

as an extra guard. They counted us again, but by sneaking behind the line and closing up again we made the count all right except for one man—Fontaine. We would have tried to cover up for him, except that they had already discovered his absence. Now, we thought, they will nab Fontaine but will not discover the escape of the others.

But evidently they suspected something, for soon they brought over a petty officer from the *Nomad*, who had not been with us before, and forced him to call the roll from the mustering papers while they watched the men as they answered. Then they discovered that two more besides Fontaine were missing, and began to search for them.

The other two spoke German and had been missing for at least three days and, I think, had escaped by this time. They were not returned while I was at Brandenburg.

This was about 7 A.M. They marched us down to the little lake, where the cold was much greater, and kept us there until 5 P.M., without food or drink. At about 8 that morning they found Fontaine in a French barracks, and kicked him all the way to the lake where we were.

All day long we stood there, falling one by one and getting kicked or beaten each time, until we dragged ourselves up again. Two or three died—I do not know the exact number. But we had enough strength, when ordered back to the barracks, to kick