I was attached to a Dr Wacherbender who was in charge of medical wards, he was a capable physician, and he was once kind to a poor old Belgian civilian aged 52 who was dying of cancer of the stomach, but his bedside manner was truly teutonic. He used to make a great noise in the wards by shouting "Horen" ! ! when he was about to examine a patient, he took very little interest in cases who were not dangerously ill, but he was very careful of several cases of pneumonia.

.../39

When Dr Wacherbender was going round the wards in the mornings the usual procedure was as follows:- he used to stand at the foot end of the patient's beds, and shout "Atem" which I used to translate for French and British prisoners into "Respirez" and "breathe" ! When patients succeeded in breathing whithout wheezing sufficiently loud for Wacherbender to hear them at the foot of the bed, he used to discharge them from hospital forthwith, so that one might say that he was a very careless physician, on one occasion, after the usual "Atem" I saw discharge a British soldier who was suffering from severely "chilled feet". "Atem Eir kam nous".

Though the conditions which tend to cause an epidemic of typhus were constantly present in the camp at Gottingen this disease did not visit the camp, but tuberculosis which is fostered by the same conditions, was increasing in frequency, and virulence, amongst the prisoners, and the tuberculosis ward in the lazarette was soon a hot bed of this disease. This ward was considerably overcrowded and patients in all stages of the disease were mixed together, so that men in the early or curable stages were in the next beds to cases in the final stages, and constantly exposed to further infection from them. The windows of the tuberculosis ward were always closed, so that the air inside was not changed often, it was hot and foul with infection.

Men were dying in that ward every day, and none of them were getting better, all were progressing towards a fatal termination, some more rapidly than others.

That ward was death trap for prisoners of war, and it was a disgrace to the German Government and Medical men responsible for it. It was very hard to find a suspect case in the inspection room, as one hardly knew what to do with the case, admission to the tuberculosis ward settled the question of diagnosis, and probably killed the patient, and if those early cases were allowed to remain outside they spread the disease to others, so that one had the choice of two evils and even now I wonder which was the lesser.

The tuberculosis ward at Oberdruf was no better than that of Gottingen, two French doctors used to treat the cases in it, and one of them told me not to send suspect cases for observation, and treatment in the ward as it was certain death.

I am certain that the tuberculosis wards were the same in all the prisoners camps in Germany, because everything is standardized in that country, even brutality.

Once at Gottingen I sent a Russian prisoner who was suffering from advanced tuberculous disease of both lungs, to hospital, there was snow on the ground at the time, the Huns regarded all prisoners especially Russians as lousy, so this wretched man was stripped out in the snow, and his clothes were at once put into the disinfector, the wretched man was next put into a tepid bath and scrubbed, and finally he was made to walk from that ward across the snow to another one, no boots being provided, after all this the man got into bed, and there he died almost at once, then there was fear amongst the Huns that this was a case of cholera and they did not go near the body of the man they had killed.

.../40

The only clothing provided for the above man after his bath was a vest which came down to the upper part of his thighs.

I once saw three patients given a bath one after the other in No 2 ward all in the same water, they were all in a very dirty condition, and by the time No 3 had had his bath, the water was thick to say the least of it, it should then have been despatched by the nearest drain to the sewage farm, but instead it was used to wash out the floor of the ward, so that all the other patients had the full benefit of the dirt of the three fresh admissions. This practice appeared to be the rule in all the wards, it was much easier to turn out a bath of water on the floor than to empty it with buckets.

Dr Reingrubler once made an incision nearly a foot long in order to open a small abscess in the calf of a Russian, the incision commenced in the lower third of the thigh and extended downwards to the seat of the abscess.

It was an unnecessarily long incision, and the result of it was a flexion of the knee joint from contraction of scar tissue. I often wonder whether Reingrubber did this through ignorance or whether it was a case of callous malpractice on a wounded prisoner.

All the cases in the surgical wards at Gottingen were septic, appendicitis was very common amongst the prisoners, and all cases operated upon were septic, I never once saw a clean wound in the hospital for prisoners.

Contensions caused by the butt ends of the guard's rifles were very common amongst the prisoners at Gottingen occasionally bayonet wounds occurred, and on one occasion a German officer is said to have cut a British prisoner across the back with his sword. The French prisoners used to speak of all the above injuries as "Maladies de sentinelle".

There were some really good German doctors working in the prisoners hospital at Gottingen. Dr Kleemann who had been ship's surgeon for years on a Nord Deutscher Lloyd boat always did his best for his patients, and he was not afraid of cholera; Dr Balewski also treated his cases well and he was kind towards them, good work was done by Drs Raife, Aschern and Wacherbender, but the last named did not always take sufficient interest in his cases.

I saw Wacherbender most in the hospital, and his manner with patients was certainly rough, he spoke at them in German with a very loud voice, not caring whether they understood him or not. He often discharged bronchitis cases from the hospital without examining their chests. He used to stand at the foot of a patient's bed, shout "Atem" and if the patient could take a deep breath, he was promptly sent out to the Lager. (See page 39).

I used to walk around the hospital buildings for exercise almost every day, and very often I used to have a number of German civilians looking at me from the hill side through the barbed wire, those civilians were never rude to me, but the attention they paid to me made me feel very sorry for animals in captivity, and I made a declaration never to visit a Zoological Garden again; it is awfully boring to be stared at by a crowd.

.../41

The Journey to Oberdruf.

On the 24th March 1915 we received orders for Oberdruf in Thuringia. We were informed that we were wanted there, to treat an epidemic of typhus fever (Fleek typhus), we we were to be employed at last, and they had produced something sufficiently nasty for us.

We left the camp at Gottingen at 6 a.m. on the 26th March and caught our train at 6.40 a.m. Only one unteroffizier accompanied us as guard, and he was a good fellow, who was just about to be promoted, he allowed us to have coffee at Eichenburg, and breakfast at Gotha, and so this was a great improvement on our previous journeys in Germany.

Our kits were booked through to Oberdruf and we did not have to carry them as on former journeys, it was like travelling in a civilized country again.

The people at the stations on the way did not pay the usual attention to us, there was no rudeness, or insult.

The country through which we travelled was most picturesque, the sun was shining on it, and I felt for the first time for months, that it was good to be alive. All the land was tilled or being tilled, and everywhere, there was evidence of hard work, and it was evident that the Germans do not mean to be starved out.

Oberdruf.

Our journey was almost a pleasant one, and on our arrival at Oberdruf we were agreeably surprised to find that officers quarters had been allotted to us in the German barracks.

There were 13 French doctors in the same building, and we each had a neat little room comfortably furnished, this was absolute luxury after the other camps we had been in.

We were allowed to have our meals in a back room in the German officers Casino, we got three meals daily, and the food was always of good quality, and sufficient, and we were able to buy various extras.

The cost of messing was only M 2 per diem, and this was certainly very cheap.

The typhus epidemic was almost at an end and there was nothing for us to do, so we waited for orders, which did not come, we signed our names in the book, at the hospital every morning, and did nothing more all day.

On April 4th 1915 we got passes for the hospitals and the prisoners camp, and from this date we were allowed to walk all through the German barracks and the prisoners camps, without escort, our passes were examined by sentries at all the gates, we had to produce our passes very frequently, but there was no difficulty in getting about, from place to place, but always inside the barbed wire fences.

.../42

The prisoners at Oberdruf looked remarkably well compared with those of Gottingen, the French and British were ever so much better than those we had left at Gottingen. They had a good healthy colour, and they were much more cheerful, this was mainly due to the parcels of food which came from France to them, and the French were very good in sharing their food with our prisoners, who used not to get parcels so regularly at that time, so that many British prisoners owed their health to their French comrades in 1914-1915.

The Oberdruf prisoners had better clothes than those of Gottingen, though some of them were rather "out at the elbows", the majority had jackets and trousers.

One prisoner who was very badly off for uniform wrote to the depot of his regiment for a suit of khaki and after an interval of about six weeks he received a reply to the effect that his application should have been sent through "the proper channel", that being through the commandant of his prison company, through the camp Kommandantur, through the German Govt. to our War Office, and on to the depot of his regiment.

This reply hurt the wretched man a great deal, he had been a cheerful optimist up to this, though he had lost a leg at Mons, now he became a black pessimist and all his friends were doubly sorry for him, none of them thought that the war would last long enough for the suit of khaki to come by the "proper channel".

The wooden huts in which the prisoners were housed at Oberdruf were the best huts that I saw in any of the camps in Germany, they were large airy, and each had a central clear space between the berths, and they were not overcrowded. They were heated by means of stoves (fuel being insufficient on most days),the lighting was electric, the furniture consisted of stools, forms and tables, they were much better than those of Gottingen.

The sanitary arrangements were satisfactory, the British prisoners were given the degrading task of scavenging at first, but latterly both French and Russian did this also, the bathing arrangements for the prisoners was splendid, men could have hot shower baths every day, in the large bath house, and there was a compulsory bathing parade and medical inspection every fortnight, this was so that one company paraded every day, the parade was very well arranged, the following was the procedure:-

1. Men handed in their boots for disinfection.
2. They undressed in the undressing room.
3. Medical inspection.
4. They were issued with soap and entered bath room.
5. Shower bath for 50 at a time.
6. They entered the dressing room

While the men were in the bath their clothing was taken and disinfected in a steam disinfector, and after a short wait in the dressing room they got the clothing back from disinfection.

7. They dressed and left the room.

.../43

While the men were being personally looked after in the bath room, their rooms received attention from a disinfecting squad, who scrubbed all the inside wood work, and disinfected the empty berths with the formalin spray.

I never saw a louse at Oberdruf, though there had been the usual number before the disinfection was adopted as a routine measure.

The prisoners at Oberdruf were as badly fed as all the other prisoners in Germany, they were given twenty one meals per week, and out of the 21 eleven were absolutely unfil for consumption by human beings, the men used to eat a little of the disgusting food which was given to them, only when there was a shortage of parcels from home. The mid-day meal on Sundays was the only one which used to be eaten regularly and with relish. One of the prisoners told me that on the other six days of the week, it was very easy for anyone to get a second helping, but on Sundays there used not be enough to go round.

Except in the matter of food, the prisoners were well treated at Oberdruf, their work was usually a go as you please affair, and they did not do much, but they received no pay for whatever they did, they were unwilling workers and they did as little as possible, the French especially, were experts at doing nothing when they were supposed to work.

I have seen them resting when they were supposed to be planting potatoes, and I have heard that when they returned from this work there were plenty potatoes in the lager.

I had left before the crop was dug up, but even in Thuringia stones sown cannot produce potatoes.

The guards at Oberdruf did not beat the prisoners much I never saw and cases of "Maladie de Sentinelle" in the camp, though occasionally I heard that someone had received "un coup de crosse" (Blow with butt of rifle).

The Hospitals at Oberdruf.

There were three hospitals at Oberdruf for prisoners of war and all of them were much better than the hospital at Gottingen. All the wounded prisoners were dressed by French doctors and students in the hospitals, and these gentlemen were always extremely careful in their technique, and kind to their patients, all the operations were performed by a German surgeon, I never saw him operate, but I have seen the results of some of his operations and they were good.

The patients in the surgical wards complained to me that unecessary amputations had been performed on some of them, and that some cases had died after operation when they should have lived, I was not able to come to any conclusion regarding these complaints, as I had no evidence about them except the patients' statements, and these were of no particular value as evidence in such a highly technical offence as surgical malpractis.

The French opinion of the surgeon was :- "Il est bon homme, mais mauvais chirurgien" (He is a good fellow but a bad surgeon).

.../44

The medical arrangements at Oberdruf were better than those of Gottingen, more medicines were available, all being in tablet form, and the drugs appeared to be of good quality.

During my internment there I used to see the morning sick of the 8th, 9th and 14th companies in the camp, and I had only very few serious cases from a strength of 3000 prisoners, most of whom were French.

A great many men suffered from dyspepsia which was caused by their coarse food, but there were no cases of starvation at Oberdruf, and I saw no cases of parasitic skin diseases there.

The tuberculosis ward was much overcrowded, its windows were always closed and its atmosphere was stagnant and stuffy, I had nothing to with it, but the French doctors who were in charge of it at that time, told me that it was a very dangerous place for early cases, and they asked me not to send any such cases in for observation, and diagnosis, as a short stay in the ward would be sufficient to make the diagnosis certain in most cases. So that here as at Gottingen the Germans did not attempt to save the prisoners from this disease, I often thought and I still think that it is one of their allies.

The Typhus Hospital at Oberdruf.

