

the ground with the farther end of the board, and measured again. He kept this up, length by length, in the direction of the Russian barracks. The sentry in the yard stopped and stared at him, but the fellow kept on, paying no attention to anybody. Pretty soon he was by the sentry's feet, and I thought any minute the latter would give him the butt, but he only stared a while and let him pass. That lad measured the whole distance to the Russian barracks, went inside, stayed a while, and calmly strolled out with the board under his arm. When he reached our barracks again he told us he had found a vino mine. What he really had found was something not so unusual—a thick-skulled German.

There was a lot of bamboo near the Russian barracks, and the Russians made baskets out of it and turned them in to the Germans. For this they got all the good jobs in the kitchen, and had a fine chance to get more to eat. But they were treated like dogs—that is, all except the few Cossacks that were among them. The Huns knew that a Cossack never forgets, and will get revenge for the slightest maltreatment, even if it means his death. I have seen sentries turn aside from the beat they were walking, and get out of the way when they saw a Cossack coming. There were very few Cossacks there, however. I do not think they let themselves get captured very often.

We had roll call every morning, of course, and