THREE YEARS a PRISONER in GERMANY

by MAJOR J. C. THORN
FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT

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THE AUTHOR.

THREE YEARS A PRISONER IN GERMANY

THE STORY OF

Major J. C. Thorn

A FIRST CANADIAN
CONTINGENT OFFICER

Who Was Captured by the Germans at
Ypres on April 24th, 1915

Relating His Many Attempts to Escape
(Once Disguised as a Widow)
and Life in the Various
Camps and Fortresses.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

1919

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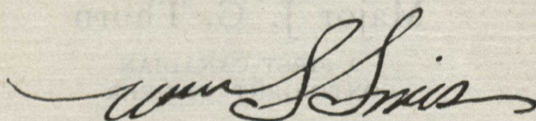
. . . I consider it an honor that you want to dedicate this book to me. . . . With best wishes for every success.

Very truly yours,



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TO

WM. S. SIMS,

REAR-ADMIRAL UNITED STATES NAVY,

AND

TO THE MEMORY OF

COLONEL W. HART-M'HARG

AND THOSE OFFICERS OF THE SEVENTH BATTALION WHO FELL AT YPRES APRIL, 1915

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

AUTHOR'S NOTE

In relating my experiences as a prisoner of war for three years in Germany, I have endeavored to set out exactly what happened to me, without adding any frills or startling episodes, and, as I kept no diary, it is possible that I have missed out several events which might have been more interesting to my readers, but these, no doubt, will be told by others on their return from captivity.

J. C. T.

Santa Monica, California,
November 4th, 1918.

WM. S. SIMS
Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy

LATE COLONEL HART-M'HARG

INTRODUCTION

AFTER the declaration of war, on August 4th, 1914, the first thing the officers of the different militia battalions thought of was whether their services would be needed. Many of us at once sent telegrams to the Minister of Militia at Ottawa offering our services. On the 8th of August, word was received from Ottawa that all militia battalions were to at once be brought to full strength. Colonel McSpadden, of the 11th Irish Fusiliers of Canada, together with his energetic second in command, Major Crehan, immediately opened a recruiting office, and before many days had the battalion at full strength. Soon it was announced that a Canadian contingent was to be formed, and every battalion in British Columbia hastily trained their different units ready, so that when the order came for them to be sent away, they would be prepared to leave.

As for myself, being anxious to leave with the first contingent, I arranged my business, and at once went into the recruiting office and helped to bring our battalion up to strength. On August 17th, however, I suddenly received orders to leave immediately with a detachment of men, numbering about 300, for Prince Rupert, where, the report stated, many Germans and Austrians working along the lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific, were endeavoring to blow up the bridges. It was also reported at the time that the two German cruisers, the "Leipzig" and the "Dresden" were in northern waters and that we should see a little excitement. Of course, I was very much disappointed at having to go to Prince Rupert, as it was not my idea to waste any time in Canada when more excitement could be had by going direct to France.

On arrival at Prince Rupert with the detachment, I immediately telegraphed to the brigade headquarters, Vancouver, requesting that I be returned in order to go with the first party. By this time we had heard that the Canadian contingent was to be formed at Valcartier, Quebec, and would be made up of units from every militia battalion in Canada. On August 20th, a wire came from brigade headquarters asking for the return of myself and another officer, and on arriving at Vancouver, we found that the advance units were leaving the next day for the East. The unit from our battalion was made up of 350 men and seven officers. On arriving at Valcartier, several units from British Columbia were joined together and made up into the 7th Canadian Battalion, now known on the western front as the "Fighting Seventh."

We remained at Valcartier one month, and during this time we trained every day and were thoroughly equipped by the time we were to embark on September 27th, 1914.

The ships left the Bay on the morning of the 2nd of October, in three lines and steamed into the Atlantic, where we were met by H. M. ships "Eclipse," "Diana," "Glory," "Talbot" and "Charybdis." These acted as a convoy to our thirty-three transports, the largest fleet of liners to cross the Atlantic at one time, and having on board 33,000 Canadian troops. The voyage over took sixteen days, and was a most interesting trip.

On arriving at Plymouth, we were sent to camp at West Downs South, Salisbury Plain. Here we remained under canvas until the middle of December, 1914. By this time a few changes had been made in the battalion, and we were all prepared for France.

Our Colonel, W. Hart-McHarg, was one of the finest officers in the service. The second in command of our regiment was Major V. W. Odlum (now Brigadier-General Odlum, C. B., C. M. G., D. S. O.), also a splendid officer.

We left England and arrived in France early in February, 1914.

Our first experiences in the firing line were at Ploegsteert, in Belgium. Afterwards we were in the trenches near Armentier, then at Fleurbay, and eventually, on April 10th, we moved into the Ypres salient. We came out of the trenches at Ypres for a short rest on April 18th, 1915; and on April 22nd, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the Germans heavily bombarded St. Julien, to which the guns in the rear of our billets immediately answered. We watched the burning of St. Julien, and about 6 p. m. we saw groups of Turcos and Zouaves retire from their trenches, and come in front of our guns. As the shells were falling in great numbers around our billets, most of the men were placed in the deep cellar of the farmhouse, and the rest took shelter in the various dugouts around belonging to the artillery.

A little later we received orders to stand to, and later marched towards the front line trenches, to take up a position in order to stop the advancing Germans, and there wait for further orders. About 1 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, we received orders to again advance, and, on coming in contact with the Germans, we at once dug ourselves in. During the whole day we were heavily shelled, various attacks being made on our trenches by the enemy, who were driven off, suffering great losses.

During the night of the 23rd, we deepened our trenches, and with the aid of the Engineers, who assisted us, we placed some barbed wire in front of our trenches ready for the attack we knew would come the next morning. About 4 o'clock in the morning, the enemy made a strong attack on the 13th Battalion, on our right, and, using poisonous gas and a heavy artillery barrage, broke through what was left of the battalion, about 8 o'clock. They also succeeded in breaking through on our left, and at 9:30 in the morning I went out with a few of my men to reconnoitre, and found we were practically surrounded. A little later the Germans made another strong attack on our trenches, but were again driven out. After this we were heavily bombarded, the shells dropping in our trenches, causing very heavy casualties.

At 11 o'clock we were forced to retire in order to keep in contact with our left and right, and in passing over the ground in the rear of our trenches, we lost many more men. We, however, succeeded in connecting up with the 48th Highlanders, of Toronto, on our right, and with what remained of the other Canadian battalions on our left. The Germans, however, came in great numbers, (more than fifteen to one), and eventually, at 1 o'clock on April 24th, having no ammunition, and nearly all the men being killed or severely wounded, we were surrounded and I was taken prisoner.

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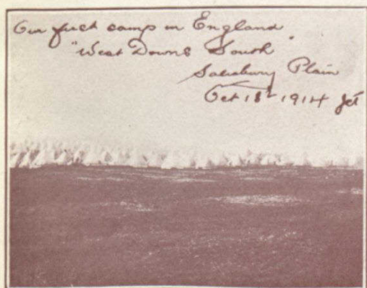
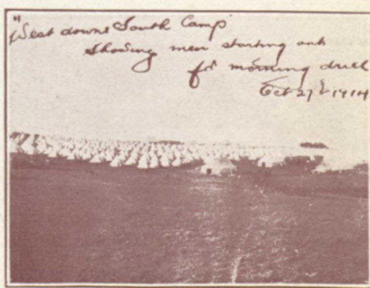
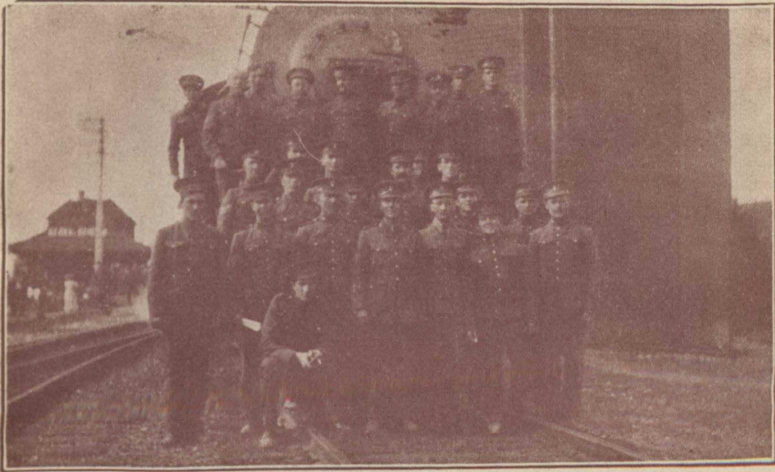


Our first camp in England, West Downs South, Salisbury, Oct. 18th, 1914.



West Downs South, starting out for morning drill, Oct. 27th, 1914.



On the way to Valcartier, Quebec. Photograph taken August 25th, 1914. Some of the Originals.

S.S. Virginian, October 12th, 1914. A few more Originals.

CHAPTER I.

Horrors of Louvain

EVEN now I cannot describe what happened in the melee, which followed my being taken a prisoner. All I realized at the time was that swarms of Germans were coming at me with their bayonets, and that afterwards I was run off the field into a road, where I saw one or two officers and thirty or forty men.

The men certainly looked in a sorry plight. They had put up a splendid fight. Their clothes were in ribbons and the majority of them were covered with blood. A ring of soldiers was then put around us and we were swiftly taken out of the range of our artillery fire.

On arriving three hundred yards behind the lines we were formed into "fours;" and notwithstanding the fact that the greater number of the prisoners were wounded, we were forced to march to Roulers, a distance of sixteen miles. Can you imagine my feelings at being a prisoner of war in the German hands? If anything, I was in a worse plight than were the rest of the prisoners. My clothes were all torn and I had lost every part of my equipment, and was feeling absolutely "done," after the heavy fighting of the two previous days.

When nearing Roulers, we passed a great number of German soldiers who began at once to show their robber instincts. They commenced to steal the overcoats from the men, and, in fact, everything they took a fancy to.

On entering the town of Roulers, the soldiers began to jeer us, but the civilians looked very sympathetic, and would have done something for some of the men had they not been cowed by the Germans, who appeared to rule the place with whips. A sample of their brutality was immediately shown us when a young Belgian lad of seventeen years of age crossed the street, and handed to one of the soldiers an apple, saying: "Bravo,

les Anglais." He was seized by the soldiers, one of them deliberately kicking him in the stomach, others taking hold of him by the arms and twisting them; others came along and kicked and punched him until he was almost dead.

When we arrived before the commandant of the town, this Belgian boy was again brought forward and exhibited to us. The commandant pointed to the boy and said he would show us what the Germans did with friends of the British. Saying this, he lifted his riding crop and struck the lad several blows on the head and then told his soldiers to "carry on," which they did. We saw him kicked, cuffed and jumped on; and eventually, we believe, he was rescued in a dying condition by some Red Cross nurses.

After this we were taken and placed in an old building, and were then brought one by one before the commandant and his staff of officers, who proceeded to question us as to what brigade and division we belonged to. I might say that they did not get from us very much information, and they were none the wiser by the time they got through.

We were then thoroughly searched. When the search started, I began to be a little afraid as I had in my pocket a diary and various sketches of the different trenches and redoubts I had been in, and also several of the messages I had received in the earlier part of the morning before I was captured. However, I asked to go down to have a drink of water, and while below I managed to tear up the messages I had, and tear out the leaves of the book in which I kept my diary, getting rid of the pieces by dropping them in various places unseen by the sentry, so that by the time I was searched they did not find very much on me.

After this we were given a piece of black bread and some water and we lay down on the floor to try to get some sleep, many of us not having slept for at least three days. The rest of the morning we were on exhibition. German after German, all bearing a very officious look, came in to see what a "Canadisher Soldat" looked like. Many of them appeared to think that we should have been wearing feathers instead of clothes. They had a very hazy idea of Canadians, having no doubt been told that we were nothing more or less than Indians.

In the afternoon, an officer came in and told us we were to

"raus," which we afterwards found out to mean, we were to get out, and then were told we were to be taken into Germany. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th we were marched out to the station at Roulers, and there the Canadian officers, who by this time numbered eleven, having been captured at different parts of the line, were placed six in each fourth-class compartment, and with us was placed a black private from one of the French Zouave regiments. This private was pushed into our carriage and the officer, in very good English, told us that he was sending with us one of our black friends to keep us company.

The men were placed in cattle trucks, about forty or fifty in each truck, and were given a small piece of black bread and a mug of yater. Many of these men had been bayoneted, and their wounds had not been attended to. Some of the officers, too, had been rather badly wounded and still had on their old field dressings. Only in remote cases did the Germans attend to the wounded before putting them on the train.

After leaving Roulers we went through Ghent, and Louvain, and it was here at Louvain that we saw some of what is known as the "horrors of Louvain." The Germans commenced their destruction at this place. Afterwards, in Germany, I heard the full details from a soldier, who was there at the time and was later deported to Germany.

This man told me that the Germans came into Louvain on August 19th and commenced to instal themselves in the houses. Many of these were deserted, and their owners having shut the doors, the troops found it quite easy to break in and establish themselves at their ease. Needless to say, in such cases it often happened that everything of value was carried off, and in nearly every case, before leaving, everything was destroyed. Nearly all the inhabitants had to quarter the German troops and feed them. As the German advance passed through the town, it was depleted of everything it had. The German soldiers filled the whole city, stealing everything they could see. On the evening of August 25th, about eight o'clock, the hour after which the German regulations permitted no one to be on the streets, a sudden burst of rifle fire and machine guns was heard. All the inhabitants thought that the Belgian soldiers had attacked and had gotten into the town. The German

soldiers themselves began to get away as fast as possible. Some in automobiles, some in wagons, and the rest running as fast as their legs would carry them. However, after an hour they seemed to recover from their fright, and returned to the town where they were heard threatening and shouting at the top of their voices as they broke in doors and windows and discharged their rifles at the terrified citizens, setting fire to one house after another.

He said the night was appalling. The people fled from their burning houses; poor, old people in rags, half-naked women, children shuddering with fright, all trying to save their lives while their homes were burning.

The next morning, German soldiers were patrolling the streets, threatening women and taking some of the men, who were afterwards exhibited in Germany as civilians who had caused the outrage. In the afternoon a notice was posted on all the street corners, declaring that German soldiers had been killed by civilians, and that an exemplary punishment awaited the inhabitants on any renewal of the outbreak.

The next morning, without any cause, a notice was placed that "new acts of hostility having been committed against their troops, civilians must evacuate the city, the bombardment of which would commence at noon." One can scarcely understand all the terrors of this flight of a distracted people, who, under the threat of immediate death, were fleeing from the city. Men, women, children, aged people, and infants newly born, the sick and the dying, all were carried through the streets, which were filled with their cries and tears. The Germans in the street hustled and abused them. Women were separated from their husbands, children from their parents. Thousands of men, and some 200 women and a few children were sent off to Germany; others were reserved for a worse fate. For two or three days they were forced to march in front of the German troops, who were going to meet the Belgian army between Louvain and Malines; others were marched from Louvain to Hal and other places. He also told me, although he had not seen this with his own eyes, that others had been tied together in couples to await execution.

At noon, groups of soldiers penetrated their abandoned houses and carried off their loot in wheelbarrows, and for five

days and nights pioneers systematically burned house by house, the centre of the town and the widest and richest streets. Very soon the town was nothing but an immense furnace. The bitter smell of smoke spread over it, and the heat became unbearable. The corpses which covered the streets poisoned the air. The treasures, which hundreds of years had bequeathed to the town, where destroyed by a savage soldiery acting under formal orders. Amid this scene of ruin the soldiers, drunk with wine and "glory," shouted and brawled.

CHAPTER II.

Entry Into Germany

FROM Louvain we passed through Liege, but here there was no great evidence of destruction. We passed into Germany by Aachen (Aix la Chapelle). From there onwards, until we arrived at Leipzig, nothing of great importance happened to us, except that at the various stations where we stopped, people would crowd around our carriages and jeer at us, and in some instances the women spat through the windows.

At Leipzig we were given another piece of black bread and some water, and before the train left the station we were given another small roll. The people here seemed to be very vindictive, and the guard had quite a little trouble to keep them away from the train.

From Leipzig we continued our journey and arrived at Dresden. Here we were met by a rather more decent officer than we had encountered before, who wanted to know why the Zouave private was in our carriage. When we explained to him that he had been put there at Roulers and had journeyed with us all the way, quoting the exact words of the officer at the station, he said he would look into the matter, as it should not have been done. This, however, we found out afterwards was the way they tried to get out of the various insults which were given us, one officer blaming the other, but we did not get any better treatment in the end.

At Dresden we were given a little more to eat and had to change into another train. On passing through the station, one of the German women deliberately spat in the face of one of the officers, and we heard several muttered threats and a word we came to know very well, viz., "Schwein Hundt."

From Dresden we again countinued our journey, arriving about five o'clock in the morning at Bischofswerda, a small place in Saxony about ten miles from the Austrian border.

We were surrounded by a large guard with fixed bayonets and roughly told to "get on," and were marched to my first camp in Germany. My impressions on entering this camp were not very good. On the gate were placed two sentries with fixed bayonets. Inside the gate was a long brick building which had been used in pre-war times as a cavalry barracks. Around this building and the enclosure that had been used as a riding school, was a very high barbed wire fence, and again, outside of this was a tall wooden fence with barbed wire entanglements at the top.

As the gates closed behind me, I felt indeed that I was a prisoner. We were marched into the building and there waited in line until the commandant, a rather large, officious-looking German, who afterwards hated me like poison, took our names, battalion, etc., and with the aid of an interpreter, pointed through the window at the barbed wire fence and the sentries, and told us that anyone of us seen tampering with the barbed wire, or attempting to escape, would immediately be shot. We then went down to what was known as the dining-room, and on the table were several plates of rolls of dark bread. Naturally, we thought these were for us to eat, and being rather hungry, several of us "tucked in" and very soon the plates were empty. In three or four minutes, however, much to our consternation, the German sentry informed us that the rolls were for the whole camp, and each man was only entitled to one roll, and as they were only about half the size of a man's fist, one can figure our feelings when we thought that we should have to exist on such a small ration for breakfast. This day, however, many of the officers had to go without their breakfast, as the Germans did not give any more than the allotted number of rolls. We were also given a mug of so-called "coffee," without sugar or milk. It took us quite a while to figure out what this "coffee" was made of. At last we were informed by one of the sentries that it was made by baking acorns, grinding them up like coffee, and mixing with this a very small percentage of chicory.

After this "luxurious" meal, we were marched down, one by one, to a man dressed in white, who, we afterwards found out was a barber. We discovered that we had to have our hair cut short, like the criminals at home, and to see some of the

officers, who before had been so proud of their curly locks, now looking like criminals, was amusing, and we had to pocket our troubles for the moment and indulge in a good laugh.

After receiving the "prison crop," we were shown to what was not a bad shower-bath, where we had the first wash for many a day. Unfortunately, the supply of soap was very limited, and by the time it was passed around, there was not much left for those who came in last.

After the bath we inspected our various rooms. In my room were nine officers—two majors, three captains and the rest lieutenants. Our beds were made of wood, and if we sat down on them too heavily they would invariably break. One of the officers from my battalion, a fine, big, strapping man, broke his bed every time he lay on it, so they had to provide him with an iron structure. Our bedding consisted of a straw mattress and pillow, and two dirty red blankets encased in a covering.

On finishing inspecting our rooms, most of us went down into the courtyard to see who were our fellow-prisoners. We found the camp composed of 100 Russian officers, most of them having been taken in the retreat from East Prussia; about 75 French officers, some of whom had been taken as early as August, 1914, also quite a number of British officers who had been taken in the early part of the war. The British and Canadian officers, including ourselves, numbered about 20.

Naturally, one of our first thoughts, after we got settled down, was to plan out something to do during the daytime in order to keep our minds occupied. Roll was called at eight o'clock in the morning, when we paraded in front of the building and our names were called and we were counted. Our very officious-looking commandant then came on the parade, and every day treated us to that favorite word of the Hun—"Schwein Hundt." In fact, by this time we had become so used to this word that we thought it a word which they could not leave out of their conversation.

Two or three days later, several of us found the time hanging very heavily on our hands and we had to start something. For myself, I found a very fine French officer, and to start with, only knowing a few words of French, and he only knowing one word of English, our conversation was very difficult.

However, we managed each day to learn a few more words, and eventually we each bought a grammar from the apology for a canteen we had there, and every morning I spent one hour teaching him English and another hour learning French from him. In the afternoon, in the enclosure, which I have said before, had been used in pre-war days as a riding school, we tried to get up a few games. For the first two or three months we had nothing to play with, but our Canadian Red Cross and one or two other very kind friends in England, managed to get through to us a football and several tennis balls, and we set about trying to play tennis.

I might say here that Bischofswerda was without doubt one of the best camps in Germany—this of course does not say very much for the other camps, and for a while time did not hang so heavily on our hands. Had it not been for the conditions surrounding us, i.e., the commandant, with his favorite "Schwein Hundt," and the sentries with their fixed bayonets and their other favorite word "raus," which means "get out," we should have been fairly comfortable.

During all this time, however, I was getting restless. For a man full of energy this kind of life did not suit, and I set about thinking how I could get out of the camp, especially when in September one of the officers, Major Anderson, succeeded in getting away one night, and later arrived safely in England. After this I became more restless, and together with a Russian officer commenced to plan the means of getting away before winter really set in.

One of the schemes was to get down a disused staircase into the basement, in which after various attempts we succeeded, and managed to take off the fasteners from the window, thereby having a way to get out. However, we still had to pass under the wire at the rear of the building, and when the sentry's back was turned, we intended to climb over the tall wooden fence. Having completed our plans we proceeded to gather together all the food we could. By this time parcels from the Canadian Red Cross and our people at home commenced to arrive, but it took us some time to save enough biscuits, pieces of chocolate, beef cubes, etc., to fit ourselves out for the journey. This delayed everything

until well on to the end of the year, when another way of escaping presented itself on Christmas Day, 1915.

I might say that the cooking of the food at this camp was done by a man and his wife in the kitchen on the ground floor of the building. About Christmas time, the German authorities decided to take over all the cooking themselves, as they thought our food was being too well cooked. The cooking utensils, having belonged to the man and woman, were being placed by them in large wicker baskets, which were set in the corridor below ready to leave before the end of the year.

On seeing these baskets, and noticing that there were several baskets on our ground floor of the same size belonging to Russian officers, I thought it would be a good idea to hide myself in one of them, be taken below and carried out by the Germans, and placed on whatever vehicle was brought to remove the baskets.

Captain Scudamore, of my company, was also anxious to get away, so we conferred together and, finding it only possible for one to escape in this way, and inasmuch as he spoke German rather well and had a good knowledge of the country, we decided between ourselves that he should go in the basket and that I should make all the necessary arrangements for getting him out. Having full confidence in Captain Scudamore, and knowing that anything he undertook would be carried through, I had no hesitation in making all the necessary arrangements.

In the first place, we borrowed a basket the same size as those below from one of the officers on our floor. We then managed to get hold of a civilian coat and cap, which had been smuggled into the camp in some mysterious way, and making up a small parcel with enough food for eight or nine days, we got these together and Captain Scudamore hid himself in the basket.

There was a long corridor running the whole length of the building on each floor, and at the end of each corridor was a sentry at the head of a staircase, which was boarded up, from where he watched the corridor from a small opening in the partition. The first trouble was to get the basket from our room to the middle staircase without the sentry seeing it. In order to obscure the sentry's view, Captain Bellew, also of our battalion, who was always willing to help anyone try to

escape, stood in the centre of the corridor near the sentry with two other officers, and spreading out a German newspaper pretended to be translating the news; then opening up several doors which led into the corridor, the sentry's view was obscured. Two British soldiers, who were made to work around the building, were told by myself to carry the basket down to the ground floor and place it by the side of the rest of the baskets, which were then being placed on a large van outside of the camp by Russian soldiers, who were acting around the camp as orderlies. However, we now had another obstacle before us—to pass a sentry on the ground floor at the door of the staircase. In order to attract his notice so that the basket could be taken by him, I went to him with my German grammar and asked, in the few words I knew, if he would explain to me the exact pronounciation of a certain German word. During the explanation I managed to turn him around so that his back was towards the staircase, and having arranged with several of the other officers to pass at the same time, managed to get the basket safely to the ground floor and deposit it with the rest there.

This was where the fun commenced. The baskets were all taken out of the building and placed on the van. The basket containing Captain Scudamore was taken out and also placed on the van. Then I disappeared into the yard to await events. About three-quarters of an hour afterwards there was a terrible shouting and German soldiers running in all directions in great excitement. It appears, as the wagon drew into the road, Captain Scudamore, being in a rather uncomfortable position in the basket, thought he would slightly change his position, thinking while the wagon was on the move this would not be observed. Unfortunately, at this moment a German soldier walking by the wagon, to his intense surprise, saw the basket moving, and walking towards the wagon and looking through the cracks in the basket he discovered a real live man. He at once gave the alarm which resulted in the excitement just mentioned.

Captain Scudamore was recaptured and brought back to the camp, and the commandant, calling together the other officers, commenced to make an investigation, and naturally, before

they went very far, they found that I had been chiefly concerned in this affair. Captain Scudamore was at once placed in solitary confinement, and after being called before the commandant, I was told that my medicine was coming later.

CHAPTER III.

In Solitary Confinement

A FEW days later I was informed that a court of inquiry had been formed to investigate the attempted escape of Captain Scudamore, as it was a very serious offense to aid another man to escape. All the officers of my room were brought before the court, which was composed of several German officers sent under orders from the War Office at Berlin, and after being closely questioned the whole blame was placed on my shoulders.

Subsequently I was placed in a cell and told I was to get ten days solitary confinement and afterwards be moved to another camp. However, I managed to put one over the commandant for the first time. It happened in this way:

After being in the cell for either six or seven days, the commandant one day, having partaken too freely of his favorite beer, told his under-officer to bring along the "Canadianisher Schwein Hundt," no doubt with the intention of giving me another calling-down. When the under-officer arrived in my cell I was playing solitaire with a pack of cards I had had smuggled into me, and on being told to "raus," was surprised, as my sentence was not yet finished. However, I followed him to the commandant's office, which was on the first floor of the building and was connected to a small general office. The sentry took me through this office, opened the door of the commandant's office and pushed me in. I was surprised to find no one there, and after waiting four or five minutes, I put my head out of the door leading into the corridor, and seeing no one about made my way upstairs to my room.

Naturally, everyone was much surprised to see me, and all were anxious to know what had occurred. About half an hour afterwards my straw mattress was sent up with a few other things I had down in the cell, and I concluded that the commandant must have been feeling in a generous mood and ordered me

to be released. However, I found out differently when the night roll-call came. At night each staircase was securely fastened so that no one could go from his particular floor to another. Everybody was lined up and counted. We noticed that they had counted four or five times, and the officer, whom we called the "judge," who was second in command of the camp, could not make it out because there was one officer over. In a short while it dawned on me that they still figured that I was in the cell, so stepping out of the line I told the officer that probably the reason why they had one over was because I had come from the cell that afternoon. He was very much surprised, and asked me what time I came out and who let me out. Gradually he began to see light, and I found out that the commandant had been very drunk, and, remembering his kind friend, the Canadian officer in the cells, had decided to call him down a little more, and so sent for me. In the meantime he had left his room to have another drink, and by the time he returned he had forgotten all about me, and the under-officer, who escorted me down, after waiting for some time, and then, knocking at the commandant's office, had looked in and, finding I was not there, naturally concluded that the commandant had sent me to my room, and so sent up my mattress and other things.

The next morning it was reported to the commandant that I was in the room, and about eight o'clock he made a "bee line" upstairs, but did not find me, as I was taking a little fresh air in the courtyard. About 10 o'clock he sent for me, gave me another calling-down, but remembering that he had drunk too freely of his native beer the day before, did not put me back again in the cells, so that for once I was able to put one over him.

Two or three days later we began to prepare for another escape, and going to all the officers in the camp, another officer and myself collected all the available German money, so that we should have plenty should we have to take a train journey and do any bribing. When everything was practically ready, the commandant, evidently being suspicious that something was on, sent for me one afternoon in February and told me that orders had arrived from Berlin that I had to be sent immediately to a fortress in Prussia, therefore, early the

next morning, after packing up what few belongings I had, I was marched away from the camp under an armed guard and taken to the station. On getting into the carriage, the guards with me unloaded their rifles and, loading them again, showed me exactly what they would do should I attempt to escape from the train. The under-officer also pulled out a large revolver, looked at the primings, and told me what would happen to me if I should even put my hand on the handle of the door.

About one o'clock that day I arrived at Dresden, and was paraded up and down the station for the benefit of the public. Afterwards we took the train and eventually came to Berlin, where I was again made to walk up and down the station, and then marched through the streets until we arrived at what is known as "Stettin Bahnhoff." From here we took the train to a place called Custrin, which was about 60 miles northeast of Berlin. Here a fresh guard awaited me, and I was marched through the streets until about three miles from town, when I was ushered into the well-known Fort Zorndorf fortress.

Perhaps it would be better to describe at this point what this fortress was like, as I was unable to get a photograph of it while there. The site for the fortress was a rather large hill which had been dug into, and the foundations of the fortress were about 125 feet from the surface. It was built of solid concrete and bricks, with long tunnel-shaped corridors running in all directions. These corridors had been partitioned off, and converted into large rooms for the prisoners. On top of these corridors were placed tons upon tons of earth on which grass had been planted, so that from above or from the outside it looked more like a hill than a fortress. Around the building was a deep ditch about 30 feet wide, and a brick wall had been built to the level of the surrounding ground, and looked from the road like a deep forest.

I was marched up a small roadway leading to the gates of the fortress, and shall never forget the clink of the gates as they closed behind me. This was indeed a prison, and I felt that I was not a prisoner of war but a criminal.

Sentries with fixed bayonets were placed in all directions. After going through the first gates, we passed by several machine gun turrets, and then into the fortress proper, at the en-

trance of which was a long, dark tunnel lighted by small oil lamps. On either side of this corridor ran smaller corridors leading to where the sentries were quartered. At the end of this corridor we came to two more large wooden gates at which were placed two more sentries with fixed bayonets. The guard, after giving the password, passed into the fortress, and I was at once the centre of curiosity to a large number of Russian officers, who had not seen a Britisher before.

On being told very roughly to get on, I was ushered into the office of the fortress, where I was met by the assistant of the commandant, who proceeded to question me, reminding me that this was a punishment fortress, and that I was to remain there four months, at the end of which time, if I had behaved myself, I would be moved to a better place. After being thoroughly searched, most of my clothes being taken off and the lining of my uniform and bag ripped open to see if any papers, maps or compases were hidden there, they told me that a sentry would show me my room, and say, what a room! Forty-two Russian officers and myself crowded into one of those partitioned-off tunnels, the floor covered with dirt and smelling like an old second-hand clothing store. I was the only Britisher in the camp.

It being now eight o'clock, all the oil and alcohol lamps were lighted. I found that the chief food given out in the evening a this camp was fish; not respectable fish, but a hard dried kind of herring, which one could smell five blocks away. I was invited by the Russians to partake of what was left of their meal. I found them to be a very generous lot of fellows, but the look of the fish and the smell of the room were enough, and my stomach at once turned over.

