

## AN ACCOUNT OF MY CAPTURE AND MY EXPERIENCES IN GERMANY.

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It has been suggested to me that some account of my capture and captivity, for nearly five months, with the Germans might be of interest to my brother officers and our Corps generally, therefore I have determined to attempt to comply with the suggestion.

The headquarters of the 2nd Division and the whole of the 6th Brigade were billeted in the town of Maroylles, after a very long and trying march on the night of August 25, 1914. It was very dark and our outposts on the south-west of the town were attacked during the night. News also came in that the 4th Guards' Brigade, which was still further south at Landressi, was also heavily attacked. At dawn all our troops had moved out of Maroylles by the road by which we had come in, towards the north. No. 6 Field Ambulance could not be found, and Major F. Irvine and I found ourselves alone in the town with twenty severely wounded men, mostly of the Royal Berks Regiment. Shells began to fall near us so we decided that Irvine should remain. I then followed the Division headquarters, and later left them to try and find the 5th Field Ambulance, as the 6th was not forthcoming, but was not successful. However, I came across some of the 1st Division and also a French Infantry Division—the first French I had seen—and, in advance of them, a French cavalry patrol, strength ten. I returned with this patrol to Maroylles, as I hated leaving my staff officer alone. I had also met a small cavalry patrol of our own under a corporal, and had sent him with a letter to the General Officer Commanding 1st or 2nd Division, asking that at least five ambulance wagons should be sent to me. We then made arrangements to bury the dead, but were shelled from a wood when we attempted to collect them. During the day the town seemed to be alternately in the possession of French and Germans, and changed hands several times, the Germans retiring when the French patrols arrived. All the time I was expecting our own Division to return and pick us up. In the afternoon five ambulance wagons turned up and we fed the wounded with a supply of fresh milk, redressed and loaded them up. The wagons had orders to make for Priche, which was about eight kilometres to the east. When we had got about half a mile

on the road we met a company of Connaught Rangers with two officers, lost, and very hungry and weary, in fact absolutely done; I decided to conduct them back to Maroylles and show them where they could get food. We had left a lot behind. I advised the officers to feed their men and let them rest for the night, thinking that they would be picked up by our troops in the morning. I then started off to Priche. It came on to rain and grew pitch dark. I was on foot, having sent my horse on with the ambulance wagons, the bridle having been stolen when I turned back with the Connaught Rangers. It was a horribly jumpy walk, and I remember a lot of cattle stampeding down the road towards me gave me a horrible fright. When I reached Priche there was no sign of the ambulances, which had taken a wrong road. I tried to find the Mayor, but his house was closed up; so being very tired and wet, I knocked at the first house with a light and was glad to get some bread and beer and a place to lie down. I was awakened by a *curé* knocking at the door, with three more Connaught Rangers whom he had been hiding in the church, and now asked me to take over. The Germans were then entering the town. At first I lay low thinking it might only be a patrol, but a whole brigade came along and halted for breakfast. I then came out, addressed an artillery officer who was near the door, and asked to be brought to the general. He was quite civil, heard my story and asked me to have some breakfast. He had a bottle of champagne and gave me a glass of it. A staff officer then wrote me out a pass which was signed by this general, giving me permission to go back through Belgium to Holland. I left him, but was seized before I left the town and handed over to the Provost-Marshal. Some young officers with him were abusive, called me a spy and other names; they had as interpreter a man who said he was the son of the German Consul in Glasgow and had been at the university there. I was put under a guard with fixed bayonets and made to march behind a company. We came under shrapnel fire two or three times, and when it was growing dark the troops I was with came into action and cut off the Munster Fusiliers at Etreux. That night and the next day I lay in a spinning factory with the survivors of the Munsters. The second day they took me to Etreux, about a mile off, and asked me to assist them with the Munster wounded.

