

his swill they would dive right through the barbed wire one after another, and their hands and face and clothes were always torn. It was unhealthy to stand between the Russians and their garbage prey—they were so speedy that nothing stopped them.

One morning, just after barley-coffee time, I came out of the barracks and saw an Australian arguing with the sentry. I was not only curious, but anxious to be a good citizen, as they say, so I went up and lent them an ear. The Australian had asked Fritz what had been done with the flag that the Huns were going to fly from the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

That was too deep for Fritz, so the Australian answered it for himself. "Don't you know, Fritz? Well, we have no blankets, you know."

Still the sentry did not see it. So the Australian carefully explained to me—so that Fritz could hear—that the Germans had no blankets and were using the flag to wrap their cold feet in.

This started a fight, of course—the German idea of a fight, that is. The sentry, being a very brave man for a Hun, blew his whistle very loudly and sentries came from all directions. So we retreated to the Australian's barracks, and there I found a second American in the camp. He was a barber named Stimson, from one of the western States. He had heard I was there as well as the Boston man in the Canadian service, but he had been too sick