About midnight they decided to have some kind of entertainment for me, and blocking up the windows, covering them with paper, so that the sentry outside would not see the lights, they commenced what they called a Russian dance. Can you imagine a crowded cell with a number of wild people, as we undoubtedly were, dancing around until we were nearly dead? The heat was intense, and at two o'clock in the morning they all began to fall on their beds exhausted. I, not feeling in a mood to take off my clothes, tried to sleep in my trousers and shirt, but all the windows being blocked up the smell did not

permit of sleep, so about 4:30 I very gingerly got up from my bed, walked towards the window and opened it. Within two minutes there were cries from every part of the room, and I discovered that these fellows were scared to death of a draught; fresh air to them during the night was not wanted, and two or three made a dash to the window and closed it with a bang. However, a little later, thinking they were asleep, I again tip-toed towards the window and opened it. In five seconds half the room were out of their beds and had banged the window to. Naturally, by this time, my blood being a little overheated, I lost my temper, and picking up my boot, sent it flying through the window. This, of course, caused a rumpus, but they had to sleep that night with air coming into the room.

The next morning my first introduction to the commandant was made, and I was accused of breaking up government property. However, I must say that the commandant was a little human, understood the circumstances when explained to him, and moved me into another room, or cell, where I was placed with several French officers.

After a breakfast consisting of a piece of black bread and a cup of acorn coffee, given me by the Germans, and a few biscuits given me by the French officers, I was introduced to the officers, prisoners of war of the camp. I found there Mr. Roland Garros, the famous French flier, who, I learned afterwards, had been brought to the fortress with a rope tied around his wrists, the treatment also accorded to several other rather well-known officers of the French army. They treated me right royally, having been receiving for some time their parcels, so that as far as food was concerned, I was not very badly off, though I was anxiously awaiting the time to come when my own parcels would arrive from the last camp.

In talking with the officers, I learned that nobody had yet escaped from this fortress. They had commenced a tunnel some three or four weeks previous, but the Germans had heard the noise of digging, and it had been discovered. All of them had various schemes. One French officer, a very fine fellow, but whose head had been a little turned with his long captivity, was thinking of making a balloon. His idea was to float off from the fortress; his only trouble, he stated, was

to find the gas for the balloon, but he thought that as time went on he would find a way of making gas, and was feeling happy in the thought that in the future he would escape from the fortress, and show the Germans how he could do things.

Another fellow had commenced to make a large kite. His idea was to try to get from his room on to the ramparts of the fortress during the night with another officer. The other officer was to fly the kite with him hanging on to the tail, and he was to be dropped into the fortress beyond the ditch. His trouble was that the different kites he had started to make would not carry sufficient weight, and also that the Germans might see him making the kite, the last one of which having been about twice as big as himself, and so he was letting the matter rest for a short time until he could make a kite in sections and then put it together when he arrived on the ramparts of the fortress. He also was contented and was awaiting the time when he could collect enough old shirts to make his large new kite.

Another was going to dress himself up like the commandant of the fortress, say "guten tag" to the sentries, and walk through the gates, but unfortunately, the commandant was a man weighing 225 pounds, and he only weighed 125, and how he ever imagined he was going to fit himself out to look like the commandant, I don't know. So the first two or three days I passed my time listening to the Russian and French officers explain their different ways of escape, and I must say that some of them were very clever, and now, looking back, I find that several of these officers have arrived in France, and only the other day I was very sorry to read that Roland Garros, who escaped, had been killed in an air fight in France.

CHAPTER IV.

Officers Dig a Tunnel

AFTER two or three weeks, a British naval officer arrived, and was placed in the same room as myself, so that at least I had someone with whom I could converse in English. Several weeks later three more officers arrived, and much to my delight, I found with them one of my old sergeants, who had been given a commission and had since joined the Flying Corps, and unfortunately had been brought down.

Soon after the arrival of the British officers, a French officer came to me with a scheme to start a tunnel from my room. Two of the British officers who had just arrived did not wish to work in the tunnel, but the naval man, my comrade from the old battalion, and myself, were only too eager to commence, and together, with some French and Russian officers, we started on the job.

The first thing was to cut through the wooden floor, and here we encountered some difficulty, owing to the fact that the floor was two inches thick and the only implement we had to work with was a small piece of saw in a jacknife. However, we persevered, and after three days managed to cut a trapdoor in the floor. When this was finished we got together two or three pieces of iron from the bed, with which we dug into the cement, gradually making a hole, and after another three or four days managed to get through the cement to the sand. We then had a very pleasant surprise. We found that between the cement and the floor there was a space of nearly one foot and a half, which made a dandy place for hiding the sand, and as the same amount of space was under every cell in the fortress, we should have no diffiiculty in hiding the sand from the tunnel.

The work was done in shifts. Each man had to work on his shift for three hours, and as the sand was taken from the hole, it was pushed under the floor to the end of the room.

First of all we dug a hole six feet deep, at which depth we reached the foundation of the wall of the corridor. We then started to dig a hole under the foundation, and eventually arrived under the corridor outside of our room. After proceeding ten yards, however, we encountered great difficulty owing to lack of air, and were obliged to stop. Getting all the officers concerned together, we had a meeting in order to find ways and means of getting air into the tunnel. A French officer, who was an engineer, told us that without doubt the pipe from the washing room passed within three or four yards of where we were, and ran underneath another corridor into the ditch of the fortress, and that if we could tap this pipe we should get all the air we needed. So we commenced to dig again in the dark, as no candles or matches would keep lighted owing to the air being so bad, and each man could only work for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. After great difficulties we struck the pipe, and our troubles, for the time being, from lack of air, were over.

We decided to dig our tunnel following the pipe, and fortunately it ran within a yard of the foundation of the corridor, so that we were able to use the wall of the corridor on one side, the concrete floor of the corridor as a ceiling, and on our left we had the waste pipe from the washing room, in which we punched small holes every two or three yards to secure air. Before doing this, I might say, we turned on all the taps in the washing room to determine the greatest volume of water that could pass down the pipe at any one time, and were delighted to find that it could not be filled more than half way to the top, so that we had no difficulties as regards the water running over into the tunnel, though we were in fear that the pipe might get stopped up at the other end, when it would have been goodbye to us and our tunnel.

Our next difficulty was to obtain light. We had exhausted our stock of candles, and for some time it looked as if we would have to give up, when one day we struck a splendid idea. Several of us had been receiving "Williams'" shaving soap, which came in tin boxes. By making a small hole in the top,

and by picking the nap from our blankets, and sometimes using small pieces of linen, which we saturated with the alcohol from the lamps in our rooms we were able to obtain a fairly good light, which kept bright all the time, and, save for a little smoke, made excellent lamps. These lamps were placed in niches cut in the wall, and our tunnel was as bright as day.

The next difficulty to confront us was the hauling of the sand from the far end of the tunnel, which was now well over thirty yards in length. There was no rope whatever to be found in the fortress, so in order to manufacture some we had to think out another scheme, and at length ordered from the commandant some material, which we told him was to cover the walls in some of the rooms in order to hide the dirty bricks. The commandant eventually allowed us to buy sufficient thin colored material, some of which we used to cover the walls, and the rest we cut into one-fourth of an inch strips, which we pleated into a rope.

It may be well at this point to state how we were able to make these things, and keep the Germans from seeing them. For this purpose, on commencing our tunnel, we organized a vigilance committee. The duties of this committee were to keep tab on the movements of the sentries and the Germans around the fortress at all times. For example, when a German left the office, it was immediately signalled to another of the committee, who sat or studied a short distance from the scene of operations. This man, without moving from his place, again signalled, sometimes by dropping a piece of paper, or by raising his head or hands, and the man outside of our door immediately knew that someone was coming, and all the material, and other things were hidden from view. In my room, where the tunnel was being dug, we had placed an old table over the trap door of the tunnel. Around this table we draped some of the material we had got from the commandant, and when any sentries were near, the trap door was slipped into place and it was practically impossible, without a minute search, to discover where the floor had been cut.

The rope being finished, one night we raided the storeroom belonging to the Germans, and found a number of coverings used for making mattresses. We took these and, cutting them up, sewed them into small bags, and by attaching two pieces

of wire at the top and a hook at the bottom, we made a circular pulley arrangement, so that when the sack was filled with sand at the end of the tunnel, it could be pulled to the entrance, and the movement of pulling would take up from the entrance on the circular rope another empty sack. Some days, by working twelve hours a day, we managed to get up as many as two hundred sacks. The sacks were deposited for the time being at the entrance of the tunnel under the table, or emptied into the trunks or suitcases, which were in the rooms, and in one instance, when in a hurry, we had to place quite a lot of sand in one of the mattresses in the room.

After six o'clock at night the commandant's office, which was in the main fortress, was closed, and only at various intervals did a patrol come through the corridor, so that with our vigilance committee always alert, we managed to hide the sand under the rooms in the fortress.

We dug the tunnel large enough so that all movements could be free, and a man could easily go through on his hands and knees, and, in fact, one man could pass another in the tunnel. After digging sixty yards we found it was necessary to have a small chamber, as the pull on the rope for sixty yards with a sack of sand on the other end was heavy work, so we set to work and dug one about four feet square under where another foundation wall crossed the corridor. In this hole we placed two men. One man hauled the sack from the end where the men were digging and, unhooking it from the first rops, handed the sack to the second man, who hitched it on to the second rope, and giving two tugs to the rope, the men at the entrance of the tunnel immediately began to pull, and so all day it was a continual round of pleasure.

As the tunnel progressed, we had to take in more men. We added to our party all those officers in whose rooms we had hidden the sand, so that when the tunnel reached ninety yards, we had fully forty men on our list for escaping.

At this point we struck another great difficulty; our friendly pipe turned in another direction, and we were without air, and being only twenty or thirty yards from the ditch surrounding the fortress, naturally we did not feel like following the pipe, which may have turned back again, for all we knew. We, however, dug on for two or three days until the

lack of air stopped us. Then, again, we held a meeting of all those interested, and everybody gave their different ideas, but on the advice of a French officer we commenced to save all the condensed milk tins which came for ourselves and the French and Russian officers, and by cutting the bottoms from these tins and joining them together with paper, linen and mucilage, we made a pipe. Another officer then made a propeller from pieces of a biscuit tin and wood, and by turning the propeller we were able to force sufficient air down the pipe for the officers to work by. At last we arrived under the ditch, and by driving a small hole from our tunnel upwards, we got sufficient air.

About this time the Germans began to be a little suspicious because of the way the officers were taking their confinement. Usually somebody was trying to escape, and for three or four months everything had been quiet and the commandant couldn't understand it, so one fine day a new arrival appeared in the camp in the shape of a Russian officer. He was placed in a room with the rest of the Russians, and it was not until four or five days later that suspicion was aroused because of his perfect knowledge of German. Our "vigilance committee" commenced to watch him, and he was seen entering the commandant's office many times. One day he disappeared and a few days later the German officials made a search and found our tunnel. We had worked for four and a half months and our tunnel was 125 yards long. It was a work of art, inasmuch as towards the end we had commenced to fill the sand bags, and had built them into the left side of the tunnel, and in looking down the tunnel when the lights were lit, it resembled an underground railway.

We only had, the day the tunnel was discovered, a few more yards to go before we should have been under the wall surrounding the fortress, and then it would have been easy to have dug up into the forest surrounding it.

I might also add here, that by this time fully sixty officers, viz., thirty Russians, twenty-five French and five British, were prepared to escape. Each man had saved up sufficient hard biscuits, sausages, Oxo cubes, chocolate, etc., for his particular journey.

In my case, having decided to accompany a Finn, who was

in the Russian army, a sailor by profession, we had made from some old material a miniature sail, and intended to walk the sixty or seventy miles to the Baltic Sea, steal a boat, fix up a sail and endeavor to cross the forty miles between Germany and Sweden.

Other officers had converted their uniforms into civilian clothes, and were going to buy tickets at a station twenty or thirty miles away for Berlin, and from there to a point near the Dutch frontier.

A party of five French officers, when the tunnel was started, sent, by code, word to France of their intention to reach a certain point in Germany from where they would be conducted to safety over the frontier into Switzerland. A Russian officer had converted his uniform into that of a German officer's uniform, and as he spoke German fluently, intended to get direct to the frontier by train. So that each separate party had his scheme, and one can imagine our disappointment after working so long, to find our efforts were all in vain.

The next morning after the tunnel was discovered we, however, received a little compensation, as the Germans brought in from some distant town a company of their engineers to fill in the tunnel and discover by what means we had dug it and where we had placed the sand. They had some job. First of all a poor, thin-looking fellow was ordered to go down into the tunnel and report what he found. He had tied around his waist 20 yards of rope. Imagine the look of intense surprise on the faces of the sentries when the end of the rope came and the man had not found the end of the tunnel. They thought it was only 20 or 30 yards in length, and couldn't get it into their heads that a tunnel could be dug any longer. Eventually pickaxes and other instruments were brought in and the whole corridor, from one end of the fortress to the other, was dug up in order to reach the tunnel. They at last arrived at the end and it took them one month of hard work to fill it in. They brought in loads upon loads of sand and broken bottles, and mixing them together they filled in the tunnel. We heard that the dammage done, apart from the cost of labor, amounted to 25,000 marks.

I may mention here that about a month before the discovery, when the new British officers arrived, a change was made in

our room. All the Britishers, numbering at this time six, were placed in one small room at the other end of the fortress, and the room where the tunnel was—where I had been living before—was occupied by the French officers, who were put under close arrest, while I was allowed my freedom as before.

All the French officers were brought before the commandant and were questioned as to how many had been working in the tunnel, and when told that two thirds of the fortress had had something to do with the work, the officers were released and the authorities stated that we would have to pay for the damage done. As, however, we had practically no money in the German hands, and all the money we had ourselves was well hidden in the lining of our coats, heels of our boots, and various other places, they did not get one single cent.

After this, however, more restrictions were placed on our liberty, and we were all well pleased when we heard that the majority of us were to be sent away to other camps.

It was very amusing, the day after the tunnel was discovered, to see the officers endeavoring to hide the things they had prepared for their escape. Those officers who had taken the braid and brass buttons from their uniforms to make them look like civilian clothes, were busily engaged in every dark little corner of the fortress sewing them on with all possible speed. Others who had smuggled in a compass or a map, could be seen in various parts of the courtyard digging holes to bury them in. The clothes we had been working in naturally were covered with dirt and sand, and being too large to hide in this manner, were hastily put in the stove, but the smell of burning cloth brought in the guards, resulting in the names of these particular officers being taken and their being advised that they were to get their punishment later. The instruments used for digging, the pipe made from six milk tins, and the propeller, were sent by the commandant to the "Kriegs Museum" (War Museum) in Berlin, and no doubt can be seen there at any time.

CHAPTER V.

Life at the Fortress

WHILE digging the tunnel we passed our spare time in various ways. One of the British, officers commenced to learn Russian. He and another officer would walk around the ramparts of the fortress, books in hand, and it was a circus to watch the facial expression of the British officer when trying to pronounce some of the Russian words. Others passed their time making maps ready for their escape. Personally, when not preparing the various things for work in the tunnel, I tried to learn German, and practiced most of my sentences on the Germans in the office until they were fed up, after which I would spring a sentence on the sentry at the gate, or on any unsuspecting German who might come into the fortress.

About a week after the tunnel was filled in, a Russian officer thought he would try to escape by turning his uniform into that of a German officer. This was not very difficult, as the capes of the Russian officers were practically the same as those worn by the Germans, and with a slight alteration one could not tell the difference between them. As he needed a pair of spurs, be cut them out of a piece of wood and covered them with tinfoil, and from a distance they looked like a real pair of spurs. As the Germans carried their swords under their capes, it was necessary to have something to look like a sword-scabbard, and for this he carved out a piece of wood to the shape of a scabbard, and blacking this with ordinary shoe polish, it was a good imitation.

The next day he waited until all the Germans in the fortress had left for their "mittag's" meal, when he slowly walked from his room and arrived at the gates leading into the corridor. The sentries, seeing a German officer, as they thought, approach, immediately saluted him, opened the gates, and he

passed through, and walked down the corridor, which was very badly lighted by oil lamps, so that it was easy for him to pass the various sentries there.

I might state at this point that the Russian only knew one or two sentences in German. One of these was: "Ich bin ein Deutcher Offizier, heir fur der Regierungshof, warum?" (I am a German officer, here for the courtmartial, why?) This phrase was learned by him in order that should he be accosted by any of the sentries, he would be able to at least say something in their own language.

On arriving at the outside gates, he was stopped by the sentry on duty there and asked for his passport. Putting on a very stern air, he shouted at him "Ich bin ein Deutscher Offizier, hier fur der Regierungshof, warum?" The poor sentry, being much afraid of an officer, looked rather scared but opened the gates and the Russian officer passed outside.

Walking down the pathway, he came to the main road where passing at this moment was a squad of German soldiers under a "Gefreiter" (corporal), who immediately gave the command "augens recht" (eyes right), and to those watching from the ramparts of the fortress, it was a comical sight to see these soldiers marching by giving to what they thought a German officer their best goose step. About this time, however, the sentry who had let him through the outside gate, having been ordered not to let anyone in or out of the fortress without a passport, began to feel a little anxious, and asked an under-officer who was passing if it was true that some of the officer prisoners were being court-martialed. On being told no, he immediately explained to the under-officer how he had just let a German officer through the gates, and when he had asked him for his passport, he had been told that he had been in the fortress to attend a court-martial. The under-officer immediately got suspicious, ran down the road and came upon the Russian officer just as he was receiving the salute from the last of the German soldiers. Going up to him, he politely asked him for his passport, explaining that it was contrary to the regulations to let anyone out of the fortress without it. Much to his astonishment, he received the answer: "Ich bin cin Deutscher Offizier, heir fur der Regierungshof, warum?" At this moment the corporal belonging to the squad of soldiers,

noticing the actions of the under-officer from the fortress, immediately came back, and having once been on duty at the fortress himself, endeavored to explain to the pseudo German officer how necessary it was that everyone should have a passport, as at other fortresses he had heard of officers disguising themselves as German soldiers and trying to get out. Much to his astonishment, and to the others amaement, he received the same old phrase, and being at once suspicious, asked the Russian officer if he would kindly go with them to the commandant and explain matters to him and no doubt everything would be all right.

On arriving at the office of the commandant, much to the latter's surprise, he saw at once a familiar face, and after the first question discovered who he was.

After this, several more of the officers in the camp got restless, and one day Captain Robin Gray, of the Grenadier Guards, one of the British officers who came about a month before the tunnel was found out, thought out a brilliant scheme to escape. At this time a party of Germans were engaged in finishing up the filling in of the tunnel, coming in and going out of the fortress at all times of the day, and leaving their clothes lying around in various parts of the fortress. Captain Gray, together with three others, made up some German caps, collected what they could find around the fortress belonging to the soldiers, and putting some food in a sack, they let themselves down a trapdoor into a corridor running underneath the fortress, and eventually made their way into the ditch. Being in German uniforms, naturally at first no one took any notice of them, but in walking around the ditch they aroused the suspicion of a sentry, owing to the fact that they were leaving the fortress a different way from that which the other soldiers had left before. The sentry spoke to them, and as he recognized one of the French officers, they beat a hasty retreat back again into the fortress, and once again their work had been in vain.

Several days later, two Russian officers having found some rope left behind by the Germans, which had been used by them in connection with the filling in of the tunnel, thought they would try and escape from the fortress, and having arranged with several of us to attract the attention of the various sen-

tries, they crept over the ramparts of the fortress into the ditch, and there commenced to try to throw the rope on to some iron railings on the wall which surrounded the fortress. At this time I was endeavoring to attract the attention of one of the sentries by boxing with another officer, but as the Russian officers were so long getting the rope on the railings, we got a little tired, and the sentry, turning his head for a moment, saw the Russian officer in the ditch and at once gave the alarm, resulting in their capture.

I had now been in the fortress over seven months, and during this time had written several letters to the American Ambassador, Mr. Gerard, at Berlin, as we thought a visit from him would make the authorities clean up a little at the fortress, which was certainly in a very bad shape. However, the letters were returned to me and I was told very roughly that if I had any complaints to make they should be made direct to the German authorities, as they would not recognize Mr. Gerard in any way as intermediator on our behalf. However, Captain Gray, immediately on his arrival sent through a letter to England written in such a manner that they knew something was wrong at the fortress, and they communicated at once with the authorities, who sent word through Switzerland to the American Ambassador to visit us and see what was wrong. One day we noticed that the whole place was being cleaned up, and even curtains were being placed on the windows, and arrived at the conclusion that probably we were to have a visit from some high German official, as invariably when anyone was going to visit the camp, some little improvement was made. However, the next morning Mr. Gerard arrived, and we had great difficulty in having a speech with him alone. He was followed through the fortress by the general of the district and the commandant and all his staff, and when any of us attempted to get near him, one of the staff would push his way between us, but at length we managed to get two or three minutes alone and explain to him how the fortress had just been cleaned up, how they had just placed the curtains on the windows, and how immediately after he left these would be taken off and the place would not be cleaned up again until another visit was to be made.

Mr. Gerard, being a very shrewd man, saw how

everything stood, and when I explained to him the length of time I had been at the fortress, he told me he would endeavor to have me moved as soon as possible, so that it was, I believe, mainly due to his efforts that I received orders one day, after being at this fortress over eight months, to be moved to another camp.

After packing up the few things I had, the next morning, together with three other British officers, I was marched under escort to the station and once more passed through Berlin. This time, however, we were not displayed to the public so much as when I was removed from Bischofswerda, and we had enough time in Berlin to see something of what the town was like under war conditions. Even at this early period of the war (September, 1916) we saw crowds of people waiting in line in order to get their bread and milk. Nearly all men between the ages of 17 and 60 seemed to be in uniform. Most of the workers on the railways were either girls or Russian prisoners of war, and it appeared to us that many of the stores were closed.

After spending about five hours in Berlin, we were once again put on the train and arrived eventually at Augustabad, in Mecklenburg.

CHAPTER VI.

Augustabad Prison Camp

I FOUND this camp to be even better than the one at Bischofswerda, inasmuch as the building had been used in pre-war times as a hotel, and certainly, while it was a dilapidated looking hotel, it had not the appearance inside of a prison. Surrounding the building, leaving only a small garden in front to walk around in, were many rows of barbed wire, and outside of this was a tall wooden fence, on top of which were also barbed wire obstacles. Every twenty or thirty feet around the camp was a large arc light, so that by night the space surrounding the camp was as bright as day, which made it impossible for anyone to climb over the high fence. At the rear of the building was a small gate which led to the stables and the guard house. On this gate was a sentry, and every thirty or forty yards around the outside of the fence sentries were placed, so that all points were thoroughly guarded. About twenty yards from the camp was another small building, or hut, which had been used in pre-war days as an ice house, but at the present time was not in use.

The officers were crowded into small rooms, beds close together, but they were much better than any other beds I had slept on in Germany.

The total number of prisoners in the camp amounted to one hundred and fifty, seventy of whom were Russians, fifty French and about thirty British. There were also two or three British orderlies, and quite a number of French and Russian orderlies, who kept the place very clean. The officers were allowed a certain amount of freedom. For example, nearly every day, by giving their word of honor they would not escape, they were permitted to play in the morning outside of the camp for two hours, and when the weather permitted, one could go for a walk for two hours in the surrounding country. Of course,

the German authorities, in order to impress upon us that we were prisoners, took away these privileges from time to time and tried to make everybody feel that it was an extreme kindness on their part to allow us this little exercise. Had it not been for this liberty, there would have been a great deal of sickness in the camp, owing to the crowd of officers confined in such a small space. The food was rotten, but as most of the officers had been prisoners since the early part of the war, and had been in this camp for a long time, their parcels were coming quite regularly, and hardly anyone ate the food provided by the Germans, but lived on the contents of their own parcels.

At 8:30 every morning we had a parade in the little garden, and our names were called and checked off to see that none had escaped during the night. In the evening, when the weather was fine, the same thing happened, and when it was stormy the roll was called in the building.

The officers were allowed, if they wished, to keep rabbits, and quite a few of them, in order to pass away the time, purchased some rabbits, and on my arrival they numbered eighty in all. Their food consisted of mangles and other stuff which their owners bought from the Germans. Once a week the officers usually killed one of their rabbits and invited one another to their feed. I was fortunate enough to be invited several times, and found the rabbit delicious after having to live most of the time on the German food.

About a week after I arrived at the camp, naturally I began to look around for a way to escape. I did not feel like sitting down, and waiting until the war was finished before getting home, as at that time it looked as if it would last for five or six years. I carefully watched the sentries, noting the time they changed guard and the work they did around the camp, and came to the conclusion that there were only two ways out. One by digging a tunnel, and the other by going through the gate disguised in some way.

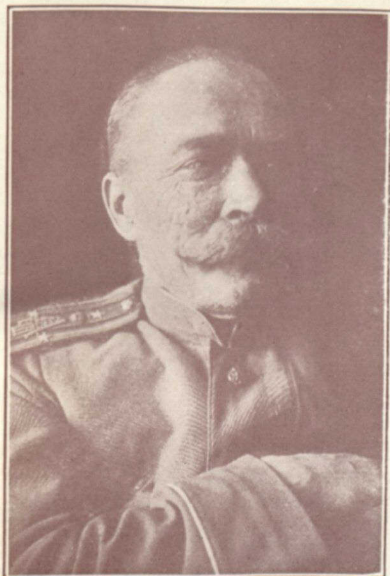
Two or three days later, I observed that a Belgian orderly cleaned up the yard every afternoon, and at 5:30, as regular as clockwork, took out a barrow load of refuse from the rabbits' hutches, and that when the barrow was brought back again into the garden, the Germans came in regularly at 7:00 every morning for it to use around the stables. If the barrow

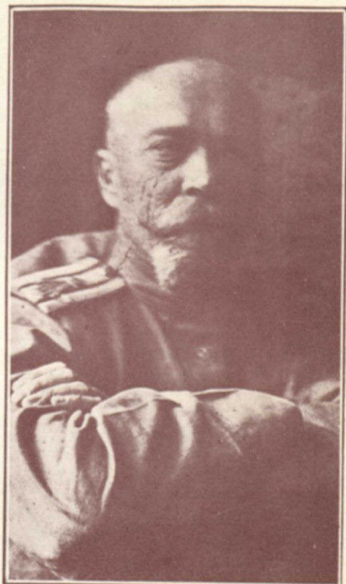
Types of German soldiers guarding us in 1916.

Court yard, Fort Zorndorf, Prussia. Author in centre (standing) with French, Russian and British naval officer who worked in Tunnel.

Types of Russian officers at Fort Zorndorf.

TYPES OF RUSSIAN OFFICERS TAKEN PRISONERS IN EAST PRUSSIA IN 1915





Russian Priest at Fort Zorndorf, in Prussia, who was taken prisoner early in the war.

On board S.S. Virginian

was found full, it was taken up by them and emptied on the manure pile at the back of the stables and afterwards used.

In thinking this over I came to the conclusion that if the barrow was taken out at the same time every morning, it would be comparatively easy during the months of November and December, when quite dark, for one to hide in it, provided somebody could be found to throw in the manure afterwards. Having decided that these were the only means of getting out of the camp, I at once commenced to exercise every morning in the garden a little before 7 o'clock, so that the sentries would always be used to seeing me there at that time and think nothing of it.

However, one day an officer belonging to one of our famous Irish regiments, a first class fellow in every way, came to me and told me that they had already commenced a tunnel and asked if I would join them in digging it, and naturally, owing to my experience with the tunnel at Fort Zorndorf, I acceded to his request, so was kept busy for some time digging the tunnel. After a short time, however, I saw it would take a long time to complete the tunnel, and being anxious to make my getaway as soon as possible, began to think of a better and quicker way to get from the camp.

One afternoon while sitting at one of the upstairs windows, I saw coming along the road a German war widow. She had on a thick crepe veil and I noticed how hard it was to see even the outline of her features. This gave me an idea, but I wondered how in the world I could manage to get together an outfit of this kind. Taking into my confidence two Belgian officers, who had escaped quite a few times, and who were always willing to aid another to get away, I asked them if they could think out with me a way to get in either the material or the clothes from the outside. After some thought, we decided to commence on the widow's hat. We drew, first of all, the shape of the hat, and then going to the garden we untwisted sufficient chicken wire and set about making the framework. After this was made, we covered it with an old piece of black lining, and then by bribing a sentry with a piece of soap and ten marks, I asked him if he would buy for me three and a half yards of black crepe. When he enquired why I needed it, I told him that at Christmas we were going to have a little entertainment

and I wanted the use of some crepe. A few days later he informed me that I could have the crepe if I gave him one hundred marks, and after giving him the money, I received the crepe, which he smuggled into the camp the first opportunity he had, so we were able to finish the hat and veil.

We then made a jabot from lining, covering it with crepe, and fastened it to the front of a tight-fitting sweater, which, underneath a coat, looked like a blouse with a crepe front.

The next difficulty was to secure a coat. We intended making the coat, in the first instance, by cutting up a French officer's black cape, but we couldn't get the pattern to fit. However, one day an elderly lady who visited the camp now and again for laundry and repairs, hung her coat in the hallway, and immediately her back was turned the coat was stolen, taken to my room, and by carefully sticking a pin through the seems of the coat on to newspaper and then cutting through the perforated parts, we got an exact pattern. As soon as we finished with the coat, it was taken back and hung up in the hall way, and nobody was the wiser. Afterwards, getting some fresh newspapers and recutting these patterns, allowing a quarter of an inch margin on either side for sewing, we had complete patterns for a lady's tight-fitting coat. For material we used a French officer's black cape and diligently set to work to make the coat. Naturally, everything had to be done by hand, which took a long time. The seams were later pressed with a small stone found in the garden and fastened in a heavy piece of wire, and it was surprising, after heating the stone, what a splendid iron it made.

Cutting the collar from an old tunic, we fastened this to the coat, covering it with a piece of crepe, but after the coat was made, much to our disgust, owing to my shape it would not fit properly, so a pair of corsets were absolutely necessary to insure a good fit. This, however, was a serious proposition, as it was a difficult matter to approach a sentry and ask him to purchase a pair of lady's corsets, but as there was nothing else to do, I took another piece of soap and a little money, and picking out the tamest of the sentries, handed him the soap and money and told him I wanted to get a pair of corsets in order to have some fun with the officers in the camp. At first

he refused, but the soap undoubtedly did the trick, as a few days later he told me he had a pair of corsets, and, naturally, he charged me a good stiff price for them. However, under the circumstances, I was pleased enough to get the corsets, and on putting them on was delighted with the fine shape and cut of the coat, which now fitted like a glove.

The next thing we did was to make a skirt. Taking newspaper and cutting it into pieces until it fitted like a skirt, we succeeded in making a fairly decent skirt out of a Frenchman's cape.

Our next trouble was to secure a wig. For this we took into our confidence the Belgian orderly working around the camp, whose duty was to go to a nearby town three or four days a week for parcels and letters. We found out through him that quite a number of Belgians had been deported from Belgium, and were made to work at various trades in the town, and through him we were able to get a switch of hair. By carefully making a skull cap, and sewing the hair on it, we made a very good wig. When the outfit was completed I dressed myself up and called in for inspection several of the officers, and asked them what they thought of it. After one or two alterations I was ready for getting out of the camp.

During the time of the making of the clothes, which took over three months, I had also helped the other officers with their tunnel, but decided to tell them I intended to get out another way as it was impossible for the tunnel to be finished before the spring.

I have already told how I began to exercise every morn ing at seven o'clock in the garden, in order that the guards should get used to seeing me there, and I continued this right to the time I intended to escape, so that on the morning of the 23rd of December I went as usual into the garden at seven o'clock. The sentry saw me but took no notice of my movements. The guard was changed exactly on the hour, and while the change was taking place, I hid myself in the wheelbarrow which stood there, so that the new guard did not see me when they turned their attention to the garden.

