

little French, and many of the Russians could. And quite a few of the French and Belgians could talk English, and one or two knew a little Russian. But no one in the crowd, except myself, knew more than one language except his own, so our talks were always three- or four-cornered, and the last man to get the news generally had it all pretty mixed by the time it got to him.

It was while I was in the guard-house that Mr. Gerard, the American ambassador, visited the camp. He came to this camp about every six months, as a rule. Even in the German prison camps the men had somehow got information about Mr. Gerard's efforts to improve the terrible surroundings in which they lived. Some of the men at Dülmen had been confined in various other camps, and they told me that when Mr. Gerard visited these camps all that the men did for a week or so afterwards was to talk about his visit and what he had said to them. We knew Mr. Gerard had got the Germans to make conditions better in some of the worst hell-holes in Germany, and the men were always glad when he came. They felt they had something better to look forward to and some relief from the awful misery.

Mr. Gerard was passing through the French barracks, and a man I knew told him there was an American there. The Germans did not want him to see me, but he put up an argument with the commanding officer, and they finally said he could inter-