Almost every house in the town was full of wounded Germans and Irish—about two hundred of each—and No. 47 German "Field Lazarette" was working away with two operating tables set up

in a large room in the Mayorie. Private Hill, R.A.M.C., attached to the Royal Munster Fusiliers, did splendid service now and also during the "all-day" battle, as reported to me by Captain Jarvis, the senior surviving officer; also Serjeant Rodgers, R.M.F., who had been the medical officer's N.C.O. orderly and the surviving stretcher-bearers, whose names I do not remember. The surviving officers and men were all loud in their praise of the gallant conduct and work of Private Hill. While there, amidst scenes of terrible suffering and misery, the impression was forced upon me that it would be the most humane course to finish off the very severely wounded as one would do in the case of an animal. I had an opportunity of seeing some excellent surgery there—almost too conservative, I thought.

Herr Hoppe, the *Obarzt*, who was an Emden specialist in women's diseases, was an excellent operator, and most particular in trying to treat Germans and Irish alike, and had them into the theatre in turn. The pure surgery was good, but the administration, sanitation, and feeding arrangements were very poor—in fact, there was no system at all. All the officers of the hospital—six medical and two administrative—had served in cavalry, artillery, or infantry, but not in the Medical Corps until called up for the war. I would like to mention here that I have never seen plaster of Paris so skilfully used. After ten days all the fractured legs and thighs were done up in it, and windows cut to enable the dressings to be done. Very few of the wounded died after the first two days, and some of the most severe seemed to be recovering when I left. While in Etreux I lived with the officers of the hospital. Many German brigades passed through and spent the night; and I never saw any man misbehave in any way, nor did I hear of any—in fact I was astonished at the perfect discipline. There was plenty of wine about, but I never saw a German drunk or war excited. The men took up their billets in a most orderly way, and marched off the next morning without looting anything. I was quite amazed, for they were then a victorious invading army. All ranks seemed anxious to treat the prisoners as well as possible, and carried out various suggestions I made as to: ventilation, which was effected by breaking many windows in the factory; exercising by companies under their own officers in the open; cooking arrangements; construction of latrines outside; washing arrangements. The Germans seemed to be very ignorant on all these sanitary points. All through the town of Etreux, where almost every house contained wounded, washing

water, urine, and food refuse were emptied at the doors each morning. Soon there was a plague of flies, and several wounds became infested with maggots. I was able to collect all the wounded officers into one clean house, the front of which was a shop, and often used as billets for a dozen German soldiers passing through. As the two tables in the theatre did not seem able to cope with the numbers requiring redressings, I started a third dressing table in the open, and for some days worked with the assistance of Private Hill, R.A.M.C., and Serjeant Rodgers, R.M.F. Herr Hoppe then asked me to stop this, but gave no reason. The Germans buried the dead, both British and German, in two great trenches in an orchard at the north end of the town. They put up a cross, and carved upon it "Freund und Feind in Tod vereint." On top of the cross they put a small Union Jack as well as a German flag. They made, besides, about ten separate graves in a field close by for German officers and *feldt-webers*, a rank corresponding to an infantry warrant officer.

On September 8 Herr Hoppe took me with him to Charlerois, where he hoped to get transport and orders as to the disposal of their wounded. He brought me to the general's office and tried to get me a pass into Holland, but the military authorities would not hear of this. I wrote out a statement of my case and claimed to be returned under the Geneva Convention. I saw one of the finest streets in Charlerois burnt down; the rest of the town was not injured. Herr Hoppe told me that after the town had been occupied their transport had been heavily fired upon there from the windows, and that then the street had been burnt. Although all the hotels and cafés were open and free to all, I never saw a drunken soldier nor a man misbehave. I now quote from my diary:

September 11. Returned to Etreux about 2 p.m. yesterday; a horrible experience it was after having left in hope of being returned. Found all prisoners and all the more lightly wounded gone. About eighteen remain, and all seem doing wonderfully. Lieutenant Thomas, Royal Munster Fusiliers, shot through the larynx, still here, so I have taken up my quarters in his room as he wants attention at night having still a tube in the larynx. Many of the fractures have been beautifully done up in plaster of Paris. The Germans are certainly fine surgeons.

