

view me. I never was so glad to see anyone as I was to see him. The picture is still with me of his coming in the door. We talked for about an hour and a half, I guess, and then he got up to go, and he said I would hear from him in about three weeks. Just think what good news that was to me!

They let me out of the guard-house, and I celebrated by doing all the damage to German sentries that I could. The men in the camps went wild when they learned that Ambassador Gerard was there, for they said he was the only man in Germany they could tell their troubles to. The reason was that he was strong for the men, no matter of what nationality, and put his heart into the work. I am one of those who cannot say enough good things about him. Like many others, if it had not been for Mr. Gerard, I should have been done for by now.

A few days after this I was slow again as we were marching to the bread house, and the guard at the door tripped me. When I fell I hurt my wounds, which made me hot. Now, I had decided, on thinking it over, that the best thing to do was to be good, since I was expecting to be released, and I thought it would be tough luck to be killed just before I was set free. But I had been in the American navy, and any garby of the United States would have done what I did. It must be the training we get, for when a dirty trick is tried on us we get very nervous with our hands and are not always able to control them.