

Fontaine ahead of us all the way. We did not get anything to eat until 7 the next morning—twenty-four hours without food and water, ten of which were spent in the snow without any protection from the cold and wind. No wonder we kicked Fontaine for bringing this punishment on us and endangering the two who had escaped—he had simply strolled over to the French barracks and forgotten to return.

Now, the food received was just about enough to keep us alive. I suppose, with true kultur, the Huns had calculated just how much it would take to keep a man on this side of the starvation line, and gave us that much and no more. So we were always famished—always hungrier than you probably ever have been. But sometimes when we were ravenously hungry and could not hold out longer, we would trade rations.

One man would trade his whole ration for the next day for a half-ration to-day. That is, if you were so hungry that you thought you could not last out the day on your regular share, you would tell someone else that if he gave you half his share to-day you would give him all of yours to-morrow. If he was a gambler, he would take you up. That is, he would gamble on his being alive to-morrow, not on your keeping your word. He knew you would come across with your ration the next day, and like as not, if you tried to keep it from him he would kill you, and nobody would blame him.