September 12. At least a brigade of German troops billeted here last night. No one interfered with us although four officers and a dozen men were in the house. The strength, discipline, intelligence, and good conduct of these crowds of men passing through are

wonderful ; all so cheerful and "well-to-do." No one looks tired or draggled. Bicycles and motor-cars do not last long in war : on every wagon are piled disabled cycles, while motor-cars lie all along the roads.

September 13. Some very heavy German artillery passed through. Visited the battlefield on parole with Thomas ; pools of dried-up blood still all over the place. From T.'s description, most of the Munsters seem to have been in the ditches along the road and the little orchards, the Germans all round in the open fields. It seems wonderful to be able to eat, drink, and sleep normally and even to forget at times the horrible position in which I find myself.

On September 19 was brought to Saint Quentin by Herr Hoppe, as the hospital was rejoining their Division and all the wounded had been disposed of. Lieutenant Thomas was dropped at a hospital in Guise *en route*. Herr Hoppe again tried to get me sent back, but the general took me over, sent me under escort to the station, where I was locked up for the day and at night sent off by train with a non-commissioned officer and man. Had a very slow journey via Brussels, Louvain, Liège, Cöln, down the Rhine, Bingen, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, to Ulm, where I was lodged in a prison cell for two days. All along this route, which occupied four days, several changes had to be made each day, and I was unpleasantly stared at, but only once, and that by a single individual, called insulting names. The escort was most considerate, kept back crowds, pulled the blinds down to prevent staring, and gave me part of the food brought to them by women and girls at almost every station. The quantities they consumed and the number of cigars they smoked was incredible. They were both Bavarian, and the boy private was a most wonderful story-teller ; he told tale after tale and kept all in the carriage in fits of laughter. I regret to say that I understood but little of the dialect he spoke. At Bingen I had the very unpleasant experience of having to sit for five hours in the public railway restaurant, stared at by everyone.

After two days at Ulm, which I spent in a cell of the civil prison, I was brought on to Ingolstadt, South Bavaria, with some French officers, and we marched out six kilometres, to No. 9 Fort, Oberstimm. There was a crowd of French officers near the inner gate who, when they saw me among the new-comers, shouted "Vive l'Angleterre!" After being searched and asked various questions in the Commandant's office I was

marched off, with eight others, to a dark casemate, No. 74. I was feeling very much exhausted and very miserable, so a kind young Russian, one Mertens, from the next casemate, which opened into ours through an archway, made me lie down on his bed while waiting until our own were brought, and gave me a stick of chocolate. We were each soon supplied with an old iron bedstead with bed-boards, a palliasse and bolster stuffed with straw, two blankets; a small table meant to seat four, a couple of forms, a bucket, a tin washing basin, a couple of large plates and a big basin for soup, with a black-handled iron knife, fork and spoon and one small paraffin lamp completed the furniture of the so-called room. When the soup was served up we had to borrow vessels from those next door until we were able to buy some for ourselves. As there was no room to sit at table (four only could use it), we pulled out two beds and put bed-boards between them, at which the others sat. The same basin given to us for washing was also used for washing up the table utensils. After two days in this dark casemate I was moved into a much lighter one, containing only four prisoners, two being French colonels and the other a private employed as an interpreter. The number in the room was afterwards increased to six. It was more comfortable here as they had bought good table utensils. They told me they had also bought pillows, pieces of bedside matting, and little iron basin stands, as well as a spirit stove for heating food and making coffee, but that all of these had been confiscated as being luxuries. In this room, too, each had a wooden stool instead of a single form, and we bought a second table later on when we became six. The food was nearly always the same. The ration was as follows: at 7.30 a.m. black bread and coffee; at 12.30 p.m. soup, about four ounces of luke-warm meat (which six days out of seven was fat boiled pork), about two potatoes, if small three; one day out of five *chou croute* (raw sour cabbage and vinegar) instead of potatoes; in the evening, at 6.30 more soup (nearly always thrown away) and a slice of sausage, mostly raw; occasionally a small sausage each, boiled in the soup; about every fourth or fifth day, a slice of cheese instead of sausage. No sugar, salt, or butter was allowed on the ration. The ration of black bread was ample (very doughy when fresh; it improved by keeping); a large bottle of good Bavarian beer was allowed to each officer daily, on payment. No tablecloth was ever allowed at meals. At first a sort of canteen was run at which chocolate, cheese, candles, extra bread, sometimes even butter, could be bought, but before I left the sale of all articles of