For some months before our arrival at Oberdruf, there had been an epidemic of typhus fever amongst the Russian prisoners there, and in consequence of this the Russians had been segregated in their camp, and they were not allowed to communicate with the outside world or with the other prisoners in the lager. This segregation was carried out very thoroughly, and the disease did not spread to the other prisoners in the camp, there were no cases amongst the French and British.

The epidemic had been managed, and the cases treated by some Russian doctors, and it turned out to be a very mild one, only 2% of the cases proved fatal, while in other camps not far away the mortality was as high as 60% and it was strange that there was a mortality of 50% of the cases treated by the German doctors at Oberdruf, before the arrival of the Russian physicians, evidently the Russians knew more about treatment.

I saw a good many cases of typhus in its later stages in this hospital, they were all recovering, and all of them were suffering from anaemia and debility in varying degrees, and there were no tonics available for their treatment, yet those convalescent Russians needed tonic treatment, and good food more than any men I have ever seen. It was awful to see them there in the hospital where they could get no better food than in the lager.

As soon as the Russian doctors arrived the Germans left the epidemic absolutely alone and none of them were ever seen inside the barbed wire fence which bounded the segregated camp, until the danger was well over.

A sergeant of the R.A.M.C. was put in amongst the segregated Russians, and he did great work in the camp as a sanitary inspector, there were fewer cases of the disease amongst the men of his company than amongst those of other companies, he was isolated with the Russians for several months, and it was very fortunate for him that he could speak French with the Russian doctors otherwise his lot would have been very hard; on one occasion a German officer spoke English to him through the barbed wire, and this is what he said "Englishman if you are dying of hunger, do not ask me for food, as I will give you none". The Russian doctors were very good to him, they gave him food, and he is now a serving soldier and alive and well.

My work at Oberdruf consisted of seeing the morning sick of the three companies and I used to superintend the disinfection and medically inspect all the men at the bath house every day, this was the routine work, and it was rather tiresome after some time, but it might easily have been worse. At one time I was very busy at typhoid inoculations in the afternoons, each man in the three companies had to be given three injections of vaccine at an interval of one week being between the injections. A German doctor did a share of this work, but the prisoners preferred to come to me for their injections so I did most of the work, there was no trouble with any of the cases so the technique must have been all right.

I used to go and see our wounded in the hospitals nearly every day, and I tried to cheer them up as much as possible, there were a good many amputations amongst our men, and there were two cases of tetanus, one of which recovered.

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They were always cheerful in their beds in the hospital, even those who were badly maimed were able to pity their more complete comrades, as only those who had had amputations above the knee were to be sent home in the first batch to be exchanged.

It was strange living in German barracks at Oberdruf, but I soon got used to the life, I did not mind the insults and threats of the German soldiers, which for a time were an everyday recurrence, but after I had been there a month or so they let me alone.

The shouted insults did not trouble me because I did not understand them, and when parties of five, or six Huns used to threaten me by pulling back the bolts of their rifles and pushing them violently home again, behind my back, on the way to the camp, I did not mind, I used to hope that if they fired they would hit a German officer farther along the road, when I saw one ahead of me I used to cover him off very carefully, accidents might happen even in Germany.

When I had been a few weeks at Oberdurf, the German soldiers got used to seeing me about, and insults from them became very rare, some of them used to salute me, but only when none of their superiors were present.

To the civilian population of all ages and sexes I was always a kind of wild animal on view, and when they came through barracks in large numbers, on Sundays and holidays I stayed in my room as much as possible as I disliked being stared at, by rude and vulgar people.

I often wondered what I should do if I were attacked by half a dozen furious fraus, on my way to hospital on a bank holiday. Some of them looked as if they would like to get their nails into me, but I am glad to say that they never molested me in any way.

On Sunday the 11th April 1915, I went into the Major's room at 3 p.m. and found him packing up to go to Cassel, he had just received the order to go there with five French doctors and one Russian, the party moved off at 4 p.m. with a guard of 6 men and an N.C.O. There was considerable fixing of bayonets and the Mauser magazines were loaded with great violence, which reminded me of our first guard at Torgan, and this display of militarism made those of us who were left behind think that the move was a bad one.

We heard that they were really going to Langensalga where there was a very severe epidemic of typhus fever, they did not go there but to another typhus camp where one of the French doctors soon died of this disease.

I met Major C--- at Brussels on the way home and we had not forgotten our parting at Oberdruf.

The worst time I had at Oberdruf, or in all my captivity for that matter, was after I received the order for immediate departure for England on the 26th May 15, with the Sanitats personnel (British) from the camp. I went to the camp to warn Sergt Rondel and two regimental stretcher bearers of the Somersetshire Light Infantry to be ready for immediate departure, I fould them all ready, and full of hope for the best. I finished my packing rapidly and waited for 3 p.m.

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the hour for departure, it came, but we did not depart, then the order was for 7 a.m. the following morning, and in due course the clock in the barracks struck seven, I had heard it strike all the hours, and all the quarters that night, and I was ready for the road long before the appointed time, but it had passed, and we remained.

We began to despair, but we were ready to move at any time, the kits were packed, and the food for the journey was all there in a box. We were told to be ready to go in the afternoon, and if not that afternoon, then the following morning, but a good many mornings and afternoons came and went and we remained in the camp, this was a terrible time for us, we hoped afresh every morning and all day up to late in the afternoon, and we despaired in the evening, after about ten days we thought no more about it, and settled down to normal conditions, but we had been tortured by hope, and I have read somewhere since that torture by hope was first practised in the Spanish inquisition. In nature we see it when the cat plays with the mouse, and who does not feel sorry for the mouse ?

All the clocks in Germany strike the quarters, I shall always hate such clocks, it was horrible to listen to them measure out the time in those awful days.

The Arrival of Wounded Prisoners at Oberdruf.

There were 3 or 4 very ramshackle old ambulance waggons in the hospital compound at Oberdruf, they had evidently outlived their period of utility, and were only fit for the lumber yard. I often wondered why these old waggons were kept at the hospital where other things were up to date. One evening I heard the sound of screeching wheels on the main road and on looking out I saw the old waggons, being dragged along by a party of French prisoners, they were going to the station to meet some wounded prisoners who were due to arrive at 5 p.m. After some time they came back dragging the waggons full of wounded to the camp.

Germans both civil and military jeered at and howled insults at this miserable convoy as it moved slowly, and painfully along the road.

The prisoners who were pulling the waggons along were urged on with the butts of the rifles of the guard.

The wounded saw, and heard all this.

The effect on both the prisoners from the camp and the wounded was very depressing, I suppose the German intention was that it should be so.

We in this country do not do as they do, and they can never do as we do; if we were reduced to the last horse, or the last motor ambulance I am sure that even then we should not tackle German prisoners to antiquated ambulance waggons for the purpose of moving their wounded comrades from the railway station to the hospital.

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On the arrival of the wounded at the hospital they were got into bed quickly and they were well treated there.

Some Germans in Germany.

I met Professor Carl Stange at Gottingen where he was engaged in writing a history of the war, he was known as "the professor" to all the prisoners in the camp.

He collected facts for his history by questioning French and British prisoners about the part they had played in the war, each prisoner who was brought before him was minutely cross examined as to his share in Armageddon, and the professor carefully noted the answers. The prisoners suspected the professor, they thought that he was trying to get at them, and as many of them had seen their comrades "up against a wall", they were very careful to avoid telling the truth to the professor, so his history of the war will be of very little value.

Carl Stange yold me that he had lived in England before the war and that he had many friends in this country. He got back to Germany by the last boat from this country before was was declared, while he was in England he saw all the wickedness of the Vaterland, with his English eyes, and he believed that all was lost when we declared war on his country, but when he returned to Germany he saw the wickedness of England, through his German eyes, and he also saw the rightousness of the Vaterland. He hated England as much as a good German could, and he had great hopes based on the submarine blockade which was to commence on the 18th July 1915. "All is fair in love and war" said the professor and that seemed to be his defence for all forms of frightfulness.

The professor was very careful about what he said in the camp, he thought a great deal but he did not speak much, he usually spoke the truth, and if the whole truth did not happen to suit him, he was content with the part that did.

A feeble minded French prisoner was sent back to France from Gottingen early in 1915, and amongst other things, when he got home this man stated that two British prisoners had been shot at Gottingen, this prisoners statement was published in "Le Matin" and in due course a copy of that paper with the statement reached the camp of Gottingen; the professor saw it, and wrote a most indignant denial of it in the damp paper, but he did not state that one man (Britisher) had been foully murdered there under the circumstances which I have already stated.

One evening the professor walked with me from his office in the camp to my quarters also in the camp (B 7) on the way I pointed out to him the famine scenes that had been a daily occurrence amongst the prisoners for months past, he appeared to be surprised and pained at the misery of the prisoners, but he had had his office in the camp for some time before and he had not observed the obvious hunger, and emaciation of the men until I pointed them out to him.

Soon after this Major C--- and I were moved from Gottingen to Oberdruf, and it seemed to me that the cause of our move, was that we were seeing too much at Gottingen.

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The professor was a most virulent type of anti England German, he was a great believer in the secret treaty which had existed between England and Belgium before the war, according to this treaty we had undertaken to invade Germany through Belgium in conjunction with the Belgium army, in the event of war between Germany and France. The professor said that a copy of this treaty had been found at Brussels, and on account of this all Germans hate Britain and Belgium.

Dr Wacherbender.

Dr Wacherbender was an elderly physician who came to treat prisoners of war in the Kriegsgefangenen Lazarette at Gottingen early in March 1915.

The doctor was a fat man, there were many scars on his bald head, and his face was scarred also, those scars were the result of his numerous fights in his university days.

As a physician he was good at diagnosis, but he did not go in much for treatment of his cases, in that he was merely an agent for Bayer & Co.

I have seen him take a keen interest in some of his cases especially those who were seriously ill and in danger of death, to all such cases he gave the products of Bayer & Co and when any of them recovered, he was very pleased, and when they died, nothing mattered.

He had a most awful voice which he used with great effect on going round his wards, when he shouted "Loren" on entering a ward he used to make things shake and after that mighty word not a sound could be heard in the ward except the heavy footsteps of the doctor as he passed on from bed to bed, the patients were afraid to whisper, because if they had done so, he might shout "Loren" again, or possibly something stronger.

I have seen Wacherbender perform acts of kindness while going round the wards at Gottingen, he once gave cigarettes to the elderly Belgian civilian who had been torn from his home, to die of cancer of the stomach in Gottingen, and he frequently cheered patients up by his cheery manner of talking to them in the ward, yet in spite of his professional knowledge, and his cheery manner he could be more brutal to patients than one would have thought possible. I saw him stand one day at the foot of the bed of Pte Thomas, who was just past the crisis in double pneumonia, and he made the wretched man sit up in bed for examination. Thomas was so weak that he could hardly sit up, and on seeing him struggling to get up, the two French orderlies hurried forward to help him, but Wacherbender did not allow them to give any assistance, apparently he wanted to watch the struggles of the patient, who might die at any moment because of this exertion. In the condition in which the patient was, he ought to have been examined lying down in bed. Wacherbender was only a brute.

He was also to his credit the "Atem Ear Kam Rona" incident already related.

.../6

The Big Inspector.

We did not know his name, but everyone at the prisoners hospital knew him as "the big inspector", this was because of his size and occupation, he was lazarette inspector and unteroffizier very much unter.

He was a big man and very proud of his supposed resemblance to that idol of the Germans, Von Hindenburg, he was a typical beer loving, and sausage eating German, his voice was terrible when raised in anger, or when cursing the much hated Englanders, he produced a volume of sound on those occasions, that was extraordinary, even for a bulky German. He fancied himself so much that some of his fellow inspectors used to say that his likeness to Hindenburg had turned his head.

He always tried to look brave, but it was useless because everyone knew that he was one of the biggest and most arrant cowards in the Vaterland, and that is saying a good deal for his cowardice as in that country loud words, and brutality towards starving prisoners of war pass for pluck.

When the epidemic of cholera appeared amongst the Russian prisoners, "the big inspector" ceased to inspect that part of the hospital which was given over to those cases, he was afraid of catching cholera, and so he did not do his duty. It was said by some that he had run away from the disease, but if he did run he did not go very far, it required too much exertion to move such a mass, so he stayed in his office and nearly died of funk there; when the epidemic was over and things had settled down again in the hospital, it was noticed that he had developed a most obnoxious form of dyspepsia, he said that this distressive complaint had been caused by all the hard work which he had done during the epidemic, it was really due to his dietetic excesses combined with a sedentary life and funk.

It is well known that on a certain occasion he had beaten a British prisoner who was lying ill in bed in the hospital, and no one knew why he had done this.