The Belgian orderly who had helped me so much before now came out and filling the barrow with the manure and rubbish from the rabbits, covered me well over and left the barrow

standing where it was. In three minutes a German working around the stable came to look for the barrow and seeing it full, immediately wheeled it from the garden to the gate. It is rather hard for me to describe the sensation I experienced at this moment, for I was not quite sure whether or not the sentry at the gate would playfully put his bayonet into the rubbish, as undoubtedly the way the barrow was filled was not quite normal. Without any questions being asked, he opened the gate and wheeled the barrow by the guard house and dumped the contents on the manure pile about twenty yards from the camp. By holding myself stiff, I managed to roll out down the slope mixed with the manure.

The night before, the Belgian who always took out the barrow to use around the stables, had hidden under the manure different packages containing my widow's outfit and a little food, together with a Tommy's cooker, a bottle of water and a cigarette tin, so that after the German had left I commenced to search around very quietly under the manure until I found these various packages. Then, crawling to the disused icehouse, I found my way into the cellar, and after making sure that my movements had not been detected by the sentries, I settled down, and lighting my little cooker boiled some water in the cigarette tin, and with the food I had, made breakfast. During the whole of that day I remained in the cellar, and by the time night had arrived I had dressed myself in my widow's weeds.

There is one thing I have forgotten to mention, that is, that in talking with the Belgian officers we had decided that as my German was by no means perfect it would be far better to travel with someone, and with this end in view, we searched the camp for one who could speak German fluently, and at last finding that one of the French officers knew German perfectly, I approached him and asked him if he would like to make an attempt to escape with me. After some little thought we decided it would be a good idea to escape as mother and son, as he was not very tall, so by procuring a civilian hat and a white collar, and by taking the braid from his uniform coat, and by placing something up his back to look like a hump, we concluded that he would pass very well for a hump-backed boy about nineteen or twenty years of age.

We had made arrangements with the Belgian orderly so that he could be taken out in the barrow the night after I escaped and meet me in the disused ice house.

I might also add here that every morning for about a month I had been practicing some fifteen German sentences, trying to speak them as much as possible in a woman's voice, and after repeating them to several French officers, who themselves were good German linguists, they at last thought I should pass, and providing I could use these sentences would be all right.

CHAPTER VII.

My Escape in Widow's Weeds

AT 5:30 p.m. the Frenchman escaped from the camp, having been wheeled out in the barrow by the Belgian orderly, and crawling towards the ice house we met and waited until seven o'clock before deciding to make our way through the forest on to the road.

The next evening we entered the station of Neu Brandenburg, and proceeding to the ticket office, purchased two tickets for Berlin, it being our intention to go to Berlin and from there purchase tickets to a small town about twenty-five miles from the Dutch frontier, and then to cross over into Holland. The girl at the ticket office informed us that we should have to wait until eleven o'clock for the train, which meant a long wait at the station.

The French officer, in order to avoid being seen too much on the station, left me with the intention of coming back again five minutes before the train started. I then went into the general waiting room and sat down with the rest of the people there. In the next seat was a German officer who greeted me with: "Guten abend. Schlechter wetter, nicht?" (Good evening, bad weather, no?) after which he asked me where I was going. He then did not say anything for some considerable time, but when he began to speak again, I thought probably it would be better to get away, in case he asked me something I would be unable to answer in a feigned voice, and seeing at the far end of the room the ladies' lavatory, I decided to risk going in there and try and pass away the time. As I carried in my handbag a safety razor, shaving soap and brush, rouge, powder and puff and eyebrow pencil, I passed the time shaving, rouging, powdering, etc., and by the time I was through I had spent three-quarters of an hour there.

Returning to the waiting room, I commenced to walk to the far corner in order to be as far away as possible from the German officer, who was still sitting there. However, he rose from his seat and said: "Bitte, gnadige Frau, sitzen sie hier," and offered me a seat next to him. Under the circumstances, and feeling that perhaps the rest in the waiting room would notice if I refused, I sat down, when he asked me how long my husband had been dead, and one or two other questions which I could not answer and which I pretended not to hear. Thinking that it would be better to get away from the waiting room, I walked into the hall outside and saw the French officer coming through the door. He was immediately asked by an official for his passport, and not having one, was taken to the guard room on the station.

Seeing him taken off in this manner, I hurried out of the station. However, at this point, the girl in the ticket office, seeing me pass through the door, ran to the station-master and told him that the woman in widow's weeds who had just left the station had been with the man he had just taken to the guard room, which resulted in two German soldiers being sent after me. By the time they caught up to me, I was fully fifty yards from the station, and asking me very politely to return with them as the station-master wished to speak to me, I went back to the station and was ushered into the presence of the officer in charge. He proceeded to question me and at length told me I was to be searched, as I was no doubt trying to get out of the country with the French officer. Bringing in two women to search me was enough for me, and throwing up my hands I said in the best German I could command: "Ich bin ein Englander offizier, nicht ein Frau. For God's sake don't let those women search me." This caused quite a sensation and it took some time explaining what we had been doing and how I had made the clothes for my disguise.

After a while the officer commenced to get in a little better humor, and I asked him for a drink, but he would only give me a glass of water, and when I asked him for a cigarette he again shook his head, but told me he had some good German cigars. I took a cigar, though at first I did not like to smoke it as I had smoked one or two before, and at home these cigars would have been thrown on the dust heap. However, not having had a

smoke for a long time, I lit the cigar, when in came a German soldier to report something to the commandantur, and seeing a woman sitting there smoking a cigar with the officer, he appeared very much excited, undoubtedly thinking that the officer had strayed from the straight path. On being told that the lady in question was a British officer, he got out of the room as soon as possible, and this is no doubt the way the news started, which eventually spread over the town, that an English spy, dressed in women's clothes, had been caught on the station, so that, some little time later, when we were sent from the station on our return journey to Augustabad, hundreds of people were in the streets and followed us shouting: "Englander Espion, Englander Espion." It is rather hard to describe the sensations I experienced at that moment. I was in my widow's weeds surrounded with sentries, two of whom, as we reached the outskirts of the town, placed the muzzles of their rifles in the small of my back and told me if I made one movement to get away from the centre of the road I should be shot.

It appears that the commandantur on the station had spoken over a long-distance phone to the camp and they had evidently been told that I was rather dangerous, and they were not, under any condition, to let me escape, as they were going to make an example of me, so that no more attempts to escape would be made from this particular camp.

The rest of the journey to the camp is not interesting enough to describe, but a little excitement was caused when I arrived eventually at the guard room of the Augustabad camp. By this time all the sentries knew that an escape had been made, and were debating among themselves how we had got away from the camp—to them it was a mystery.

Perhaps it would be better at this time to describe how our tracks were covered, as up to the time the telephone message reached the commandant, he had no idea whatever that we had escaped. The covering up of our escape was managed very cleverly by one or two of the British officers. A British colonel, who was the senior officer of the camp, was a very dear old fellow. His name was Col. Enderby, of the Northumberland Fusiliers. He had been very interested in the preparations for my escape, and was one of the few senior British officers in Ger-

many willing to sacrifice a few comforts in order to help one to escape. The Germans, after an escape had been made, immediately commenced reprisals in the camp. These generally consisted of the officers being shut in their rooms, and in not being allowed to smoke or receive their parcels and letters, and in those camps where the privilege was given for an hour's exercise outside of the camp, this privilege was at once taken away and perhaps not given again sometimes for one or two months.

I think I have explained how the roll call of this camp was managed. The British officers were lined up in one spot, the French in another spot and the Russians still in another, with their respective senior officers in front. The commandant of the camp then came along with an under-officer and each group was counted and their names called off and checked on the roll.

When my name was called, Leason, of my old battalion, who was with me at Fort Zorndorf, and, who accompanied me to this place, answered my name, but when his own name was called, one of the other officers at the end of the line said that Leeson was perhaps sick in bed. Immediately the roll was called the under-officer was sent to Leeson's room, but Leeson had beaten him on the run, having pushed his way quickly through the groups of officers, and by the time the under-officer arrived, he was safely tucked away in bed with all the appearance of a very bad cold, therefore I was not missed that morning.

In the evening they had the roll call in the small diningroom, and it was qnite easy, when the officer's back was turned, to slip from one place to another, so that they were counted the second time, and the French officers doing the same for my comrade, we were not missed. So you can imagine the surprise of the German officer when he received a telephone message from a distant town to the effect that two of his officers had just been caught at the station, one of them in the garb of a widow.

On arriving in the guard room proper, I was amused to note the expression on the faces of the different sentries I had bribed to get the various articles which I made use of in making up my widow's clothes. Naturally, each of these sentries felt guilty, knowing that he had helped in this matter; consequently they were on pins and needles for the time

being, thinking, of course, that when questioned I would tell the authorities how I managed to get the things. However, afterwards, on finding that I had not given them away, they tried to do all they could to make me more comfortable.

The commandant was at once sent for, and his entry into the guard room was exceedingly comical. He had a way with him when trying to speak English of flapping his arms like a bird, and if you can imagine a very angry-looking Hun, moustache turned up, flapping his arms and trying to call me a few swear words in the English language, you will realize what a spectacle he made, and naturally I could not help but smile, which made him all the madder.

When he had cooled down a little, I gave him my best courtesy and said: "Guten Abend, mein Herr," at which he boiled over more than ever and ordered me to take off the women's clothes, which I commenced to do, and before I had finished taking off the last article, his wrath had been somewhat appeased, and after showing him the way I had made the things, he became quite normal and told me what a serious offense I had committed, and that I should be immediately court-martialed.

I was then placed in one of the small cells in the guard house, and the next morning, both the French officer and myself, were marched into the commandant's office where we were questioned as to how we got out of the camp. Naturally we refused to answer, and he stated that when the day of the court-martial came around, this would go agaiust us, and our sentence would be most drastic.

A few days later we were again brought up before a party of officers and court-martialed, and they did their best to find out from me where I had gotten the material for my clothes, and who had brought the corsets into the camp, as well as the hair and other articles. By the time they had finished they were none the wiser, and we were eventually sentenced to one month solitary confinement and four months confinement in a fortress. As I had already done eight months in a fortress, the sentence did not worry me, but the French officer felt it very keenly, not knowing what was before him, and naturally, for the moment, I was unable to explain that while the fortress was pretty bad, it was not so bad as the Germans would have

us think. Life in a fortress was as you made it. If you sat down and moped, then it went hard with you, but if you tried to occupy your time, even if it was digging a tunnel or bribing the sentries, the time did not hang so heavily on one's hands.

The next day was Christmas—my second Christmas in Germany, under practically the same conditions. The sentries commenced their Christmas day by having several barrels of beer brought to the guardroom, and all day long they drank and sang "Die Watch am Rhein," and occasionally one of them would come along, unlock my door, and show me a glass of beer, but none of them dared to give me one drink. Some of them were decidedly hostile towards me, while others treated me more as a curiosity for having escaped the way I did. Towards evening several women came into the guard room, and I heard them asking the sentries if they could have a look at the British officer who had escaped as a woman, so that evidently my escape had caused some little excitement in the town.

In some mysterious manner, two or three of my friends in the camp, including Leeson, of my old battalion, got around the guard and sent into me a fairly good Christmas dinner, but when it is remembered that I was in a cell all alone, with no light save the faint glow of a candle, eating my Christmas dinner on a small bare table, with the candle stuck in an empty bottle, the place bare of any furniture except a wooden bed and chair, it will be understood that my feelings were not at all festive, particularly so as by this time the sentries were getting rather full, and had commenced to dance around the guard room. However, after finishing my dinner, which, if I remember correctly, consisted of "Maconacie rations," a few biscuits and some coffee, I decided it was far better to crawl into bed, and so ended by second Christmas in Germany.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Friendly German Officer

DURING the night the German guards kept up a continuous hilarity, the noise of their glasses tinkling as they drank their beer and sang their Christmas songs. In the early morning I was paid a visit by the corporal of the guards, who told me what a glorious time they had had, and how the Kaiser had sent a message to all the troops telling them that long before next Christmas arrived, there would be peace with victory. Seeing he was in rather a good mood after his night's revelry, I asked him if I could stretch my legs outside in the guard-room for a few minutes. I wanted to find out what had been done with the woman's clothes they had taken from me. At first he refused, but afterwards he let me out of my cell into the guard-room, and I saw, in a small room opposite, the whole widow's kit complete, and I made up my mind that I would steal back some of the things and try to hide them, as they might come in useful on some later occasion.

The next day the commandant sent over one of the British orderlies to clean out my cell, and with his aid I managed to get back the hair I had used as a wig, the small handbag, and the crepe which had been used to make the blouse. When the sentry's back was turned, the orderly hid these in his clothes, and took them into the camp and threw them into an old valise I had there.

In the evening the German officer, who was in command of the camp, came in to see me. He was a real nice fellow, but hated the British like poison, and after asking me how I liked my new quarters, he commenced telling me what great things the German army was going to do in the coming year, and how they were going to reach Paris. Naturally, this caused me to tell him what I thought of the German army, the German people and himself in particular, and for a moment he flared up, and I thought that as a result, I would get a little longer sent-

ence. He, however, came back a number of times after this, and I got from him some very interesting news as to what happened at Ypres when the Germans made their first attack with gas against the Canadians. He told me that the total casualties of the Germans, between April the 21st and 28th, was over 28,000, and that while they had gained a little territory, their attack had been a dismal failure, as they had not expected to come up against the terrific resistance of our Canadian troops. He was very interested to know what I thought would happen if America should come into the war. When I explained to him that Canada had only a population of 7,000,000, and that at that time over 700,000 had been sent overseas, and that the population of America was over 100,000,000, and it was quite possible for them to send 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 troops, he began to say that he hoped America would keep out of the war, although he did not believe, owing to their submarines, that America would even be able to get overseas more than 300,000 or 400,000.

It was through this officer using his influence with the commandant, that the widow's hat and veil were sent to England as a souvenir of my escape from the camp.

After ten days of solitary confinement, I was allowed to walk outside in a small radius for one hour each day, and as the British officers had managed to get a few books in to me, the time began to pass very quickly. On New Year's day, the sentries had another revelry, and one or two women came in and asked to see "die witwe" (the widow). My cell door was opened and I was exhibited.

The second week in January I received the largest batch of parcels I had ever had at one time while a prisoner—eight in all. These were the remains of what had been sent to the fortress, and after being held there for some considerable time, had been forwarded to Augustabad. Some of the contents were smuggled into me in the cell ,and amongst them was a large cake sent to me by Captain Scudamore, who had just managed to get into Switzerland, and whose first thought on gaining his freedom was to see that myself and several others should get enough food to eat in Germany.

After one month's solitary confinement in this manner, I was released from the prison, and told I was to be placed back in

the camp for a few days, and was then to be transferred to a fortress in Bavaria, where I should remain for some months. On arriving in the camp, I had to relate to the rest of the officers my various experiences while away from the camp as a woman, and it was then I learnt how successfully they had covered up my tracks when I escaped.

I visited the tunnel on which the British officers had been working while I had been in prison, and was surprised to find what splendid work had been done. At this time the tunnel was more than forty yards in length, and had been cut through solid clay, and at different intervals a small shaft had been cut out which led into the garden above, through which they were able to get sufficient air to work. A similar system of hauling the dirt away to that employed at Fort Zorndorf was being used, and this dirt was being hidden under the foundation of the building. The tunnel was eventually completed in the spring, and twenty or thirty officers, all told, got out of the camp. Unfortunately, the majority of those who had worked from the beginning were caught the next morning.

The day at last arrived, early in February, for me to leave the camp. During the time I had been back again from the prison, I had managed to get a map and a compass and a little more German money. The money was hidden safely in the seams of my shirt. The map was placed in the lining of my old valise, and the compass safely hidden in another spot.

About the 15th of the month, I left the camp early in the morning with the French officer who had escaped with me, and was marched to the station under an armed escort, and, as before, on our removal from one camp to another, I was told if I attempted to escape I would be immediately shot.

In Berlin we had to change stations, as usual, and I was surprised to note that a great change had taken place since my last visit five months previous. In passing down one of the main thoroughfares, at the present moment I have forgotten the name, one could not help noticing the dirty condition of the streets, and the scarcity of men. At one point we passed 700 or 800 women, who were waiting to get their weekly ration, and they looked even worse than they did the last time I was there. At another corner we saw another crowd waiting in a long line, and asking the sentry what they were there for, he informed

us they were waiting to get their weekly milk tickets. Everything appeared at this time to be rationed. We were told by the sentries accompanying us that meat, sugar, milk, butter and eggs were things hardly ever seen. If one wished to purchase any clothing, it was necessary to secure from the local city hall a special permit in writing to purchase, and it was stated thereon that whatever article they were buying had to be replaced by the worn article, so that if a man wished to purchase a pair of trousers ,or a new shirt, or if a lady wished to purchase a new skirt or jacket, they would have to return their old garments before getting the new. As far as I could make out from the sentries, these old articles were turned in to the government, who distributed them among the men and women who worked in the munition factories, as these people were only given a bare living wage.

After leaving Berlin, we passed through the towns of Halle and Cassel, and noticing on the journey that large leaflets were being distributed, I asked the sentry what they were, and he got one for me. This gave me an insight into the way the German Government was fooling the people. The leaflet was a bulletin of the work of their submarines. It gave a flowing account of various boats sunk, their tonnage, etc., and then set forth at the end how many tons of shipping Great Britain had left, and pointed out that with this kind of warfare, Great Britain would soon have throw up the sponge, and then what a time they would have. A little farther along the line, I found out that these bulletins were issued twice a day, and if they had a small victory, extra bulletins would be published, and so the spirit of the German people was buoyed up every day with hopes of early victory.

One could not help noticing a slight difference in the people, customs and the country when we arrived in Bavaria. In the first place, we discovered that the people were mostly Catholics, the country looking very much like that of France, with the churches and the crucifixes dotted all over it. The people themselves seemed a littl more friendly, but the soldiers look at us, if possible, with more hatred than those in Prussia. However, I found out later this was because the Bavarians had suffered more heavily on the western front than

any other province of Germany, and were naturally not feeling very well disposed towards us.

We had to sleep one night on the hard seats of the waiting-room at Nurenburg, and early the next morning we resumed our journey and arrived at a small town in Southern Bavaria called Ingoldstadt, when we were turned over to a new guard, and what a guard—five of the dirtiest-looking specimens I have ever seen. They looked as if they had not seen soap for many a month. They very roughly told us to get on, and we found that we were on our way to one of the worst fortresses in Germany known as Fort Nine, Ingoldstadt.

CHAPTER IX.

Fort 9, Ingoldstadt—Bavaria

AFTER leaving the station, we walked some four miles and arrived at the gates of the fortress. It was built of brick and stone, and divided into two wings, the centre of which was a long, wide corridor, which led into the courtyard of the fortress. From either side of this corridor smaller corridors ran out, which led to the various rooms or cells. All the windows were heavily barred, and around the outside of the buildings was a ring of sentries. The whole of the fortress was surrounded by a very wide ditch, and the depth of the water in the centre was from ten to fifteen feet.

Passing through the gates, on our right was a brick building which was used as the guard room. After passing this building, we had to go through two very large iron gates, at which was another sentry. On passing these gates we were in the smaller courtyard of the fortress. From this courtyard ran the tunnel before mentioned.

We were then ushered into the office of the commandant. Here we found that functionary who asked us our names, and then turned us over to a villainous-looking "Feld Fabel," (sergeant-major) who at once commenced to treat us like dogs. Snatching off a small khaki haversack, which I was carrying on my shoulders, he shouted: "Verboden," and immediately ordered me to strip myself of all my clothes. At first I refused, but in the end I had to do what I was told, and the Germans in the office at once commenced looking through the lining of my jacket, and examined my boots to see that I had nothing hidden there. Fortunately for me, they did not find the money I had hidden in my shirt, nor the compass, so that after their searching they were no further ahead. They then

thoroughly examined all the articles in my valise, and luckily did not notice the map I had hidden in the lining. Eventually I was shown, by what they called an "interpreter," to my room, and there I found some of the finest French officers I had ever met. One of them, a major, being one of the most daredevil men I ever encountered, whose various efforts to escape from the fortress I will deal with later.

It was here I first met Lieutenant Mendlicott, an R. F. C. man, and Lieutenant Wilkin, also belonging to the Flying Corps, with whom I afterwards tried various means to escape from this place. It did not take me very long to find out that this was indeed one of the worst places I had yet struck in Germany. The rooms were covered with moisture, and we were only allowed sufficient coal and wood to heat them for about two hours every morning. The "Feld Fabel," as mentioned before, apparently ran the old camp. If any slight thing went wrong, all the officers were either shut in their rooms or in their particular section of the fortress, and were not allowed even to go into the smaller courtyard. When no particular "strafe" was on, we were allowed to walk in the large inside courtyard, which was surrounded by the ramparts of the fortress. These ramparts were built in ridges, and we were also permitted to walk on the lower ridge. On the outer ridges were stationed sentries at various points so they could overlook the courtyard and the ditch on the outside.

There is one thing I must state here, that is, the officers did receive their parcels and letters regularly. Parcels would come in probably once or twice a week, and the letters every ten days.

The sanitary arrangements were extremely bad. This, of course, was due in no small degree to the officers in the fortress, inasmuch as not being supplied with sufficient wood for heating the rooms, raids were made on the lavatory, and all the doors, partitions, and the rest of the wood had been taken away, also almost every spare cell in the fortress had been raided, and anything that would burn had been removed.

One night we were all awakened by heavy firing, and found it had been caused by several British and French officers, who were caught in the act of stealing wood from one of the spare rooms. The sentry outside, hearing somebody moving in the

room, without waiting to find out who was there, emptied the magazine of his rifle into the room, but fortunately did not hit any one.

In the fortress were over 100 Russian officers, about 125 French officers, and seven British. Most of them were confined in the fortress as punishment for escaping from different camps in various parts of Germany, so that you can readily understand that the majority of them were looking for a way out of the fortress.

About three weeks before my arrival there, nine French officers escaped in a very simple manner. At various times during the month, the straw mattresses were taken from different rooms and refilled outside of the first gates near the guard-room. One afternoon these nine officers ,taking the mattresses from their beds and carrying them on their heads so that their faces could not be seen, and wearing the trousers and jackets of the French orderlies, walked from their rooms through the little courtyard, when the sentry at the first gates, thinking that they were orderlies taking the mattresses out to be refilled, let them through. Immediately the last man had passed the sentry on the gate, they threw down the mattresses and clambered quickly over the outside wall and ran like hares. Naturally this caused much excitement among the sentries, who commenced to fire in all directions, but every one of them got clean away, and were not caught again until seven or eight days later a short distance from the Swiss frontier. Had they been properly provided with food and articles of clothing, they would have succeeded in getting into Switzerland, but by the time they were caught, five of they had their feet so badly frozen that they were in the hospital for months afterwards. The others were so done up that they could not walk when recaptured. All they had in their pockets, when they left the fortress were a few biscuits and some chocolate, as they had figured on hiding themselves in a freight car and getting a ride the greater part of the way, but unfortunately ,at this particular moment, nearly all the railway lines were busy with the shipment of troops to the west and eastern fronts, and they found they had to walk.

About a month after my arrival, Wilkin, of the Flying Corps, and myself thought we had found a good way out of

the camp, but as one had to escape during the night, it was necessary to get through the heavy door which divided off the wings of the fortress, which door was closed and bolted at 9 o'clock every night. After getting through this door, we had to find the means to get through another door leading into a storeroom, the window of which led into the courtyard. It was our intention to get through this window at night, crawl behind the sentries, cut the wire, swim the moat and get away. Getting through the first door was the greatest difficulty owing to the bolt being on the other side. We managed this, however, by carefully cutting out a piece of wood a quarter of an inch wide by three inches long from the surface of the door underneath where we figured the knob of the bolt came. We then cut a hole through, being careful not to make any marks on the surface of the door, so that when it was finished, we were able to fill the hole up with Boche bread (which resembled putty), and by replacing the small piece of wood first cut out, it was almost impossible to see where we had cut through.

The next night, by first tempering a knife in the fire and bending it, we pushed this through the hole, and were able to pull back the bolt. Next we commenced cutting a panel out of the door which led into the storeroom. We were, however, able to finish this during the daytime by having one of the officers keep watch on the Germans and signal to us should they be coming our way. Everything went well until one day we decided to take out the panel and endeavor to fix on two small hinges, which Wilkin had found. In order to cover up the hole in the door, I had to make a panel from cardboard, and having mixed some water colors to the same color as the paint on the door, I painted the cardboard and fastened this over the hole with push pins. As the door led out of the dark corridor, unless one had an electric torch, it was impossible to notice anything wrong with it.

Just as we had fixed the cardboard panel, along came the "Feld Fabel" with the commandant of the camp, and much to our satisfaction, did not notice anything. Thinking, however, that they might take a closer look as they returned, I very foolishly went to the door and tried to push the pins in more firmly. In doing so I rubbed off the paint from

two of the push pins, and against the dark background they showed very clearly. At this moment the "Feld Fabel" and the commandant returned, and no doubt having noticed me in the corridor, looked at the door and saw the push pins. This led to a further search, and our work was discovered. A search was immediately made for the missing panel, but Wilkin, one of the quickest thinking men I have met, had dropped it in the cesspool.

The next attempt to escape was made by the French major in my room. He had noticed that two large boxes were taken by French orderlies on a small wagon to town every two weeks. These boxes contained washing, and the only guard over the orderlies was a German armed with a rifle. He had found out from the orderlies that on arriving at the station, the boxes were placed on the platform and left there, and that it was quite possible, when no one was around, for any one hidden in the boxes to escape. The major then set to work and sewed into the lining of his coat sufficient food to last him for four or five days, and managed in some manner to get together a very good civilian outfit, and when everything was ready, he hid himself in one of these boxes, the orderlies having beforehand taken out the washing and hidden it in another place.

To get to where these boxes were kept, one had to go in the early morning before the roll was called, it being the custom in the fortress to have an early roll call at 7 o'clock, which when no "strafe" was on, merely consisted of an under-officer counting the officers in their beds. On this particular morning, when the French major hid himself in the box, we placed a dummy in the bed. This was made up of an imitation head, very cleverly made by one of the French officers, and some coats placed together, in the form of a body, and a blanket rolled in the shape of a leg, the whole being covered with a blanket, and it looked exactly like a man lying in bed, indeed, unless one looked very closely, it was impossible to tell the difference.

Just before the roll call, the box containing the French major was taken out by the orderlies, placed on the small hand wagon and taken away. The roll call went off splendidly. The under-officer came into the room, counted every one in the beds and did not notice anything wrong. When the box ar-

rived at the station, it was placed on the platform as usual, and no doubt a little later the major could have gotten away, but one of the orderlies in the fortress could not be accounted for, and they had sent a soldier from the camp to ascertain the exact number of orderlies who had left with the boxes. This led to a further search, and when word was sent back to the camp that the correct number of orderlies had left as usual, they immediately told the soldiers to look in the boxes, and much to their astonishment, they found an officer instead of an orderly.

As the commandant could not understand how it was that all the officers were accounted for on the roll call, this led to further investigation as to how the roll had been called, and after this we all had to get out of bed in the early mornings, and show ourselves.

Perhaps it would be better at this point if I describe the usual procedure of the day's routine. We generally got up in the morning about 8 o'clock. Some of us took a little exercise in the small courtyard, and in the larger courtyard when no "strafe" was on. This generally consisted of running around and "Muller's" exercises, after which we got our own breakfast ready. The Germans supplied us with a small chunk of "war bread," which we could not eat, so the lucky ones who had been receiving parcels, made for themselves a cup of cocoa and had a few hard biscuits. After breakfast most of us used to spend an hour or two in polishing up our French and German; others had bought from the so-called canteen water-color paints and amused themselves painting. Some of them started classes in engineering, accounting, etc., but there were many others on whom the length of their captivity had told, and these officers would be seen moping in various parts of the fortress. Personally, I did not find the time hang so heavily on my hands. When I was not preparing to escape, I usually studied my French and German or tried to get through a page or two on economics, which to me was very interesting ,and from which I hoped to profit in the future.

At 12 o'clock every day the Germans sent in to us a bowl of bean soup, and sometimes a few potatoes, and about twice a week a kind of stew to which some meat had been shown. When the potatoes were not bad, we used them with the food

from our own parcels. At 6 o'clock at night, we were supplied with a thick conglomeration, the exact components of which we were never able to find out, and once or twice some German sausage. German sausage was one of the thinge we always fought shy of, as six months previously the government had ordered that all cats, dogs and other pets should not be kept, as they ate up food that was wanted for the people, and that, by a certain date, all these pets were to be collected by the government official, and that any one found keeping them after that date, would be severely "strafed."

About two weeks after the date these pets had to be given in, there was an enormous supply of German sausage throughout the prison camps, and naturally we concluded that these animals had been collected for our benefit, hence the supply of German sausage, so that to us German sausage was a thing only to be eaten when nothing else was available.

We usually went to bed after the roll call at 9 o'clock, as all lights had to be extinguished at 10, and if one dared even to light a small piece of candle, it caused a general "strafe" the next morning.

One of the most amusing incidents happened when a French officer cleverly formulated a plan to set fire to the storeroom where the Germans kept a large number of wooden tables, chairs, mattresses, and many other useful things. Calling together one or two of us, he explained his plan. While some of the officers watched the various corridors to see that no Germans were coming, the others were to strike matches and throw them through the window amongst the straw mattresses until they caught alight. It did not take long to start a good blaze, and the excitement it caused among the Germans was one of the most amusing things we had yet seen in captivity. After calling out every available soldier in the fortress, they found they could not put out the fire, and had to telephone to some distant town for the fire brigade. Now, I have seen a few fire brigades in my life, but never one like this. If you can imagine a water tank such as is used on the prairies to pump water from the sloughs for the traction engine, together with twenty or thirty feet of worn-out hose, you will get some idea of what this fine engine looked like. It was drawn by two very weary-looking horses, and I would have given worlds to

have been able to take a photograph showing this peculiar contrivance.

Accompanying the fire engine were a number of the strangest-looking men I have ever seen. They had apparently been dug out from various places in the town, each of them wearing a different kind of uniform, which in every case did not fit and looked as if it had been slept in for a number of years. On their heads were perched various kinds of tin helmets, which were supposed to be used as a protection against sparks.

On arriving in the courtyard of the fortress, the very weary horses were unhitched, and the fire engine was hauled by hand to where the fire was. It took them until after dark before they were able to put out the fire, and as there was so much commotion and excitement going on in the camp, the idea struck two of us that this would be a splendid time to try and get away. Having borrowed two coats from French officers, and placing all the available food we could find in our pockets, we waited until the fire brigade was leaving, and then mixed ourselves with the German soldiers. However, we could not make it. The "Feld Fabel" stood at the outside gate with a lantern and inspected every face as they passed, and seeing that it was impossible to get out, we both made a dash, and managed to get back eventually to our rooms.

After this affair, another general "strafe" was given the whole fortress. For ten days we were practically confined to our rooms. The only place we could go to during the daytime was a small courtyard in front. When at last we were allowed to walk once more in the larger courtyard, and on the ramparts, we found that the sentries were even more vindictive than before. During the time we had been confined, the "Feld Fabel" had placed in various parts of the courtyard the sign "Halt," and a notice was placed up that if an officer passed by this sign, the sentry would immediately fire without warning. This led to serious trouble a few days later, as several new arrivals came, and not having had all the "verboten" places explained to them, one of the first things they did was to inspect the "Halt" sign. Two of the sentries, without any warning, commenced to fire, and the bullets coming into the courtyard, narrowly missed the crowd of us there, and naturally caused a great deal of excitement and indignation amongst us. One of

the French colonels, a splendid fellow, went immediately to the commandanture and threatened the whole staff that if one the French officers was shot in this defenseless manner, he would take the first opportunity of coming into the commandature and killing either the commandant or the "Feld Fabel."