food had been stopped. Luckily, certain things could generally be obtained by bribing the German soldiers of our guard to buy them for us in Ingolstadt. The interpreter's wife, who lived at her mother's home in Luxemburg, used often to send us boxes of food; he, being employed in the Commandant's office and able to make himself useful, found no difficulty in passing out orders and getting the supplies passed in. But for this we should have often been very hungry indeed. Each officer of the rank of captain and above was paid 100 marks a month; those below that rank 60 marks; 38 marks were deducted to pay for the wretched ration, and fourpence a day for beer. At first merchants were allowed to come in twice a week to sell underclothing, tobacco, fruit, warm waistcoats, sweaters, caps, etc., but that was all stopped. We were also allowed to walk round the ramparts of the fortress, which was just six hundred good paces, but for the last two months prisoners were only allowed to walk about in the two wells of the fortress, each about fifty by twenty yards, and always either deep in snow or a sea of mud, so that one saw nothing of the country round, merely the dead bank or wall on every side. The floors of the casemates, being cement, were very cold and generally remained wet. There was a stove in each room, and from November 15 about ten pounds of coal was issued daily for each, which kept it alight for about five hours and served to dry the floor. I only felt the cold in my feet and suffered much from chilblains; I lost feeling in the balls of both feet and suffered much from burning and tingling sensations in them at night. My left foot, even now, has not quite recovered. Everyone bought sabots with thick wooden soles and lined with felt; they made a horrible noise clattering all about the passages, reminding one of a railway station in Japan; but I have no doubt they saved many feet from frost-bite, certainly my own. At first we attended but one parade a day, at 11 a.m., for the purpose of being counted, but latterly this was increased to four such parades, with a fifth and sixth counting, morning and evening when in bed. This we were told was due to the fact that five Frenchmen had tried to escape from one of the other fortresses; our exclusion from the ramparts was also put down to the same cause. These parades, or *appels* as the French called them, were very tedious affairs and generally each one occupied half an hour. We fell in by fours in order of rooms, with forty orderlies on the left (these were French private soldiers; one was allowed to each casemate to sweep up, clean boots, wash up, bring water, light the stove). First a French officer went

along the line finding out how many were reporting sick in each room, then two more French officers (one along the front, the other along the rear) seeing that the sections of fours were properly completed; then three separate German non-commissioned officers to count the sections. These reported to the Commandant, to whom also the number sick had been reported; then the German non-commissioned officers had to visit all the casemates to prove the numbers reported sick and come and report again; the Commandant then took out his notebook and pencil and worked out the sum. If correct the Germans disappeared, but if some error had been made the whole process had to be gone over again. Fortunately, talking moderately was allowed, so that I used to bring a list of new French words and practise with them; on one day the names of the common trees, on another day the names of the birds, on another of the fish, and so on.

The French have a curious fashion of shaking hands whenever they meet, even coming on parade. A man coming into a room would shake hands with everyone in it, and the same when leaving. The Russians and Belgians seem to do the same; even the Germans do a good deal of it, but their habit is generally to bow all round, keeping the hand at the salute.

When these parades were held for counting four times a day one can imagine how tedious they became; with snow and ice on the ground or in a sea of mud, with snow or rain falling and perhaps a piercing cold wind blowing, they could be very unpleasant indeed. I was the only British officer, among 360 French, 4 Russian and 1 Belgian. Of these, the Belgian and 44 of the French were medical officers. This is usually how my day was spent: 7.30 got up and had a sponge over in a corner of the room near the stove where the floor would dry up easily; then had coffee and black bread; read or did exercises or practised drawing until 9, when the first parade took place; after parade walked about with someone and started a conversation on some subject, i.e., hunting bears and wolves in Russia; a visit of a family to the seaside; the games of the children, etc.; a "5 o'clock" and a polite conversation with the lady of the house about her sons' and daughters' education; on another day, all the different articles used in 5 o'clock tea. With a barrister I would talk about the courts of law and compare their procedure with ours; with a fruit grower or farmer all about his business and so on; nearly every morning I walked and talked with a different man, and always carried a notebook to take down words new to me. The opportunities for