I have seen him hit a British prisoner across the face, because the latter had lost his trousers in the hospital, and on his discharge was going out without trousers.

I have written so much about this brute man because he is to be found at all prisoners camps in Germany, he is a typical Lazarette Inspector.

He is to get the Iron Cross for his work during the epidemic.

The Kommandant of Oberdruf.

His name was Von Stolz, his rank was Oberst = Colonel.

He was a man to be avoided, as he had a violent temper, and he had plenary power in accordance with the German Military code. The prisoners said that he had sentenced many Belgian civilians to death at Oberdruf in the early days of the war.

.../7

We did not meet him often, but Major C--- and I had a memorable encounter with him on the 1st April 1915.

We had just stepped out of our quarters as he came round a corner near by, so we saluted him, and passed on, but we had not gone far when he stopped us with guttural word of command. He wanted to know who we were, and why we were there, I tried to explain this to him in German, and after a few simple sentences he suddenly boiled over and ordered us to his office to get an interpreter. We walked along with him talking pigeon German to him until we came to the main road, his rage appeared to have died down, as he spoke quietly to me, but it would not do for the Konnandantur to be seen talking to British officers, and on reaching the road he again blazed forth in anger. I have never seen a man get so red hot in such a short time as he did, he might have died of apoplexy there and then, he became incoherent with rage, and he could only bellow hoarsely at us, with his fat right hand he grasped the hilt of his sword, while he waved us behind with his left.

He led on and we followed and arrived at his office in a few minutes, his hand never left the hilt of his sword on the way, and the back of his neck was red in anger. He strode on right mightily, beating the ground with his great feet, as though he would like to shake the earth, but all his display did not impress us very much, and there was no earthquake.

At the office we found an interpreter (a civilized German officer) and our presence at Oberdruf was being explained in a few words of English. The Kommandantur stood by still holding his sword hilt, and gradually cooling down when he suddenly realized that a German officer was speaking to two Englanders in their accursed language. Ach Himmel he cried Das ist streng verboten. (Oh heaven this is strictly forbidden) t° 120° F

So much to the amusement of the interpreter we ended the explanation in Frencg.

It was the 1st April.

Der Chefarzt.

Von Egyrling was the name of the medical officer in charge of the prisoners camp and hospitals at Oberdruf. Before the war he had been professor of pathology at the university of Jena, and on mobilization he became a Spabsarzt and was appointed to Oberdruf. He was a very polite man, and was always got up regardless of expense, it was his smile that made him famous. He was by far the best of the Germans I met over there, he worked hard in his office every day, and he made frequent inspections of the hospitals. He was not liked by his junior medical officers because of the von in his name, they thought that this was much too aristocratic, and none of them possessed that little prefix to their names which were common in comparison.

The only thing which I know against von Egyrling is that he never attempted to treat the typhus patients during the epidemic, the management of which he left entirely to the Russian medical officers who were there, yet when thanks to their

.../8

efforts the epidemic died down he accepted a decoration which was granted to him for the able way in which he had checked the spread of the disease and treated the cases.

Lusitania day in Oberdruf.

On the 8th May 1915 it was rumoured in the camp that the Olympic had been sunk by a German submarine, German soldiers shouted at me more than they had been in the habit of doing, that day. They were very much elated at the news of the greatest victory of frightfulness. Shouts of Olympic kaput, Olympic torpediert, Olympic gesunken were what I heard most, and I was called a schweinhund by a great many hoarse men that day.

All the flags were flown that afternoon, this was the usual sign of a German victory, but later ih the evening, when the band began to play it was evident that they considered that this outrage was far more important than any ordinary victory.

The officers of the garrison kept up their rejoicings late into the night, they kept up their singing until about 2 a.m. on Sunday morning 9th May 15 by that time most of them were so drunk that their rejoicings ceased automatically.

On the following day it became known that the Lusitania had been the victim, not the Olympic and it was immediately said that the torpedoing was justified as the Lusitania was armed and loaded up with ammunition.

The food of the prisoners at Oberdruf.

The men received three so called meals every day, but of the 21 which were issued each week 12 were absolutely unfil for consumption, this left only 9 which were eatable, or more correctly drinkable, so the only solid food they had was the "K" bread, and whatever this bread may have lacked, it did not lack solidity.

The cooking was done by prisoners, who were always either French or Belgian, the British were not to be trusted in the cook-houses. These cook-houses were very smelly places, especially when soup was being made out of rotten or half rotten fish in them; they were at one side of the camp and the latrines were at the other so the smell in the camp depended on the direction of the prevailing wind. Many prisoners preferred the stench of the latrines to that of the cook-houses, it was the less objectionable.

I have often seen the men's dinners at Oberdruf they always consisted of soup, which never had a trace of meat in it, and frequently the smell of the soup was just as bad as that of the cook-houses.

No man could have lived for long on his rations.

On the next page is a copy of a diet table which was originally made for me by a prisoner at Oberdruf.

.../9

This diet table was made out for me by a British N.C.O. who is still a prisoner in Germany.

Diet Table of Prisoners at Oberdruf.

The only solid food was war bread 200 grms per diem.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			BREAKFAST			
Cocoa	Coffee	* Straw Soup	Tea *	Coffee	Coffee	Coffee
			DINNER			
Barley and Meat Soup	* Fish and Sour Cabbage Soup	* Rice and Chestnut Soup	Horse beans and portion of pork *	Rice and figs	* Fish Soup	* Straw Soup
			TEA			
* Cheese and ground chestnut Soup	Rice	* Straw soup	Sausage and potatoes	* Raw herring and potatoes	* Ground Chestnut Soup	* Raw herrings and potatoes

Of the above meals two of the breakfasts were unfit for consumption, namely those of Tuesday and Wednesday.
The dinners were unfit for use on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.
The suppers were unfit on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

* = Unfit for consumption.

From the foregoing table, it will be seen that the prisoners actually received only five breakfasts, two dinners, and two suppers which were fit to be eaten, per week, only nine meals in all, and these nine were far from apetising, they had to be forced down by the hungry men, and they never succeeded in appeasing their hunger even at those meals, though as one of the men said to me, "there is always enough for a second helping, except at dinner on Sundays and we do not have enough then to go round".

The men could not have lived without food from home, at first our prisoners did not receive parcels regularly, and until they did so they were helped by their French friends, who very early in the war got food parcels from France. In those days most of the prisoners at Oberdruf were fed by the French.

.../10

Latterly parcels for our prisoners were delivered much more frequently and by this I hope that they are far better off than they were in those evil days.

Extras could be bought in the canteen but there was not much in it at any time, milk, margarine, sugar and artificial honey, were the best available, sometimes men bought bad sausage (Blut wurst) there, and I saw them at the Medical inspection room next morning for treatment for the effects of bad meat.

On a little bare space to the west of the camp, was what was known as the "Indian Village", here the prisoners cooked food on little fires which they made between stones in true Indian fashion. Some made coffee and it was possible to get better coffee there than in the German officers casino, others fried chipped potatoes, they were able to buy potatoes in the canteen 5 for 10 pfg, but there were others ways for getting potatoes besides this, others made sweets, and chocolate, and several kinds of teetotal drinks were made there. Prisoners used to enjoy themselves in the Indian Village.

I have seen men at Oberdruf, pick dandelion along the roadside, and take it to the camp to make it into a salad, it was the only fresh vegetable that they had.

It has been stated that the prisoners receive 2700 calories daily in their food (Vide R.A.M.C. Journal) and this is considered sufficient for men not doing hard work, but there is a something in food cannot be expressed in calories, and that is missing.

There are a great many calories in a lump of coal, yet no man can avail himself of them, it is much the same in the case of the prisoners food in Germany.

It appeared to me that the food of the prisoners was the same in the three camps that I had seen (Altengrabow, Gottingen and Oberdruf) and I am fairly certain that when any prisoner in Germany has soup made of bad fish, or sauer kraut, that all the other prisoners in Germany get similar soup at the same time.

In the same way the brutality is standarized for the camps, the punishments are the same in all of them, and blows with the butts of rifles, and prods with the bayonet occur in all them.

The epidemics which occurred varied in the different camps; typhus fever appears to have been most frequent, one heard that it was everywhere. At Munster there was an epidemic of cerebrospinal meningitis, at Gottingen there was cholera, and scarlet fever, at Altengrabow there was typhoid. As serious patients were moved from camp to camp it was quite possible for men to have been exposed to all the above infections. The only disease which was common to all the camps was tuberculosis, and this threatened to become the greatest cause of death amongst the prisoners. German organization standardizes everything for prisoners except epidemics.

.../11

A Surgical Operation.

I was ordered to give chloroform to a Russian prisoner at Gottingen, for Dr Reingrubber.

The operation was undertaken for drainage of an abscess in the calf muscles, I do not remember which leg.

Dr Reingrubber made the incision from the lower third of the thigh to the middle of the calf altogether about a foot in length, a two inch incision would have been sufficient, and it was quite unnecessary for the incision to have extended up to the level of the knee joint.

Dr Reingrubber handled the limb very roughly during the operation, and though the only abscess was at the lower end of the incision, he deepened the latter throughout its length.

The patient had been shot through the thigh and this wound was septic but there was no apparent track from the wound to the abscess, this appeared to be pyaemic.

The result of the operation was permanent mutilation and crippling of the patient. The knee became flexed considerably by the contraction of the scar tissue, the result of the unesessary incision.

Was this malpractis ?

Prisoners at Work.

All the prisoners who could work had to do something for which they received no pay. At Altengrabow the Russians used to be employed in cleaning up the German barracks, and in hauling heavy waggons about the place.

At Gottingen, Belgian and French prisoners were employed at the gas works in the town, and a large number of Russians left this camp for the purpose of putting Cologne in a state of defence.

At Oberdruf French Russian and British prisoners were employed at various jobs in the German barracks and in the surrounding district, they did sanitary work in the barracks, they planted various crops in the district and they made roads, and railways wherever required for all this they received no pay.

At all the camps the British prisoners were specially selected for the dirty work, they were the cleaners of the foul latrines, and they were not given proper implements for this disgusting work, which they had to do in a manner which was calculated to degrade them in the eyes of the other prisoners, and in those of the German guard. After some months our men earned some respect from their goalers and they were no longer specially selected for this work, but even so they remained always "the hewers of wood, and drawers of water".

At Gottingen the prisoners built their own huts, and there also they put up the barbed wire fence which separated them from freedom.

.../12

At Oberdruf, prisoners were constantly employed at carrying boxes filled with stones, on their shoulders up a hill to the camp, the guard saw that the boxes which were carried by the British were always better filled than those carried by other prisoners. I remember on one occasion having heard how a man of a Highland regiment had his load considerably lightened because he declared his Scotch nationality. These stones which the prisoners carried up the hill so laboriously were used for road making, and since I have been home I have often wondered why we do not employ some of our Germans at similar work the roads of Surrey are in such a shocking state.

The only prisoners who received pay at Oberdruf were some French red cross men (Brancardiers) who were employed in the hospitals.

Hate.

The German people hate the people of England with hatred of extraordinary intensity, and they must have done so for years before the war, otherwise it would hardly have been possible for such a hatred to blaze suddenly forth at the very beginning of the war. The hatred was common to people of all ages and sexes, very small children were taught to say "Gott strafe England" in the schools.

The cursed British prisoners all the way from France and Belgium, into Germany, and even their red cross personnel at the railway stations refused to give a drink of water to thirsty British wounded.

After the 2nd Battle of Ypres a badly wounded Canadian soldier who had been taken prisoner there, asked a few times for water when he was on the way to Germany; none was given to him, but when the train stopped at a station, a highly cultured Hun threw a bucket full of it over him.

When British prisoners arrived at their destinations in Germany, in a great many cases they were whipped, and otherwise maltreated by the civilian population during their march from the railway stations to the prison camps. A single word of command from the German guard would have stopped this instantly, but this word was not given, very often the guards took a share in the mauling of the prisoners.

"Gott strafe England" appeared to have been written all over Germany in 1914-1915. During my moves from camp to camp I saw it everywhere, and all the people said it to each other, and shouted it at us, a German official at Gottingen told me that it could be heard all along the German lines every day from Diexmude to Konigsberg. It was everywhere, I have seen it in the offices of fat podgy Kommandants where it was hung up in the wall in the form of a scroll, it was stuck up in railway carriages in stamp form, and it was stamped on some of their one and two mark war notes. At Gotha I saw a picture of John Bull being held over a fire in a frying by a very angry God and "Gott strafe England" was printed in flaming letters all round the top of the picture.