It is surprising how threats of this nature frightened the Germans. Within twenty-four hours all the iron bars on the windows of the commandature were taken off, so that a place of escape was available should any of us attempt to take the life of the commandant or any of his staff.

After this, the majority of us were more determined than ever to pay the Germans for their dirty work, and various other attempts to escape were made during the following month.

One morning, four of the British officers were sent away to a camp a short distance from the Dutch frontier. With them were a number of British officers from a fortress nearby. Great excitement was caused in the camp when we heard that five of these officers, together with one from our camp, Captain Gillihand, had jumped from the train a few miles from the frontier and had arrived safely in Holland.

A few days after this we began a new plan of escape by cutting a hole from the powder magazine of the fortress, which led to the outside ditch. Before this was completed, however, we received the joyful news that all the British officers, together with twenty or thirty Russians, were to be removed at once to another camp, it being stated at the time that we were suspected of having caused the fire.

CHAPTER X.

Back to the Old Stamping Ground

HAVING packed up our various belongings, we had to report to the commandature, and much to our consternation, were told we were to be confined at Fort Zorndorf, in Prussia. I was the most disappointed man of the bunch, having already done more than eight months at this fortress, where, it will be remembered, we dug the tunnel which was discovered after we had worked four and a half months. There was with us another British officer, Buckley, of the Flying Corps, who had likewise spent some time at Fort Zorndorf. He also did not like the idea of returning there, and said he would rather jump from the train and break his neck than be confined once more at that place. However, it was no use kicking; we had to go, and the bunch of us were marched from the fortress under a strong guard to the station.

We were then placed, five in each carriage, with two sentries to guard us. All of the British officers had with them sufficient food to last them several days, and every one of us had the intention of trying to escape from our carriages.

At 11 o'clock at night, when we were 60 or 70 miles from the fortress, Buckley and Evans, both of the Flying Corps, jumped through the window when the train was going up a grade at about twenty-five miles per hour. Several more of us, at the same time, tried to get out, but it was too late, as the guards by this time had us covered with their rifles. Both Buckley and Evans made a clean getaway, and we heard some six weeks later that they had arrived safely in England, having walked to the Swiss frontier in fifteen days, during which time they had subsisted chiefly on potatoes, which they dug up from the fields, and bis-

cuits and chocolate they had taken with them. After Buckley and Evans had made their escape, it was out of the question for us to do anything, and all went quietly until our arrival at my old stamping ground, Fort Zorndorf.

We arrived at the fortress at 4 o'clock in the morning, and on passing through the corridor, the sentries immediately recognized me, and word was passed from sentry to sentry that I had come back once again. On entering the commandature, I was greeted by: "Hello, Witwe Thorn, wie gehts." (Hello, Widow Thorn, how are you?) they having heard of my escape in widow's weeds from Augustabad. All of us were put through a very severe search, and my things were gone through very carefully to see that nothing I had would help me to escape. My comrade, Wilkin, with whom I had been scheming at Ingoldstadt, had managed, when leaving there, to bring with him some tools which he had collected there, and it took us some time to get these tools away from the commandature without being seen.

On getting into the fortress, I had a delightful surprise. I found many of my old friends amongst the British officers there. Those I had worked with in the tunnel at Augustabad had unfortunately been caught and sent to this place. Another old friend of mine, Hardy, belonging to an Irish regiment, who had come just before I had left, was still there and we were delighted to meet once again. Hardy was one of the most daring young fellows I had ever met. Since I had left the fortress, he had made two very daring escapes, and it was quite unfortunate that he had not succeeded, as he certainly deserved to be successful.

About a week after our arrival, ten of the British officers were sent away to another camp, which left eight of us Britishers there, thirty French officers, eight Roumanian officers and about sixty Russians.

I was agreeably surprised to find how much better things were at the fortress than during my former stay. The commandant was now quite a human; the food was much better, and we were treated, especially the British, with great civility by the commandature and the sentries. In fact, the commandant went so far as to invite certain British officers to his house outside of the for-

tress, and then permitted us several times a week to walk in the surrounding country for two hours a day, and after we had been there two months, he went so far as to allow us several times to have a swim in a neighboring lake.

I might say here that I had endeavored to impress upon the other officers that it would be far better not to make an attempt to escape from the fortress as the chances for success were very slight, and if we behaved ourselves, it might be possible we would be moved away at an early date to another place where it would be easier to get away.

Only one or two incidents of any importance happened during my second confinement at the fortress. One of these was caused by the Russian orderlies who kept making raids on the parcel room and stealing our parcels. We got together and determined to stop this. Making for ourselves weapons out of various things, we lay in wait for the Russians and eventually, one night, caught them in the midst of their work. The result was that the next morning quite a number of us were walking about with bandaged heads, but we accomplished our purpose and no more raids were made on the parcel room.

The next incident occurred when the Germans made a sudden search of the British officers' rooms. Some of them had been collecting articles of civilian clothes, which in some way or other got into the camp through the Russian orderlies, and these were bought by us in order that should a chance for escape present itself, we would have the civilian clothes ready. The rooms were raided by quite a number of sentries, who commenced to throw everything about. They turned out the contents of everybody's boxes and valises on the floor, and confiscated what they thought we should not have. One of the officers, in the meantime, had signalled to some Russian officers from his window to the courtyard, making them understand that he was going to throw something out of the window to them. He managed to get two or three pairs of civilian trousers from their hiding place, and threw them out of the window, thinking, of course, that the Russian officers would be waiting to receive them. At this particular moment, the commandant of the camp and another German officer were passing the window, and much to their astonishment, found themselves enveloped with these "verboten" goods. This, of course, caused

a roar of laughter from all the Russian and French officers in the courtyard, and the consequence was a "strafe" for many of them, which, however, did not last a long time.

Just after this, we decided that it was necessary, should we succeed in escaping, to have a passport. With this end in view, we commenced to gather together any copies we could find of the German official stamps. These copies were mostly stolen from the commandatur, and as we had developed into first-class lock-pickers by this time, it was not very hard to pick the lock of the commandant's office. This in itself entailed quite a lot of scheming, as we had to watch for the time when all the staff were out at lunch or dinner, and then we were not sure at what minute they would return, consequently we had some narrow escapes from being caught.

We took the letters to our room, and by moistening the surface of a piece of rubber, which we had previously bought from the canteen, ostensibly for drawing purposes, we took an impression of the various stamps, afterwards replacing the letters in the commandant's office. My comrade in wickedness, Wilkin, then set to work and very cleverly, with a Gillette razor blade attached to a piece of wood, cut out the stamps from the rubber, and when they were finished, it was almost impossible to tell the difference between them and the originals. We then cut out a stamp with the word "credert," which means renewed, and several other stamps which we thought necessary, and one night we completed forty of these passports, similar to the one shown in the illustration, which was made for myself.

The main part of the passport was written by a Russian officer, who was a great German scholar, and the details, such as the folio number, written in red ink, and the supposed signature of the commandant, were done by various of us who could imitate the German writing. When they were finished they were carefully hidden for future use. I hid mine by cutting a hole in the heel of my boot, and wrapping the passport in a piece of linen put it in the hole, filling it up with candle grease and covering the whole thing with a thin layer of leather.

It was a great satisfaction for me to hear later that several Russian officers had succeeded, with the aid of these passports,

in getting to Holland. One of the things which struck me very forcibly while at Fort Zorndorf was, during the time we were allowed two hours' walk outside of the fortress, the dirty and poorly-clad condition of the Russian prisoners who were made to work in the fields and on the railroads. All of them were in a half-starved condition, and it was depressing to see the way they were treated. It also made us feel blue to see the evidence of German success in Belgium and Russia. Belgian rolling-stock was very much in evidence, and we easily recognized French vans with the inscription "Hommes 40, Cheveaux 12," familiar to all who have travelled in France. Nearly all the goods trains were carrying war material. We also saw countless numbers of trains loaded with broad wooden planks and stout poles, intended for the erection of earthworks. These trains of troops, munitions, motor cars, coal, and hundreds of other weapons of war, that were hidden from view, were a methodical procession of supplies to the front. They were suggestive of power concentration and organization of effort. It is difficult to convey the impression to those who have not seen Germany in the state of war. Men who have been at the front see little of the power which is behind the machine against which they are fighting.

Seeing these things did not tend to make us very cheerful, but every one of us was convinced that while the war would last a number of years, we should be successful in the end.

On September the 18th (1917), several of us received the joyful news that we were to be removed to another camp. As I had been at Fort Zorndorf another four months, the news was particularly good to me, and I hoped against hope that the next camp would be one from which I could make an escape which would land me safely once more on British soil.

Before leaving the fortress, the commandant came to bid us goodbye and told me he hoped the war would soon be over, and was so genial that we thought they must have had another success, which we found out afterwards was correct, the Germans having broken through at several parts of the West front.

For the first time since my arrival in Germany I traveled first-class. We passed through Berlin but did not see anything of the city as they were very careful to take us on some

roundabout course from one station to the other through the city. At Hanover we again changed trains, and our guards, for once, no doubt under the influence of sausage and beer, became quite communicative and told us lots about the various regiments, units of which we saw at the station. Seeing them in such good humor we asked them if we could go into the restaurant on the station and have something to eat. After talking together for some time, the guards consented and we were taken into the large station restaurant.

Some of the people in the restaurant came up just to show off their knowledge of English. One or two of them were very rude, but the majority were merely interested and wanted to know when we thought the war would end.

We found that there was not much to eat in this restaurant. We could not have bread because we had not meat cards, and as a last resort, we had some coffee, made up as usual from acorns, with no milk or sugar.

The rest of the journey was not very eventful, and we arrived at the now famous Holzminden camp.

CHAPTER XI.

My Escape from Holzminden

THE building at Holzminden had been used in pre-war days as an infantry barracks. It apparently had only been completed a month or two before war broke out in 1914. To make it into an officers' prison camp they had placed around it barbed wire, as at Bischofswerda, and outside of this again was a high fence, and the space between this wire and fence was called the "neutral zone," where the sentries were placed thirty or forty yards from one another. The building itself was divided off into two sections, the smaller being about one-third of the building, was used as quarters for the German soldiers who guarded the camp. The other two-thirds were for the officers prisoners of war.

On entering the camp, we were put into a small building, which was afterwards used as a parcel room, and there we were met by the commandant of the camp, one of the worst types of Germans one could imagine. He spoke to us in very broken English and at once informed us that he was the commandant and anything he ordered had to be done immediately. Seeing that I was a Canadian, he lost no time in informing me that he had been in America and proceeded with a graphic description of his marvellous escape and how he received an iron cross from the Kaiser for doing so. It did not take us long to find out that he had told this story in twenty different ways, and eventually it came out that he had left America for Italy before that country came into the war when it was quite easy to return to his own country. After telling us this, no doubt rather incensed by the look of indifference on our faces, he gruffly ordered us to take all our clothes off. We began to feel a little alarmed at the thoroughness of their search, especially Wilkin and myself, as we had quite a few things hidden on us.

One of the many Armenians in the Russian army.

5 Mark

Offiziers-Gefangenenlager

Bischofswerda i. Sa.

5 Mark

Der Inhaber dieses Gutscheines erhält gegen Rückgabe desselben von der Kasse des Kriegsgefangenenlagers den Betrag von

FÜNF MARK

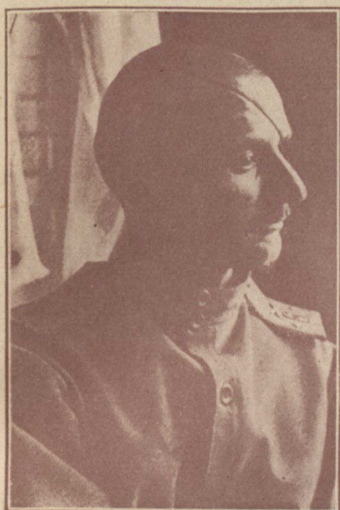
ausbezahlt.

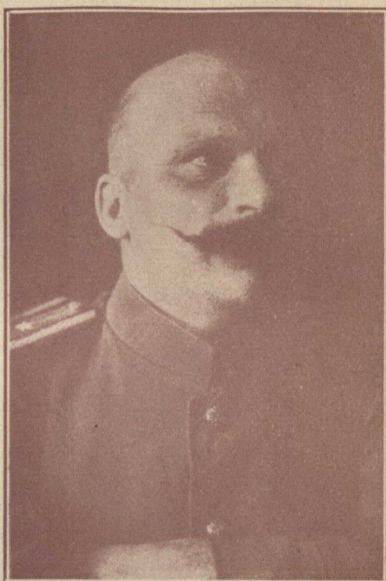
Dieser Schein gilt nur innerhalb des Lagers.

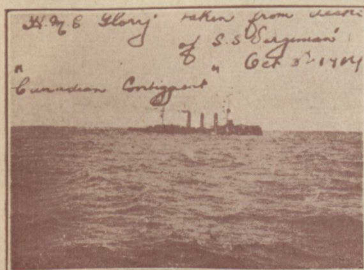
Bischofswerda i. Sa., 1. Januar 1916.

Specimen of paper money given to prisoners so that they could only cash it in the camp designated at the bottom.

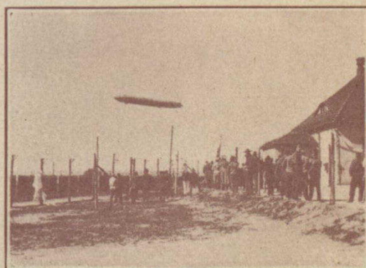
TYPES OF RUSSIAN OFFICERS TAKEN PRISONERS IN EAST PRUSSIA IN 1915







H.M.S. Glory, photograph taken from deck of S.S. Virginian, Oct. 3rd, 1914. One of our escort.



Bischofswerda Officers' Prison Camp, Saxony. Showing how court yard was divided off by barbed wire. A visit by Zeppelin.

I had a civilian cap tacked very carefully to my undershirt. I had also hidden several hundred marks in the lining of my clothes , and carried in a strap over my shoulder a black rubber coat, which had been taken from me at every new camp I had been to, but by some means or other I always managed to steal it back again.

Luckily I got through without losing these things, but they found the map, which did not matter very much as it did not cover the district around Holzminden. One or two of the others, however, lost their money, but got through the search with several things which came in useful later.

After this we were sent into the building and shown our various rooms, and to my great delight, I found my old friend Bellew, of my battalion, who, it will be remembered, helped me when Captain Scudamore escaped. As we had not seen one another since Bischofswerda, which I had left nearly two years before, we had many things to talk about.

The routine of this camp was very similar to that of other camps. The roll call was held in the morning in the grounds surrounding the building, when Neumeyer, the commandant of the camp, would stalk around shouting at everybody, trying to look as important as possible, with two revolvers stuck in each side of his belt, his sword dangling at his side, and his moustaches, on which he must have spent a good deal of time, trained to look like those of his friend the Kaiser. He tried to intimidate everybody, but finding he was not successful with us, he would commence bullying the poor sentries until they did not know what they were doing.

As usual, the first thing we did was to carefully examine every part of the grounds and building to try and find a way to escape. Wilkins and myself soon found several of the weak spots. As I have explained before, the particular building in which we were placed had been used before as an infantry barracks and was very similar to that at Bischolswerda, having at each end a staircase and corridors leading from one staircase to the other, with the rooms opening on to same. In this case, however, a part of the building being used for the German troops, a partiion was put up on each corridor dividing them off. These partitions were made of two-inch planks solidly nailed together and fastened with wire. On

the top floor, however, the corridor extended the whole length of the building, and the large double doors leading to the staircase were securely fastened by cross pieces. They had, however, not protected one of the lower panels of this door, and as our specialty was cutting through panels, this way appealed to us the most, so that the first night there, Wilkin and myself set to work on the panel. Wilkin was a marvel. In less than two hours, working only with a penknife, he had the panel out, and much to our disgust, we found the other side securely fastened with a barricade of thick boards. The Germans, had driven through six-inch nails to keep the boards in place, and these nails were cleated on our side, and we at once saw that by straightening the nails and cutting them off, with wire cutters, we would be able to push the lower boards off, which would allow us sufficient room to pass through, but unfortunately, at this time, we had no wire cutters.

Finding that we could not complete our work without the cutters, we carefully replaced the panel and managed to cover up the marks we had made, trusting to luck it would not be found out before we escaped.

The next morning we informed several of our friends that we needed a pair of wire cutters, and again Bellew helped us out by telling us about a soldier who was working in the courtyard, and had a pair of wire cutters in his pocket. It took exactly two hours to steal the cutters from the unsuspecting soldier, and that night, while everybody was sleeping, we took out the panel, straightened the nails and cut them off and at length pushed the two lower boards until they became detached, thereby making a way through to the German quarters.

After getting through and ascertaining that it would be possible to get out of the building this way, we pulled back the board into place, replaced the panel and left it until we could make some kind of a German uniform so that we could pass through the German quarters without arousing suspicion.

The next day, by cutting up a pair of my grey trousers, and by using a piece of red quilting for the piping and for the band, we made a fairly decent Boche cap. By placing a small piece of red quilting down each side of the leg of a pair of trousers, and with two coats belonging to the orderlies who

had been working in the kitchen, we had an outfit that would pass without close inspection.

We then collected together food, which we figured would last us for twelve days, consisting of hard biscuits, beef cubes, and several cakes of chocolate. One of the British officers gave us a "Tommy's cooker," and with a cigarette tin, to boil water in, our outfit was complete, so that we decided to escape the following evening at dusk.

At six o'clock the next morning, when the roll was being called, I received a great shock when the commandant called out my name and said he wanted to speak with me. The day I arrived at the camp they had taken from me some French and Belgian money which I was keeping as a souvenir, and I had asked the commandant the next day for a receipt for it, which he refused to give, saying that the money was "verboten," and he had confiscated it. I had told him what I thought of anybody, and himself in particular, who deliberately took money out of our pockets, after which he got very angry and said, as soon as the cells were ready I should be confined. So when he called me out this evening, I expected at once to have to go into solitary confinement, and again, I thought that my plan for escape would be frustrated. However, I gave a sigh of relief when he told me he would give me the receipt the next morning, but that I had to go in the cells for three days for speaking to him as I did when requesting the receipt. After calling me a "Canadischer Schwein Hund," and a few other pet names, he told me to be in the commandantur exactly at ten o'clock the next morning.

One hour afterwards Major Gaskell, of the Indian army, who came with me in the place of Wilkin (who had been taken very ill that day), and I passed the commandant at the foot of the stairs, and all his guards who were in the small courtyard, carrying in our right hands two water jugs, stuffed with civilian clothes, and in our left hands packets containing our food. As the commandant and the guards took absolutely no notice of us, we walked towards the gates, on which were two sentries, passed without being challenged and walked away. This was one of the easiest escapes I had yet made in Germany.

After leaving the road, which led to the camp, we made a circuit around the camp and started due west on our journey. The first obstacle we came across was the Weser river. For some time we looked up and down the river for a boat, but not seeing one made our way back towards the town. After scouting the bridge and finding it was not guarded, we passed over and now had a good stretch of hilly and wooded country to get through. Using the North star as our guide, we made good progress for ten or fifteen miles, when we got completely lost in a forest, and after wandering around for two or three hours, we eventually found ourselves at the place where we had first entered the forest. We started off again in a new direction and by daybreak we were not more than twenty miles from the camp, although we must have walked over forty.

Finding a stretch of forest fenced off, with sign boards here and there labelled "Verboten Ingang," we decided this would be a good spot to hide. We deposited our truck in a good hiding place and sallied forth in different directions in search of water. Eventually we found a flowing stream of pure spring water, and after a good wash filled our water bottles and cigarette tins and returned to our hiding place. Here we had our first meal. Filling the cigarette tins with water, we boiled it on the "Tommy's cooker," and with our beef cubes made a delicious drink of beef tea, which together with biscuits and a piece of chocolate constituted our morning meal.

After this we decided that one of us would have to keep watch for two hours while the other slept. We tossed up a coin, and the major, having won, settled down to sleep while I watched. I can assure you that he did not get two minutes more than his two hours' sleep before I whispered in his ear: "My turn next."

Our first day was not very eventful. Certainly a few people passed near our hiding place, but we were so well hidden that we had no fear of being discovered, and while it was a very cold day, the thought of freedom overbalanced any feeling of discomfort we might undergo.

In the evening, just before sunset, we again made for ourselves beef tea, and after eating a biscuit, we collected together our belongings, and slinging them across our back commenced our journey once more.

Have you ever tried a cross-country walk in the middle of the night with a pack on your back in a country you do not know? It is one of the hardest propositions that man can go up against. Before crossing a road we had to be careful that no one was about. We had to wade streams, dig ourselves out of bogs, climb steep hills and cut our way through underbrush, and now and again we would find ourselves up against a wall which surrounded some extensive private property, and as we had determined to walk due west for at least three days, we scaled the walls, got into the property, and in many cases found ourselves in a private garden with a watch-dog barking at our heels. The dogs were about the only thing that worried me, and while we carried heavy sticks for protection against these animals, at the same time the barking used to get on our nerves, and many a time we ran for miles to get away from them.

Towards three o'clock in the morning, we got separated in crossing a field, as it was so dark that one could not see farther than two or three feet, and had it not been that we were both wearing wrist watches with illuminated figures, it is doubtful whether we should have found one another. It is wonderful how these wrist-watches showed up in the dark. When I first caught of a small disc of light swinging in the distance, I thought it was an ordinary firefly, but on investigating, I found to my great satisfaction that it was my companion, who had been searching all over for me.

At daybreak the next morning, after a twenty-five mile hike across the country, we were both fairly exhausted and had to rest before we could make for ourselves in the forest a hiding place. This day, we were not so fortunate in finding water and had to be content with making our beef tea from water out of a stagnant pool. This, of course, does not sound very appetizing, but we drank it with great relish, and after eating our biscuit and chocolate we settled down once more, each of us taking alternately our two hours' sleep.

During the day we had one or two scares, owing to the fact that we were on the outskirts of a village and children were passing our hiding place from time to time, and we did not know what minute they might see us. However, we were fortunate, and after our evening meal once more started on

our journey due west over the country. This was our third night away from the camp, and we began to wonder what happened when they found we had gone. We tried to picture the face of Neumeyer, the commandant, and we wondered if the bloodhounds had yet been put on our tracks. These did not worry us very much, however, as we had waded through too many streams for the dogs to be able to follow our scent.

Two little incidents worthy of speaking about happened this night. One occurred about two o'clock in the morning, when I was walking three or four feet in front of my comrade. We had been using our sticks to feel the ground in front of us in case we fell into a pit, of which this particular part of the country was full. I suppose at the time my mind had been wandering, but without warning I tumbled down a very sharp incline to the bottom of a cutting some fifteen or twenty feet below, and while all the breath was knocked out of my body, by feeling all my limbs, I was thankful to find I was not inured. Looking up I saw on the sky-line my comrade Gaskell, who was wondering where in the world I had disappeared to, as the thing had happened so sudden. I managed to crawl up again in time to keep him from suffering the same fate, but it was some time before I could continue the journey.

The next incident happened when we arrived at a railway which ran in a northwesterly direction. We had decided to follow this railway for a short time, as it was much better walking and we hoped to be able to find out exactly where we were. In a short time we found ourselves entering the outskirts of what appeared to be a fairly large town. Immediately we left the railway and endeavored to make our way around the town, in order to avoid meeting anyone. In some unaccountable manner we got nearly into the centre of the town. Every turn we took seemed to bring us into more populated streets, and when at last we came across a street car line, we began to think we were going to get caught. Fortunately, however, we at last, after wandering around for nearly two hours, found ourselves in the open field and we vowed we would never get near a town again if it could be avoided.

About five o'clock in the morning we passed a sign post, and thought it was about time we found out exactly where we were. It would have been a very strange sight for the Germans if

they had come along at this moment. I had climbed the iron pole, and with a small electric torch was endeavoring to read the name on the sign post, and it took me some time to make out the words "Horn-5 Kilometers." This gave us great satisfaction, as we knew that as soon as it was light we could study our map, and from then on would be able to follow the roads, as we were sufficiently far away from the camp not to be able to be recognized as the two escaped prisoners. By this time we had thrown away the soldiers cap and coat, and had torn off the red stripe from our trousers, and with our civilian coats no one would have taken us for two British officers. Both of us having three days' growth of beard, had the appearance of veritable tramps.

We had great trouble at daybreak to find a hiding-place, as the country was very lightly wooded, but fortunately was sparsely populated. Finding, however, a slope on which were growing thick bushes, we decided to camp here, especially as we found water in a gully nearby. Being far away from any town or village, we spent a very uneventful day, and had it not been for the dampness we would have been fairly comfortable.

Towards evening we studied our map and were delighted to find that we had already walked fifty miles. That night we started off in high spirits, as our journey from now on would be made on fairly good roads and it would not be so hard on our feet, as the continual ruts of the plowed fields and the getting wet in wading through the streams, had begun to make them feel a little sore. It was a splendid moonlight night; everything seemed as bright as day, and as we passed the farms nestling among the hills, it was hard to realize that this peaceful-looking country was in a state of war, and that here the German soldiers had been born and brought up who had committed so many atrocities in Belgium. It was on this particular evening we saw how the German people had to hide the produce they had grown in order to have enough for their own use during the winter. We had wondered why groups of people dispersed when we approached and towards morning noticing several people disappearing behind a hay stack, we crawled into the field to see what was going on and found they had been digging holes and hiding in them sacks of potatoes, and in one

field they had sacks of grain bedded in straw which, no doubt, they intended to cover up later. About three o'clock in the morning in some unaccountable way we found ourselves in another little village, and as on the previous night we endeavored to get out again as soon as possible, but these villages, with their winding streets, were a puzzle to us, and in the end, after walking around for over an hour, we found ourselves in the same place we started from. Taking a new direction we managed to get into the open country again, and after skirting the village, we once more took to the road and about four o'clock in the morning we had the misfortune to meet quite a number of people evidently returning from the hiding of their produce, and in order to get away from them we had to leave the road and take a new direction. Unfortunately, we had to pass through several streams, so that by the time morning came both of us were wet through to the skin. This morning we found a rather good place to lie up, by the side of a chalk pit, and after searching for water, we settled down once more for the day, and, as the district was sparsely populated, we had no fear of anyone finding us.

At eight o'clock in the evening we again started off on our journey, and finding a sign-post on the road not far from our hiding place, we found that the previous day we had walked twenty-two miles so that we were now over seventy-two miles from our camp. Towards midnight we arrived at the range of hills which ran north and south from Bielfeld and about 150 miles from the Dutch frontier, and as we had studied our maps before starting out we knew that once having crossed these hills we should have to be always on the alert. To get through these hills it was necessary to pass through several villages, and as the land at the foot of the hills was very swampy, the way was almost impassable unless one knew the country. We met one or two people, and no doubt our appearance frightened them, as in the moonlight we looked two veritable scare-crows, having been wet through the previous day, and having to sleep on the damp ground our clothes were covered with mud, and not having shaved for four or five days, it was no wonder they passed quickly by, especially as we carried in our hands thick sticks which we had cut from the forest, so that we managed to get through the hills without any

incident worth mentioning. We now found ourselves in a very thickly populated country and for a time we began to think it would be impossible to get through. Notwithstanding that it was late at night, many people seemed to be on the roads, and when, about midnight, we heard the sound of firing, we began to think we had been discovered, and that a local garrison had been turned out to find us, but a little later we found out that we were in a district where large bodies of troops were being trained, and on several occasions the German soldiers passed very close to the spot where we were. When everything became quiet, we decided that our best course was to take to the foothills, and we had a good idea what an animal felt like when it was being chased by a number of men. We at last found ourselves on a lonely moor, and consulting our map, we found that by keeping to the foothills, we could cross this moor without fear of meeting any people. Our only trouble was water, and by daybreak both of us were so thirsty that we endeavored to quench our thirst from the dew which had fallen on the leaves of the bushes during the night.- We eventually found a good place to hide for the day, but after resting for a while I decided to go out in search of water, but found only a stagnant pool, so that this day we fared worse than the others.

Having only two biscuits to eat, and the stagnant water boiled in our cigarette tins with a beef cube added to it, by the time we started off the next evening both of us were feeling very hungry, but the fact that the previous day we had walked over twenty miles gave us encouragement, and we figured if we kept up the same average for another five days we should arrive at the Dutch frontier. About an hour after leaving our hiding place we found a stream of fresh water, after which we came once more into some splendid fertile country, and noticing a large orchard, we could not resist the temptation of stealing the apples and plums, and after having a good feed we continued our journey, and it was a great satisfaction to us to pass the sign-posts on the road, and know that we were gradually nearing the frontier. Only one incident of any importance happened on this, our sixth night from camp; this occurred about four o'clock in the morning when making a detour of one of the villages. At this time it was pitch black

and we did not notice that we had got into the garden of a large house until a dog commenced to bark, and if there was one thing that scared us more than another it was the dogs, which seemed to come from the ground, and in this instance, the dog was only four or five yards away. Thinking we had awakened the house, we commenced to run, and in the darkness we separated. To make matters worse, we saw coming down the road several lights, which looked all the world like lanterns being carried in the hands of people searching, as we thought, for us. Personally, I ran until it was impossible to go further, and lying down amongst some bushes, waited for further developments. After an hour, as everything seemed to be quietened down I made my way back to the spot where I had last seen my comrade Gaskell, fortunately for both of us I crept by his hiding place, and we sat down to quietly talk over the situation, when we found we had been frightened for nothing at all, as we saw again in the distance the lights which we thought had been lanterns in the hands of people searching for us, instead of which they were lights on bicycles, belonging to some men who no doubt were working in a munition factory close at hand, and as the road in this particular spot was very bad, they had to ride slowly, which made the lights look as if they were being carried by some one searching. After this, it being near daybreak, we started once more looking for a hiding place, and this time we found it very difficult. We managed to find a small forest, but the underbrush was so scarce that it was impossible to hide ourselves without considerable work. At last, however, by cutting down some saplings and cutting out from various parts the small bushes, we replanted these in a spot as far away from a path as possible, and by the time we had finished we had made for ourselves a small thicket, and we were well repaid later for our work. As, being Sunday, the people from the surrounding villages were out walking, and it seemed to us that they picked upon our spot to have their picnics in. All day long there was a continual sound of voices and we had to hug the ground very close to keep from being seen. However, we were again fortunate, and at seven o'clock at night, after our usual biscuit, cigarette tin of oxo, and a piece of chocolate, we commenced our jour-

ney, and this night was one of the most enjoyable of our trip. Several times we had to leave the main road because of the people, as we had made up our minds that every time we passed anybody we would leave the road, and take to the fields again until the next village was passed in case any of the people should notify the village by telephone of their having seen two dirty looking strangers on the road, who might be escaped prisoners of war. Once we had a slight scare when we heard the tinkle of a bicycle bell behind us, especially as the gendarmes in this particular locality seemed to travel on bicycles, but we had to laugh when the man passed us peddling for dear life, dropping things as he went in his hurry to get by us. He was evidently far more afraid of us than we were of him, no doubt from our appearance thinking we were out robbing the neighborhood. About two o'clock in the morning we passed through the large town of Bielfeld, which is the centre of a great manufacturing district. We were surprised to find no soldiers or policemen on the streets. Notwithstanding that we had to keep to the main street in order to find our way through, we did not meet one single person, and if one could have seen us every time we passed a large building creep into the road, or cross to the other side of the street, or stand still, hesitating, he could not have been mistaken in taking us for escaped prisoners or criminals of some description.