learning French were immense ; would that my memory were good enough to retain it all! I generally went in and finished a translation or exercise, then there was another counting at 11 a.m., when the doors were locked until 2 p.m.

After the 11 o'clock parade I had a German lesson ; the class was conducted by a French officer who had been a professor at Königsburg University. At 12.30 the midday meal, already described ; after that generally half an hour reading French aloud to learn the correct pronunciation. At 2 p.m. another parade, then half an hour's walking up and down. From 3 to 4 p.m. I held an English class at which we translated the first "Jungle Book." The Frenchmen were wonderfully interested in that and loved to hear sporting items in the jungle and the habits of the wild animals described. There were some members of the class known as "Mowgli" and "Bagheera." At 4 p.m. there was another parade for counting, and it was often the cause of much bad language as the bell would go in the middle of some very interesting passage or incident.

After parade the doors were locked for the night. The German papers and letters generally arrived then and the interpreter, who lived in our room, would translate the official communiqués into French. At 5.30 I always went to Casemate No. 73, and played bridge until 6.30 p.m., when our supper, already described, was served. Reading then until 9.30, when we had to be in bed, and counted yet again, finished the day. The night was long and dreary ; some snored loudly, two in our room did so, but one soon got accustomed to it, and the same snoring notes constantly repeated soon failed to keep one awake. Before I left the parades at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. had been stopped by the General, to whom a complaint had been made, and we were counted in our rooms at those hours instead. It was a dreary monotonous life, but if one kept busy, always doing and learning something, the time passed fairly quickly. The French often said to me how well my day was parcelled out. I had no time to think except in bed at night. Their mottoes were "Il faut passer le temps," "Il ne faut pas penser beaucoup," and "Il faut s'amuser." They were wonderfully cheerful and full of resource, those poor French, and so bright and clever ; I do not think they felt or resented the hateful position they were in in anything like the way a Britisher would.

One evening they announced a fancy dress parade, and about forty of them turned out, all got up in paper or linen, or nothing, as Judges, Monsieur Epine, Chief of Police in Paris (they all said a

living likeness), well-known German professors, ballet girls, Arab women performing "dances à ventre," primeval man (with a fig leaf and a tail), Red Cross nurses and Parisian society ladies very décolleté, etc. They all marched in procession and did their turns in an open space, where I, with the senior officers, was placed, amid cries of "Le tour," "Le tour," and "Bis, bis." (Some of my readers may not know that a Frenchman never shouts "Encore," always "Bis, bis," when he wants a thing repeated.)

This was one evening's entertainment. They invented all sorts of musical instruments, too, violins, cellos, and mandolines, with sounding boards made of polished cigar boxes. The strings the interpreter got smuggled in by German non-commissioned officers; flutes and piccolos were made from things like tooth-brush covers, drums from light wicker-work suit cases; tin plates made cymbals. The "tambour-major" was very magnificent; an enormous man with a red, white and blue plume, all of paper, and a huge staff, silvered with tissue paper too, which he wielded with great effect. This band performed on many occasions and gave a torch-light tattoo on December 31. The casemates all opened, one into the other, through an archway in the side so that a procession could march all down each wing (there were two) without leaving the occupied rooms. The torches were like square Japanese lamps made of thin wire and covered with paper or linen with devices in words and emblems printed and painted upon them. Each man who carried one had made his own. There was a bandmaster, "chef de musique," rank of captain among the prisoners. He with others got up a choir and trained men to sing in parts; they all had their music copied out by hand! Latterly a concert was given in one or other of the two wings once every ten days, and quite ambitious programmes were performed. Concerted music by the choir varied by solos, recitations, many of the songs and recitations being composed by members of the community. They always treated me with marked honours, being the only Britisher; and made me sit in front, generally receiving me with the National Anthem. Each entertainment finished up with the singing of our anthem, the Russian, the Belgian, and finally the grand "Marseillaise" yelled from every throat and encored over and over again.