Everywhere John Bull was being hanged in effigy; looking back on it all now it seems rather amusing and silly, but at the time it had its effect on all of us, it made us hate the Germans.

.../13

It was surprising to find that even educated Germans, and Germans who had spent the best of their days in England were all absolutely silly in their hatred of us. We have no friends in Germany, all of them without exception hate us, they all hope that before the war is over England will be invaded, and that Hindenburg will march to London. Nothing gives them more pleasure than to hear that men, women and children have been killed over here by their Zeppelin bombs.

The population of Germany before the war was 70 millions and at that time they used to say "Guten Morgen" to each other when they met in the mornings at present this greeting is seldom heard, it has been succeeded by the familiar "Gott strafe England".

German Sport at Gottingen.

During my internment at Gottingen the ground was frequently covered with snow, for several days at a time, and at these snowy periods there was great distress amongst the birds, though they were far better off than the prisoners as they could fly and enjoy the freedom of the air. In those bare days no birds ever came to the camp in quest of food it was evident that they knew that they would not find any there, but some stupid tame pigeons from the town used to come daily to the prisoner's hospital, where they searched hard for stray crumbs.

One day a German soldier cleared the snow from about a square yard or so of the ground up near the disinfection house, and having done so he scattered bread crumbs about in the clear space, I was surprised to see him do this especially as he was one of the principals in the "noch ein Englander kaput" incident. Here was evidence of kindness and sympathy on the part of this vile man.

One thought that perhaps it is the custom of the country to feed the birds in time of snow.

The clear space was soon covered with pigeons who gorged themselves with crumbs, and more hungry birds came up from the town, then when the ground had been baited again the Hun got a large board, and propped it up by means of a stick, so that it leant over the feeding ground, and having tied a string to the prop, he sat in a window near by, smoking his Laudsturm pipe with the end of the string in his hand; he had not long to wait and as soon as a good number of pigeons were feeding, he pulled the string, then he ran out, and jumped on the board and flattened out his birds.

He plucked them in the disinfection house, and sent them home to his wife, it was a cheap way of getting meat, and she wanted it.

On the same ground a Belgian caught a pigeon without killing it, and he did not wring its neck, and eat it, though he was sorely tempted to do so.

He tied a little note to the bird's leg and let it go. It flew about the hospital and the German barracks for some little time before it was seen by the guard, and was reported to the Kommandantur.

.../14

Then there were signs of unusual activity in camp and barracks, naturally enough suspicion fell on some of the townspeople, but who could have tried to communicate with the prisoners ?

Orders were issued for the capture of the offending bird, dead, or alive, and soon the poor pigeon, and the note were blown to pieces by means of a charge of heavy man stopping shot at close range.

The local head of the criminal investigation department was consulted, and in a short time he put that little torn note together again, and then he found that it contained only three little words in French "A bas Guillaume".

There was much Teutonic fury, on this discovery, but as usual it ended in nothing.

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How a German Officer Mounted his Charger.

One day at Obergruf I saw a German groom leading a good looking horse up and down outside the officers' quarters. A French doctor and I continued to look at the noble animal in the hands of the hun. Presently three German officers appeared on the scene, and one of them, a short thick man with a bullet head, and bull kneck and wearing enormous spectacles proceeded to mount, but the horse was restive, and side stepped at the critical moment, and the officer dropped his spectacles.

Then his altered appearance frightened the poor beast who would have none of him, solemnly he was given a leg up and even so he missed; finally he got up by means of a step ladder.

Das Englische Pferd.

The common English cart horse has a bad time if he has the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Huns, as the following incident in the life of such an unfortunate animal will show.

One evening at Oberdruf, I saw a horse pulling a very heavy load up the hill towards the Russian hospital the horse was weak, and thin, the work was hard and the hill was steep. Just as I got level with the waggon, the horse stopped, because he could not go farther. The driver; a sleek German used his whip viciously on the trembling animal, and he shouted so that I should hear "Englische Pferd", but the horse did not understand the language, and the whip could not make him move just then, as he had stuck in the hill.

The driver shouted angrily at the poor beast, and drew my attention to him, I looked at the animal and saw that he was of advanced age, but there were no marks of its nationality on it, there were some numbers on its hoofs, which conveyed nothing to me.

As I was passing on the driver raised a greasy looking cloth which was

.../15

across the horse's loins, and revealed numerous ulcers which were discharging pus, again he used his whip fiercely, shouting all the time "Englische Pferd" ! !

I went on to the hospital, and told some of my wounded friends who were there about it.

We sympathised with that horse.

"Fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind".

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French Prisoner and German Bully.

At Oberdruf one day a German soldier of the camp guard attacked without provocation a French prisoner from behind, he kicked the prisoner savagely, and sent him forward a few paces, nearly knocking him down. The French man pulled himself together at once and turned round to face his enemy, and on doing so he found the German's bayonet a few inches from his chest. Speaking perfect German, the French man said "You are a coward; kill me if you wish, you can do so safely as I am not armed", or words to that effect.

The German did not strike, he was surprised and he could not act. A commotion occurred in the camp, the guard turned out, and the Hun was run in and punished, if he had killed his man he would have had the iron + but he had hesitated and lost.

The Cemetery at Oberdruf.

There was a little cemetery on the hill side, between the hospital and the prisoners camp at Oberdruf. It consisted of two little plots surrounded by barbed wire fences, we often wondered what was the object of those fences. Did the Germans think that the dead might escape or did they think that the people of the district would break in and defile those graves ?

This cemetery did not look like an ordinary one as there were no tomb stones, or wooden crosses in it, and there was nothing to indicate the names of those who had been buried there; probably a record of them is kept at the commandant's office.

The graves were marked by little mounds of earth of the customary size and shape, and at each end of these mounds dwarf pines had been planted.

I enquired of some French prisoners as to who had been buried in this little cemetery, and they told me that those were the graves of some Belgian civilians, who had been captured early in the war, and shot after trial at Oberdruf; these poor Belgians had fired on the Germans, as they had a perfect right to do, when their country had been treacherously invaded, and now they are at rest in their enemies' country.

May the unfriendly soil press lightly on them.

We used to salute that little cemetery every morning on our way to work, and we shall never forget those lonely graves far away in Thuringia.

.../16

The Journey to England.

I received definite orders for the journey home on the 24th June 1915, and for the 2nd time I said good bye to all my friends in the hospitals and the camps.

The journey commenced on the 26th June when my party marched off from the Commandant's office at 4.30 a.m. The party consisted of Sergt R--- R.A.M.C. 2 Regimental stretcher bearers of the Somertshire Light Infantry and myself. Our escort consisted of one German officer, and one private, and the latter did not even fix his bayonet. Our kits were put into a small dog waggon which was drawn to the station by a British prisoner.

We got a train at Oberdruf after a short wait and for the 2nd time I found myself travelling 2nd class this time with the escorting officer, the three men went third escorted by the private.

As the train steamed out of the station we saw the old camp for the last time, I can see it now as I saw it then, looking so ugly through the morning mist which hung round the hill; it is sad to think of the wretched prisoners who are waiting there for the war to end, and where in the meantime some of them will die nearly every day. It was with a feeling of pain that I looked at that camp for the last time.

A few stations down the line I was ordered to travel 3rd class with the men; the Linien Kommandant (Commandant of the railway line) said that prisoners were not permitted to travel 2nd class.

I was very glad of the change as it was much more cheerful travelling with the men, and I had a haversack well stocked with provisions for the journey which I was able to share with them.

It was a most uneventful journey we were not worried by insults this time, the people took very little notice of us, and the precautions which we had taken in case of attack, was not wanted.

In case of trouble we intended to let them know that we had been treating typhus fever as we knew by experience that the mere mention of Flecke Fieber was sufficient to put most huns to flight, but something must have happened to those people during the ten months which had passed since September 1914, it seemed as though they had been civilized by the war.

We arrived at Brussels at 7 a.m. on the 27th June 1915, as soon as I stepped on to the platform a German officer accompanied by an interpreter came forward and asked me most politely to accompany them, and they took great care to assure me that my luggage would follow.

Outside the station a splendid touring car was waiting and I was asked to get in to it, and to make myself comfortable. I was escorted by the officer and the interpreter only, and it was a new experience for me to find Germans so polite as they were. I suppose that they had been ordered to be so.

.../17

We were driven through the quiet streets of La belle Ville, to a big military hospital, where I was cermoniously shown into a ward in which was a bed waiting for me. Two of my old friends had already arrived and were sleeping in this ward when I arrived there. They soon woke up and we put 2 and 2 together and came to the conclusion thatvwe were for the shore, but I well remember how we three agreed that we could not be certain of home, until we had crossed the Dutch frontier.

We were not yet out of the wood.

Breakfast given to us in the ward, it consisted of good coffee, and bread and butter, it was far better than the usual breakfast at the prsion camps, and it was served by German soldiers, and later in the morning these same soldiers cleaned our boots. This was change from our first journey from Mons to Aachen.

Sentries were placed outside the door of our ward, and we were not allowed outside. It was strictly forbidden to open the windows, this was evidently to prevent us communicating with people outside.

Early the following morning, a large party of R.A.M.C. officers, and several chaplins arrived in our ward, amongst them were many of my old friends in misfortune, all of whom were looking a little thinner than when I saw them last. They were surprised to see me as I had been reported dead of typhus fever somewhere in Germany and some of them had already thought out what they should say to my widow in case they should meet her in London (De mortuis nil nisi bonum).

A german doctor came into the ward some time later to see if he could recognize any of us as former friends, and he told us that we were for England. He is an F.R.S.

After breakfast we were driven to another railway station in 2 large motor coaches. The streets through which we passed, looked rather sad, none of the people smiled, and there were not many Belgians about that day.

We found still more R.A.M.C. officers and chaplins at the railway station, and there were a great many rank and file of the R.A.M.C. assembled there also. I soon saw many of the faces that were once familiar in No 4 Field Ambulance.

The men for the most part looked fit, but some of them were thin and weary looking, one Q.M.S. had lost a lot of weight, which might have been superflous, but he was looking seedy.

We waited in the station from 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon, during which time we had a last roll call and we were asked if we had any complaints to make.

Many complaints were made then, nut nothing has been heard of them since.

The wounded began to arrive about 10 a.m. they were driven up in motor ambulances, and quickly passed into the waiting train, they were for exchange to England. All of them were so badly damaged that there was practically no possibility of any of them taking part in the war again. It was very sad to see the numbers of amputations above the knee, the blind and others who had been

.../18

mutilated by shell fire. Most of them had been wounded early in the war, and they had been many months in German camps where they had been treated shamefully, but not one of them was down hearted that day at the railway station at Brussels, they were all glad at the thought of home again, and they made the most of the pleasures of expectation.

The train left Brussels at 12.30 p.m. and we passed through Malines and on through the lonely and scarred country to the outskirts of Antwerp, there we turned to the north and headed straight for the Dutch frontier, halting only at the frontier station.

During this halt many of us had misgivings about the remainder of the journey, and I fancy that if the train had not moved on in the right direction when it did, several of us would have been out making a dash for it, but happily the train went on and we crossed the frontier into Holland.

Holland.

The journey through Holland will always be a pleasant recollection for the prisoners of war, who ceased to exist as such on crossing the Dutch frontier on the 28th June 1915.

All our doubts as to our destination were set aside, as once in Holland we knew that we were free once more, and there was no danger of any German "Schweinerie".

The German soldiers who had been on guard in our train left us at the frontier station, and there were no more guards in field grey with saw edged bayonets along the line; instead of these there were smartly turned out Dutch soldiers on guard, and they laughed and cheered us on our way through their smiling country.

It seemed as though all Holland was "smiling" and gay that day, we had a great reception at the only station where we stopped, it was such a change for all of us after having been strafed for months in Germany, that men could hardly understand all this kindness at first, and it made them "come all over queer" to see pretty Dutch girls smile at them while offering them tea that had cream in it and splendid bread and butter, sandwiches, cakes and fruit to eat.

It was a great time for all of us, we had been looking forward for this for many months, and now all our expectations were more than realized.

The Dutch girls asked us for souvenirs, and they got an extraordinary collection, many men who had been bringing home rings which had been made in the camps in Germany out of French Russian Belgian and British military buttons, parted with them that day to the pretty Dutch girls who were so kind to us.

R.A.M.C. badges were very popular with the girls.

Our journey to Flushing was very pleasant the people cheered us all the way and it was good to note the well fed properous appearance of the men and animals, "we had around us men who were fat" and we had left those with the "lean and hungry looks" behind in Germany.

