

the time, and wonder where on earth we got the wood.

We got the same kind of food in the hospital that was served in the other barracks, and I would not have had any more than I used to except that occasionally some of the twenty-six patients could not eat their share, and then, of course, it was mine. One day, though, we all had extra rations.

Two Russian doctors came to visit us every day, and once they were foolish enough, or kind enough, to ask whether we had received our rations—we had received them earlier than usual and they were finished at the time. Of course, I said no, so they ordered the Russian in the kitchen to deliver twenty-eight rations to us, which was not quite three loaves of bread. We were that much ahead that day, but it would not work when I tried the trick again.

One day a German doctor came to the hospital barracks. He would not touch anything while he was there—not even open the door. All of the patients had little cards attached to their beds—charts of their condition. When the German wanted to see these charts the Russian doctors had to hold them for him.

I was having a great time at the hospital, wrecking the barracks next door each day for wood, along with Kate, and getting a little more food sometimes, and was always nice and warm. I thought myself quite a pet. Compared with what I had been up against, it seemed like real comfort. But the more