On Christmas Day an exhibition of all the inventions was held, and entrance money, what you liked to give, was charged, which went to the French Red Cross. Nearly seven hundred marks were taken. An officer dressed up as a nurse held the

collecting box near the door; yellow straw hair, pink cheeks, very red lips, and a false bust décolleté gave the personator a very meretricious appearance. When I appeared "she" threw "her" arms around me, and kissed me on both cheeks, amid great laughter and cries of "Vive l'entente." I tell you I felt much embarrassed. On the opposite side of the entrance stood Monsieur Epine, Chief of the Paris Police, in knee breeches and buckled shoes, frilled shirt, cut-away coat, cocked hat, etc., little pointed beard and moustache. Everything was life-like. I think it must have been so, for this Epine was trotted out on many occasions and was always cheered. The exhibition was called "Concours Epine." It was quite a wonderful show; in addition to the musical instruments already mentioned, the tables down each side (made of bed boards) were beautifully decorated with paper made flowers; there were chessmen, inkstands and pen-holders, an aeroplane suspended from threads, also a Zeppelin, a big grandfather's clock which ticked and struck; a chandelier made of wires for the chapel, various devices for candles and lamps. On a large tray was a model mill, house, wheel, and flower garden in front; inside was a tame mouse, caught and trained by a big French officer of Tourcos, with a uniform fez. When called the mouse, which wore a little decorated collar and cord, would come out, get on to the wheel and send it spinning round as it ran up it at a tremendous pace; so quickly one could scarcely see its feet moving. The mouse seemed never to tire and to enjoy the sport thoroughly.

A daily paper, *Le Journal du Fort*, was sent round to the rooms each day and remained about half an hour in each. It was edited by a major of the French General Staff, who had been a professor at St. Cyr before the war. News was collected from all sorts of sources, paper cuttings sewn in the lining of uniform sent in. Extracts were made from all the German papers allowed, articles written on the war, its probable duration; on the operations, on the economic situation in Germany; information about all the various armies: organization, administration, pay, uniforms, ranks, schools, how officers entered, etc. I gave all the information about our Army, which was gone into very fully and spread over three numbers. This paper was always carefully concealed from the Germans. As regards the economic question, the conclusion come to, after several deeply reasoned out articles on various aspects of the question, was that the war must end about June next. There was also a comic paper published, the *Rigolstadt*. Some of the comic drawings, and caricatures were excellent; the

letterpress was sometimes inclined to be vulgar and too broad, but often very clever. A Jesuit priest who had been acting as stretcher-bearer was among the prisoners, a very smart man and wonderful linguist. He could talk French, German, Italian, Turkish, and classical Latin. He is the only man I ever knew to whom Latin was not a dead language. I remembered my own Latin sufficiently to know that he could really talk it. He also knew something of English, having lived for three years in a religious house at Dover. He was a most interesting man, having spent his whole life in study and observation. His only regret at being a prisoner was that it interfered with his studies. He held a service every afternoon after 4 p.m., which was always crowded; also morning and evening on Sundays and saints' days. A great part of the mass was sung by the choir; a small harmonium was permitted on hire, but later was forbidden and sent back. After a petition to the General it was again allowed. No clergyman was allowed to preach. There were about thirty-nine members of other churches, non-Roman. A French serjeant, who in civil life was a Lutheran *padre*, was brought in from another prison for non-commissioned officers and men and treated as an officer to enable him to minister to these. They too got together a choir and copied out in parts chants and psalm music and sang a great part of the services.

For over three months I never received a letter or card; that was the most trying part of my captivity. Letters were generally delivered in the porch after 4 p.m., the names being called out to a crowd. Day after day I attended and waited, and then went away sick at heart; after a time I stopped going there and tried to forget what was going on. I well knew that, if anything turned up, one of my sympathetic friends would be sure to take it and bring it along to me.