.../19

We got on board the S.S. Oranje Nassan at Flushing that evening, and we remained in the harbour that night, as it was safer to cross the North Sea in day light.

We crossed the North Sea on the 30th June 1915. The wounded being under the care of the Dutch Red Cross Society.

Home Again.

We crossed the North Sea in the S.S. Oranje Nassan without incident on the 29th June 1915, and we steamed up the river in the afternoon, arriving at Tilbury at 3 p.m.

All the ships in the Thames gave us a great welcome with their steam syrens as we came slowly by them on our way to Tilbury, the sound was like what I had heard before on several New Uear's Nights when I had been near the river, and it made me feel very glad to hear it again.

Tilbury is rather a dull place at best of times, we found it so that day. Rain began to fall when we were getting off the ship, and we had a long and weary wait for our train.

The people who met the boat were very quiet, and they hardly spoke to our men or to the wounded. I heard some of the men shout to them "for Heaven's sake speak English". When we had been waiting for a while at Tilbury the people thawed a little and some of them spoke English to the returned prisoners of war.

We travelled from Tilbury by special train to St Pancras, where we got a great reception from crowds of people who were waiting for our arrival at the station.

London.

I was driven out of the station in a very fine motor car through cheering crowds. The car stopped at the Royal Free Hospital where I dined with several other returned M.Os after dinner I took a taxi and crossed London to West Kensington, where I joined my family and was home again.

Driving across London in a taxi is an exciting journey for one who has been inside barbed wire for months, I felt that the pace was simply terrific, and I feared collisions at every crossing, it was so thrilling for me that I asked the driver to go slowly and needless to say we crossed without accident. The taxi man scornfully refused German money for his fare, I had no other money at the time so I borrowed a few shillings for him.

The one thing which pleased me most about London on my return was the number of men who were in khake in the streets, they were all fine young soldiers, smartly turned out, and they looked far superior to any of the field grey warriors I had seen in Germany, what I saw in town convinced me that we have better men than they have, of course I always knew this but it was good to

.../20

have the living proof before my eyes. I have always been an optimist about the end of the war, which however I believe to be farther off than most people think, and I became a more ardent optimist than ever in London. Seeing British soldiers once more in England was better for me than any tonic, on my return from the enemy's country after ten months illegal detention there.

During the few days which I stayed in town, I was greatly interested in recruiting posters, I remember well, how carefully I looked at every poster which I came across many of them were strangely familiar to me, as I had seen photographs of them in the German papers, and I had read their scathing remarks on this method of recruiting; the German editors saw only the photographs of these posters, they had not seen our men, hence their remarks on our failure to raise an army.

A German officer once said to me that without conscription they could not raise an army of half a million in the Vaterland, he could not believe that men would enlist to go to war of their own free will, as they would not do so in Germany.

Germans at Work.

All the German people who can work in any capacity appeared to me to be doing their utmost for the Vaterland. They commenced work at a very early hour and worked late into the night. I have seen some of their munition factories from a distance and they seemed to be working at full pressure at all times.

The amount of work which had been done on the land was marvellous, during my journeys from camp to camp I noted that practically every square yard of land in the country had been cultivated, and so made to do its bit.

The workers in the fields were for the most part women, and elderly men obviously unfit for military service, I saw them working in scores on my way home from Oberdruf, they were all hard at it, and even in remote country places they did not stop their work to gaze at the train as it went by.

All the country people who are in Germany work hard for their country, and as long as they continue to do so they will have sufficient food.

A Prisoner's Camp In England.

Soon after my return from Germany, I went to see a camp for German prisoners somewhere in England, it was not my intention to jeer at the Huns, I only wanted to see them down and subdued. I expected to find them much better off than the prisoners whom I had left behind in Germany in a state of starvation and covered with rags.

I found the camp in a level plain between pine woods, its situation was all that could be desired there were British soldiers on guard; and both the guard and the prisoners were under canvas, the camp commandant himself lived in a tent inside the outer barbed wire fence, but separated from the Huns by the inner fence.

.../21

At the time of my arrival outside the camp a band was playing German music inside, and the prisoners had just come in from their foot-ball field for tea in the camp.

I was allowed inside the outer fence and so I was able to look at the Huns at a distance of about 20 yards, they all looked content and they were obviously in the pink of condition.

They appeared to be well clothed in new German uniforms, their boots were good.

They strolled about the camp as if they owned the whole place, and they appeared to me to be far happier and more at ease than the German soldiers of the 11th Army Corps were at Oberdruf.

In that comfortable camp somewhere in England the prisoners were free from German discipline, there was no fear of the "Paraden Marsch" with packs filled with bricks and sand, they were safe from this and more, they had more than enough to eat and drink, they had their exercise ground, they were not made to work, and last but not least they had their German band; I wonder if they had "any complaints".

The Germans who are prisoners in England are very lucky men; the British who are prisoners in Germany - - - - - I have written all I know about the conditions in which they live and die.

Guns and Machine Guns.

Guns were always in position on some ground from which they dominated the three camps for men in which I was interned in Germany (Altengrabow, Gottingen and Oberdruf) they were old guns but evidently they were good enough for use against defenceless prisoners, in case any disturbances should occur in the camps.

As there was no cover in any of these camps, most of the prisoners realized that they should have to chance it in the open or in wooden huts if the huns for any reason took it into their heads to try curtain fire on the Hauftlagerstrasse.

Machine guns were very often in evidence at Oberdruf where elevated platforms had been made at convenient corners around the lager. Gun teams used to mount these platforms frequently, and train their guns on crowds of prisoners in the lager, but during my time at Oberdruf they had no occasion to open fire, though they constantly threatened the prisoners with the machine guns.

I went to see a football match which was played on the hill at Oberdruf one Sunday, and during the match I happened to glance round and saw the guns teams with their machine guns all ready for immediate action about 200 yards behind the backs of the prisoners who were looking on at the foot ball.

With only one or two exceptions all the incidents which I have recorded in this account of life in German camps have been witnessed by myself, and I can vouch for them, and in the case those incidents which I have recorded from

.../22

hearsay evidence, I am prepared to produce witnesses to support the accuracy of my statements in every one of them.

If I were to record a small fraction of all I have heard to the discredit of Kultur, I should have to write for years to come, but I fancy that what I have written will show that men who have been prisoners in Germany will have very little love for the hun, even after the war.

The Typhus Hospital at Oberdruf.

For some months before our arrival at Oberdruf, there had been an epidemic of typhus fever amongst the Russian prisoners there, and in consequence of this the Russians had been segregated in their camp, and they were not allowed to communicate with the outside world or with the other prisoners in the lager. This segregation was carried out very thoroughly, and the disease did not spread to the other prisoners in the camp, there were no cases amongst the French and British.

The epidemic had been managed, and the cases treated by some Russian doctors, and it turned out to be a very mild one, only 2% of the cases proved fatal, while in other camps not far away the mortality was as high as 60% and it was strange that there was a mortality of 50% of the cases treated by the German doctors at Oberdruf, before the arrival of the Russian physicians, evidently the Russians knew more about treatment.

I saw a good many cases of typhus in its later stages in this hospital, they were all recovering, and all of them were suffering from anaemia and debility in varying degrees, and there were no tonics available for their treatment, yet those convalescent Russians needed tonic treatment, and good food more than any men I have ever seen. It was awful to see them there in the hospital where they could get no better food than in the lager.

As soon as the Russian doctors arrived the Germans left the epidemic absolutely alone and none of them were ever seen inside the barbed wire fence which bounded the segregated camp, until the danger was well over.

A sergeant of the R.A.M.C. was put in amongst the segregated Russians, and he did great work in the camp as a sanitary inspector, there were fewer cases of the disease amongst the men of his company than amongst those of other companies, he was isolated with the Russians for several months, and it was very fortunate for him that he could speak French with the Russian doctors otherwise his lot would have been very hard; on one occasion a German officer spoke English to him through the barbed wire, and this is what he said "Englishman if you are dying of hunger, do not ask me for food, as I will give you none". The Russian doctors were very good to him, they gave him food, and he is now a serving soldier and alive and well.

My work at Oberdruf consisted of seeing the morning sick of the three companies and I used to superintend the disinfection and medically inspect all the men at the bath house every day, this was the routine work, and it was rather tiresome after some time, but it might easily have been worse. At one time I was very busy at typhoid inoculations in the afternoons, each man in the three companies had to be given three injections of vaccine at an interval of one week being between the injections. A German doctor did a share of this work, but the prisoners preferred to come to me for their injections so I did most of the work, there was no trouble with any of the cases so the technique must have been all right.

I used to go and see our wounded in the hospitals nearly every day, and I tried to cheer them up as much as possible, there were a good many amputations amongst our men, and there were two cases of tetanus, one of which recovered.

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They were always cheerful in their beds in the hospital, even those who were badly maimed were able to pity their more complete comrades, as only those who had had amputations above the knee were to be sent home in the first batch to be exchanged.

It was strange living in German barracks at Oberdruf, but I soon got used to the life, I did not mind the insults and threats of the German soldiers, which for a time were an everyday recurrence, but after I had been there a month or so they let me alone.

The shouted insults did not trouble me because I did not understand them, and when parties of five, or six Huns used to threaten me by pulling back the bolts of their rifles and pushing them violently home again, behind my back, on the way to the camp, I did not mind, I used to hope that if they fired they would hit a German officer farther along the road, when I saw one ahead of me I used to cover him off very carefully, accidents might happen even in Germany.

When I had been a few weeks at Oberdurf, the German soldiers got used to seeing me about, and insults from them became very rare, some of them used to salute me, but only when none of their superiors were present.

To the civilian population of all ages and sexes I was always a kind of wild animal on view, and when they came through barracks in large numbers, on Sundays and holidays I stayed in my room as much as possible as I disliked being stared at, by rude and vulgar people.

I often wondered what I should do if I were attacked by half a dozen furious fraus, on my way to hospital on a bank holiday. Some of them looked as if they would like to get their nails into me, but I am glad to say that they never molested me in any way.

On Sunday the 11th April 1915, I went into the Major's room at 3 p.m. and found him packing up to go to Cassel, he had just received the order to go there with five French doctors and one Russian, the party moved off at 4 p.m. with a guard of 6 men and an N.C.O. There was considerable fixing of bayonets and the Mauser magazines were loaded with great violence, which reminded me of our first guard at Torgan, and this display of militarism made those of us who were left behind think that the move was a bad one.

We heard that they were really going to Langensalga where there was a very severe epidemic of typhus fever, they did not go there but to another typhus camp where one of the French doctors soon died of this disease.

I met Major C—— at Brussels on the way home and we had not forgotten our parting at Oberdruf.

The worst time I had at Oberdruf, or in all my captivity for that matter, was after I received the order for immediate departure for England on the 26th May 15, with the Sanitats personnel (British) from the camp. I went to the camp to warn Sergt Rondel and two regimental stretcher bearers of the Somersetshire Light Infantry to be ready for immediate departure, I fould them all ready, and full of hope for the best. I finished my packing rapidly and waited for 3 p.m.

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the hour for departure, it came, but we did not depart, then the order was for 7 a.m. the following morning, and in due course the clock in the barracks struck seven, I had heard it strike all the hours, and all the quarters that night, and I was ready for the road long before the appointed time, but it had passed, and we remained.

We began to despair, but we were ready to move at any time, the kits were packed, and the food for the journey was all there in a box. We were told to be ready to go in the afternoon, and if not that afternoon, then the following morning, but a good many mornings and afternoons came and went and we remained in the camp, this was a terrible time for us, we hoped afresh every morning and all day up to late in the afternoon, and we despaired in the evening, after about ten days we thought no more about it, and settled down to normal conditions, but we had been tortured by hope, and I have read somewhere since that torture by hope was first practised in the Spanish inquisition. In nature we see it when the cat plays with the mouse, and who does not feel sorry for the mouse ?

All the clocks in Germany strike the quarters, I shall always hate such clocks, it was horrible to listen to them measure out the time in those awful days.

The Arrival of Wounded Prisoners at Oberdruf.

There were 3 or 4 very rameshackle old ambulance waggons in the hospital compound at Oberdruf, they had evidently outlived their period of utility, and were only fit for the lumber yard. I often wondered why these old waggons were kept at the hospital where other things were up to date. One evening I heard the sound of screeching wheels on the main road and on looking out I saw the old waggons, being dragged along by a party of French prisoners, they were going to the station to meet some wounded prisoners who were due to arrive at 5 p.m. After some time they came back dragging the waggons full of wounded to the camp.

Germans both civil and military jeered at and howled insults at this miserable convoy as it moved slowly, and painfully along the road.

