

I used to think of this fellow occasionally when I was in a German prison camp, and a piece of mouldy bread the size of a safety-match box was the generous portion of food they forced on me, with true German hospitality, once every forty-eight hours. I would not exactly have refused a beef-steak sandwich, I am afraid. But then I was not a heaven-born German. I was only a common American garby. He was full of kultur and grub. I was not full of anything.

There was a large prison camp at St. Nazaire, and at one time or another I saw all of it. Before the war it had been used as a barracks by the French army and consisted of well-made, comfortable two-storey stone buildings, floored with concrete, with auxiliary barracks of logs. The German prisoners occupied the stone buildings, while the French guards were quartered in the log houses. Inside, the houses were divided into long rooms with white-washed walls. There were two-decked wooden platforms in the rooms and iron cots, exactly the same as the French soldiers used. There were a gymnasium for the prisoners, a canteen where they might buy most of the things you could buy anywhere else in the country, and a studio for the painters among the prisoners. Officers were separated from privates—which was a good thing for the privates—and were kept in houses surrounded by stockades. Officers and privates received identical