On November 28 I wrote a petition to the Governor about receiving no news, and on that very day, before it had gone, two letters were brought to me. It is hard to describe the effect this had upon me; I felt like a man who had long been buried, and who had just had a glimpse of the world again. A couple of days later two cards came to me, but none ever moved me so deeply as the first two. The news was not good. Several relatives and friends had already fallen, my brother's house burnt down, but I just felt it was good to be alive after all and to be able to know about things again, whether the news was good or bad. On October 17 I was sent to No. 10 Fortress, "Prinz Karl," with three French medical officers. The march was fifteen kilometres and led through the city of Ingol-

stadt. We were allowed to hire a little cart to carry kits. I had none myself, but each Frenchman had a small trunk. However, I was glad of the cart, and sat on it most of the way, as I had been ill for a week and could not have walked the distance. The others marched along beside the cart under a guard. I did not know why I was being sent. "Pour vous gêner," the others said. There were one thousand three hundred French soldiers there, no officers beyond two medical ones, who were now reinforced by the three who came with me. In the Commandant's office next morning I was told there was no work for me at present, but that I had been sent there to await the arrival of prisoners, "black and yellow." This was given out very sarcastically. The Germans were always very bitter because coloured races had been brought to fight against them. The food was much more plentiful here, but I was very lonely and missed the nice friends I had made and the variety of the company possible in the old Fort.

The French soldiers seemed to be quite happy in captivity; they lived twenty-five in each casemate, slept on straw on the floor, and each man had just a blanket. They played a lot of games, using round stones and pieces of stick; also running games like prisoners' base. They struck me as being more childish than British soldiers and seemed very easily amused. Some were gentlemen and held good positions in civil life. I met two university professors and two artists, each having studios in Paris. One of these gave me some drawing lessons while I was there. He had been outside staying at the Commandant's private house close by, painting him, some of his family, and his horses. He was a charming fellow, and I am hoping to meet him again. When I found no work here I petitioned the Governor, appealing to him, as one old officer to another, not to make my detention harder than necessary by separating me from the companions I had grown to like; consequently I was returned to Oberstimm on November 1, and met with a great reception as I came in the gate.

From what I have already written, I hope it is evident that my general opinion of the Germans is not an unfavourable one. In the fortress the prisoner officers were kept with great strictness, and the rations supplied were of the poorest quality, yet they were never subjected to any insult or degradation. In fact, the only objectionable German I met was our Fortress Commandant, an old Lieutenant of Reserve, employed in the Customs at Neurenberg. He went by the nickname of "Fesses d'azure" among the prisoners, in allusion to the light blue uniform he generally wore. I think

he was absolutely unsympathetic and harsh, and thought it his duty to proscribe everything which could increase the comfort of living in the place. Thus, at first, he forbade washstands and small pieces of carpet for the bedsides which had been bought by some officers; these were afterwards returned. Pillows and any form of tablecloth were also forbidden. Restrictions on writing were severe, though this probably was by order of the Governor. We were allowed to write but three post cards a month, each consisting of sixteen lines only. On one occasion I went to the Bureau and requested permission to write a letter instead of a post card as I had some business questions in connexion with our house near Edinburgh to ask of my niece. I was met with a very curt refusal. On the other hand, I travelled by train for five days, while being brought from St. Quentin to Ingolstadt under escort of an "Unteroffizier" and man, and always found them most considerate in preventing people from staring, and in sharing with me food and drink given to them by ladies of the Red Cross at stations. On the return journey to Holland, when I was being released, it was just the same. I must say that I saw no indication of the intense hatred of the English, now so generally described. I cannot believe that it exists, at any rate among the rank and file of the Army. Nor on my recent journey through Germany did I notice any sign of scarcity of food. I was allowed to buy my meals at the railway station "buffets"; there was always an abundance to be had, and apparently there were no restrictions and no rise in prices. My release came quite unexpectedly. I was holding my usual English class at 3 p.m. when the Commandant came into the room with an escort under arms and told me to be ready to leave in ten minutes. I asked him where I was going, and why, but he only would answer, "Dass macht nichts!" ("That does not matter.") My friends packed up the few underclothes, etc., which I had, in a "Rucksac," also my sabots, a few books, and a pillow which I had succeeded in getting by the special permission of the Governor. I was then taken to the Bureau; all my things were pulled out again and examined. I was given my money, fifteen pounds, in German paper, a mark counting as a shilling, also a receipt for my field glasses, which had been confiscated. By this time the 4 p.m. "Appel" (roll call) was over, and the outer door of the fortress closed for the night. I was refused leave to see anyone or to wish them good-bye, nor was I allowed to hire a conveyance to carry me and my kit the eight kilometres to Ingolstadt. When I got outside the gate the Commandant handed me over to a "Feldtwebel," or warrant officer,