The prisoners who were pulling the waggons along were urged on with the butts of the rifles of the guard.

The wounded saw, and heard all this.

The effect on both the prisoners from the camp and the wounded was very depressing, I suppose the German intention was that it should be so.

We in this country do not do as they do, and they can never do as we do; if we were reduced to the last horse, or the last motor ambulance I am sure that even then we should not tackle German prisoners to antiquated ambulance waggons for the purpose of moving their wounded comrades from the railway station to the hospital.

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On the arrival of the wounded at the hospital they were got into bed quickly and they were well treated there.

Some Germans in Germany.

I met Professor Carl Stange at Gottingen where he was engaged in writing a history of the war, he was known as "the professor" to all the prisoners in the camp.

He collected facts for his history by questioning French and British prisoners about the part they had played in the war, each prisoner who was brought before him was minutely cross examined as to his share in Armageddon, and the professor carefully noted the answers. The prisoners suspected the professor, they thought that he was trying to get at them, and as many of them had seen their comrades "up against a wall", they were very careful to avoid telling the truth to the professor, so his history of the war will be of very little value.

Carl Stange yold me that he had lived in England before the war and that he had many friends in this country. He got back to Germany by the last boat from this country before was was declared, while he was in England he saw all the wickedness of the Vaterland, with his English eyes, and he believed that all was lost when we declared war on his country, but when he returned to Germany he saw the wickedness of England, through his German eyes, and he also saw the rightousness of the Vaterland. He hated England as much as a good German could, and he had great hopes based on the submarine blockade which was to commence on the 18th July 1915. "All is fair in love and war" said the professor and that seemed to be his defence for all forms of frightfulness.

The professor was very careful about what he said in the camp, he thought a great deal but he did not speak much, he usually spoke the truth, and if the whole truth did not happen to suit him, he was content with the part that did.

A feeble minded French prisoner was sent back to France from Gottingen early in 1915, and amongst other things, when he got home this man stated that two British prisoners had been shot at Gottingen, this prisoners statement was published in "Le Matin" and in due course a copy of that paper with the statement reached the camp of Gottingen; the professor saw it, and wrote a most indignant denial of it in the camp paper, but he did not state that one man (Britisher) had been foully murdered there under the circumstances which I have already stated.

One evening the professor walked with me from his office in the camp to my quarters also in the camp (B 7) on the way I pointed out to him the famine scenes that had been a daily occurrence amongst the prisoners for months past, he appeared to be surprised and pained at the misery of the prisoners, but he had had his office in the camp for some time before and he had not observed the obvious hunger, and emaciation of the men until I pointed them out to him.

Soon after this Major C--- and I were moved from Gottingen to Oberdruf, and it seemed to me that the cause of our move, was that we were seeing too much at Gottingen.

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The professor was a most virulent type of anti England German, he was a great believer in the secret treaty which had existed between England and Belgium before the war, according to this treaty we had undertaken to invade Germany through Belgium in conjunction with the Belgium army, in the event of war between Germany and France. The professor said that a copy of this treaty had been found at Brussels, and on account of this all Germans hate Britain and Belgium.

Dr Wacherbender.

Dr Wacherbender was an elderly physician who came to treat prisoners of war in the Kriegsgefangenen Lazarette at Gottingen early in March 1915.

The doctor was a fat man, there were many scars on his bald head, and his face was scarred also, those scars were the result of his numerous fights in his university days.

As a physician he was good at diagnosis, but he did not go in much for treatment of his cases, in that he was merely an agent for Bayer & Co.

I have seen him take a keen interest in some of his cases especially those who were seriously ill and in danger of death, to all such cases he gave the products of Bayer & Co and when any of them recovered, he was very pleased, and when they died, nothing mattered.

He had a most awful voice which he used with great effect on going round his wards, when he shouted "Loren" on entering a ward he used to make things shake and after that mighty word not a sound could be heard in the ward except the heavy footsteps of the doctor as he passed on from bed to bed, the patients were afraid to whisper, because if they had done so, he might shout "Loren" again, or possibly something stronger.

I have seen Wacherbender perform acts of kindness while going round the wards at Gottingen, he once gave cigarettes to the elderly Belgian civilian who had been torn from his home, to die of cancer of the stomach in Gottingen, and he frequently cheered patients up by his cheery manner of talking to them in the ward, yet in spite of his professional knowledge, and his cheery manner he could be more brutal to patients than one would have thought possible. I saw him stand one day at the foot of the bed of Pte Thomas, who was just past the crisis in double pneumonia, and he made the wretched man sit up in bed for examination. Thomas was so weak that he could hardly sit up, and on seeing him struggling to get up, the two French orderlies hurried forward to help him, but Wacherbender did not allow them to give any assistance, apparently he wanted to watch the struggles of the patient, who might die at any moment because of this exertion. In the condition in which the patient was, he ought to have been examined lying down in bed. Wacherbender was only a brute.

He was also to his credit the "Atem Ear Kam Rona" incident already related.

.../6

The Big Inspector.

We did not know his name, but everyone at the prisoners hospital knew him as "the big inspector", this was because of his size and occupation, he was lazarette inspector and unteroffizier very much unter.

He was a big man and very proud of his supposed resemblance to that idol of the Germans, Von Hindenburg, he was a typical beer loving, and sausage eating German, his voice was terrible when raised in anger, or when cursing the much hated Englanders, he produced a volume of sound on those occasions, that was extraordinary, even for a bulky German. He fancied himself so much that some of his fellow inspectors used to say that his likeness to Hindenburg had turned his head.

He always tried to look brave, but it was useless because everyone knew that he was one of the biggest and most arrant cowards in the Vaterland, and that is saying a good deal for his cowardice as in that country loud words, and brutality towards starving prisoners of war pass for pluck.

When the epidemic of cholera appeared amongst the Russian prisoners, "the big inspector" ceased to inspect that part of the hospital which was given over to those cases, he was afraid of catching cholera, and so he did not do his duty. It was said by some that he had run away from the disease, but if he did run he did not go very far, it required too much exertion to move such a mass, so he stayed in his office and nearly died of funk there; when the epidemic was over and things had settled down again in the hospital, it was noticed that he had developed a most obnoxious form of dyspepsia, he said that this distressive complaint had been caused by all the hard work which he had done during the epidemic, it was really due to his dietetic excesses combined with a sedentary life and funk.

It is well known that on a certain occasion he had beaten a British prisoner who was lying ill in bed in the hospital, and no one knew why he had done this.

I have seen him hit a British prisoner across the face, because the latter had lost his trousers in the hospital, and on his discharge was going out without trousers.

I have written so much about this brute man because he is to be found at all prisoners camps in Germany, he is a typical Lazarette Inspector.

He is to get the Iron Cross for his work during the epidemic.

The Kommandant of Oberdruf.

His name was Von Stolz, his rank was Oberst = Colonel.

He was a man to be avoided, as he had a violent temper, and he had plenary power in accordance with the German Military code. The prisoners said that he had sentenced many Belgian civilians to death at Oberdruf in the early days of the war.

.../7

We did not meet him often, but Major C—— and I had a memorable encounter with him on the 1st April 1915.

We had just stepped out of our quarters as he came round a corner near by, so we saluted him, and passed on, but we had not gone far when he stopped us with guttural word of command. He wanted to know who we were, and why we were there, I tried to explain this to him in German, and after a few simple sentences he suddenly boiled over and ordered us to his office to get an interpreter. We walked along with him talking pigeon German to him until we came to the main road, his rage appeared to have died down, as he spoke quietly to me, but it would not do for the Kommandantur to be seen talking to British officers, and on reaching the road he again blazed forth in anger. I have never seen a man get so red hot in such a short time as he did, he might have died of apoplexy there and then, he became incoherent with rage, and he could only bellow hoarsely at us, with his fat right hand he grasped the hilt of his sword, while he waved us behind with his left.

He led on and we followed and arrived at his office in a few minutes, his hand never left the hilt of his sword on the way, and the back of his neck was red in anger. He strode on right mightily, beating the ground with his great feet, as though he would like to shake the earth, but all his display did not impress us very much, and there was no earthquake.

At the office we found an interpreter (a civilized German officer) and our presence at Oberdruf was being explained in a few words of English. The Kommandantur stood by still holding his sword hilt, and gradually cooling down when he suddenly realized that a German officer was speaking to two Englanders in their accursed language. Ach Himmel he cried Das ist streng verboten. (Oh heaven this is strictly forbidden) t° 120° F

So much to the amusement of the interpreter we ended the explanation in Frenog.

It was the 1st April.

Der Chefarzt.

Von Egyrling was the name of the medical officer in charge of the prisoners camp and hospitals at Oberdruf. Before the war he had been professor of pathology at the university of Jena, and on mobilization he became a Spabsarzt and was appointed to Oberdruf. He was a very polite man, and was always got up regardless of expense, it was his smile that made him famous. He was by far the best of the Germans I met over there, he worked hard in his office every day, and he made frequent inspections of the hospitals. He was not liked by his junior medical officers because of the von in his name, they thought that this was much too aristocratic, and none of them possessed that little prefix to their names which were common in comparison.

The only thing which I know against von Egyrling is that he never attempted to treat the typhus patients during the epidemic, the management of which he left entirely to the Russian medical officers who were there, yet when thanks to their

.../8

efforts the epidemic died down he accepted a decoration which was granted to him for the able way in which he had checked the spread of the disease and treated the cases.

Lusitania day in Oberdruf.

On the 8th May 1915 it was rumoured in the camp that the Olympic had been sunk by a German submarine, German soldiers shouted at me more than they had been in the habit of doing, that day. They were very much elated at the news of the greatest victory of frightfulness. Shouts of Olympic kaput, Olympic torpediert, Olympic gesunken were what I heard most, and I was called a schweinhund by a great many hoarse men that day.

All the flags were flown that afternoon, this was the usual sign of a German victory, but later in the evening, when the band began to play it was evident that they considered that this outrage was far more important than any ordinary victory.

The officers of the garrison kept up their rejoicings late into the night, they kept up their singing until about 2 a.m. on Sunday morning 9th May 15 by that time most of them were so drunk that their rejoicings ceased automatically.

On the following day it became known that the Lusitania had been the victim, not the Olympic and it was immediately said that the torpedoing was justified as the Lusitania was armed and loaded up with ammunition.

The food of the prisoners at Oberdruf.

The men received three so called meals every day, but of the 21 which were issued each week 12 were absolutely unfil for consumption, this left only 9 which were eatable, or more correctly drinkable, so the only solid food they had was the "K" bread, and whatever this bread may have lacked, it did not lack solidity.

The cooking was done by prisoners, who were always either French or Belgian, the British were not to be trusted in the cook-houses. These cook-houses were very smelly places, especially when soup was being made out of rotten or half rotten fish in them; they were at one side of the camp and the latrines were at the other so the smell in the camp depended on the direction of the prevailing wind. Many prisoners preferred the stench of the latrines to that of the cook-houses, it was the less objectionable.

I have often seen the men's dinners at Oberdruf they always consisted of soup, which never had a trace of meat in it, and frequently the smell of the soup was just as bad as that of the cook-houses.

No man could have lived for long on his rations.

On the next page is a copy of a diet table which was originally made for me by a prisoner at Oberdruf.

.../9

This diet table was made out for me by a British N.C.O. who is still a prisoner in Germany.

Diet Table of Prisoners at Oberdruf.

The only solid food was war bread 200 grms per diem.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			BREAKFAST			
Cocoa	Coffee	* Straw Soup	Tea *	Coffee	Coffee	Coffee
			DINNER			
Barley and Meat Soup	* Fish and Sour Cabbage Soup	* Rice and Chestnut Soup	Horse beans and portion of pork *	Rice and figs	* Fish Soup	* Straw Soup
			TEA			
* Cheese and ground chestnut Soup	Rice	* Straw soup	Sausage and potatoes	* Raw herring and potatoes	* Ground Chestnut Soup	* Raw herrings and potatoes

Of the above meals two of the breakfasts were unfit for consumption, namely those of Tuesday and Wednesday.
The dinners were unfit for use on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.
The suppers were unfit on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

* = Unfit for consumption.

From the foregoing table, it will be seen that the prisoners actually received only five breakfasts, two dinners, and two suppers which were fit to be eaten, per week, only nine meals in all, and these nine were far from apetising, they had to be forced down by the hungry men, and they never succeeded in appeasing their hunger even at those meals, though as one of the men said to me, "there is always enough for a second helping, except at dinner on Sundays and we do not have enough then to go round".