After leaving the town of Bielfeld we made splendid progress. The road running through beautiful and well-cultivated country, and towards morning, before hiding for that day, we picked a plentiful supply of apples and other fruits, but what pleased us most was a sign-post we passed, when we found that during the sixth and seventh nights we had walked fifty-five miles, and were now nearly one hundred and forty-two miles from our prison camp, and that another three days, if all went well, would see us over the Dutch frontier, and we decided to use a little more of our precious supply of tobacco.

One thing I forgot to mention, we always took with us, when escaping, either cigarettes or tobacco. It is remarkable that no matter how hungry or thirsty a man is he will always be comforted by a cigarette or a pipe of tobacco. On one occasion a soldier in my company, scarcely conscious from his wounds,

asked for a cigarette, and the doctor stated afterwards that the soothing effect on his nerves had saved his life. One of the greatest joys to the men during captivity were the cigarettes and tobacco which their people at home sent them. It was very hard to get these articles in Germany as they had to be imported, and as all transportation was busy carrying the troops, such things as tobacco and cigarettes were at a premium ,and I have known cases in which the Germans while on sentry duty refused money, but let a man out of camp for a few cigarettes.

The next day, notwithstanding the cold and dampness, was a very enjoyable one to us, as, with the prospect of soon crossing the frontier, and with the fruit we had stolen, and by giving ourselves an extra treat of three biscuits instead of two, we were well prepared when darkness came for the continuance of our journey. The eighth night passed as usual without any particular incident happening. Certainly on one occasion we did lose our way, but were well contented at daybreak to find that we had walked another thirty miles. This time, however, we were not so fortunate with our hiding place, and had to take refuge in a clump of bushes near a farm house, but we were so exhausted from our previous day's march that the danger of being found did not worry us much. Before starting out this night, we carefully figured what food we had, and found we had enough for three more days, and as we hoped to cross the frontier the next night, we were perfectly satisfied with out supply.

On the ninth night, after passing a sign-post and finding we had already walked over one hundred and ninety miles we were in excellent spirits and in splendid condition, in spite of the fact that we had slept every day on the damp ground, and had had very little to eat. It is indeed surprising what one can live on and keep fit, and while, with us, probably the thought of freedom helped somewhat, there is no doubt that one can live in excellent health on very little food. At midnight we found a stream of fresh water, and after filling our water bottle we decided, as the water looked so good, to have a bath, and it would have shocked the natives to have seen us at this hour of the night, stripped and enjoying ourselves like two porpoises in the water.

We had walked fully twenty miles since coming from our hiding place and were whispering to ourselves what we would have when we arrived in Holland. I had just told my comrade that the first thing I intended to do was to order a thick steak, under-done, with French friend potatoes, and he was just enumerating the various good things he would order, together with his whisky and soda, when we were both startled by the cry of "Halte! Hocher der Hands!" and we found ourselves looking down the barrels of two rifles held by two rather ferocious looking soldiers. We could not do anything but comply, as the rifles looked too dangerous to us. We felt that we could have beaten twenty men, had they been unarmed, but it is a totally different matter when confronted with men with rifles, and our chances would have been small had we not complied with their order. On looking around, we realized what we had done. In our over-confident state we had forgotten to keep on the alert and had crossed the railroad by a level crossing, a thing we would not have done had we been keeping the same sharp lookout that we had been during the previous days.

After complying with the order of the sentries, they immediately searched us to see that we had no fire-arms, and they showed great joy when they found out they had captured two British officers. Thinking, no doubt, that the Kaiser would reward them with the Iron Crosses, which he was then giving away by the bushel. Can you imagine our feelings after having walked over two hundred miles, and having passed through all of the most dangerous districts, only to be caught within twenty-five miles of the frontier, which we had hoped to pass the next night? Our dreams of beefsteak, under-done, and whiskys and sodas faded away, and in their place came visions of German bread and water, German sausage and their famous pea soup. We were marched down the road, the rifles of the sentries close to our backs, and it was impossible to make another get-away, although, even at that, on passing a dark stretch in the road, I was badly tempted to try and snatch away the rifle so near me, and fight for our liberty. However, common sense overcame, and after an hour's walking, we found ourselves marched through the gate of an ordinary criminal prison, and on entering found that this time we were fairly up against something we had not expected. After

searching us, and taking the rest of our food, and what hurt us most our maps, we were marched off to different cells, accompanied by the turn-key, and my feelings, when hearing the door close with its clank of chains, can easily be imagined.

It was impossible to tell what kind of a cell I was in, as we were not supplied with lights, all I remember was groping in the dark and finding some boards raised from the ground, and remembering that criminals were not supplied with mattresses, I lay down and waited until daybreak to see what kind of a place I was in. Once a number of years ago, while in England, I paid a visit with a friend of mine to a country jail, but the place I visited there was a palace to the one I was now confined in. At daybreak I found I was in a room eight feet long by four feet wide, with a wooden structure for a bed, no chairs or tables of any description, and on the wall, dangling from chains a dirty-looking hairbrush and an iron comb. The window was very small and covered with iron bars, about ten feet from the ground, so that it was impossible to see outside. The door was made of iron, in the centre of which was a small hole, and through this hole every five or six minutes the sentry would look to see, probably, that I was not committing suicide. About eight o'clock in the morning we were visited by the turn-key, and in the daylight he did not look quite so ferocious as he did when we were brought in. I asked after my comrade, and found he was in a cell at the end of the corridor, after which I told him in my best German that I would like something to eat, and after waiting some time he brought in what was to me a sumptuous meal, it was composed of coffee, made as usual from burnt acorns, without sugar or milk, a piece of war-bread, which I must say was better than that supplied to us in the camps, being composed, no doubt, of only two-thirds potato peelings instead of the usual nine-tenths, and it was not held together by sawdust, as was the bread supplied to us before. He also brought a bowl of bean soup, and I was quite astonished to find therein a piece of potato. After eating this I asked the turn-key if he would do me a favor and give me what remained of the food I had when caught, which he did and I was able to make myself a little more oxo, and after eating a biscuit, settled down and waited for further developments. These developments were not long in coming,

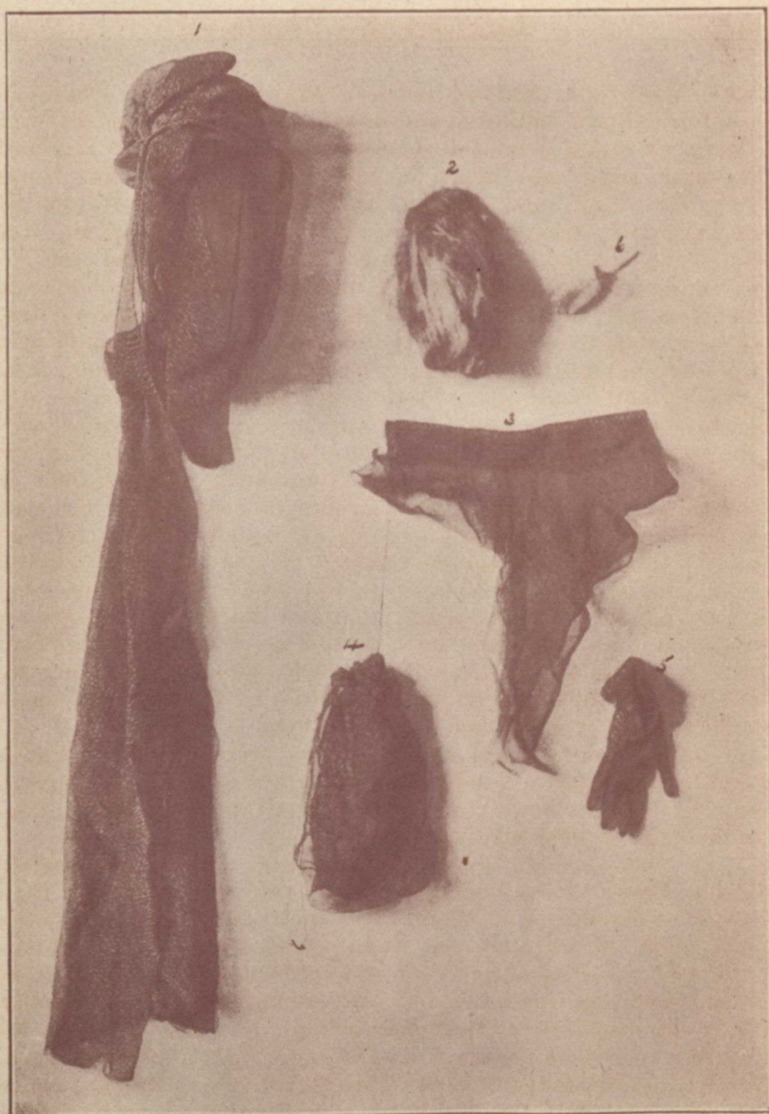
the chains on the door again rattled, the door was opened, and at first sight I thought a general of high rank was paying me a visit. This apparition was clothed in a green tunic, on his head was a helmet decorated with an eagle and finely polished, by his side dangled a sword with what appeared a silver hilt, however, I soon found out he was only the gendarme of the town, and wanted from us full particulars as to the place we had escaped from, and when we told him that we had walked all the way from Holzminden in Hanover he was much surprised, and could not make it out how we had passed through a large stretch of country so covered with soldiers without detection. And another thing that astonished him was our wanting to escape and return to our own country and fight again when we could be safe in Germany to the end of the war. This is one of the things that was very hard for the Germans to understand. After their experiences on the Western front in contact with our soldiers, the first battle they had been in was enough, and many of the soldiers we came across would have given all they had to have been prisoners in the British hands, so that they would not have to fight again. Before leaving, the gendarme told us that the next day we should be removed to a military prison, and by this time, being exhausted from want of sleep, I lay down on the wooden bed and did not wake up again until the next morning when the turn-key called again with his sumptuous meal.

About eleven o'clock in the morning the turn-key brought in a barber from the town, and not before he was needed, as we had not had a shave for eleven days, and had we been taken through the streets we should no doubt have frightened the natives of the town. At two o'clock in the afternoon the gendarme who had visited us the day before came once again, this time armed with a short rifle, and told us we were to be taken back to a military prison at Osnabruck, which was about forty miles from the frontier. The journey there was very amusing, somehow or other everybody on the train knew we were escaped British officers, and at every station where the train stopped the people would clamber to the window and have a look at the Englander swienhunds. Even at this date the sentiment toward England was extremely contemptuous. I remember at one of the stations a soldier laughed very heartily

when I told him that we had now in the field some five or six million British soldiers, and that some day, when we were ready we would drive the Germans out of Belgium. England, he said, could not make an army as large as that, as in the past they had employed a number of paid men to do whatever fighting was needed, and that a nation that had not drilled for years could not be made soldiers of, and the British were not animated by the same martial spirit as the Germans. This was the kind of teaching that these men had, and it was this only that kept the nation buoyed up with a hope of victory. But we knew how soon these ideas would be shattered, as, from the little news we had gathered, we were aware that our soldiers at the front were showing up far better than those of the Germans who had been training since childhood. From such conversations as these, and from reading the German newspapers, I was convinced that the strongest ground of confidence the Germans had at this time was their contempt of what they thought the small British army. Even up to that time the news had been kept from the German people that the British had recognized the principle of national service, and one could see that when they were convinced that Britain had so large an army the effect would be so great on the morale of the German people that disaster would soon overtake them.

At night we arrived at Osnabruck and were immediately sent from the station under another guard to a military prison, where we were both placed in a small cell and given some sacking filled with straw to sleep on.

The next morning we had time to size up our new jailors, and as most of them had been to the front, we received a little more consideration, in fact, after our ration of acorn coffee and bread, we were allowed to talk with some French soldiers who were in an adjoining cell, and from them we learned many of the conditions of the British soldiers imprisoned in Germany. They described to us the camp which they were in. At the present time I have forgotten the name, but it was thirty or forty miles from Osnabruck. They said it was merely an enclosure about half a mile square, in which there were over 9000 prisoners, made up of a representation of practically all the Allies, and in which there was questionable shelter in canvas-



THE WIDOW'S WEEDS.

Made by the Author and Belgium officers at Agustabad. (1) Hat and Veil; (2) Switch of hair sewn on skull cap; (3) Jabot which was worn under coat; (4) Vanity bag, made out of crepe and strink dyed in ink; (5) One of the gloves; (6) Rabbit's paw for putting on the rouge.

WIDOW'S HAT AND VEIL.
Showing how frame was made from wire found in the garden which was covered over with a piece of black material and afterwards covered with crepe.

The Author and Lieut. Thepault of the French army. Showing window of guard room.

Major Scudamore (on the left) who escaped in a basket from Bischofswerda.

Our room at Bischofswerda Camp.

Showing one of the passports made by the officers at Fort Zorndorf, similar ones of which helped several Russians to cross the frontier into Holland. Unfortunately the official stamps made by the officers do not show well in the photograph.

(This passport was brought out of Germany, hidden in the heel of the author's boot.)

sed-roofed huts. Around the camp were three rows of barbed wire, one of which was electrically charged by a high-tensioned current, furnished by a power house nearby. In addition to this, there were sentries both inside and out, and not satisfied, the Germans had placed a row of outposts from a hundred to two hundred yards out. Every man had to be up at 4:30 in the morning, when they had to clean up their huts and go out to work. Some were placed cleaning up the camp, others had to do the work for all the German sentries; some were sent out into the surrounding mines ,and some sent to the nearby fields. They had nothing to eat before going, but about 9 o'clock, they were given a mug of acorn coffee, and a piece of bread, which, as the Frenchman described it, besides being black and sour, possessed characteristics like those of ancient cheese. To show you what depth human beings can be brought to by hunger, it is perhaps only necessary to tell you what these Frenchmen told us. Some months before escaping, their parcels for some unaccountable reason had been stopped, and they, with several British prisoners, made a raid on the garbage cans around the cook house. The contents were usually very carefully preserved and shipped out of camp, no doubt as food for the pigs. At any rate, these soldiers were delighted to be able to get a few potatoe peelings and turnip tops.

The British and French prisoners were always picked out to work in the salt mines, and it did not matter how sick a man was, he would have to go. Many of them, in order to get out of working in this sort of mine, inflicted upon themselves severe injuries. One British soldier, whose name these Frenchmen could not pronounce ,had deliberately broken his wrist. Some found rusty nails to run into their feet, while others, using any sharp instrument they could find, would cut an artery, and let themselves bleed until they could not walk. Any men found in bed after 4:15 a. m. were immediately set upon by the German soldiers with their rifle butts.

One of the French soldiers told me a very interesting and amusing story of how a Russian officer escaped from a camp where this Frenchman had been acting as orderly. A Russian general had died, and the Russian officers in the camp had

asked that his body be sent through to Switzerland, and told the German authorities that they would be willing to stand all expenses in connection with same. The body of the general was placed in a coffin ,and put in a small hut just outside the wire, ready to be sent away. This hut was about ten yards from the building in which the Russian officers lived. They immediately set to work and dug a tunnel, which they managed to complete the day before the body was to be shipped to Switzerland. They carefully took the body of the general from the coffin ,and then drew lots as to who should take the general's place. The lot fell to a young lieutenant, and after making a few holes in the sides of the coffin, where they would not be seen, so that a little air could get through, he got in and the lid was screwed down. All he had with him was a small bottle of water and two biscuits. After pulling the body of the general into the tunnel, and carefully pulling back the floor boards in their place, they retired to their building and waited developments. The next day the German authorities sent a squad of soldiers under an officer, and taking the coffin the procession solemnly filed out of camp, and wanting, no doubt, to make an impression on the prisoners, a German band accompanied them to the station. The rest of the story was told in a letter from the Russian officer, who had safely arrived in Switzerland. He said that 36 hours after leaving the camp, he felt himself being lifted from the train, and carefully deposited on the platform, and owing to his weak condition, after being so long in the coffin, it was some time before he was able to make sufficient noise to attract attention. However, at last there was a big commotion, and he heard excitable voices in French and German crying that someone was alive in the coffin. The coffin was opened up, and the German officer, who was second in command of the camp where the Russian had come from, immediately saw that he had been fooled, and had conducted out of his country not, as he thought, a dead general, but a real live lieutenant. However, he could not do anything, as they were on Swiss soil, and he had to return to Germany and tell the news. This, of course, resulted in a big "strafe" for all the officers in the camp, but

knowing that their comrade was safe out of the country, they did not mind it. Afterward a note was put on the command-ant's door telling him where he could find the body of the general, which was eventually buried in a nearby cemetery.

CHAPTER XII.

Back to Holzminden Again

AFTER SPENDING two or three hours talking to these French soldiers, we were again confined in our small cell, and in the evening were informed by an unteroffizier that we were to be confined at Osnabruck until word was received from Berlin as to what place or prison we were to be sent to, to await our court-martial for escaping, so we made up our minds to look around and see if there was any way of getting out of our cell, as we knew that after once leaving Osnabruck our chances of getting away would be very small.

The next morning we were allowed out of our cells to wash in the guard-room, which was full of German soldiers, but managed to see through the windows, that while the prison was well guarded, it would be possible, if one could get through the iron bars at night, to make a getaway by crawling behind the clumps of bushes which were inside the prison enclosure, and by waiting till the sentry's back was turned, we could slip out under the wire, which near the gate was not very well fixed. The next night we commenced to work on the bars of our window, but unfortunately, after we had loosened the bars, we were seen by one of the sentries who happened to look through the peep-hole of our door. This, of course, ended any further attempt to escape from this place, as we were watched very carefully; any slight movement in our room would bring the sentry to our door. However, I must say that considering the circumstances, we were fairly well treated by the guards at this place.

On the fourth day of our confinement at Osnabruck we were taken from our cells to the commandant's office, and there found a strong guard, the unteroffizier of which informed us very gruffly that we were to be returned to Holzminden. I could picture in my mind what kind of reception we should get

on our arrival there. Neumeyer, the commandant, even in his best mood, would rave and swear at us, but what would he do when he found we had broken out from what he thought his impregnable camp? However, we had not much time to think at this moment, and were hustled out into the street, marched to the station, and put into a third-class carriage with the sentries, who were bristling with revolvers, rifles and bayonets. Our return journey to Holzminden was not very eventful. We were permitted at one of the stations to speak with some Russian officers who were being changed to another camp, as they had been found digging a tunnel. Their story was rather amusing, and is characteristic of the silly things one will do without thinking. They had dug a tunnel from their building, under the wire surrounding their camp, and had intended to carry it to a spot in the rear of the sentry-box, and to get out one night when a storm was raging, so that the sentry would not hear their movements. After digging the tunnel for two months, all of them working night and day, and carefully hiding the dirt in various places in camp, they commenced to wonder how far they had gone, and the exact direction. Instead of going inside and taking the direction of their sentry box with their compass, and afterwards comparing it with the direction their tunnel took, they decided to dig a small hole from their tunnel through the ground, and through this hole to push up something which could be seen from the camp. After carefully drilling a hole upwards until they saw daylight, they sent on officer to gradually push up a small stick so that it could be seen by the other officers in the camp. After following the direction and pushing up the stick through the hole for a few minutes, the Russian officer, thinking his comrades could not see the stick, decided that it would be a good idea to put a white handkerchief on the end of the stick, as his comrades could not miss seeing that. A sentry standing at his post nearly dropped his rifle, and no doubt thought he had been drinking too much of his favorite beer when he saw, close to his feet, a white object bobbing up and down through the ground. He commenced immediately to fire off his rifle, which, of course, caused an alarm. The whole guard was turned out, and at once surrounded the building, and after searching found the tunnel,

and also the officer who, being so far under the ground, had not heard the commotion, and was still continuing the up and down motion with the stick.

By the time we arrived at Holzminden station, it had commenced to pour with rain, and as the camp was some distance away, we certainly were strange looking objects when we arrived there. The whole guard was very hostile towards us, and it did not take us long to find out that four or five days after we had got away, some of the other British officers, thinking we were safely in Holland, tried to follow our example. As the Germans had not found out how we had escaped, and it was still a mystery to them, notwithstanding the fact that eight more had got away during the last twelve days, we certainly had done a good job on the panel of that door. The commandant had the building thoroughly searched, and even looked at the door out of which we cut the panel, but they had not noticed our work. The entry of the commandant into the guard room was very dramatic. At first he had the intention of being very dignified, but I greeted him with "Guten Tag, Herr Commandant, Schlecter Wetter Nicht" (Good day, bad weather, is it not?). At this the storm burst, and after calling me a few pet names, such as Englander swienhund, etc., he roared at us that our punishment would be so severe that no other officer would dare to attempt to escape from his camp. However, I had seen such animals as he before, and his threats did not worry me.

After being thoroughly searched, we were conducted to our cells, which were in the cellar of the building which had been partitioned off so as to make them small. Most of them were full up with other officers, who, we found out afterwards, were placed there because the commandant wished to vent his spite on someone after we had escaped. Owing to all the cells being occupied, we were placed together, which pleased us much, as the time does not hang so heavily on one's hands when two are together. We were given a mattress to sleep on, one blanket and no pillow, the mattress, of course, being only a small amount of straw placed inside of some sacking. The cellar was damp and the weather cold and rainy, which did not tend to make our cell very comfortable. We did not see anybody for the rest of that day, but the next morning, much to

our surprise, a British orderly came down to clean out the cell. He was accompanied, naturally, by a sentry with a fixed bayonet, but this did not prevent him from telling all the news. The morning after we had escaped from the camp the roll was called as usual, and Bellew, of my old battalion, once more came to the fore. When my name was called out he answered, and when the officers were afterwards counted, he managed to move around so that he was counted twice and I was not missed. With Major Gaskell it was an easier proposition, as they did not take much trouble in counting the senior officers, so that, for the time being, the commandant did not know that we had escaped. However, he soon found out. He came just as the roll call was over, when the under officer reported that everybody was accounted for, and one of the first things he did was to call out my name to remind me that I was to be in his office at 10 o'clock for the "strafing" I was to get, which I told about in my last chapter. To his intense surprise, I did not answer. After repeating my name three times, Captain Bellew politely informed him that I had left the evening before on a journey to Holland, after which the excitemnt commenced. The roll was again called, and Major Gaskell and myself were found absent, which resulted in all the officers being shut up in the barracks for the rest of the day. Now when a number of energetic men are restricted in this manner, something is sure to happen.

At this time several of my old Canadian friends got together and decided that as the commandant had brought his favorite bloodhounds into the camp it was necessary to cover the scent, so they paid a visit to my room, and Colquhoun, of the "Princess Pats," an officer who had escaped many times himself, carefully emptied some pepper into a pair of my old shoes, and taking an old pair of my socks, put in the place of them some socks belonging to an officer from another room, so that, when the commandant and his staff brought my belongings into the courtyard, and gave them to the bloodhounds to get the scent, a very comical sight followed. First of all they smelt the socks, and began to chase around, but of course they found no trail. Then they were brought back and were given my boots. One can imagine their antics after getting a sniff of good cayenne pepper. They commenced to tear around the

yard with a poor German soldier trying to hang on, which elicited roars of laughter from the building where the British officers were looking through the windows. The commandant drew his revolver and threatened to shoot, and those he recognized were immediately put into the cells, that being the reason why they were so full when we were brought back.

Two or three days after we had gone, Wilkin got over his sickness, and naturally wanted to get out as soon as possible. He very cleverly picked the padlock which led into the attic, and he and several others found there an old sewing machine, which during the night when no Germans were around, they brought down to their room. With its help they made quite a number of the German soft caps, and fixing several pairs of trousers in the same manner as I had fixed mine with the red material, they soon had several outfits to escape in. About the sixth day four of them got through the panel, and carrying various things on their shoulders passed through the German quarters and got away, and this thing had happened every night, so that by the time we were brought back to the camp sixteen officers had followed our example and escaped through the panel which we had cut, and still the commandant did not know how we had escaped.

The second day after our confinement the order came to prepare ourselves for the commandant's office, as a court of inquiry was to be held to find out how we had escaped, and to sentence us to a period of solitary confinement for daring to try and leave their country. When the time came for us to be cross-examined we had very little to say, and the authorities were no wiser than before when they got through. At first they tried to intimidate us by threats of longer imprisonment if we did not tell them, but at last finding this useless they said they would defer the sentence until they had conferred with the commandant of the camp. We knew then that we should get the very limit of the punishment that could be given us.

The food given us by the Germans at this camp was extremely bad. The following is the menu, as far as I can remember at the present time:

Breakfast, 8 o'clock—Two small slices of black bread, a bowl of acorn coffee, without sugar or milk. Lunch at 12:30—

Soup, which changed in color, but not in taste, from day to day; some stewed mangols, sauerkraut, and sometimes a potato. Dinner at 6:30—Soup of a different color from the morning, but still tasteless; a small dish of sour red cabbage, and more stewed mangols. Twice a week a little of the celebrated German sausage.

At nine o'clock every night the lights had to be put out, and if this was not done promptly, the sentry outside would immediately report to the "unteroffizier" of the guard, which generally resulted in further restrictions being placed on us.

On the fourth or fifth day of our confinement Captain Bellew managed to get around the sentries, and we had some food from our parcels smuggled in to us. About this time we were dying for a cigarette. It was strictly verboten to smoke in the cells, but several officers, by bribing the sentries, had received cigarttes and tobacco from their friends in the camp. Up to this time, however, we had been without a smoke, but after the lights were out we were both sitting on our beds saying what we would give if we could only get a cigarette or a pipe of tobacco, when I noticed through the bars of the window an object swing to and fro, and putting my hands through the bars I was delighted to find a packet of Players' cigarettes swinging on the end of a piece of string which had been let down by one of the officers from the top floor of the building. After a while I found out that nearly all of the Canadians who had been with me at Bischofswerda in Saxony were now in the camp, having been changed some two months before to a camp called Crefield, and afterwards to this camp. The majority of them had remained at Bischofswerda for nearly two years and a half.

Through the bars of my window the following day I saw my old friend Gerald Green, of the Third Toronto Battalion, and Victor MacLean, of Vancouver, and was able to shout to them a few of our wants before the sentry came and fastened our window, which resulted in more food being smuggled in to us, and a few books. About this time the officers who had escaped through the panel were gradually being recaptured and brought into the cells, more room having been made to accommodate them by partitioning off the coal cellars, so that very soon there were more than thirty officers doing solitary

confinement. I was able to talk with Wilken, who had escaped about a week after us, and had just been caught, and he told me of the interesting time he had had after leaving camp. He had to cross the Weser River and did so by stealing a boat, but after being chased for several days through the rain he had to give up, as the weather was against him. Some of the others were more successful, but unfortunately, owing to the weather, every one of them had been caught.

During the first two or three weeks I managed to have several long talks with one of the German sentries, and from him learnt a lot of the conditions prevailing in Germany at that time. He told me that every farmer was visited once a week by an official whose duty it was to check over his stock to see that none had been eaten or sold, and to make a note of the amount of produce growing in their garden. The farmers were forbidden to thresh any grain unless these officials were present. These officials, by the way, were an illustration of the result of German military methods, most of them had been sergeant-majors in the army, in which positions they had developed their brutality and bullying tactics, and the way they used the German civilians was a shame. No Britisher would have stood their treatment for one minute, but these people, having once been in the army, had been browbeaten, and it did not matter, afterwards, what work they were engaged in, they sullenly did everything without kicking. The sentry told me that every farmer, and every man who had any land, was ordered to give up everything he grew, and if he did not do so he was at once placed in prison, and his wife and family suffered. After the produce had been given up they received a slip of paper, and were told they would be repaid as soon as they were victorious, but the people were beginning to think their chances of being repaid were very small. The men working in the munitions factories received exactly the same pay as a soldier, in fact they were under military discipline, and wore the German uniform, so that under the circumstances they were not able to strike for more pay, or they would have been shot for disobeying the orders of the military authorities. He told me that shortly after they had captured the greater part of Roumania they had been promised extra food and more clothing, but up to that time

it did not look probable that these things would be forthcoming, and the soldiers were beginning to get more dissatisfied than ever. After being a month in confinement, and not having had a bath or a proper change of clothes, or any exercise, we began to feel the effects, and one day I wrote a letter in my best German to the commandant asking that we be allowed to have a bath, otherwise we should soon be visited by those little friends who would not be welcome at that time. The next day the commandant put his head in the door and I asked him for two or three small things, such as a little coal to heat up the cell, and another blanket, as it had begun to get extremely cold. He looked at the bed and the surroundings and said, "Das ist schon fur einen Englander," and with these words, walked away. However, a few days later we were conducted from our cell into the courtyard, and allowed to have a shower bath, which had been fixed up for the officers of the camp. On my return from the bath I was greeted by a crowd of old faces, whom I had met in the various camps I had been in, but as we had accompanying us several sentries with fixed bayonets, we were unable to say anything to them, but I did manage, in passing through the door, to tell some of them to smuggle down some more food and cigarettes, which they managed to do during the next few days.

After nearly seven weeks in the cells we were at last told we were to be removed to another camp, and naturally the news pleased us very much as, notwithstanding the fact that we had undergone the privations of solitary confinement, we still looked forward to the time when we should be able to make another attempt to escape, as we wanted, if possible, to eat our Christmas dinner once more with our own people.

The next morning we were conducted by a sentry into the camp in order to collect together our few belongings, and to my amazement I found that almost everything I had had disappeared, and on thinking it over I found that it was entirely my own fault. Before escaping I had told several officers that if they did not hear that I was recaptured in ten days they could take it for granted that I had succeeded, and could distribute the various parts of my uniform, my underclothes and socks among the newly captured officers, and the day before I was returned to camp most of these officers had been sent

away to other camps, and with them went my belongings. Those that did not go turned over the things to one of the Canadian officers, and when I went through my wardrobe I found myself with a tunic, an old pair of riding-breeches and puttees, no socks, and no underclothes, so that it did not take me very long to pack up, the rest of my box being filled up with old books and the contents of a few parcels that had come for me while in the cell. I managed, however, to have a talk with various of my old comrades from Bishofswerda, and learned from them news from home, which was a great pleasure to me, as I had not heard from home in five or six months. At six o'clock the next morning we left the camp, accompanied as usual by a strong guard, and once again commenced a journey to an unknown camp. As the destination was never disclosed to us, it was only when we arrived at the end of our journey that we knew it. At Hanover we saw on the station several British soldiers who were being escorted back to their camp after having worked for some time in the coal mines. It was a shame to see how our soldiers were treated. When away from camp, they had to live on the German rations, and when one figures that they were being chased around from morning till night at the point of a bayonet, with very little food to eat, and no chance to wash, it is easy to imagine the condition they were in. One of them asked us if there was any truth in the various articles written in the "Continental Times," and we were able to inform him that they were only articles taken from the German papers, which were put there to keep up the morale of the German people. It might be well at this moment to explain that the "Continental Times" was printed in English mainly for the benefit of the prisoners. It was full of articles purporting to come from British sources. Some of our soldiers, not having anything else to read, took it in, and after reading it, it was hard to keep many of them from getting in the dumps. I have read the paper myself several times and found it full of lies, which had previously been published in the German newspapers. The editor had been heavily subsidized by the German government, and it was his duty to fill up the columns of his paper with as much of such trash as possible. I am pleased to say that there were not many of the British officers who took in this so-called newspaper, and

those who did, merely did so to see how far from the truth the editor would go in his articles.

Shortly after leaving Hanover we passed a number of troops training, and this reminded me of the previous year when I had seen, in Prussia, the officers trying to get some idea of extended order work into the heads of the men, who had had mass-formation fighting ground into them as the only way. Since that time I had found out something of the methods of the German army. The colonels made it warm for the majors, and the majors got after the captains, and the captains took it out on the lieutenants, and so the treatment was passed along, and by the time it came down to the poor privates, one can imagine how things were. It was really a crime the way the officers and the "unteroffiziers" treated the men. A private told me that near a camp he was in was a military training centre, where he had repeatedly seen the corporals knock down the privates with the butt end of their rifles while they were apparently doing their best to carry out their orders, and it was an everyday occurrence to see them kicked into line. Can anyone imagine a Canadian officer, sergeant or corporal doing this kind of thing?

