

I was pretty thin at this time and getting thinner, so I reasoned I might just as well have it out before I starved. Besides, I thought, he ought to know that, in the States, we are not used to being bawled at by German swine.

So I told him so. And I said that he should not deery Americans, because America was neutral. He then said that as America supplied food and munitions to the Allies she was no better than the rest.

Then I said: "Do you remember the *Deutschland*? When she entered Baltimore and New London she got all the cargo she wanted, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you send over your merchant marine they will get the same." For that answer he gave me ten days in the guard-house. He did not like to be reminded that their merchant marine had to dive under to keep away from the Limeys.

I admit I was pretty saucy to this officer, but who would not be when a raw German swine officer sneered at him?

The only fun I had in the camp was while I was in the guard-house. There were Belgians, Frenchmen, Russians, Montenegrins, Limeys, Australians, Turcos, and Canadians all talking at once and trying to make themselves understood. I could get on with the Britishers, the French, the Belgians and the Russians, but the Turcos and Montenegrins were beyond me. Some of the Britishers could talk a