The men could not have lived without food from home, at first our prisoners did not receive parcels regularly, and until they did so they were helped by their French friends, who very early in the war got food parcels from France. In those days most of the prisoners at Oberdruf were fed by the French.

.../10

Latterly parcels for our prisoners were delivered much more frequently and by this I hope that they are far better off than they were in those evil days.

Extras could be bought in the canteen but there was not much in it at any time, milk, margarine, sugar and artificial honey, were the best available, sometimes men bought bad sausage (Blut wurst) there, and I saw them at the Medical inspection room next morning for treatment for the effects of bad meat.

On a little bare space to the west of the camp, was what was known as the "Indian Village", here the prisoners cooked food on little fires which they made between stones in true Indian fashion. Some made coffee and it was possible to get better coffee there than in the German officers casino, others fried chipped potatoes, they were able to buy potatoes in the canteen 5 for 10 pfg, but there were others ways for getting potatoes besides this, others made sweets, and chocolate, and several kinds of teetotal drinks were made there. Prisoners used to enjoy themselves in the Indian Village.

I have seen men at Oberdruf, pick dandelion along the roadside, and take it to the camp to make it into a salad, it was the only fresh vegetable that they had.

It has been stated that the prisoners receive 2700 calories daily in their food (Vide R.A.M.C. Journal) and this is considered sufficient for men not doing hard work, but there is a something in food cannot be expressed in calories, and that is missing.

There are a great many calories in a lump of coal, yet no man can avail himself of them, it is much the same in the case of the prisoners food in Germany.

It appeared to me that the food of the prisoners was the same in the three camps that I had seen (Altengrabow, Gottingen and Oberdruf) and I am fairly certain that when any prisoner in Germany has soup made of bad fish, or sauer kraut, that all the other prisoners in Germany get similar soup at the same time.

In the same way the brutality is standarized for the camps, the punishments are the same in all of them, and blows with the butts of rifles, and prods with the bayonet occur in all them.

The epidemics which occurred varied in the different camps; typhus fever appears to have been most frequent, one heard that it was everywhere. At Munster there was an epidemic of cerebrospinal meningitis, at Gottingen there was cholera, and scarlet fever, at Altengrabow there was typhoid. As serious patients were moved from camp to camp it was quite possible for men to have been exposed to all the above infections. The only disease which was common to all the camps was tuberculosis, and this threatened to become the greatest cause of death amongst the prisoners. German organization standardizes everything for prisoners except epidemics.

.../11

A Surgical Operation.

I was ordered to give chloroform to a Russian prisoner at Gottingen, for Dr Reingrubber.

The operation was undertaken for drainage of an abscess in the calf muscles, I do not remember which leg.

Dr Reingrubber made the incision from the lower third of the thigh to the middle of the calf altogether about a foot in length, a two inch incision would have been sufficient, and it was quite unnecessary for the incision to have extended up to the level of the knee joint.

Dr Reingrubber handled the limb very roughly during the operation, and though the only abscess was at the lower end of the incision, he deepened the latter throughout its length.

The patient had been shot through the thigh and this wound was septic but there was no apparent track from the wound to the abscess, this appeared to be pyaemic.

The result of the operation was permanent mutilation and crippling of the patient. The knee became flexed considerably by the contraction of the scar tissue, the result of the unesessary incision.

Was this malpractis ?

Prisoners at Work.

All the prisoners who could work had to do something for which they received no pay. At Altengrabow the Russians used to be employed in cleaning up the German barracks, and in hauling heavy waggons about the place.

At Gottingen, Belgian and French prisoners were employed at the gas works in the town, and a large number of Russians left this camp for the purpose of putting Cologne in a state of defence.

At Oberdruf French Russian and British prisoners were employed at various jobs in the German barracks and in the surrounding district, they did sanitary work in the barracks, they planted various crops in the district and they made roads, and railways wherever required for all this they received no pay.

At all the camps the British prisoners were specially selected for the dirty work, they were the cleaners of the foul latrines, and they were not given proper implements for this disgusting work, which they had to do in a manner which was calculated to degrade them in the eyes of the other prisoners, and in those of the German guard. After some months our men earned some respect from their goalers and they were no longer specially selected for this work, but even so they remained always "the hewers of wood, and drawers of water".

At Gottingen the prisoners built their own huts, and there also they put up the barbed wire fence which separated them from freedom.

.../12

At Oberdruf, prisoners were constantly employed at carrying boxes filled with stones, on their shoulders up a hill to the camp, the guard saw that the boxes which were carried by the British were always better filled than those carried by other prisoners. I remember on one occasion having heard how a man of a Highland regiment had his load considerably lightened because he declared his Scotch nationality. These stones which the prisoners carried up the hill so laboriously were used for road making, and since I have been home I have often wondered why we do not employ some of our Germans at similar work the roads of Surrey are in such a shocking state.

The only prisoners who received pay at Oberdruf were some French red cross men (Brancardiers) who were employed in the hospitals.

Hate.

The German people hate the people of England with hatred of extraordinary intensity, and they must have done so for years before the war, otherwise it would hardly have been possible for such a hatred to blaze suddenly forth at the very beginning of the war. The hatred was common to people of all ages and sexes, very small children were taught to say "Gott strafe England" in the schools.

The cursed British prisoners all the way from France and Belgium, into Germany, and even their red cross personnel at the railway stations refused to give a drink of water to thirsty British wounded.

After the 2nd Battle of Ypres a badly wounded Canadian soldier who had been taken prisoner there, asked a few times for water when he was on the way to Germany; none was given to him, but when the train stopped at a station, a highly cultured Hun threw a bucket full of it over him.

When British prisoners arrived at their destinations in Germany, in a great many cases they were whipped, and otherwise maltreated by the civilian population during their march from the railway stations to the prison camps. A single word of command from the German guard would have stopped this instantly, but this word was not given, very often the guards took a share in the mauling of the prisoners.

"Gott strafe England" appeared to have been written all over Germany in 1914-1915. During my moves from camp to camp I saw it everywhere, and all the people said it to each other, and shouted it at us, a German official at Gottingen told me that it could be heard all along the German lines every day from Diexmude to Konigsberg. It was everywhere, I have seen it in the offices of fat podgy Kommandants where it was hung up in the wall in the form of a scroll, it was stuck up in railway carriages in stamp form, and it was stamped on some of their one and two mark war notes. At Gotha I saw a picture of John Bull being held over a fire in a frying by a very angry God and "Gott strafe England" was printed in flaming letters all round the top of the picture.

Everywhere John Bull was being hanged in effigy; looking back on it all now it seems rather amusing and silly, but at the time it had its effect on all of us, it made us hate the Germans.

.../13

It was surprising to find that even educated Germans, and Germans who had spent the best of their days in England were all absolutely silly in their hatred of us. We have no friends in Germany, all of them without exception hate us, they all hope that before the war is over England will be invaded, and that Hindenburg will march to London. Nothing gives them more pleasure than to hear that men, women and children have been killed over here by their Zeppelin bombs.

The population of Germany before the war was 70 millions and at that time they used to say "Guten Morgen" to each other when they met in the mornings at present this greeting is seldom heard, it has been succeeded by the familiar "Gott strafe England".

German Sport at Gottingen.

During my internment at Gottingen the ground was frequently covered with snow, for several days at a time, and at these snowy periods there was great distress amongst the birds, though they were far better off than the prisoners as they could fly and enjoy the freedom of the air. In those bare days no birds ever came to the camp in quest of food it was evident that they knew that they would not find any there, but some stupid tame pigeons from the town used to come daily to the prisoner's hospital, where they searched hard for stray crumbs.

One day a German soldier cleared the snow from about a square yard or so of the ground up near the disinfection house, and having done so he scattered bread crumbs about in the clear space, I was surprised to see him do this especially as he was one of the principals in the "noch ein Englander kaput" incident. Here was evidence of kindness and sympathy on the part of this vile man.

One thought that perhaps it is the custom of the country to feed the birds in time of snow.

The clear space was soon covered with pigeons who gorged themselves with crumbs, and more hungry birds came up from the town, then when the ground had been baited again the Hun got a large board, and propped it up by means of a stick, so that it leant over the feeding ground, and having tied a string to the prop, he sat in a window near by, smoking his Laudsturm pipe with the end of the string in his hand; he had not long to wait and as soon as a good number of pigeons were feeding, he pulled the string, then he ran out, and jumped on the board and flattened out his birds.

He plucked them in the disinfection house, and sent them home to his wife, it was a cheap way of getting meat, and she wanted it.

On the same ground a Belgian caught a pigeon without killing it, and he did not wring its neck, and eat it, though he was sorely tempted to do so.

He tied a little note to the bird's leg and let it go. It flew about the hospital and the German barracks for some little time before it was seen by the guard, and was reported to the Kommandantur.

.../14

Then there were signs of unusual activity in camp and barracks, naturally enough suspicion fell on some of the townspeople, but who could have tried to communicate with the prisoners ?

Orders were issued for the capture of the offending bird, dead, or alive, and soon the poor pigeon, and the note were blown to pieces by means of a charge of heavy man stopping shot at close range.

The local head of the criminal investigation department was consulted, and in a short time he put that little torn note together again, and then he found that it contained only three little words in French "A bas Guillaume".

There was much Teutonic fury, on this discovery, but as usual it ended in nothing.

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How a German Officer Mounted his Charger.

One day at Obergruf I saw a German groom leading a good looking horse up and down outside the officers' quarters. A French doctor and I continued to look at the noble animal in the hands of the hun. Presently three German officers appeared on the scene, and one of them, a short thick man with a bullet head, and bull kneck and wearing enormous spectacles proceeded to mount, but the horse was restive, and side stepped at the critical moment, and the officer dropped his spectacles.

Then his altered appearance frightened the poor beast who would have none of him, solemnly he was given a leg up and even so he missed; finally he got up by means of a step ladder.

Das Englische Pferd.

The common English cart horse has a bad time if he has the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Huns, as the following incident in the life of such an unfortunate animal will show.

One evening at Oberdruf, I saw a horse pulling a very heavy load up the hill towards the Russian hospital the horse was weak, and thin, the work was hard and the hill was steep. Just as I got level with the waggon, the horse stopped, because he could not go farther. The driver; a sleek German used his whip viciously on the trembling animal, and he shouted so that I should hear "Englische Pferd", but the horse did not understand the language, and the whip could not make him move just then, as he had stuck in the hill.

The driver shouted angrily at the poor beast, and drew my attention to him, I looked at the animal and saw that he was of advanced age, but there were no marks of its nationality on it, there were some numbers on its hoofs, which conveyed nothing to me.

As I was passing on the driver raised a greasy looking cloth which was

.../15

across the horse's loins, and revealed numerous ulcers which were discharging pus, again he used his whip fiercely, shouting all the time "Englische Pferd" ! !

I went on to the hospital, and told some of my wounded friends who were there about it.

We sympathised with that horse.

"Fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind".

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French Prisoner and German Bully.

At Oberdruf one day a German soldier of the camp guard attacked without provocation a French prisoner from behind, he kicked the prisoner savagely, and sent him forward a few paces, nearly knocking him down. The French man pulled himself together at once and turned round to face his enemy, and on doing so he found the German's bayonet a few inches from his chest. Speaking perfect German, the French man said "You are a coward; kill me if you wish, you can do so safely as I am not armed", or words to that effect.

The German did not strike, he was surprised and he could not act. A commotion occurred in the camp, the guard turned out, and the Hun was run in and punished, if he had killed his man he would have had the iron + but he had hesitated and lost.

The Cemetery at Oberdruf.

There was a little cemetery on the hill side, between the hospital and the prisoners camp at Oberdruf. It consisted of two little plots surrounded by barbed wire fences, we often wondered what was the object of those fences. Did the Germans think that the dead might escape or did they think that the people of the district would break in and defile those graves ?

This cemetery did not look like an ordinary one as there were no tomb stones, or wooden crosses in it, and there was nothing to indicate the names of those who had been buried there; probably a record of them is kept at the commandant's office.

The graves were marked by little mounds of earth of the customary size and shape, and at each end of these mounds dwarf pines had been planted.

I enquired of some French prisoners as to who had been buried in this little cemetery, and they told me that those were the graves of some Belgian civilians, who had been captured early in the war, and shot after trial at Oberdruf; these poor Belgians had fired on the Germans, as they had a perfect right to do, when their country had been treacherously invaded, and now they are at rest in their enemies' country.

May the unfriendly soil press lightly on them.

We used to salute that little cemetery every morning on our way to work, and we shall never forget those lonely graves far away in Thuringia.

.../16

The Journey to England.

I received definite orders for the journey home on the 24th June 1915, and for the 2nd time I said good bye to all my friends in the hospitals and the camps.

