

CHAPTER XXIII

DESPAIR—AND FREEDOM

WHILE I was working at the hospital conditions at my old barracks had been getting worse and worse. Very few of the men were absolutely right in the head, I guess, and almost all had given up hope of ever getting out alive. Though they put up a good front to the Huns, they really did not care a great deal what happened to them. The only thing to think about was the minute they were living in.

The day I came back two Englishmen, who had suddenly gone mad, began to fight each other. It was the most terrible fight I have ever seen. It was some time before the rest of us could make them quit, because at first we did not know they were crazy. When we had them down, however, they were scratched and bitten and pounded from head to foot. Both bled from the nose all that night, and towards morning one of them became sane for a few minutes and then died. The other was taken away by the Germans, still crazy.

Another time an Australian came into our barracks, and with the utmost gravity told us that he was well in with the German officers and that he had