

my mouth, and then I used what was left and mixed it with the bark that we made cigarettes out of. Incidentally, this bark was great stuff. I do not know what kind of tree it came from, but it served the purpose. Whenever a fellow wanted to smoke and lit one of these cigarettes, a few puffs were enough. He did not want to smoke again for some time afterwards, nor, as like as not, did he want to eat either. They were therefore very valuable.

It is very hard to get matches in the camps, and when any prisoner does get hold of one it is made to last a long time. Here is how we made a match last. Someone gives up the sleeve of his coat, and the match is carefully lit, and the sleeve burned to a crisp. Then we take a button from our coats—the buttons are brass with two holes in them—pass a shoe string through the holes, knot the ends, and with the button in the centre of the string, buzz it around as you have seen boys do, with the string over both hands, moving the hands together and apart until the button revolves very fast.

We then put a piece of flint against the crisped cloth, and buzz the button against it until a spark makes the crisp glow, and from this we would light our bark cigarettes. I do not think any man in the world could inhale one of these bark cigarettes: some of us tried and went right to sleep.