The journey commenced on the 26th June when my party marched off from the Commandant's office at 4.30 a.m. The party consisted of Sergt R—— R.A.M.C. 2 Regimental stretcher bearers of the Somertshire Light Infantry and myself. Our escort consisted of one German officer, and one private, and the latter did not even fix his bayonet. Our kits were put into a small dog waggon which was drawn to the station by a British prisoner.

We got a train at Oberdruf after a short wait and for the 2nd time I found myself travelling 2nd class this time with the escorting officer, the three men went third escorted by the private.

As the train steamed out of the station we saw the old camp for the last time, I can see it now as I saw it then, looking so ugly through the morning mist which hung round the hill; it is sad to think of the wretched prisoners who are waiting there for the war to end, and where in the meantime some of them will die nearly every day. It was with a feeling of pain that I looked at that camp for the last time.

A few stations down the line I was ordered to travel 3rd class with the men; the Linien Kommandant (Commandant of the railway line) said that prisoners were not permitted to travel 2nd class.

I was very glad of the change as it was much more cheerful travelling with the men, and I had a haversack well stocked with provisions for the journey which I was able to share with them.

It was a most uneventful journey we were not worried by insults this time, the people took very little notice of us, and the precautions which we had taken in case of attack, was not wanted.

In case of trouble we intended to let them know that we had been treating typhus fever as we knew by experience that the mere mention of Flecke Fieber was sufficient to put most huns to flight, but something must have happened to those people during the ten months which had passed since September 1914, it seemed as though they had been civilized by the war.

We arrived at Brussels at 7 a.m. on the 27th June 1915, as soon as I stepped on to the platform a German officer accompanied by an interpreter came forward and asked me most politely to accompany them, and they took great care to assure me that my luggage would follow.

Outside the station a splendid touring car was waiting and I was asked to get in to it, and to make myself comfortable. I was escorted by the officer and the interpreter only, and it was a new experience for me to find Germans so polite as they were. I suppose that they had been ordered to be so.

.../17

We were driven through the quiet streets of La belle Ville, to a big military hospital, where I was cermoniously shown into a ward in which was a bed waiting for me. Two of my old friends had already arrived and were sleeping in this ward when I arrived there. They soon woke up and we put 2 and 2 together and came to the conclusion thatwwe were for the shore, but I well remember how we three agreed that we could not be certain of home, until we had crossed the Dutch frontier.

We were not yet out of the wood.

Breakfast given to us in the ward, it consisted of good coffee, and bread and butter, it was far better than the usual breakfast at the prsion camps, and it was served by German soldiers, and later in the morning these same soldiers cleaned our boots. This was change from our first journey from Mons to Aachen.

Sentries were placed outside the door of our ward, and we were not allowed outside. It was strictly forbidden to open the windows, this was evidently to prevent us communicating with people outside.

Early the following morning, a large party of R.A.M.C. officers, and several chaplins arrived in our ward, amongst them were many of my old friends in misfortune, all of whom were looking a little thinner than when I saw them last. They were surprised to see me as I had been reported dead of typhus fever somewhere in Germany and some of them had already thought out what they should say to my widow in case they should meet her in London (De mortuis nil nisi bonum).

A german doctor came into the ward some time later to see if he could recognize any of us as former friends, and he told us that we were for England. He is an F.R.S.

After breakfast we were driven to another railway station in 2 large motor coaches. The streets through which we passed, looked rather sad, none of the people smiled, and there were not many Belgians about that day.

We found still more R.A.M.C. officers and chaplins at the railway station, and there were a great many rank and file of the R.A.M.C. assembled there also. I soon saw many of the faces that were once familiar in No 4 Field Ambulance.

The men for the most part looked fit, but some of them were thin and weary looking, one Q.M.S. had lost a lot of weight, which might have been superflous, but he was looking seedy.

We waited in the station from 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon, during which time we had a last roll call and we were asked if we had any complaints to make.

Many complaints were made then, nut nothing has been heard of them since.

The wounded began to arrive about 10 a.m. they were driven up in motor ambulances, and quickly passed into the waiting train, they were for exchange to England. All of them were so badly damaged that there was practically no possibility of any of them taking part in the war again. It was very sad to see the numbers of amputations above the knee, the blind and others who had been

.../18

mutilated by shell fire. Most of them had been wounded early in the war, and they had been many months in German camps where they had been treated shamefully, but not one of them was down hearted that day at the railway station at Brussels, they were all glad at the thought of home again, and they made the most of the pleasures of expectation.

The train left Brussels at 12.30 p.m. and we passed through Malines and on through the lonely and scarred country to the outskirts of Antwerp, there we turned to the north and headed straight for the Dutch frontier, halting only at the frontier station.

During this halt many of us had misgivings about the remainder of the journey, and I fancy that if the train had not moved on in the right direction when it did, several of us would have been out making a dash for it, but happily the train went on and we crossed the frontier into Holland.

Holland.

The journey through Holland will always be a pleasant recollection for the prisoners of war, who ceased to exist as such on crossing the Dutch frontier on the 28th June 1915.

All our doubts as to our destination were set aside, as once in Holland we knew that we were free once more, and there was no danger of any German "Schweinerie".

The German soldiers who had been on guard in our train left us at the frontier station, and there were no more guards in field grey with saw edged bayonets along the line; instead of these there were smartly turned out Dutch soldiers on guard, and they laughed and cheered us on our way through their smiling country.

It seemed as though all Holland was "smiling" and gay that day, we had a great reception at the only station where we stopped, it was such a change for all of us after having been strafed for months in Germany, that men could hardly understand all this kindness at first, and it made them "come all over queer" to see pretty Dutch girls smile at them while offering them tea that had cream in it and splendid bread and butter, sandwiches, cakes and fruit to eat.

It was a great time for all of us, we had been looking forward for this for many months, and now all our expectations were more than realized.

The Dutch girls asked us for souvenirs, and they got an extraordinary collection, many men who had been bringing home rings which had been made in the camps in Germany out of French Russian Belgian and British military buttons, parted with them that day to the pretty Dutch girls who were so kind to us.

R.A.M.C. badges were very popular with the girls.

Our journey to Flushing was very pleasant the people cheered us all the way and it was good to note the well fed properous appearance of the men and animals, "we had around us men who were fat" and we had left those with the "lean and hungry looks" behind in Germany.

.../19

We got on board the S.S. Oranje Nassau at Flushing that evening, and we remained in the harbour that night, as it was safer to cross the North Sea in day light.

We crossed the North Sea on the 30th June 1915. The wounded being under the care of the Dutch Red Cross Society.

Home Again.

We crossed the North Sea in the S.S. Oranje Nassau without incident on the 29th June 1915, and we steamed up the river in the afternoon, arriving at Tilbury at 3 p.m.

All the ships in the Thames gave us a great welcome with their steam syrens as we came slowly by them on our way to Tilbury, the sound was like what I had heard before on several New Uear's Nights when I had been near the river, and it made me feel very glad to hear it again.

Tilbury is rather a dull place at best of times, we found it so that day. Rain began to fall when we were getting off the ship, and we had a long and weary wait for our train.

The people who met the boat were very quiet, and they hardly spoke to our men or to the wounded. I heard some of the men shout to them "for Heaven's sake speak English". When we had been waiting for a while at Tilbury the people thawed a little and some of them spoke English to the returned prisoners of war.

We travelled from Tilbury by special train to St Pancras, where we got a great reception from crowds of people who were waiting for our arrival at the station.

London.

I was driven out of the station in a very fine motor car through cheering crowds. The car stopped at the Royal Free Hospital where I dined with several other returned M.Os after dinner I took a taxi and crossed London to West Kensington, where I joined my family and was home again.

Driving across London in a taxi is an exciting journey for ~~me~~ one who has been inside barbed wire for months, I felt that the pace was simply terrific, and I feared collisions at every crossing, it was so thrilling for me that I asked the driver to go slowly and needless to say we crossed without accident. The taxi man scornfully refused German money for his fare, I had no other money at the time so I borrowed a few shillings for him.

The one thing which pleased me most about London on my return was the number of men who were in khake in the streets, they were all fine young soldiers, smartly turned out, and they looked far superior to any of the field grey warriors I had seen in Germany, what I saw in town convinced me that we have better men than they have, of course I always knew this but it was good to

.../20

have the living proof before my eyes. I have always been an optimist about the end of the war, which however I believe to be farther off than most people think, and I became a more ardent optimist than ever in London. Seeing British soldiers once more in England was better for me than any tonic, on my return from the enemy's country after ten months illegal detention there.

During the few days which I stayed in town, I was greatly interested in recruiting posters, I remember well, how carefully I looked at every poster which I came across many of them were strangely familiar to me, as I had seen photographs of them in the German papers, and I had read their scathing remarks on this method of recruiting; the German editors saw only the photographs of these posters, they had not seen our men, hence their remarks on our failure to raise an army.

A German officer once said to me that without conscription they could not raise an army of half a million in the Vaterland, he could not believe that men would enlist to go to war of their own free will, as they would not do so in Germany.

Germans at Work.

All the German people who can work in any capacity appeared to me to be doing their utmost for the Vaterland. They commenced work at a very early hour and worked late into the night. I have seen some of their munition factories from a distance and they seemed to be working at full pressure at all times.

The amount of work which had been done on the land was marvellous, during my journeys from camp to camp I noted that practically every square yard of land in the country had been cultivated, and so made to do its bit.

The workers in the fields were for the most part women, and elderly men obviously unfit for military service, I saw them working in scores on my way home from Oberdruf, they were all hard at it, and even in remote country places they did not stop their work to gaze at the train as it went by.

All the country people who are in Germany work hard for their country, and as long as they continue to do so they will have sufficient food.

A Prisoner's Camp In England.

Soon after my return from Germany, I went to see a camp for German prisoners somewhere in England, it was not my intention to jeer at the Huns, I only wanted to see them down and subdued. I expected to find them much better off than the prisoners whom I had left behind in Germany in a state of starvation and covered with rags.

I found the camp in a level plain between pine woods, its situation was all that could be desired there were British soldiers on guard; and both the guard and the prisoners were under canvas, the camp commandant himself lived in a tent inside the outer barbed wire fence, but separated from the Huns by the inner fence.

.../21

At the time of my arrival outside the camp a band was playing German music inside, and the prisoners had just come in from their foot-ball field for tea in the camp.

I was allowed inside the outer fence and so I was able to look at the Huns at a distance of about 20 yards, they all looked content and they were obviously in the pink of condition.

They appeared to be well clothed in new German uniforms, their boots were good.

They strolled about the camp as if they owned the whole place, and they appeared to me to be far happier and more at ease than the German soldiers of the 11th Army Corps were at Oberdruf.

In that comfortable camp somewhere in England the prisoners were free from German discipline, there was no fear of the "Paraden Marsch" with packs filled with bricks and sand, they were safe from this and more, they had more than enough to eat and drink, they had their exercise ground, they were not made to work, and last but not least they had their German band; I wonder if they had "any complaints".

The Germans who are prisoners in England are very lucky men; the British who are prisoners in Germany - - - - - I have written all I know about the conditions in which they live and die.

Guns and Machine Guns.

Guns were always in position on some ground from which they dominated the three camps for men in which I was interned in Germany (Altengrabow, Gottingen and Oberdruf) they were old guns but evidently they were good enough for use against defenceless prisoners, in case any disturbances should occur in the camps.

As there was no cover in any of these camps, most of the prisoners realized that they should have to chance it in the open or in wooden huts if the huns for any reason took it into their heads to try curtain fire on the Hauftlagerstrasse.

Machine guns were very often in evidence at Oberdruf where elevated platforms had been made at convenient corners around the lager. Gun teams used to mount these platforms frequently, and train their guns on crowds of prisoners in the lager, but during my time at Oberdruf they had no occasion to open fire, though they constantly threatened the prisoners with the machine guns.

I went to see a football match which was played on the hill at Oberdruf one Sunday, and during the match I happened to glance round and saw the guns teams with their machine guns all ready for immediate action about 200 yards behind the backs of the prisoners who were looking on at the foot ball.

With only one or two exceptions all the incidents which I have recorded in this account of life in German camps have been witnessed by myself, and I can vouch for them, and in the case those incidents which I have recorded from

.../22

hearsay evidence, I am prepared to produce witnesses to support the accuracy of my statements in every one of them.

If I were to record a small fraction of all I have heard to the discredit of Kultur, I should have to write for years to come, but I fancy that what I have written will show that men who have been prisoners in Germany will have very little love for the hun, ever after the war.