and told me for the first time that I was to be sent to England, via Holland. I could scarcely believe my ears, and when I realized what it meant I could only just prevent myself from shouting. I covered those kilometres stepping out like a youth of 20 years. That night I was locked up in a small room at the station, where a waiter from the buffet came to ask what I wanted for supper. I was not long in deciding on fish, beef steak, with fried potatoes, ending up with an omelette. That was a meal to be remembered, and the sweetest I had had for many a long month. We started at 6 a.m., after I had consumed coffee and sundry white rolls and butter. At midday I had another good meal at a station buffet, and arrived in the evening at Achafenberg, the frontier of Bavaria. There I bid good-bye to my Bavarian escort, who proved to be a very nice fellow, decorated with the Iron Cross, just recovered from three wounds and about to return to the Western front. He was a native of Ingolstadt, a very well-to-do young man of 23, who wore a very smart uniform provided by himself. He felt confident of the final victory of the Germans and of the justice of their cause; said it would be the highest of all honours to die for his Emperor and country, and that German families liked losing some of their sons on the battlefield. I was met by a young "Jager" Prussian officer, with another "Feldtwebel" and two men, and marched to a military barracks a couple of miles out of the town. I was given supper in the canteen and put into an empty officer's quarter by the young officer, who said it was the quarter over his own, and who apologized for turning the key on me. There was a bedroom and sitting-room, both beautifully furnished. In the morning the same young officer brought me to the station and there had coffee and rolls with me. He sent an orderly to carry my kit. He, too, had been wounded, but had recovered and hoped to rejoin immediately; said they hoped to be in London by the end of June, and seemed pretty confident about it. He was under 20 years, and had only just joined from a military college when the war began. A Prussian "Feldtwebel" travelled with me as escort to Bentheim. On arrival there I was searched, and I feared my diary would have been seized, as I had written it up every day while I had been a prisoner; two officers read extracts and discussed it, but kindly decided to return it to me. I was kept under escort on the railway platform right up to the moment the Dutch train started, although I had bought my ticket for Rotterdam and the conductor had taken my kit on board some time before. On the train I met two

Dutch officers, both able to speak English, and both very anxious that the Dutch should come into the war on the Allies' side. I made them angry by telling them that the Germans had told me they expected to annex Belgium, and that Holland would join their Empire of her own free will. One of them was an engineer who had designed and constructed the waterworks at Inverness, so we had a talk about Scotland, which reminded me of the happy times spent there last summer. The next morning I visited the English Consul at Rotterdam, got my passport and a passage to Harwich on a little tramp English steamer, "The Bristol," which landed me safely there after a twenty-hours' passage.

I have made many friends among the French who were my fellow-prisoners, and I shall never forget their kindness, sympathy, and courtesy to me. I luckily have a few of their home addresses, and look forward to meeting them in happier times. If in the future there is an invasion of South Bavaria by the Russians, what a joy it would be to accompany that army and see the fortresses give up their prisoners.

The French certainly know how to make the best of adverse circumstances, and live up to the maxims they used to quote to me :

"Il ne faut pas penser ;" "Il faut passer le temps ;" "Il faut s'amuser."