Early the next morning we arrived at a station in northern Hanover, where we found that we were to be placed at a camp known as Strohen, which was in the centre of a large moor.

CHAPTER XIII.

Taken to Strohen Camp

ABOUT three miles from the station we came to the camp, which, from a distance, had the appearance of a large chicken run. A number of wooden huts had been erected on the boggy moor, and surrounding the whole was a tall fence of barbed wire, around which were a number of sentries with fixed bayonets. It was raining, and the camp did not look very inviting, especially as we passed through the gates into the commandature. Here we had to go through the usual search, but this time, instead of stripping us before a dirty lot of guards, as at Holzminden, they did have the decency to take us into a small room with an officer, after which we were given the usual warning that should we attempt to escape we should be immediately shot.

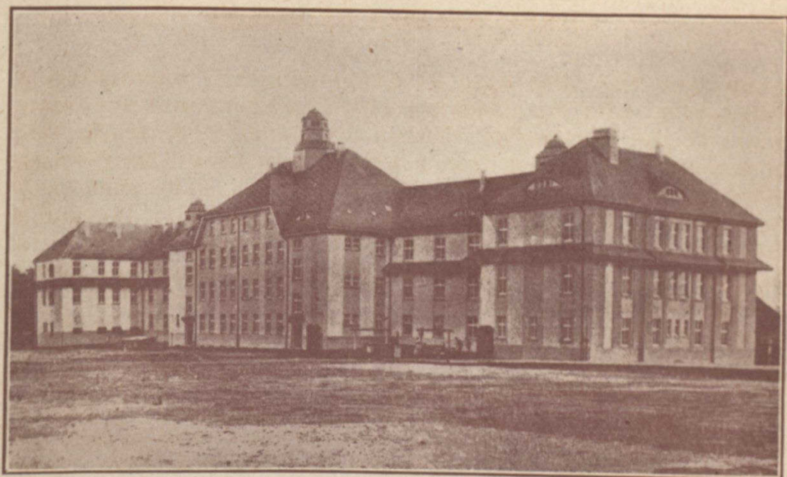
On entering the camp I had a pleasant surprise. One of the first officers I saw was Steeves, of my battalion, whom I had not seen for nearly two and a half years, having left him at Bischofswerda in Saxony. There were also a great number of Canadians, among them Lieut. Baker, and Lieut. Lumsden, both from my home town in Canada, and I received a very royal welcome. The camp itself consisted of a number of wooden huts, which had been built on posts driven into the ground, with only one ply of boards, covered over on the outside by some very poor tarred paper. Inside these huts the rooms were divided off by a thin partition, and in each of these rooms ten or twelve officers had to live. Even on the calmest days the wind came through the cracks of the walls and floors, and it was impossible to keep a piece of paper on the table without weighting it down. One would have been better off on the open ground outside, as only sufficient wood was given every day to keep the stove going for one hour. The sanitary arrangements were extremely bad, cesspools being dotted

about all over the camp. Even the sentries were in keeping with the surroundings. Their uniforms appeared to be made up from half a dozen old ones, and well patched into the bargain. Their boots were worn out and had been resoled with wood. Naturally, after standing a long time in the rain, the glue which held the soles together softened, which caused the wood to split, and made many of the men walk like cripples. I also found out later that they even had no socks. but cotton rags bound round their feet. Compared to this our British orderlies were well off, the Red Cross, which had been doing such excellent work, having managed to get through the Switzerland government to Germany many large cases containing uniforms, shirts, socks and heavy English boots, and it is not difficult to imagine what the German soldiers felt when they saw their prisoners dressed in these clothes while they themselves were in rags. These were the soldiers, who, the Kaiser said, would make the famous drive on the Western Front, in the coming Spring, and get through to Paris. Can anyone imagine them doing it? Certainly we did not. I remember well the first morning after my arrival there, while having a bath under the pump, several sentries stood around as if waiting for something, and at last it dawned upon me that they were looking at the immense amount of soap I was using. Soap to them was an extreme luxury, which they had not seen for months, as it had practically disappeared from Germany. Several of our orderlies used to jolly the sentries so much that it was a wonder to me they were not shot. Some would offer a piece of soap with one hand, and when the sentry would hold out his hand to take it they would hand him a stone with the other. The sentries used to say, "no soap, no meat, no bread, no potatoes." In fact they were so cowed with the war, that they had not enought spirit left to make any move. The individuality and spirit had been knocked out of them. Their food at this time consisted of a quarter of a pound of bread, a bowl of soup at noon, a small herring at five o'clock at night. One cannot think of a British Tommy existing on such a ration or under such regulations in his own country.

I was placed in a room with nine other officers. Each bed touched the other, and we had the same mattress filled with

straw, and the same kind of dirty blankets. Fortunately I still carried with me a blanket which had been sent out to me while at the Fortress in Prussia. I managed to wash this occasionally myself, so that I was able to keep the German blankets away from me as far as possible. The room was swept out in the morning by an orderly, but with the going and coming from the muddy ground outside, it is not hard to imagine the dirty state of the floor, and the conditions under which we had to live. Fortunately my comrades had been receiving their parcels very regularly, and as I had been invited into the Canadian mess, I did not have to live on the German food. We had to pay for the upkeep of the camp. For example, to cook our own food, it was necessary to have a cook-stove; we had to pay for this. We also had to pay for wood to build the hut where the cooking was done; had to supply for ourselves all cooking utensils, plates, knives and forks, etc., and to make it worse, the Germans would not give free rations of wood; in fact for everything we wanted we had to pay ten times the price paid by the people in the town. However, to get these small comforts, we were willing to pay, and most of us develepod into first-class cooks.

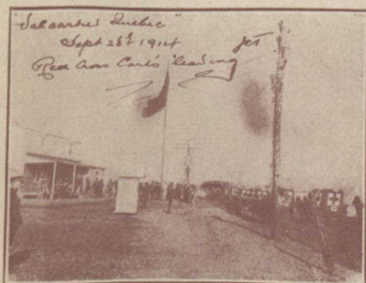
By this time it had become extremely cold, and the snow was piled up four and five feet deep in various parts of the camp, so that in the early morning we had to dig our way out from the hut for the roll call, which the Germans made us have in the open. It was an amusing sight to see the officers turn out for the roll call. A bugle went at eight o'clock sharp every morning, warning us that the roll call would be held fifteen minutes later. It was mighty hard to get out of bed when everything in the room was frozen solid, and knowing that one would have to stand in perhaps a blizzard for fifteen minutes while the roll was being called. Consequently the majority of the prisoners wakened when the bugle went, though it usually took fifteen minutes to make up their minds to get up, so that when the second bugle went only one or two officers out of two hundred were on parade. This resulted in the guard rushing through the rooms with fixed bayonets, and one after the other the officers had to come out with their uniforms pulled on over their pyjamas, and some of them enveloped in a blanket. Almost every morning one or two were marched off



Bischofswerda Officers' Prison Camp, Saxony. Several rows of barbed wire and a high board fence were placed around the building when it was made into a prison camp.

Photograph showing the different nationalities at Bischofswerda Prison Camp, Saxony.

Some of the Russian offiers who advanced into East Prussia—This photograph was taken in a Billet a few days before the German advance and several of them were taken prisoners.



Red Cross wagons leaving Valcartier for the front, Sept. 28th, 1914.

On the S.S. Virginian, Oct. 8th, 1914.

to solitary confinement in these garbs for not getting up quickly enough.

The third or fourth morning after our arrival we were awakened very early, to find a sentry placed at each door and to be told to "aufstehen schnell," as a search was being made. I have seen a few searches at previous camps, but none quite so comical as this one. A great number of the officers had been bribing the sentries with soap, and had secured a number of maps and compasses, and several other things which would aid them in escaping, and these were hidden in various parts of the rooms. Some had cut holes very carefully in the wooden ceilings, and into these had put their compasses and larger articles; most of the maps had been hidden in the lining of their valises, and the most daring kept their things on them. Everybody was marched out into the parade ground, lined up and searched. Those officers who had on them their compasses and maps did some funny stunts. One officer in, particular, when it was his time to be searched, stuffed a compass into his mouth. The soldier searching him took so long that the compass began to go the wrong way, which caused him to almost choke and disclosed to the sentry what he had in his mouth. After this the first thing we had to do was to open our mouths. Others dropped their maps on the ground and stood on them till the search was over and then picked them up again. When this part was over, we were all herded together in the large hut, which was used as a dining room, while a crowd of sentries went into the rooms to overhaul our things. When any "verboten" article was found the officers of the room were brought over, and if they could not find to which individual the article belonged, the whole room was placed in the cells for a number of days. Naturally, the search being made in this way, the soldiers helped themselves to various things belonging to the officers, and as some of us had soap and other useful articles in our boxes, these were invariably stolen, which, no doubt, explains why there were so many searches in this particular camp.

At first when the parcels arrived, the German soldiers used to help themselves, but after a while the officers in the camp managed to get permission to send British orderlies under a guard to the local station to bring all the parcels to the camp.

On arriving, these parcels were put in a special room, and British officers, with sentries watching them, sorted them out, placed them in alphabetical order and made a list of them. This list was posted in the camp, so that every officer would know if there was a parcel for him.

The following day these parcels were inspected by a German officer and a staff of soldiers, and as each officer called for his parcel, it was opened in front of him. If it were bread, it was first of all cut into twenty or thirty pieces to see that nothing was hidden inside. The same thing was done with soap or bacon. All packages were emptied out and carefully searched. All tinned stuff was held back till the following day, when it was necessary to take something for the contents to be emptied into, as all tins were kept for use in the manufacture of munitions. At one time they used to break open almost every cigarette to see that nothing was hidden inside, but this, no doubt, was only done for a "schweineri," as they were looking for something to do at all times that would cause us discomfort. Notwithstanding these restrictions, some of us always managed to steal a few extra tins of bully beef, as these came in very handy when escaping.

I am not sure whether I mentioned before how short the Germans really were for material for munitions. Early in 1916 an order was issued by the authorities that anyone having in his house an article made of brass or copper must immediately report to the local townhall, giving a description of it, what it was made of, and its approximate weight. These articles were afterwards collected by the government, so that every house was stripped of its brass door-knobs and brass fittings, and it was not an uncommon sight to see wagons loaded with these things, and with copper saucepans and kettles going down the street. All gold chains, rings, and such articles had also to be given up. The owners received payment in war money, which will be about as good as Confederate bills were at the end of the Civil War in the United States.

Nearly every officer at this camp had what was known among the prisoners as the escape fever. Every night without exception numbers could be seen walking around the camp looking for a good place to cut the wire. Several had already succeeded, and as the country was sparsely populated they

did not have much trouble in covering the distance of eighty miles between the camp and the Dutch frontier. The only obstacle in the way was the River Ems, which one had to swim, and the frontier beyond was not guarded as strictly as in the South. Just before my arrival several had succeeded in getting away by hiding under a hut, to which some water pipes had been laid, and which was being used as a bathroom. As this hut was outside of the wire, the officers were marched out in batches once a week for a wash, accompanied by a ring of sentries. When the officers went inside the sentries made a ring around the hut, and some of the officers managed to get up some floor boards and hide themselves underneath. At this time, when leaving the camp, they were not counted, as the sentries did not imagine that any of them could escape while they were around the building. On the occasion I refer to they did not notice that four were missing when the officers were marched back to camp, so that at night when all was quiet it was not difficult for these officers to crawl from the building and get away. Three of them succeeded after four days walking, in crossing the frontier to Holland, but unfortunately the fourth, in swimming the River Ems, lost all his clothes, and was caught the next morning wandering around naked by some peasants working in the fields. It was indeed a case of shocking the natives, as they locked him in a barn until such time as they could find for him some clothes, when he was given to the nearest gendarme, and eventually returned to camp. After this affair all the officers were counted, and no one had another chance to get away in this manner.

About a week after my arrival I was asked by some Australian officers if I would assist them to escape. They had made a ladder from pieces of wood, and their intention was to carry this ladder that evening and quickly place it against the wire, climb up, and jump over while the sentry's back was turned, and run away in the darkness. As the night was foggy, which dimmed the lights, the carrying out of the ladder was not noticed, but no sooner had it been placed on the wire, than the sentry saw us. Notwithstanding this, two officers scaled the wire and dropped over the fence almost on top of the sentry, who fired at them. In his excitement, however, the shots went wild, and these two officers got clean away.

From the British orderlies in the camp I heard many stories of the way our men had been treated and I was able to get, for the first time, an authentic account of one camp where thousands had died from typhus through the cowardice and neglect of the German authorities. If I remember rightly, the name of the camp was Wittenberg. A British soldier told me that when he first got there there were a few cases of typhus in the camp, but the Germans would not isolate them, so that very soon many of them began to die. There were very few beds, two-thirds of the prisoners having to sleep on the bare floors of the huts, with only one blanket. The food was horrible; the soup came into the camp in wooden tubs, and as it had to be carried over half a mile to his particular hut from the cookhouse, it was always full of dust and dirt. After a while, when the typhus got bad, not one of the Germans would go into the huts, and the wooden tub was placed at the door, so that only the strongest could get to it while the weakest had to lie without food until some kind Samaritan looked after them. This man told me that many of them lay for two or three days without food, until word was sent to another hut, when some Englishmen volunteered to attend to them. He described his hut as long and narrow, with over one hundred men in it, absolutely packed, with two or three beds, while the rest lay on the floor. There were stoves in the hut, but never any coal. After two or three weeks the typhus got so bad that the Germans would not come into the camp at all. They built wooden chutes to put the food through, and when parcels came these were also thrown down the chutes. When a few more beds came along these were thrown over the barbed wire, and the strongest men got them. They had nearly one hundred deaths a day at one time, and it is not hard to imagine what a hell upon earth this camp was when you figure that it contained over fifteen thousand prisoners, with only two or three doctors.

After a time news of the state of this camp was brought to a camp where many British officers were confined. Amongst these were six English doctors, who immediately volunteered to look after the prisoners, and the Germans gave them permission. They did splendid work there, but three of them paid the penalty, and died from the disease in a very short while.

These doctors worked night and day, and while they repeatedly asked the German authorities for help, for medicine, for dressings, or bandages, they could get nothing, and as many of the sick had been wounded, and their wounds not yet healed, the bandages had to be washed, and dried before they could be used again. After two or three months one of the British doctors managed to get through word to the American ambassador, Gerard, and through him an isolated hospital was built composed of a half a dozen little huts. After this, things began to get better, but still the next three months were awful. The Germans never came in, and the prisoners could do what they pleased so long as they did not go near the wire. When this happened the Germans fired into the camp, and many were killed in this way. The English prisoners were all in rags, and everybody was running with vermin. At the end of six months, after an awful death toll, the typhus subsided and the Germans returned to the camp.

After two weeks at Strohen, the weather having cleared up again, another officer and myself thought it was time that we had a try to get away. We waited until darkness came on, and borrowed some wire cutters from an officer who had received them from England in a piece of bacon. We waited until the sentry's back was turned, when I crawled into the neutral zone, and lying on my side, commenced slowly to cut the wire. It was very tedious and dangerous work, as after each cut it was necessary to watch the sentry to see that he had not heard the snip of the wire cutters. At this particular spot the dimness of the lamp made it possible to lie down without being seen, but at any slight noise the sentry would turn, level his rifle, and come forward to see what had caused the noise. After remaining on my side for half an hour, and slowly cutting the wire in the meantime, I noticed the sentry watching very intently the hut close behind me, and turning my head to see what was the matter, I saw a number of forms creeping by the side of the hut, and immediately knew what had happened. Someone had spread the news among the officers that I was cutting the wire, and they thought there might be a chance for them to get through, as well as my comrade and myself, but in their hurry they aroused the suspicions of the

sentries. I just managed to dash from my place near the wire as the sentries raised the alarm.

A new way of escape, however, presented itself to me the following morning, while taking a little exercise before the roll was called. I saw the German soldiers loading several large, and apparently heavy, wicker baskets onto a wagon, which was afterwards driven from the camp along the road in the direction of the town. On asking the orderlies what these baskets contained, I found out that it was the washing which was being taken to the town to be laundered, and that this proceedure happened every week. Taking up the matter with my old friend Wilken, who had arrived from Holzminden the week before, we decided to pick the lock of the building where the laundry was sorted out and packed and see if there was a chance to get away by substituting ourselves for the laundry. We found that it was quite possible, as the laundry could easily be hidden under the floor and in several old packing cases, which were piled up in the building. We noticed that the lids of the baskets were fastened on one side with wire hinges, and on the other side were locked with a padlock, but by cutting the wire with wire cutters the lid could be opened without touching the padlock. After ascertaining these things we left the building, relocking the padlock. Wilken, however, having decided to wait until Spring before attempting to get away, I made arrangements with a young British officer named Blake, whose nerves I knew were in splendid condition, to come that evening and hide with me, one in each basket. After collecting together sufficient food, we made our way after dark to the hut, and succeeded in getting in without detection. Waiting until all was still, we hid the laundry from two of the baskets in the packing cases and under the floor, and towards morning got into the baskets, and by pushing two pieces of wire, which we had brought with us the night before, through the holes where the hinges had been, managed to bring the ends together on the inside of the basket, and fastened them so that when the Germans came at eight o'clock to take out the baskets, they could not see where they had been tampered with, as the hinges looked the same as usual, and the padlock had not been touched. The first basket taken out was the one containing Blake, the next were those containing

the laundry, and in the last was myself. The wagon had just pulled outside the gate when I heard terrific shouting, shots being fired, and exciteable German voices coming from every direction. It appeared that in the darkness, Blake had hidden himself in a basket which had only one handle, and the Germans, in placing it on the wagon, instead of using the handles, had lifted it from the bottom, and had stood him on his head. He had patiently waited in this position, without moving, until the wagon commenced to pass through the gates, when thinking that the noise he would make in getting into another position would be covered by the rattle of the wheels, he had endeavored to move, which resulted in the basket falling from the wagon, the lid breaking open and a real live British officer being disclosed to the view of the sentry at the gate. Naturally all the guard were turned out, and in the excitement, Blake fought his way through the guards and got into camp, while I was left alone, surrounded by the most exciteable lot of men one could imagine, armed with fixed bayonets. The baskets were immediately taken from the wagon into the hut, where they were searched. Thinking that perhaps I should be bayonetted, I held to the lid of my basket as long as possible, but at last had to let go, and bobbing up like a jack in the box, I must have scared the soldiers, as they immediately ran from the room, slammed the door, and locked me in. By this time the whole camp knew that I had been caught again, and shouts of derision came from all the officers, when they saw the German soldiers run away at my appearance from the basket. After a short time a number of soldiers opened the door, leveled their rifles, asked me to give myself up, and eventually I found myself being conducted towards the commandant's office, surrounded by a mob of sentries. On my arrival there the commandant and his staff of officers cross-examined me as to how I had got into the hut without being noticed, and how I got the key to open the padlock. They would not believe that I had been hidden in the hut since the previous evening, as every night about twelve o'clock the rooms were visited and the officers counted in their beds, but the Canadian officers in the camp had very cleverly fooled these people by placing a number of things in our beds and making them look as if we were there. The commandant ordered me to immediately

strip, and they commenced to go thoroughly through every particle of my clothing to see if I was endeavoring to escape with some verboten information, but finding nothing but a map and compass, I was led off to the cells to await my court-martial for attempting to escape.

CHAPTER XIV

Solitary Confinement Again

THE PRISON at Strohen Camp was a long wooden hut with a corridor running down the centre, with the cells on either side. Each cell was four feet wide by six feet long, and a wooden bench was used as a bedstead with the usual straw mattress thrown on it. There was no room for furniture, but a piece of wood attached to the wall by two pieces of wire was used as a table, and a broken-down stool as a chair. In the centre of the door was a small square hole through which the sentry occasionally looked to make sure one was still there. The window, which was ten feet from the floor, was covered by iron bars, and looked into a courtward, at one end of which was a wooden fence and at the other a store-room. The windows of this were also guarded by bars and from the middle of the store-room a doorway led into the courtyard.

Before this camp had been used for English officers, it must have been occupied by Russians and French, and it was evident that many of them had also received terms of solitary confinement, for the wooden boards of the cells all bore inscriptions of the various names and the dates of confinement, in both French and Russian, of its former occupants.

The next morning one of the British orderlies, escorted by a sentry, cleaned out the cell, and I managed to get a note into the camp to Steeves, of my battalion, who smuggled in to me various books and articles of warm clothing, and later in the day I was delighted to receive some food from the Canadian officers in the camp, they having bribed the under officer of the guard to let it through.

The daily routine in the prison was very similar to that of the prisons of the other camps I had been in. We had to be out of bed every morning at eight o'clock, when we were supplied by the Germans with the usual concoction of coffee and

a piece of war bread. At twelve o'clock the usual bean soup, and at six o'clock, for a change, we had soup again, together with a little German sausage. The small acetylene lamp which they gave us had to be out sharply at nine-thirty.

The weather outside was extremely cold, and inside was if possible, colder. They tried to heat the cells by making a fire in a small kind of chimney, built into the partition of the cells, but the heat must have been going somewhere else, as those confined never got the benefit of it.

There is one good feature in connection with Strohen Camp which I had forgotten to mention. Nearly every day one could go for a walk on the moor surrounding the camp for two hours, which helped very much to keep the officers in fairly good health, and to pass a little time. On one of these walks, just before making my last attempt to escape, I heard another story, which goes to show under what conditions the civilians were placed by the military representatives of their districts.

On a farm near the village a farmer kept a number of cattle, many of the cows being milkers, and this man was forced to keep them in shape in order to sell the milk to a number of families in the village. He had to get the required amount for these families or get into trouble with the authorities. Every family sent each day for its supply, which was limited to a certain amount. Also he had to sow what was specified by the authorities, and further, was instructed how much acreage should be devoted to each crop, and even after that the crop was not his own. If a man sowed twenty acres in wheat or oats, it was ordered that he give up at least twenty bushels an acre, and any amount grown above that he could not sell, unless he had the written authority of the government official. One day the family, not having had meat for a long time, decided to kill one of the poor looking steers, especially as they had not sufficient feed to keep it alive much longer. Before it could be killed an order had to be got from the gendarme of the district, and some of the meat had to be given to the gendarme, some to the military representative for the army, and some had to be divided among the various families in the neighborhood, and the balance, about one-sixth, was left for the family who owned the animal, and had worked hard to feed it.

One day on the way back from the walk I asked the sentry, who was guarding us, how the positions of customs officers, police, and military representatives were filled. The policemen, he told me, were appointed from the army, and had to have at least six years experience. The military representatives were all well grounded in military procedure, as they had been mostly non-coms who were getting too old for active service, and to qualify for this position they must have had at least twelve years military service. The same conditions applied to the customs officials, so that the military authorities had everything at all times under their thumbs.

Two days after being confined I was taken from my cell and court-martialed, and was severely cross-examined as to who my comrade was in the other basket. Unfortunately I did not know at the time that Blake had left his overcoat, which was marked with his name, in his basket, and for the moment was rather taken back when they asked me how Blake and myself had managed to get the compasses and maps, but a second later perceived that they were trying to bluff me. I shook my head and told them I did not understand what they were getting at. In the end, however, I was sentenced to six weeks' solitary confinement for escaping, and was told that as a coat belonging to Blake had been found in the basket they would put him in for the same length of time on suspicion of having been with me, accordingly the next day Blake was brought in and placed in a cell close to my own.

Every day we were visited by one of the younger German officers of the camp, whom we had christened the Cub, owing to his youthful appearance. I found, in talking to him, that he had had an excellent education, and, from the answers he gave to the questions which I put to him, it was evident that, although the German intellect, like German soil, was on the whole less fertile than that of England, France or America, yet its yield was, in some respects, frequently greater in quantity, and in some rare instances even in quality. The cause of this strange paradox lay in the fact that Germany alone of all the states, into which the world was then divided, had perceived and secured the full advantages of organization in every department of her national life. She gained by the combination of a thousand industrious brains what she lacked in

individual genius. The interest of the town was put above that of the city, the province above that of the town, the state above that of the province. The interest of the industry was also put above that of the individual trader.

The result of this disciplined system was a national output and a national strength, out of all comparison with the apparent ability of the people. The individual Englishman who competed with the individual German in the outer world was accustomed to outclass his rival as a matter of course, but it was the aim of the German Empire, and one which was not unsuccessfully achieved for many years, to see that the individual Englishman competed, not against the individual German, but against the combined resources of a large German commercial corporation, backed, if necessary, by subsidies from the German state. In that case, as was but natural, the victory often remained with the corporation. Happily, however, for the British Empire, a period of reconstruction has already set it. I had many talks with this young officer, and through him was able to get many ideas as to the business system employed by his government.

After about ten days in the prison it was evident from the looks of the officers and soldiers that something had happened to bring down their spirits to an even lower level than before, for just as the Briton shines during the dark days, when he pulls himself together and plays the man, though liable to play the fool in better times, so the German does the exact opposite. He can only keep his morale when he is winning or thinks he is winning.

There were signs already that the military power of Germany, even at this date, was declining. They had selected their physically and mentally fittest to form their storm troops, who were specially trained behind the front for attack, and were given special rewards and special privileges. These troops had made an admirable head to the spear, but the head was beginning to be worn out after their repeated attacks, and the various signs showed that if they did not make a success in the early part of next Spring dissatisfaction would spread, and their whole machine commence to fall to pieces.

Judging by externals it looked as if something like a panic would spread over Germany if the Allies could only make a

successful offensive the next year, so that I determined more than ever to get away, if possible, before this panic occurred, as my faith in the ultimate end had not been shaken, despite the reverses which the German newspapers reported our armies were having from time to time.

The German food was cooked in a house outside of the barbed wire, and at stated times during the day orderlies would assemble at the gate to be marched out under a sentry to bring in the pails of soup. One evening several officers borrowed the orderlies' clothes, and were marched out by the sentries to bring in the usual pails of soup. On arriving at the door of the cook-house they dashed away, and before the sentry could give the alarm, had disappeared in the darkness. The guard was immediately turned out, and large search parties were sent over the moor. Unluckily, early in the morning, a boy, who was shooting on the moor, saw the officers go into a hiding place, and meeting some of the sentries of the search party, told them what he had seen; thus they were again caught. This was only one of a series of attempts to escape made at this time. One of the most daring get-aways occurred a few days after this when Gardner, an Australian officer, a man of iron nerve, waiting until it was dusk, deliberately walked to the wire when the sentry's back was turned, and started to cut it. After the first two or three snips by the wire cutters the sentry heard the noise, and turning around, was so surprised for the moment that instead of leveling his rifle he said, "Bitter, mein Herr, ist nicht erlaubt." Gardner took absolutely no notice, and went on cutting the wire; the sentry, getting over his astonishment, leveled his rifle and commenced to fire. Luckily the shots went wild, and Gardner slowly completed the job, got through the hole, and notwithstanding the fact that by this time several sentries were firing at him, walked off in the darkness and got away. Unfortunately he was caught again two or three days later, but not until he had reached the River Ems. Had it not been for the extremely bad weather, there is no doubt whatever he would have succeeded, but it was impossible at this time of the year to sleep during the day on the open ground without covering, and in looking for a place to sleep early one morning, he was seen and recaptured by a gendarme.

The week before Christmas I began to feel a little restless, as before I made my attempt to get away the Canadian officers in camp had exhibited to me the various things they were saving up towards their Christmas dinner. One of the officers from Vancouver had received a large Christmas pudding, another a piece of ham, and those of them who had been getting tinned fruit for the last two or three months, had saved these to have a royal Christmas dinner. Naturally the thoughts of the good feed that the officers were going to have at Christmas began to worry me. I knew that my fare would probably be German food, as I had had experience of what Christmas in solitary confinement was like before, having already done the last two Christmases and New Years in solitary confinement. About six days before Christmas I procured paper and pen from the officer of the guard and wrote to the commandant, what I thought was a polite letter in German, setting forth that I had been in solitary confinement for the last two Christmases and asking him if he would allow me to have Christmas dinner with my comrades in the camp on the condition that I gave my word of honor that during the time I was in the camp for the Christmas dinner I should make no attempt or preparations to escape. The reply was brought next morning by an unteroffiizier, who told me that such a thing could not be thought of, and that not only would I not be allowed to go into camp but that he would see that I lived in future solely on the German food.

That evening I wrote a note to Baker, from my home town, telling him that I had decided to come in for Christmas dinner, and that if possible I was going to bring with me Gardner and Blake. In my note I explained to him where he could find the false key which Wilken had made, which I thought would fit the door leading from the store-room to the court yard outside of our cell. If he found that this fitted he was to smuggle in to me a piece of iron heavy enough to wrench off the bars from my window. After having written the note the next difficulty was to get it into the camp. This was accomplished next morning, when the orderly came in to clean out the cell. As usual he was accompanied by a sentry to see that we did not speak to one another, and that nothing was taken in or out of the cell. As the orderly swept near the bed I dropped the

note, and began to sing to a well-known tune the words: "Under the bed you will find a note, take it in to Baker, take it in to Baker, etc., etc." After a while the orderly began to sing: "I have found the note, sir, I have found the note, sir, etc., etc." The sentry, of course, not understanding a word of English, thought we were feeling rather happy. In this way I was able to send in this note, and afterwards many others.

The next morning I received word that the key fitted the lock, and that the orderly had the necessary piece of iron tied around his leg under his trousers, and would endeavor to leave it in my room. He managed very cleverly to slip this under the bed-clothes, and that night I commenced work on the bars of my window, and in less than three hours had loosened them so that they could be removed later by hand. During the day I managed to communicate with Blake and Gardner, told them of my scheme, and when the under officer came along, I asked him if he would let me walk in the corridor for a short while as I had cramps in my legs. He allowed me to do this, and when his back was turned, I managed to slip through the peep-hole the piece of iron to my comrade Blake, telling him to pass the iron in some way to Gardner's cell. When he himself was done with it. The following morning I received the news that the bars on both of their windows had been loosened, and that they were ready for the next move. The next day being Christmas, I sent another note to the Canadian officers, asking them to send two of the tallest and strongest men into the courtyard at half past five, at which time it would be very dark, to assist us from our windows, and to be sure to have a place at the table for the three of us.

