

queer. I was just fed up with the whole business, and sick of doing nothing but suffer. So I strolled along, sticking my head into barracks doors, here trying to have a talk and there trying to pick a fight. It was all one to me: I just wanted something to do. I found what I wanted all right.

I had quite a talk with a sentry in front of a barracks. It must have lasted three-quarters of an hour. He did not know what I was calling him, and I did not know what he was calling me. I could have handled him all right, but another sentry came up on my blind side and grabbed me, and the talk was over.

They dragged me to the commander of the camp and he instructed them to give me a bath. So they took me to the bath-house, where I was stripped and lashed. All the time they were whipping me I was thinking what a joke it was on me, because I had been looking for excitement and had got more than I wanted, so I laughed, and the Huns thought I was crazy, sure.

Now, the Germans have a kind of blue salve, of the order of soft soap. When you rub it on your face and take it off with a stick, it gives you as close a shave as any barber could. So they smeared it all over me, and I quit laughing. It felt like lye, where I had been lashed. I was dumped into a vat of hot water, and at the same time my clothes were given a boiling, which was good for them.