

It certainly was hard when the next day came to give up your whole ration and go without that day. But I never saw a man hedge, or even speak of it. And we did not have any food pirates among us either : we were not captains of industry by any means.

There were times when some of us could not eat certain of our rations. For instance, many and many a time I was as hungry as anybody could be, and I wanted to eat my mud bread, but it seemed as if I could not get it into my mouth. Then I would trade it with someone else for his " shadow " soup or his barley coffee.

Men were dying every day in Brandenburg, and after each death the senior men of that barracks would detail twelve of their number to go out for half an hour and dig the grave, while others made little crosses, on which they wrote or carved the man's name, when he was captured, and his regiment or ship. In the middle of the cross were always the letters, R.I.P.—" Rest in Peace."

One time we were ordered to report to the German doctors for a serum treatment of some kind—to receive an injection, in other words. There was no choice about it this time, as we were simply herded together to the hospital barracks. Now, I knew what these things were like, and how brutal the German doctors were in giving an injection, so I wanted to be the very first man and not have to witness the other men getting theirs.