In Germany, just as in England and in America, Christmas is kept with great feasting and rejoicing; among the soldiers the time was usually spent drinking beer and eating German sausage, they appeared to have much beer, so that we did not expect that our guard would trouble us so much as on other days, yet in order to cover up the tracks of our escape from the prison, each of us made a dummy for our bed. In my case I used for the head an old blue sweater, for the body the straw pillow, and rolling a blanket into the shape of a leg, I covered these over with another blanket, and in the dim light from the acetylene lamp it would have been difficult by merely

looking through the hole in the door, to tell the difference between myself and the dummy. Precisely at five-thirty Baker, Lumsden and another officer opened the door of the store-room leading into the courtyard, and I loosened the bars from my window. I had great difficulty in getting through the window, as it was ten feet from the floor and only two feet square, but at last I managed to wriggle through, head and shoulders first, and fell into the arms of the officers waiting below. After this we assisted Blake and Gardner from their windows, and leaving the courtyard, locked the door behind us. On entering the room where we were to have our Christmas dinner I had a splendid surprise. In the first place the officers had managed to buy some colored paper from the canteen, and with this they had decorated the walls of their room. The previous day, while taking their exercise on the moor, they had collected a few branches from some fir trees, and after the cells, this room looked like a palace to us. They had borrowed extra stools and tables and lamps from another room, and fourteen of us sat down to a Christmas dinner. One of the officers had received from his people in Canada, several bottles marked "Canadian Malt Vinegar," which, on being opened, were found to contain good "Canadian Rye Whisky," so that with some tinned chicken, bully beef, canned potatoes and canned corn, we had what was to us a glorious feed. After dinner we improvised a concert, most of the musical instruments having been made by the officers themselves, and by the time it was necessary to return again to our cells, what with the music and the "Canadian Vinegar," all were feeling in a very happy mood. The Australian officer, Gardner, said he was willing to fight the whole German army, and for the time being I could not get him to return again to the cell. However, at nine-thirty we made our way very gingerly through the store-room to the courtyard. We tossed a coin to decide who should be the first to take chances of getting back into the cell, and the lot, having fallen to me, I crossed the courtyard together with Baker, Lumsden and a British flying officer, Walker. We arrived underneath my window, and by standing on the back of one of the officers, I managed to catch hold of the window sill; then standing on the palms of the hands of the other two officers, I was to be gently pushed through the window, but, probably

because of the effects of the "Canadian Vinegar," instead of the gentle push, as arranged, they used all their force with the result that I went through the window like a shot out of a cannon, landing on my head, knocking over every article in reach, and causing such a rumpus that the whole guard, themselves in not a very fit state, ran into the corridor to see from what cell the noise had come. It took some quick thinking on my part to pass off this matter, and disarranging my bed, and hurriedly taking off my coat I kicked at the door, shouting at the top of my voice, "Ein und vierzig, bitte!" which was the number of my room in German. My door was immediately opened by the Germans, and I told them that I wanted to go to the lavatory very quick, and was at once conducted there. Just as I had returned to my room there was a terrific crash; Baker, in climbing over a small wooden fence to assist Blake into his room, had knocked the whole structure down. This was when the fun commenced. The whole guard immediately ran from the building fixing their bayonets while they ran, to see what had happened, but they arrived too late to catch the officers who had assisted us. Blake had managed to get through the window, but Gardner, having had no one to help him, had tried to spring through, and when the sentries arrived, his head and shoulders were through the window, but the rest of his body was outside. Hearing the sentries coming behind him, and not liking the idea of having a bayonet stuck into him while in this position, he just escaped them by wriggling through and falling on the floor of his cell. Unfortunately, some one had brought the commandant to the scene, and at the moment Gardner came through the window he opened the door of the cell. Naturally, having been brought from his Christmas dinner, the commandant was not in a very good frame of mind, and the names he began to call the "Englanders," and Gardner in particular, I cannot mention here. After leaving Gardner, he inspected the other cells. When he entered mine, I greeted him with a polite "Guten Abend," but by the answer I got he did not appear to be very friendly towards me. It was evident at that time that he did not think that I had been out of my cell that evening, but early the next morning I heard him come into the courtyard with the "unteroffizier" of the guard to see in what manner the escape had been

managed. On Christmas morning it had snowed a little, and so they were able to trace in the snow the footsteps under the different windows. At last I saw the commandant turn and commence to follow the marks in the snow, and stopping beneath my window, he asked the unteroffizier gruffly, "Welcher, offizier, ist in diese zimmer?" On being told it was I he threw up his hands, exclaiming, "Mein Gott, hauptmann Thorn weider!" and he made a bee-line into the building, threw open the door of my cell, and walked in. On his asking me, in none too polite language, if I had been in the camp the previous evening, I told him that I had enjoyed the best Christmas dinner since coming to Germany, and that the wine was excellent. This caused him to get into such a state of excitement that I thought he was going to have an epileptic fit, and after raving at me for several minutes he left the cell, slamming the doors behind him. Shortly afterwards we were told by the "unteroffizier" that the three of us were going to get a severe strafeing, but the strafeing never came, as we found out later that the commandant was afraid that if he reported the affair to higher authority he would get into trouble himself for not having had a better guard over us.

The week after Christmas passed very quietly. We had to sit most of the day with the blankets around us to keep from freezing. On New Year's day the sentries had several barrels of their favorite beer brought into the guard room, and I was able to listen to their various discussions. Like all other German soldiers I have heard discussing the war, these men expressed great reluctance to return to the front, and were hopeful that the war would speedily be terminated. They seemed to be oppressed by the unexpected duration of hostilities. They spoke of their apparent victories on all the fronts, and could not understand why the war still went on. When a German soldier goes home on leave, there is not much to cheer him up, everyone seems to be in mourning, and all his friends of military age are either killed or far away. One particular thing I did notice in hearing these various discussions was their patriotism to the Empire. Some people would say that conscription had developed a large part of this national religion of patriotism, but to my mind the source of a flourishing, vigorous patriotism may often be discovered in studying

the economic conditions of the country. A state, for example, where the majority of the population are owners of the soil they till, affords the most favored surroundings for the growth of patriotic sentiment, and to me, after studying the German people during my captivity, their patriotism seems to stand on an economic basis; for Germany possesses an enormous agricultural population, and figures given to me a little later by a well educated soldier were that seventy-eight per cent. of this population were owners of the land on which they lived. With these favorable conditions the German government had worked hard during peace times to strengthen, by education and discipline, the instinctive patriotism of the citizens.

During my stay in Germany I have occasionally met men, who were a little decent, but taking the whole German race my experience is that they are treacherous, coarse in pleasure, and animals in drunkenness. I must say, however, that many of them are brave, disciplined and patriotic.

One morning towards the end of January, Blake and myself were informed by the commandant that we were to be transferred to another camp, and that as this camp was in the center of the Hartz Mountains it would be impossible for us to escape from there. After packing up we left the camp, and it did us good, after six weeks solitary confinement, to be able to stretch our legs again. It was quite dark in the morning when we left the camp, but it was not too early for the Canadian officers to get out of bed, and wish us a pleasant journey, and we managed to get from them several things which might come in useful should we find an opportunity of escaping from our guards.

CHAPTER XV

Journey to Clausthal

AFTER leaving Strohen station we soon reached the broad cornlands of Westphalia. Here there were patches of snow, but no hedges, walls or fences of any kind, and hardly a tree could be seen to break the monotony of the landscape. The railway carriage was almost as cold as the cell at Strohen. About one o'clock in the day we arrived at Hanover, where we had to change trains. The platform was crowded with soldiers and civilians, and as we had to wait a long time for the train, which was to take us to our destination, the sentries took us into the restaurant.

The type of German soldier at this station seemed to be far different to those we had met before, probably because they were older and of the more ignorant class of Landstrum, who had not yet been to the front, and were not yet tamed by the experiences of active service as were the others. They crowded into the restaurant and forced their attention upon us, spoke to us as if we were dangerous criminals, and had it not been for the sentries, there is no doubt we should have been roughly handled. In fact, before leaving the station, we were both a little alarmed at the attitude of a curious looking mob of men, dressed in the funniest collection of uniforms we had yet seen, who followed us to our carriage. One very old fellow was waving a heavy stick, and for the moment the situation was rather critical until an officer with a loud voice ordered them to move on, and such was their fear of a German officer, that in a few minutes they had all disappeared.

After leaving Hanover we ran through some very hilly and thickly wooded country and eventually commenced our journey through the Hartz Mountains. It was now very dark, and we both began to look around for a way to elude our guards, but we found that evidently they had received special instruc-

tions to watch us, as they did not leave us for one minute alone. Eventually, about eleven o'clock at night, we arrived at the station of "Clausthal" and were told that the camp was four or five miles from the station, and that we should have to walk there, and if we wanted our bags we should have to carry them.

Clausthal is situated in the mountains about twenty-five hundred feet above sea-level, and during winter the ground is covered with snow to a depth of three or four feet. Just before my arrival there it had been snowing very heavily, and in some parts of the road it had drifted to six and eight feet in depth, in consequence by the time we had arrived within two miles of the camp, we were both so exhausted that for a time we could not go any farther. Several times we left our bags, and decided we would rather lose our belongings than carry them with us, but each time we crawled back and got them. When we arrived at the camp we were so exhausted that we had to be helped into the guard room.

The sentries, guarding us from the station, did not attempt to help us in any way, in fact, they seemed to gloat over our troubles, but we had the satisfaction of noticing that they were also feeling the effects of the climb through the snow, and they, too, were very pleased when they saw the lights of the camp.

The inside of the guard room itself was not very inviting, certainly it was a little warmer than the outside, but at the time we entered it was full of German soldiers wrapped up in blankets, lying in various positions on the dirty floor, and the room smelled like a dog's kennel. On our entry the "unter-offizier" of the guard commenced to shout at these sentries, telling them to "Raus, schnell," as the commandant would soon be along.

In a short while the commandant turned up, and for one of the first times in my experiences as a prisoner I had a fright, for I saw, coming through the door, a German officer who, I thought, was Nieumeyer, the commandant of Holzminden Camp, where I had caused so much trouble. I saw visions of having to return immediately through the snow to the station, as I knew that immediately he recognized me, he would refuse me admittance to the camp, as he had told me a short time

before leaving Holzminden that he did not want to see me turn up any more in any of his camps. When he came into the room he came directly towards me, asked my name, and what other camps I had been in, and one can imagine my amazement when he did not appear to recognize me. I had to tell him that I had been at Holzminden, and then I found out that this man was the twin brother of the commandant of that place. I have never seen two men look more alike, and dress more alike than the brothers "Nieumeyer," two of the worst specimens of humanity one would wish to see. He commenced by asking me what I had done that I had been sent away from his brother's camp, and as apparently my answers did not satisfy him, he asked the "unteroffizier" for the crime sheets which are always sent with us from camp to camp. From these it did not take him long to find out why I had been sent away, and after reading my apparently bad record, he did not seem over pleased to admit me to his camp. Somehow or other he took immediately a special dislike to Blake, probably because of his youthful appearance and bland smile. Blake's specialty with the Germans was to appear not to understand what they said to him, even if they spoke in English, and in the first two or three minutes of his conversation with the commandant it was quite evident that Blake was to be put on the black list. After various questions had been asked, we had to go through the performance of being searched, and were again stripped, and had to stand naked before the dirty lot of sentries, who at once commenced to tear out the linings of our uniforms to see what they could find. In examining my collar they found the two golden soveriegns, which I had managed to keep through all the searches since they were given to me two years before at the fortress in Prussia. The finding of this money caused great interest, gold was a thing they had heard of, but had not seen for many a year. This caused the whole guard to commence a fresh search of my clothing, during which time I was standing freezing without my clothes, but I had the satisfaction to see that they had again overlooked the switch of hair, and several other small articles which I had used in my escape as a widow from Agustabad.

After the search was over the commandant came to me, delighted with having found the two golden coins, and told me

that as it was "verboten" to have English money, that he would confiscate them but might, if I behaved myself, give me some German money in its place. Before sending us into the camp, he made a long speech about the efficiency of his camp, the things we were to do and were not to do, what time we were to be out of bed, and what time to go to bed, and how we should conduct ourselves generally while under his command, all of which we pretended to swallow. Then, turning to me, he said, that no doubt the reason why I had made so many attempts to escape was because I had not had comfortable quarters to sleep in, and as he did not wish me to make any attempts from his camp, he would give me one of the best rooms, but, should I disobey one of his orders, that the worst punishment he could think of would be inflicted on me. After this eloquent speech, we were both conducted into the camp, and shown into what was to us, and me especially, luxurious quarters. The building had been, in pre-war days, a "kurhaus," or health resort. At this time it was not in very good repair, and was very similar to that of Agustabad, but built on a far larger scale. The room assigned to Blake and myself was rather small, and contained two beds, and to our surprise, for the first time in Germany, we slept on a mattress and had sheets! It took us some time to get over the shock of finding these things after our previous experiences, and it was long before we plucked up enough courage to go to bed.

The next morning another pleasant surprise awaited us, we found that the camp was composed solely of British officers, numbering about two hundred, and that quite a number of them were Canadians. One of the first Canadian officers I met was Major D. R. McCuaig, D.S.O., of Montreal, one of the finest men I have ever had the pleasure of meeting in my life. He had been very badly wounded at Ypres in 1915, and had been taken prisoner there. After being a short time in the hospital, he had been sent to Clausthal, and when I arrived had been there over two and a half years, so that he was greatly pleased to hear from me of the Canadian officers at the other camps, and their doings.

The camp at Clausthal, as stated before, had been a "kurhaus." It had been converted into an officers' prison camp by having had built around it a tall wooden fence, on the inside

of which were the usual rows of barbed wire. At this camp, however, they had allowed sufficient space inside of the wire for the officers to walk around, and in summer one was able to get all the exercise needed. Inside of the building a large room, which had been used before the war as a concert room, was fitted out with long tables and used as a dining hall, and it was amusing to watch the different officers getting ready their meals on the Tommies' "Cookers" and other small stoves, which had been sent to them from England. As the majority of these officers had been at the camp for over two years, their parcels had been coming fairly regularly, and they did not have to eat the food supplied by the Germans, which was about the same as that in the other camps. In comparing this camp with the others I had been in, I must admit that it was far better than any of them, and was, without doubt, the best camp in Germany, and had it not been for the commandant, one could have had a fairly enjoyable time under the circumstances.

The officers passed their time in various ways. Some were studying French and German; others had classes in many branches of special education, the books for which had been sent to them from many of London's best colleges. One great feature was the canteen, where one could buy things I had not seen before during my captivity. It evidently was run on a profit-sharing basis with the commandant, as he permitted articles to be sold that at other camps were strictly "verboten." The prices were exhorbitant, but as we needed many of the things, we had to pay the price. For example, a small fifteen cent tin of sardines could be had for five marks ($1.25), or a little larger tin of pickled herrings (some herrings!), worth about twenty cents, was sold for eight marks ($2.00), and according to the soldier in the canteen, these things were cheap compared with the price that was being paid in Berlin and other large cities.

The officers had certainly got down to a science the way to pass their time profitably. Several of them being good musicians, had approached the commandant to let them buy various kinds of musical instruments. Naturally the commandant, with a view more to the profit he made out of the sale than to the enjoyment it brought to the officers, consented to let them have the various instruments they asked for, and those men who

could play passed the greater part of their time teaching others their particular instrument, so that by the time I arrived they had a very decent band, which gave a concert every week in the dining hall, when no particular "strafe" was on.

When the commandant was in a good humor, which was not very often, he would allow them to have debates on various subjects, and on the next day after my arrival a series of lectures on "Australia" were commenced by Major Hughes, an Australian officer.

Among the prisoners at the camp was a major-general and his staff, who had been taken by a submarine when returning from Salonica, also Brig.-Gen. Bruce, who was captured during the heavy fighting in the fall of 1916, and several other well known Army and Naval officers, taken at various times since 1914. There was no discrimination shown between these and the junior officers, except, perhaps, that their sleeping accommodation was a little better.

Three or four days every week a certain number of officers were allowed to have a bath. They placed their names on a list, and had to wait their turns. Twenty or twenty-five of them were marched from the camp to a coal mine about a mile from the camp, where they were allowed to use the shower baths which had been rigged up in pre-war days for the miners. Naturally, there were not many officers who liked the idea of marching on a cold day in winter to have a warm bath and freeze to death on the way back. One could also have a bath in the building, but the place was so small, and the bathing arrangements broke down so often, that we got tired going to see if the bath was working.

At 9 o'clock every morning the roll was called, when every one had to assemble in a small space in front of the building. The commandant, like his brother at Holzminden, always appeared on parade, and had something to say to the officers, and somehow or other every time he saw Blake, his moustache commenced to bristle and he called him a few of his pet names in German. Blake, giving one of his bland smiles, would invariably put his foot in it, which would result in two or three days solitary confinement.

Since his attempted escape with me, Blake had quite a mania for taking anything he saw around belonging to the Germans,

which might help us to make another escape in the spring. One morning he saw a soldier doing some repair work in the building, and after following him around for some time, he managed to steal a large pair of pincers, which would come in handy for cutting the wire. The next day a rumor started that the commandant was going to have a search, and hearing this, Blake thought the best way to hide these pincers was to put them in his mackintosh and leave it hanging on a hook, together with some other coats, near the dining room. About an hour after this, one of the sentries, in walking down the corridor where the coat was hanging, happened to stumble, and must have caught the coat in his efforts to keep himself from falling, when his hand came in contact with the large pair of pincers in the pocket. This resulted in Blake receiving another eight days' solitary confinement in the cell, much to the satisfaction of the commandant.

Two or three weeks later officers began to arrive from all over the country. Nearly every one of them having just completed some time in the cells for escaping. This seemed to alarm the commandant very much, as he noted that these officers, together with myself, were to be seen walking together most of the time, and paying too much attention to the barbed wire and the way the sentries were placed around the building. One morning he collected us all together, and called us something in German, which in Euglish means "escape artists," and proceeded to place every one of us in rooms on the top floor of the building. He also ordered us to always be together in the same group when roll was called, so we arranged now and again for one to be absent, and on his arriving at the scene to see if his pets were there, we would inform him that we were sorry to report that one was missing. The first two or three times he got a little excited, but after a while he would send his sentries through the building before paying us a visit. I do not understand why, but for some reason or other, the commandant always tried his utmost to be good friends with me, while to others, in fact to most of them, he was a tyrant; swearing at them and "strafeing" them for every little thing they did. He used to stop me in the garden and call me "Widow Thorn," or the "Gold Man"—this last name referring to the gold he had dis-

covered on me when I arrived, which affair he could not seem to forget.

Afer a time most of us on the top floor formed ourselves into a committee to get ready for the Spring "offensive;" my room being selected for the scene of operations for the making of the maps, the compasses, and the detailing of the plans of the various ways of escaping. One of the schemes was for several of us to go down some morning for a bath with enough food on us to last for ten or twelve days, and when nearing the coal mine, to suddenly give a shout, and run away from the guard. This could easily have been accomplished, as the guards we had at this time were the sort that would be sure to miss; our hope being that they would not close their eyes and fire, as possibly, if they did, one of their stray bullets might hit some one. We, however, gave the scheme up, as we thought it possible that after an affair of this kind, the officers would have to go without a bath.

Our manner of making compasses was rather unique. We collected together used Gillette razor blades, and make them into compass needles by holding the blade over a flame until the temper was taken out, after which we cut out the steel to a diamond shape, leaving the centre hole, through which we attached a dress fastener, which we were able to buy from the canteen. Before attaching this fastener we again heated the steel, and by placing it immediately in cold water, tempered it again; after which, by using a small magnet, we were able to magnetize it, and by placing it on the end of a needle, it always swung to the north pole. For a case we carved out pieces of wood to the shape of a large pill box (if our people at home had only sent us a few boxes of Beecham's Pills, it would have saved us this trouble), and driving through the bottom of the box a gramaphone needle, we made an excellent compass; we finished off the work by pasting in the bottom of the compass some white paper, and taking one of the luminous figures from our watches we placed it on the point of the needle, so that it could be seen in the dark. A piece of glass was then fixed in, and our compass was complete.

It took us some time to find the way to cut out a circular piece of glass without a diamond, but after a time we discovered that by cutting the glass under water with a pair of

scissors, we could get any shape we liked without cracking the glass.

While the maps and compasses were being made, it was necessary to keep watch on the commandant and his staff, who were in and out of the building at all hours of the day. This was accomplished by placing an officer at the foot of the stairs, with another watching him to receive and pass on the signal when the commandant or his staff were coming, when we were at once notified, and our work was safely hidden away. Another officer had managed to smuggle into the camp with his baggage a quarter-plate camera, and with this, and the plates, we got by bribing one of the sentries, we photographed a map and made many copies. Unfortunately, one day the commandant came into the building unseen by the officer watching below, and was on our floor before we knew anything about it. He came into my room just as I was finishing a compass, and a general search was ordered. The plates and one or two compasses were found, but sufficient for our purpose had been made and hidden away for use at a future date. For once I did not get "strafed." The commandant seemed to think that "strafeing" would do me no good, but he promised me that the next time I was found out preparing for an escape, I should be sent to a fortress or to a punishment camp, where I should receive drastic treatment.

Two or three weeks later two officers escaped in a very simple manner. They had made a very poor imitation of the commandant's uniform, which one of them wore, while the other decked himself in a cap similar to that worn by the Germans, and carried an imitation rifle made of wood. This was very cleverly made in pieces, the butt having been carved out of a piece of pole found in the courtyard. On the evening of their escape, the commandant and the sentry did not leave by the front gate, as usual, and the two officers, having noticed this, put on the uniforms that they had made, and walked to the gate. In the darkness it was difficult to tell the difference between them and the commandant and his sentry, and without hesitation the guard opened the gate and they walked through. A few minutes later the commandant himself, having left by the smaller gate at the back, came round to the front of the building, and went off in another direction. The

guard, noticing this, knew that a trick had been played on him and gave the alarm, which turned out the guard, and brought the commandant running back to the camp to see what had happened. All the officers were turned out into the garden, and the buildings were locked up until it had been ascertained who had escaped. After keeping everybody outside for two hours in the snow, they at last found out, but by this time the fugitives had got far away. Unfortunately, the following morning they were seen walking through a village by a gendarme, whose suspicions were aroused at the way they were dressed. He arrested them, and finding out the camp from which they came, they were sent back, only having had a few hours of liberty.

About this time many officers were being sent away to be interned in Holland under an agreement which had been signed by both the German and British governments, and by which it was arranged that officers and non-commissioned officers, who had been prisoners for more than two and a half years, were to be interned in a neutral country till the war was finished. This naturally was good news to many of those who had been taken in 1914 and 1915, but some who had been trying to escape did not like the idea of having to submit to an exchange of this kind, as it meant that they would be of no use to their country; whereas, if they escaped, they would have the chance of getting back once more to the firing line, and be able to have a little revenge for the treatment they had received at the hands of the Germans while prisoners.

When I first heard of this agreement I made up my mind to refuse to be interned in Holland with the chance of having to remain there for two or three years. However, in talking the matter over with several of the others, I decided that when my turn came, I would leave with the party, and if a chance presented itself, would endeavor to escape from the guards before arriving at the Dutch frontier.

Major McCuaig was also very keen to escape, but up to the time of my arrival at the camp, no one had been willing to take the risk with him. Immediately after my arrival he suggested that we should try together, and on hearing the probability of the exchange to Holland, he was keener than ever to get away before it took place. As we had been taken prisoners about

the same time, and there was little doubt but that we should be exchanged on the same day, we put our heads together to work out a scheme whereby, should it be impossible to get away before the exchange took place, we would endeavor to escape together on the journey to Holland. With this end in view we tried to get some kind of drug, which we could either put into a cigarette or into some tea, and by giving it to the guards on the train, put them to sleep and so get our chance to get away.

The last time I was at "Fort Zorndorf," in Prussia, we tried to drug some cigarettes with a similar purpose in view. On a little patch of ground on the ramparts of the fortress several Russians had planted a number of poppies, and Wilkin, having been a medical student before joining the Flying Corps, suggested that when the poppies were ripe we should endeavor to get from the bulbs the opium, and drug some cigarettes to give to the guards on our next journey on the train. With this end in view we cut an incision in the bulbs of the poppies, and the next morning collected the substance which had oozed out of the incision, which Wilkin said contained opium. Naturally we destroyed the Russians' garden, but managed to put the blame on the Germans, as we did not wish our cordial relations with our fellow prisoners broken. Taking the stuff we had collected from the bulbs to our room, we waited until we received some cigarettes in our next parcel, when, by carefully pushing out the tobacco from a cigarette, we soaked it in a solution of what we thought was opium, and after drying it, put it back into the cigarette paper, so that the cigarette would not look as if it had been tampered with. After much consideration, we decided to try it on a Russian officer, who had been giving the officers in the fortress a great deal of trouble, and as he had a passion for English cigarettes, we had no trouble in inducing him to smoke this particular one. The results were disastrous. He lit the cigarette, and after three or four puffs the paper turned as black as charcoal. But this did not seem to worry him, and he continued to smoke until the cigarette was nearly finished, when all at once his face turned various colors, and he was so sick that we had to call in the German doctor. Naturally, of course, we destroyed the end of the cigarette so that the doctor would not find out

what we had done; but after this we gave up the idea of trying to drug cigarettes, as we figured out that if we used one of these on the sentry it was possible we should be shot for manslaughter.

After this experience I did not feel inclined to drug another cigarette, so we set about finding something to drug either some wine or tea. The German doctor had been giving a sleeping mixture in the form of a pellet to one or two of the officers, who were suffering from insomnia. It must have seemed strange to him when, some three or four days later, twenty or thirty others, whom we had taken into our confidence, complained to him that they could not sleep at nights. They gave us the pellets which they received from him, and soon we had forty or fifty of these to experiment with. We bought a bottle of wine and powdered several of these pellets and put them into it. We managed to make a mixture which we thought would suit the purpose, and provided the man had a leather tongue he would not know the difference when drinking it; two such bottles we put away ready for the journey. A few days after this we received orders to pack up our belongings, as we were to be sent to a camp at Aix-la-Chapelle, from where we would eventually be sent to Holland. That night many of my old friends decided to have a celebration, and for a while the top floor of the building was a scene of much hilarity, until the alarm was given that the German guard had turned out to quiet us down. Everybody made a rush for their various rooms, but the guards had brought in with them some dogs, which they let loose, creating great excitement, especially when one of them bit through the seat of the trousers of an Australian, and would not let go. This created so much noise that the commandant himself came, and nearly every officer on the floor was put into the cells. The next day our boxes had to undergo a rather stiff search to see that we were taking nothing with us that was verboten, and for a time I was a little uneasy as to whether they would find the rubber stamps with which we had made our passports at the fortress, as I wanted to take them with me, if possible, as souvenirs of some of our work. I had hidden them very carefully in some life-buoy soap, and everything went off without trouble, the boxes being sealed up and sent away.

On leaving the camp at an early hour next morning, we were again searched at the guard house. The commandant refused to allow us to take our bottles of wine, but, at last, under the persuasions of Major McCuaig and myself, he consented to let us pour the wine into a 'Thermos'' flask. We had to be very careful not to leave any remains in the bottles, in case the commandant or his soldiers helped themselves, which might have resulted in our being brought back and shot for attempting to poison them.

The first part of our journey was not very interesting, but I was amused and interested to note the change which had come over the people during the past year. It was quite evident that the Kaiser did not hold the same position in their eyes as he had done in the previous year. It was now well on to the close of March, 1918, and Wilhelm was commencing to lick the boots of the German working man, whom he had previously regarded as mere cannon fodder. The optimism which they had previously shown had now disappeared, and the wiser among them had begun to see that their country was not going to win the war. We, ourselves, had known this right along, but to us, the great question was: How long would the war last? We had seen in the past that the German successes had been obtained because they had weight of numbers behind the blows; our progress, we all argued, when the tide turned, would be more deliberate. We knew that our artillery, tanks, air-craft and machine-guns, which had been turned out in so great numbers, would all help the infantrymen to find a way through, and reduce the cost of victory, but we could still see that the infantryman would decide the issue of the war, as, provided they are well led, and adequately supported by the other arms, infantry in numbers can annihilate as nothing else can.

The two Belgium officers who helped me to escape from Agustabad, Mecklenburg.

Winter campaign, East Front—These Russians were taken prisoners a few days after this photograph was taken.

Valcartier Camp, Sept. 17th, 1914.

Valcartier Camp, Sept. 17th, 1914.

CHAPTER XVI.

Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle)

WE had to pass through the town of Holzminden, and saw the prison camp in the distance, which reminded me of some of the exciting times that I had spent there. I pictured to myself the figure that the commandant must have cut when the found out how many had escaped through the panel. I had heard only a few days before leaving Clausthal that over 28 had escaped that way.

We then passed through Detmold, Bielfleld, Halle, Hereford and many other towns, through which I had walked when on my way to the frontier from Holzminden only six months before. The country looked far different now. The first days of Spring had arrived, and over the broad wheat lands of Westphalia, which is the granary of the German Empire, the grain had already begun to sprout, while in the past Fall, when I had walked through, everything had seemed cold and dreary.

All the night we watched the guards for an opportunity to escape, but did not have a single chance. We tried to give them a drink from our thermos flask, which would have put them to sleep, but again our plans did not pan out, and as the morning dawned, we knew that our chances for escaping from the train were finished, and our only hope lay in the camp to where we were going at Aachen.

Toward noon we arrived at the town of Dusseldorf on the Rhine, and had to wait there for some considerable time for the change of trains. Here we saw many troop trains, which all seemed to be hurrying to the Western front. The men, I should say, were not more than eighteen or twenty years of age, and the majority of them seemed to have a rather hang-dog expression, as if not liking the prospects which were before them. Civilians, of course, were few and far between. At the station, and, as far as I could see, in the streets nearly all, young and old, were in uniform. Some of the older men

wore very quaint-looking garments; they seemed to have resurrected them from some by-gone age, and not one of them seemed to fit.

Railway work was being carried on as far as we could see solely by the women and the Russian prisoners of war; and as all stations were under military control, sentries could be seen standing on every station, so that it appeared to us that even the people were prisoners like ourselves. It reminded me of the story I had heard from a young French lad while at the fortress at Ingoldstadt in Bavaria of the state of Northern France, which was under German occupation at that time.

After leaving Dusseldorf, we passed through Cologne, and arrived at Aachen late in the afternoon. This town, which had once been French, still showed signs of its French origin. It was not very large, and most of the buildings seemed to have been turned into hospitals. We were marched through the streets to a large building, which evidently had also been fitted out as a hospital for their own soldiers, but was now being used as a prison camp for the officers before their final exchange into Holland. Around the building was placed a ring of sentries, and we afterwards found out, other sentries had been posted in various parts of the courtyard and corridors in the building.

Here we began to notice that our treatment by the officers and non-commissioned officers had undergone a change. They had evidently been told to try and create a good impression before we left, and after the usual preliminary questions, we were shown into a large room, which evidently had been freshly painted white; the beds were arranged all around, with a double row down the centre. Everything in the room was new, beds, sheets, blankets, the like of which we had not seen before since our arrival in Germany. By each bedside was a small iron table, and I looked to see if they had provided us also with pyjamas and felt slippers. On the walls, however, were the usual "verboten notices," without which the Germans could not live. One of them, printed larger than the rest, stated that lying down on the beds in the daytime was strictly forbidden, but this did not prevent some of us trying out the beds to see if they were real.

The next morning we had time to look around our new

quarters, and were surprised at the liberties they allowed us. Certainly we could not pass any of the sentries on the staircase, but we could do anything we liked in the particular part of the building where we were placed. At 8 o'clock in the morning, breakfast was served, consisting of the usual acorn coffee and bread, but wonder of wonders, they gave us some German sausage! And even this, when eaten off a table covered with a clean table-cloth, seemed to go down better than when thrown at us as we had been used to in the fortresses.

Later on in the morning, we found out that we might have to be quite a while in this camp, as officers had to be brought from all parts of Germany before the party was made up. At 11 o'clock we were visited by a German officer, who reminded me very much of a pork butcher whom one saw in England, but in this case he was washed and in uniform. He tried to be very nice, and told us that if we wanted, we could take a little walk in the courtyard, but should we attempt to make any escape, we should be shot. Naturally, one of the first things that Major McCuaig and myself looked for was an easy way to escape. It did not take us long to make our choice, but we decided to wait until we knew more of the district surrounding our prison. That night quite a number of British officers arrived, many of whom I had met in various camps before, and from them I learned that nearly all of the Canadian officers who had been taken at the same time as myself, had already been sent to Holland. We sat up far into the night talking about the various camps we had been in, but all agreed that none of them had been in camps worse than the fortress at Ingoldstadt, or that of Fort Zorndorf in Prussia; certainly some of the others had been very bad, and treatment given some of our wounded officers in them showed that chivalry, honor and good name were things the Germans knew nothing about.

