

to look us up, and, in fact, did not give a damn what happened, he was so miserable. He had been wounded several times, and died in a day or two. I never knew how he came to be in the Australian service.

Those two and myself were the only Americans I knew of in this prison camp—whether in Canadian, Australian, or French service. The other two had been captured in uniform, so there was no chance of their being released.

Dülmen was very near the Dutch border, and as it was quite easy to get out of the camp, attempts at escape were frequent. Most of those who ran away were brought back, though. The Germans were so lenient with those who tried to run away that I almost thought they were encouraging them. One chap was doing his ten days in the guard-house for the sixth time while I was there—that is, he had just about completed his period of detention. He claimed that the sixth time he had really got across the border; he swore it was the truth. I am not so sure myself. He got away for the seventh time while I was at Dülmen and was not returned.

Ten days in the guard-house is not such a light punishment, after all, because water three times a day is all the prisoner receives during that time, but it is pretty mild compared with some of the things the Huns do.

One morning I thought for sure—I was going