

A War-Time Journal : Germany, 1914

September 1st.—The sentimentality of the Germans is amazing! They cannot even insert a simple notice of a death on the battlefield without this sickly parade, "Heute starb den Heldentod fürs Vaterland, unser innigste-geliebter einziger Sohn," etc. Always a "hero's death" and "for his Fatherland." A fresh "Bekanntmachung" has appeared, we prisoners of war are not to leave the town, not to stand in groups ("rotten " they call it) talking in the streets, to be in our houses at 9 p.m., etc. Two ex-Frankfort prisoners have been sent for by the Chief of the Police accused of indiscreet talking. "I hear," said the great man, "you say you were fed on nothing but bread and water in prison." "No," said Mr.—, "I had soup in the middle of the day, and coffee and bread at night, and in the morning." "Then why do you tell lies!" Such utter childishness, to believe every scrap of unkind gossip!

September 2nd.—We are buoyed up with hope, as they talk of our getting away this week! It *will* be delightful to leave this perpetual bell-ringing and flag-waving and Vaterlandslieder behind us!

September 3rd.—The whole of Altheim went