

vism had eaten away the foundations of the old military machine, and as the soldiers came pouring back across the Rhine, instead of following the old routine of demobilization, they simply dropped out as they came near their homes, deserted in fact. It was not difficult to pick out from the crowd those men who had been in the army recently. In the country districts you very often saw men in uniform, but as they were not wearing a military cap, they were not, technically speaking, in uniform. It was with these demobilized men, as a rule, that any trouble occurred, when it did occur. On one occasion I was walking with K—, a South African, up the Hohestrasse in Cologne. It was a bright Sunday morning and the street was thronged with German civilians. Occasionally one of our staff cars (one of the Vauxhall cars, which did such splendid service in France) would come bursting along the street and then the dense crowd would cleave to either side like water before a motorboat, and then close up again. Suddenly K— stopped and turned round, looking evidently at a man, who had just passed close to us. K— seemed very angry, and when I asked him what was the matter, said that the man just gone by had bumped into him intentionally. However, we went on up the street and parted at the Gurzenichstrasse. I met him a couple of hours later and he told me that a few minutes after we had left each other, a great big fellow, in civilian clothes, but evidently an ex-soldier by the cut of him, as he passed K— crooked his elbow and jostled him. K— is the last man in the world to pick out for jostling. He was brought up in the rude school of the South African mining country and is a very powerfully built fellow. Furthermore he was still on edge and brooding on his last little jostle. K— leaped like a tiger upon the man, caught his elbow with the crook of his stick, swung him right round, and after a few of the most

powerful German adjectives that he knew, asked him what he meant. The German said that he did not mean anything. K— signed to one of our military police, who was patrolling the streets, and told him to take the German in charge and conduct him to the Headquarters of the Provost Marshal at the Dom Hotel. By this time a tremendous crowd had gathered. The German's truculence had gone and he was begging K—'s pardon. He was so nervous going up the Hohestrasse, followed by hundreds of people, that he kept his hat in his hand right up to the hotel. K— followed and charged him with insolence to a British officer. He was tried by a military summary court and met with a pretty stiff punishment. From what K— told me I imagine that this particular German did expect to be shot, for his fright was no ordinary one. He was almost crying in the Dom Hotel. Evidently he knew how his own people would have treated a Frenchman or a Belgian who had acted in similar fashion towards a German officer.

Several of the waiters in the cafés and restaurants we soon spotted as ex-army men. There was one of them, with whom we used to talk about the Lens front. He had been there with the 18th German Division. He told us a lot of interesting things with regard to their posts and the subterranean passages in Lens, which explained many things that had long been mysteries to us. I was in a barber's shop in Cologne one day, a quiet little shop, where very few soldiers went. There was a German civilian there, a tall, well-set-up, military, domineering sort of man. The barber treated him with a good deal of deference and as he went out said: "Good-day, General." It appeared that he was General von B—, who had been Governor of the town of Namur for upwards of two years. The famous Archbishop von Hartmann, of Cologne, I met on one occasion with reference to permission for the use of