In other prison camps such as Crefeld, Bischofswerda, Augustabad and Stralsund, the conditions were very different, and from trustworthy accounts from these officers, I believe that at Stralsund in particular, better treatment could not have been wished for. Football and tennis were permitted there, whenever the prisoners wished, and they could even

visit the town under escort. The commandant, beyond doubt, one of the best that could be found, allowed them privileges which, if the authorities at Berlin had known, would have been enough to have sent him into a prison. One day after we had been at Aachen for nearly a week, Major McCuaig and myself decided that it was time we got away. We had learned sufficient about the surrounding country to enable us to get safely away ,once we were out, and as the frontier was only three or four miles from camp, we did not anticipate that we should have a great deal of trouble.

In order to explain clearly in what manner we intended to escape, I must describe the building we were in. It contained four stories, and on each floor at the same end was a large room fitted up with showers, except on the top floor, which contained only an ordinary tub, this room being set apart for the prisoners. The bathroom on the ground floor, containing a number of showers, was used by the German staff; the door leading into this bathroom had to be passed by us when going to the courtyard for our morning walk, and in order to see where the door led to, I waited one morning until the sentry's back was turned, and then explored the room, the windows of which I discovered were very easily unfastened; so that if one could hide during the day in the bathroom without being seen, it would be quite easy after dark to get through the window, crawl behind a clump of bushes and get over a wall into a small side street, which was always deserted. On the day we decided to escape, Major McCuaig and myself managed to get, unseen, into the bathroom ,and hid ourselves behind an old curtain, which was covering a door that was not being used. Everything went well until it was getting dark, when, to our amazement, a German soldier came into the room and commenced lighting up some gas stoves, which heated the water, and we at once knew that somebody was going to use the shower bath. Our position at this time was very precarious, as the curtain, which made a good covering by day, was practically transparent in the bright electric lights, but the soldier, after working for fully an hour, did not see us, and left the room apparently with the intention of informing those who were waiting for a bath, that all was in readiness. Seeing this, we at once decided to turn out the lights, get through the

window, and endeavor to get away, but here again luck was against us, as the moment we came from our hiding-place, several Germans came into the bathroom, and we were discovered. It took us a long time to convince the Germans that we were looking for a place to have a bath, and in the end, we had to return to our room, expecting any moment to be brought before the commandant, and returned once more to Clausthal, or to a fortress for attempting to escape from this place. Our thoughts can better be imagined than described. Neither of us felt like going to Holland to have to wait there until the war was finished before getting home, but at the same time we did not relish the idea of having to return and undergo what we had undergone in the last three years of our captivity. And, when the morning came, and we were told to immediately get ready for the journey into Holland, we did not know whether to refuse or to go with the party.

After breakfast, a new batch of officers arrived, and we learned that we should be at least another two days at Aachen before the final exchange. From these officers I heard of the doings of one or two who had been with me at the fortress in Prussia. Hardy, of whom I have spoken before, had, together with another officer, just escaped over the frontier. They were in a camp in Silicia, and had travelled over five hundred miles through Germany. After escaping, in some civilian clothes, which they had managed to get into the camp, they walked to a nearby railway station, and Hardy, having learned to speak German fluently since his captivity, bought a ticket at the railway station for Berlin. The first part of their journey was uneventful, but after leaving Berlin, they were asked for their passports, and Hardy, who had helped us to make the passports at Fort Zorndorff, and had made for himself and his comrade passports similar to that shown in the illustration, had an anxious moment while the official was examining it. But after turning the passport over several times, the official was satisfied, and gave it back, and they were safe again for the time being. A little later, however, Hardy's comrade was taken very ill, no doubt from the effects of his long imprisonment, and for some time it looked as if the people in the carriage would notice something wrong, as unfortunately he could not speak any German. At several other places along the line

they had to leave the carriage, and in some cases had to change trains to get away from one or other who had become too inquisitive. In the end they arrived at Aachen, when again their passport was examined, and as before, the officials were evidently satisfied that it was bona fide, and let them pass. After leaving the station at Aachen, they boldly walked through the town, and hiding themselves in a forest near the frontier, they managed to crawl into Holland during the night. Nobody was more pleased than myself to hear of Hardy's escape, as he had made many attempts, and certainly deserved to succeed. Another officer told me of the success of three Russian officers, who had been great friends of mine at "Fort Nine," Ingoldstadt, in Bavaria. They had been sent to a fortress near Konigsberg, which is not for from the Baltic Sea. There they managed to make ropes by tearing strips from their blankets, and with them had let themselves down over a high wall into the street below, after which they made their way to the coast, stole a fisherman's boat, and commenced to row across the Baltic Sea, with the intention of landing in Sweden. Unfortunately, a heavy storm came on, and they were blown for miles in an opposite direction, and the next day found them stranded on a small island, which belonged to the Germans. There they were captured by a number of fishermen, who handed them over to the military authorities. A few days later they were taken from the island and placed in a prison at Stettin, and the next night, having noticed that the place was not very well guarded ,they picked the lock of their room and found the whole guard asleep; one of them took a coat and hat belonging to a sentry, and after making himself look like one of them, he marched his two comrades through the town of Stettin and got clean away. After walking for six days they arrived at Berlin, where the officer who had the German clothes, hid himself, while the two entered Berlin and managed, after a day there, to get some clothes for their comrade. They had great times stealing food at one place and another. One particular evening they entered the house of a farmer and deliberately tied the proprietor to his chair, and locked the rest of the family in a room, while they ate up everything they could find, and anything left over they put in their pockets for the next day. They had on them a

certain amount of German money, but as it was necessary to have cards for anything to eat, they could not purchase a single thing. After several days around Berlin, they commenced their journey on foot towards the Dutch frontier, but by the time they arrived at Hanover, they were so exhausted that they determined to try to purchase tickets on the railway. Waiting until it was dark, one of them walked into the station and found that the train for the west was due to leave in two or three minutes. He went out, brought in his comrades, managed to buy their tickets to Rheina, which is about twenty miles from the Dutch frontier. However, by the time they arrived at Osnabruck, the occupants of their carriage had got suspicious of their rather dirty-looking appearance, and as soon as the train pulled into this station, they at once gave the alarm, which resulted in the officers having to jump through the windows to get away. Notwithstanding the crowd which chased them, they managed, after a short time, to get into a forest, where they hid themselves until the next day, when they continued their journey ,and after swimming the River Ems, they eventually crossed the Dutch frontier, and arrived at the town of Winterswijk, in Holland. From there, after a three days' rest, they wrote to their comrades, one of whom told the news of their experiences to the British officers. I have heard since that one of these Russian officers had been given a commission in the Canadian forces, and had been sent to Russia with our Siberian expedition.

After listening to various other stories of the doings of some of my old comrades at the fortresses, I paid a visit to the quarters which had been set aside for the non-commissioned officers, who were also being exchanged into Holland, and again I heard of the frightful treatment they had had during the time they had been in the Germans' hands. One of them, a corporal in my company, told me that after he had been taken a prisoner, he had been marched to a town behind the lines, where he was thrown into a room for two or three days with only a piece of black bread to eat, and afterwards put into a cattle truck and sent to a place called Giessen, which was a large camp composed mostly of French prisoners. At 5 o'clock every morning, everybody was practically kicked out of bed, and lined up ready to be chosen for the work for

that particular day. The way the German under-officers chose their men was very much the same as that of the slave owners in the olden days. They pulled a man out here and there, called them "schweinhunds," and sent them either into the coal mines or the surrounding fields to work. None of them got anything to eat before he went, and if a man kicked against the treatment, he was placed in a cell which had the light shut off, and given only a ration of two hundred and fifty grammes of black bread a day, which only amounted to one good slice; after a week or ten days of this "black cell," the confinement and starvation affected them so much that they did not like to kick a second time. Another form of punishment was to take a man outside in the cold weather, minus a top-coat, and with his thin coat unfastened, and then making him stand at "stillgestanden" (attention) for six hours. It is a wonder to me how they were able to stand such treatment. He told me also about the typhus which had broken out in some of the camps, and how thousands of Belgians and French had died. The parcels from the Canadian Red Cross had certainly saved the lives of hundreds of prisoners, as the food given to the men was even worse than that given to the officers.

The day at last arrived when we were to be sent into Holland; it took a long time for Major McCuaig and myself to make up our minds to go with the party, but after long consideration, we found we could not return to the life we had been leading during the past three years. To me, especially, looking back at the life in the fortresses in Prussia and Bavaria, and figuring that between these two places I had spent over one year and four months, and that altogether my sentences to solitary confinement amounted to more than four and a-half months, Holland looked too good a place to refuse to go to.

Before starting, we were paraded on the ground floor of the building, and a German officer spoke to us for some time, telling us that we were now about to enjoy the privileges of a neutral country, and that he hoped we would not carry with us too bad an impression of the German people. He told us from now to the frontier we should not be under guard, as the British Government had agreed that should any one escape on the journey from Aachen to Holland, they would be imme-

diately returned by them to Germany, to be imprisoned there until the war was finished.

We found out from his speech the explanation of the sudden change in their treatment of us, which had begun the moment we entered the camp at Aachen. The explanation of the first-class carriage we had travelled in, the forced goodfellowship of the sentries, and the attention and better food. The authorities wanted us to return to England, and say that we had received kindness at their hands, but they had started too late in the game.

Orders from Berlin had evidently been given that the prisoners to be exchanged were to be treated with kindness, just as on a former occasion they had, without doubt, given orders that British prisoners, officers and men, were to be treated with special insolence and brutality. This affectation of kindness was now at this last stage more disgusting then even the insolence of Nieumeyer of Holzminden, which is saying something.

We left Aachen in the morning, and as the weather was ideal, life began again to seem worth living. Now that I was not treated like a dangerous criminal, I began to think and act in a different manner, but it took a long time to get accustomed to not being guarded by sentries, and several times, as my hand would steal to the handle of the door, I would turn around to see if any sentries were watching me. At we neared the frontier, every one seemed to be in high spirits. Personally, I found it hard to realize that I should soon be in Holland; I had tried so many times to get away, and once with the frontier in sight, I had indulged in dreams of steaks and Canadian Pacific dining cars loaded with good things to eat, but had been rudely awakened by the cry of "Halt," from a German sentry, and even now I did not feel certain that I should get to Holland. I had wild ideas that perhaps the authorities in Berlin would send a telegram, and have me sent back to be court-martialled on some pretence or another, and was picturing to myself the train being halted, and myself hauled out, so that I did not show the same enthusiasm as the rest of the prisoners.

At last we came to Venlo, a small town on the frontier, and as the train slowed down, we saw how the frontier was

guarded; all roads were blocked so that no vehicle of any kind could pass through; a space of forty or fifty feet had been left on either side of the frontier as a neutral zone, so that the Dutch and German soldiers were not placed together, and one could see the German sentry on one side of the line, and the Dutch sentry on the other, with the space between them of about one hundred feet. This, of course, was on the roads. In the fields they were dotted in various places, the frontier being marked at different points by piles of stones, painted white. Where the forest touched the frontier ,a neutral zone had been cut so that the boundary between the two countries was clearly seen by day, although at night it must have been difficult to tell in the fields and forests when one was over the boundary line, unless one was acquainted with the particular locality he was in.

As the train passed over the frontier, I paid my last respects to the German soil. My friends, who were in the same carriage, can tell you what it was, and then, as the train stopped, I knew at last that I was out of Germany, where I had been a prisoner for three years.

CHAPTER XVII.

My Stay in Holland

MY FEELINGS, when stepping from the train, and being greeted by cheery words from the crowds waiting to receive us, can better be imagined than described. The first thing that happened when the greetings were over, was an invitation to eat; and how different everything seemed to taste after the food I had had in Germany. Here I met Colquhoun, of the Princess Pats, who told me that all the officers taken with me at Ypres were already in Holland, except Scudamore, who had managed to get back to England through Switzerland, some time before.

The kindness and enthusiasm shown by the Dutch people on our arrival will not be forgotten by us for many a day. As the train left Venlo, the women and children lined the track and gave us a great send-off. Word must have been sent along the line of our coming, as at every station crowds were waiting to give us a cheery welcome. We passed through Rotterdam, and arrived at The Hague about 10 o'clock at night, where we were greeted by a number of British officers, who had been exchanged the month previous. After learning from them a little of the latest news, we once more continued our journey, and arrived at Schevingen, where we were to take up our quarters till the war was over. Notwithstanding the fact that it was past 11 o'clock, we had a rousing reception; all the non-commissioned officers who had been exchanged, had lined the streets, and we were greeted with a real British cheer, one that went right home and reminded us that even after what some of these poor fellows had been through, they were still able to come back and give again the cheer which so gladdens the heart of the returning man. Crowds of people followed us into the large reception hall, where we were waited on and given all the best things that Holland could produce. It is difficult to describe the feeling of liberty

we had, as we found ourselves free to wander about in the streets, no sentries to watch us, no foul-mouthed commandant calling us "schweinhunds," and a hundred other names we used to get in Germany.

The first night in Holland was a memorable one, a re-union of friendships made under hard conditions; and I had many experiences to recount to those officers of my battalion whom I had not seen since I left them at Bischofswerda, and to others who were taken at the same time as myself at Ypres, in 1915. It is not my intention to enter into details of life in Holland. I set out to try to tell of my experiences in Germany, but I feel that before starting on the closing chapter, that I should recount what I heard about the civilian prison camps in Germany from civilians who had just been exchanged into Holland. One of them had been for three and a half years in Ruhelleben, one of the largest civilian camps there, where more than three thousand Englishmen had been interned. Their organization had been wonderful. They had schools of pharmacy, theology and many branches of special education. There were physicians, lawyers and professors; every one had something to do, and in 1917 many were offered their release if they would accept positions in some of the largest of the German business houses. Every one of them absolutely refused to do war work, and would accept other positions only when they received the authorization of the British Government; even the Prussian system could not break their spirit, although around the camp were rows of barbed wire, many sentries, besides a highly-charged electric wire barrier. All of these things did not worry them, and their persistent struggle for their rights with the German authorities was a revelation to the stolid, oppressed soldiers who guarded them. The last Christmas, every one in the camp had co-operated in a Christmas performance, and it must have been a pathetic Christmas sight to have seen them. The performance was given in a hut where guards with fixed bayonets were guarding every point of egress; every movement was watched by the guards to see that nothing was said or done that was verboten, but notwithstanding all this, they managed to make the Christmas an enjoyable one. They were punished for the slightest offense, and most of them knew what it was like to be in the

cells for several days at a time, on a diet of bread and water.

Another civilian told me how the authorities had deliberately brought into Germany several hundred French and Belgian women of good families, and under the pretext that France and Belgium had interned German women, they were placed in a prison where many of the worst women in Germany were confined for some crime or other, and these women were allowed to mix with the women of France and Belgium who had to submit to the treatment given them. The morals of the German people can best be judged by the way the women of Belgium have been treated by the officers and soldiers; the next generation of Belgian children, according to those who have escaped from Belgium, will be chiefly of German blood. Think of this! The idea seemed to be that in this way the future population of Belgium would be filled instinctively with love for Germany. What a principle! Yet the Germans seemed to believe in it.

Another case was told me of some German Red Cross nurses who had volunteered to go to the front. Among these was one who had lived with an English family for some considerable time, and who told that on arriving at the front, they had found that several hundred nurses had just been returned from their particular district to Berlin and other towns to bear children, who were to be legitimized by law. Many of the girls tried to get back to their homes, but once they got to the front they had to stay till the authorities were satisfied that they were of no further use. Several other stories such as these were told me by the civilians who were in a position to know the truth, as they were coming constantly in touch with others from the outside who frequented their camp for various purposes.

In Holland the German officers and non-commissioned officers were located in Rotterdam and the district surrounding, where they had an area of fifteen or twenty miles to live in. After two or three weeks in Holland I managed to get permission to visit Rotterdam in civilian clothes, and wondered why I did not see any German officers in uniform, as we had to wear uniforms in the Hague. I was soon informed that during the first month there had been so many officers officious and impolite to the Dutch people that many of them had been

set upon, and afterwards thrown in the canals, and now they had found it safer to go about in civilian clothes. In the Hague it was exactly the opposite; no British officer or soldier was allowed to be in civilian clothes, and one was proud of the way in which they conducted themselves.

The arrangements for the officers in Holland were splendid. They were placed in hotels, which our government had leased for a certain time; they had full liberty to go and come as they wished, but were not permitted to go out of the area, which was a little more than twenty miles square, without special permission from the district commandant, which also had to be sanctioned by the senior British interned officer. Several enterprising British officers had started a paper called "The British News," which was a great success, containing all the latest news and doings of the interned officers. Classes were commenced for the study of the Dutch language, the professors being provided from several of the Dutch colleges. The Canadian officers banded themselves together and started a club which we called "The Canadian Officers' Club of Holland," which kept us in close touch with one another and enabled us to exchange news from our home towns.

Holland during the war was cut off from all supplies from the outside world and was in a worse plight than many of the nations in the war. Everything was rationed—bread, flour, meat, potatoes, cheese, eggs, butter, fish, and in fact anything good to eat—and the poorer classes were in a very bad state, especially the fishermen, whose source of supply had been cut off immediately after the war commenced. They had to keep within the three-mile limit of their shores or the U.boats would sink them without warning. It was even dangerous to put a boat into the sea, as it was quite a common sight to see the mines planted by the Germans washed up on the shore. Meat could only be had once or twice a week, and then only a very small ration. Potatoes were scarce and the people had to go for days without them. The butter supply per day for both eating and cooking purposes was only enough for one's breakfast, and if the people received one egg per person per week they were doing excellently. There were many food riots, the poorer people breaking windows and stealing eatables in many of the towns, but what could the government do? Noth-

ing. They were surrounded on all sides, afraid to make a movement that would appear to favor the Allies, lest they should have had the Germans invading and devastating their country as they had done in Belgium. They were between the devil and the deep sea.

The Dutch people were extremely kind to all the Britishers; the officers received invitations to the best houses, and were entertained as only Dutch people can entertain, and I have to look back to many friendships made which will never be forgotten.

After being for nearly two months in Holland I received permission to live in Amsterdam, and had many chances to find out what the real feeling was towards us by the best thinking men in Holland, and it did one good to see how they had sized up the Germans and how their sympathies were with us. Many of them were for coming into the war from the first on our side; but what good would it have done them? They would, without any doubt, have met the same fate as Belgium, as their army was small and very badly trained. Their officers were good, but they did not have enough of them, so they had to sit down and anxiously await the finish; but their hopes lay in the success of the Allies, by whose defeat they would eventually have become a state of Germany. I had heard stories of food being smuggled over the frontier into Germany, but if this were done it was without the consent or knowledge of the government, as they clearly understood the food shortage which began in their country immediately after the war was started.

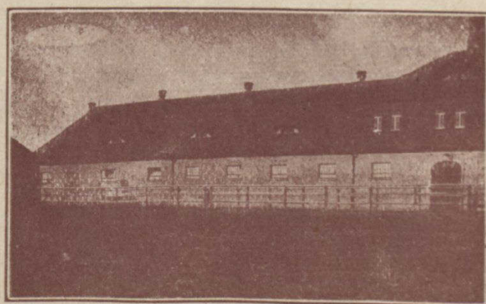
During the first few weeks of the exchange into Holland many clashes took place between the Germans and ourselves when we chance to meet. The German officers and under-officers at first were allowed to have permission on certain days to visit the Hague, and the sight of a German uniform to our men after the treatment they had received in Germany was like a red rag to a bull. Many an officer and non-commissioned officer returned to Rotterdam somewhat disfigured, until at last no permission was given to wear uniform outside of the area, either for ourselves or for the Germans. But even after that if our men heard anyone speak in German they were suspicious and waited around for hours to find out

if he had been in the German army; if he had been the result was always disastrous for the German.

After three months in Holland I began to get restless; the inactivity and the thoughts of the fighting still going on was beginning to bring back that old feeling I had in Germany, and I wanted to get away from the country and return once more to my own land. At first it looked as if I would have to remain until the war was finished. About this time, however, a commission sat for the repatriation of those who were medically unfit for further service, but as I had nothing wrong with me, and was as fit as ever I had been after my rest in Holland, I could not see how I could get through. However, one day the bright thought struck me that perhaps I could convince a doctor that the slight deafness I had was becoming worse, and was affecting my nervous system. The more I thought of this, the more determined I became to try my luck, and I paid a visit to an eminent ear specialist in Amsterdam, After listening to my case and being told that it might assist me to get to England if I was found to be deaf enough, he very kindly put me through a very stiff examination, and found that the gas I had swallowed at Ypres in 1915 had affected my hearing, and that I was becoming absolutely deaf. Thanking him very much for his kindness, I left him, and with his letter in my pocket I visited a professor of nervous diseases. This gentleman, after listening to the history of my nervous complaints, and on being told that his verdict, if satisfactory, might send me to England, declared, after examination, that I was a nervous wreck, and gave me a letter stating that I needed a rest in my native land.

The next commission was to sit in a few days, and, taking the letters, I left Amsterdam for the Hague. On the day appointed for the commission I presented myself with the letters and asked to have my case considered. At the end of the interview I had begun to think that my case had been turned down, especially as they told me I should be communicated with in a few days if I had passed. A few days later I returned to Amsterdam, not having had any notification from the commission, and one can imagine my intense surprise and satisfaction when the next evening I received a telegram that I was to leave the next day for England. The telegram

Showing how we were guarded. These sentries were placed every 20 or 25 yards apart.



How the Germans use Bloodhounds to trace prisoners who escape. This photograph was taken the next morning after Major Anderson, a Canadian Officer, had escaped from iBschofswerda.

arrived at eight o'clock at night, and by nine o'clock I had finished my dinner, packed my trunk, and was on the way to the Hague. I did not lose any time, as I wanted to get away in case the commission changed its mind. The next morning, at eleven o'clock, I found that seven other officers besides myself had also passed, and we left the Hague with many congratulations from the officers we were leaving behind.

On arriving at Rotterdam we were at once taken on board the hospital ship "Sindora," and here again we were able to see the vast difference between the treatment of the British and German prisoners. On the dock were a number of wounded German Soldiers who were being returned to Germany on a wounded exchange, and were waiting until the British wounded arrived before continuing their journey into Germany. At last, when the British prisoners did arrive, what a difference between them. The German prisoners were all looking fat and healthy, with bandages and slings as white as snow; all of them were smoking, chatting and laughing together, but their smiles faded when they saw the condition of the British prisoners, whose clothes were hanging in tatters, and most of whom had to be helped along from the train to their boat. They were gaunt and hungry-looking; their hair, which had never been cut since becoming prisoners, was straggling from under the dirty caps which had been given them by the Germans to wear. The sight of these men made one's blood boil, and afterwards on the ship we found that they had not had a wash for weeks, and that their bodies were covered with vermin. Their bandages were black and green with age, and these men had come from a country that professed to have "kultur." At the sight of food their eyes glistened like those of wild animals, and it took the help of all of us to restrain them from eating too much.

As the boat left the dock it was difficult to imagine that at last we were on our way to England. On the boat were a number of exchanged British civilians, and in nearly every case signs of their treatment by the Germans could be seen in every action, and the thoughts of their speedy re-union with their relations seemed to have turned their heads. One of them, who had been a professor of music in Berlin, had managed to evade the authorities till the Spring of 1917, when he

was marched off to a common criminal prison for not giving himself up before; everything he possessed had been taken away, and even then he did not know where his wife and boy had been sent to, but was hoping they had got away to England. His story of the way the authorities used the boys and girls in the munition factories was another example of how the German machine was kept going. The boys, immediately on attaining the age of fifteen, had to report to the military representative of their district, when they were taken away from their homes to work. The majority were placed in munition factories, and the others were drafted without the sanction of their parents, in many instances, to another part of the country, and made to work either on the railroads, in the fields, or at some factory. Some of these boys came from good homes, while others were from the worst of families, but they were forced to live together, under regulations similar to those existing in military camps, and when one thinks of the miserable allowances of food given them, the hours, the meals, and their whole lives regulated like a clock, it is not hard to imagine what poor specimens of humanity they will become.

What this kind of treatment will mean to the Germany of tomorrow one can only guess. One little boy from the house next to that of the professor was only thirteen years of age when an official came and demanded him for his Fatherland; the boy cried very hard to be left at home, but he was pulled from the house and sent to a munition factory more than fifty miles away, and was allowed to visit his home only once every three months. The last time the professor saw him he was almost dead from the hard work and bad food. This same treatment applied to the girls as well as to the boys, and thousands of them had been taken from their homes and sent to distant parts of the country.

As we neared the shores of England my thoughts wandered back to the time when Pastor Williams had visited us at Bischofswerda prison camp in Saxony. He was the English Church minister at Berlin, and was for some unaccountable reason not interned till late in 1917, but I heard in Holland that the authorities had made up for this by placing him in one of the worst prisons in Berlin. In 1915 and 1916 he was allowed to visit the English camps once or twice a year to hold

a service. I heard him on his first visit to Bischofswerda, when he endeavored to give us the latest news from the outside world, wording his sermon so cleverly that we were able to gather the exact state of the war. His hymns, too, will never be forgotten by us; certainly they were not of a very optimistic nature. One of them for example ran as follows:

"A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those we love
Asleep within the tomb."

Certainly a few seasons had come and gone since the singing of these lines, and we were mighty glad not to be resting within the tomb, but at the time these lines were sung things looked rather black for our Empire; however, Pastor Williams, your good work among the soldier and civilian prison camps will not be forgotten.

CHAPTER XVIII.

England Once More

AT LAST we arrived at Boston, where we were transferred from the hospital ship to a tender. The faces of the soldiers already seemed to show the better treatment they had received during the last three days on the ship, and their eyes turned expectantly to the shore, where their wives or mothers were waiting to receive them. I will not dwell upon the meeting of those wrecks of men with their relations. It was pitiful to see some of the soldiers trying to bear up, but many had to be carried into the hospital train after the first greetings were over. The strain was too much for them.

After an hour, during which time everybody had eaten of the good things provided by the Red Cross, the train started, and we were on our way to London. It is impossible to describe the feeling of freedom one felt; certainly in Holland we were to a certain extent free, but now we were free in the true sense of the word, and more than that, we were in England. Think of it! After an absence of three years and nine months, during which time we had been for the most part prisoners behind wire, like so many cattle, with insufficient food and having to stand the insults and insolence of animals like Nieumeyer of Holzminden and many others. We were now, thank Heaven, finished with that kind of life.

At St. Pancras Station I was met by the representative of the Red Cross and given an enthusiastic reception. Lady Drummond and Lady Rivers-Bulkley deserve the highest praise for the splendid work of the Canadian Red Cross. If it had not been for them hundreds of prisoners in Germany would have died from starvation. Their parcels contained the necessities of life, and their work will never be forgotten by the prisoners of war in Germany.

Immediately upon my arrival in London I found I had to go

to the "Prince of Wales Hospital for Officers" in Marylebone, and the next morning it took me a long time to convince the doctor that I had nothing the matter with me, that the alarming deafness had disappeared, and that my nerves had got suddenly better; in fact, I had to tell him exactly how I got the letters and passed the commission in Holland; after which, he congratulated me on having succeeded in getting home, and asked me to remain as a guest in the hospital till the time came for me to return to Canada.

The next day I reported at the Canadian Headquarters in London, where I was received with the utmost kindness and consideration by Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., and General H. F. McDonald, C.M.G., D.S.O., two of Canada's finest soldiers, whose work had determined the success of the Canadian Army in the field, and to whom I had to recount my many experiences in Germany. My next move was to visit the Canadian camp at Seaford to see my old friend Scudamore, who had arrived in England through Switzerland some time before, after, as it will be remembered, his escape from Bischofswerda in a wicker basket.

On my return journey a very amusing incident happened at Lewes station, though at the time it did not appear to me amusing. At this station one had to wait for a considerable time for the train to London, and on my way to change platforms I had to pass a group of German prisoners who were waiting to be returned to camp. These prisoners had been working in the fields; they were looking fat and well, were smoking and chatting together, and in fact were having a glorious time, and having only seen, a few days before, the condition of our men who had just returned from Germany, the sight of them enjoying themselves, and living on the fat of the land caused my blood to boil, especially when in passing them, they took no notice of the fact that I was a British officer and did not even take the cigarettes from their mouths. In Germany if an officer had passed us and we had not saluted it would have meant a punishment of solitary confinement for some considerable time, and if one of our men failed to salute a German officer, it meant the black cells, and afterwards the salt mines, so it was only natural that I should notice their disregard of our uniform, and turning suddenly on them I shouted in German

an order which brought them at once to attention; their cigarettes flying in every direction, and an astonished group of German soldiers listened to what I thought of them, their country, and the treatment I have seen given to our men; after which I ordered them to "Raus" from the station. This little incident, while amusing to the bystanders, caused me to get into hot water with a senior officer on the station, but after explaining to him that I had just returned from Germany after being there three years, he quite understood my feelings on this subject.

Another man to whom the officers who had been prisoners in Germany, were indebted, was Mr. Dudley Oliver, manager of the Bank of Montreal in London, whose work in arranging for parcels of food and other things needed by the prisoners had helped so much to relieve their miseries. If we needed anything all we had to do was to send a post card to him, and we could rely on getting what we asked for. It was such kindnesses as those received at his hands that made us feel that we had someone always interested in our affairs. Many thanks to you, Mr. Oliver, for your work.

One of the things which surprised me most in London was the small amount of damage done by the Zeppelins. From what we had read in the German newspapers, and what we had heard told very jubilantly by the German officers, I was prepared to find the city more or less a mass of ruins. The German people certainly believed that this was so, but, after I had travelled around for two or three days without seeing any signs of damage, I concluded that the reports I had read in the German papers had been made to keep the German people thinking that they were winning the war.

Another thing that one could not help noticing was the apparent prosperity of England, especially in London, where the stores were crowded, and money was being spent everywhere. The poorer class seemed to be better clothed, better fed, and in fact in a far better condition than before the war, and above all, the crowds of smart-looking soldiers from America and all over the British Empire, all helped to make one feel and know that we were going to win the war.

I had the pleasure of being at the first dinner given by the Canadian Officers' Club of London at its new quarters in

Chesterfield Gardens, Mayfair, and met many of my old comrades, among them Lieut.-Col. O. F. Brothers, O.B.E., of my old battalion, who had done such splendid work with the trench warfare department.

About three weeks after my arrival in England I received my embarkation papers to leave at once for Canada, and after thanking all those friends who had been doing so much for the prisoners of war in Germany, and those who had given me such a splendid reception on my return, I left Liverpool on September 24, 1918, for Canada.

CHAPTER XIX.

Back to Canada

THE journey across the Atlantic was very interesting. We had only seventeen passengers, consisting mostly of officers returning from draft duty, but what, with the presence of submarines, the cheery captain and chief engineer of the boat, and the prospects of getting home, everything went to make the journey an enjoyable one. The past three years in Germany now began to seem like a bad dream. On arriving at Quebec I was greeted with very cold and wet weather, but this was overcome by the warm reception I received at the hands of the Quebec Garrison, among whom were many officers who had been in the firing line.

The following evening I was reminded of the time when in solitary confinement in Germany I used to think of what I would like to eat, and how a meal on a C. P. R. dining car would always come into my thoughts. This time I had one in reality.

In Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto I had the pleasure of meeting many old friends, and heard from them what had happened in Canada during the time I had been away. Eventually, however, I arrived in Vancouver on October 14, 1918, nearly four years and two months from the day I had left, and was greeted by many familiar faces at the station.

FINIS.