

Lieutenant Dudley Stewart-Smith's diaries 1918

Some account of my stay in Germany as a prisoner of war and of the curious people I met there, beginning on April 18th, the date on which I was captured at Givenchy, when serving with the 1st Black Watch

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Introduction

It is said that as soon as a man commits his thoughts, criticisms and actions to paper, he is gravely compromising himself and giving his enemies a handle by which they can ridicule him. There is nothing in these few pages which is not strictly true and though perhaps some of my criticisms may be rather hard, they are at least honest and genuine and though none of us are without our faults, a few men stand out in my memory above all others by reason of their unfailing sympathy & generosity or by their greedy selfishness. As a prisoner of war a man is up against the sternest test, which he will ever be called upon to endure & to my mind it is surprising how few men have been able to stand this test. Shortage of food, discomfort of quarters, bad travelling and general indifference of their captors have caused men of good rank and standing to resort to measures which would formerly have been wholly foreign to them. And yet again extraordinary kindness and unselfishness displayed by others more than made up for the crimes and unhappiness caused by those, whose only consideration was themselves.

I fear not the replies of those I criticize, knowing full well, how careful I have been to record the truth and avoid any exaggeration. My writings are but the outcome of hours of enforced leisure and ennui and if they interest the casual reader in any way, the writer will not feel that his hours have been wasted or that his time in Germany has been as unfruitful as he feared it would be.

[Editor's note: the transcriber has used question marks ?? to indicate where the original text is indistinct]

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Thursday April 18th 1918

The Germans attacked Givenchy at about 9 am after a very heavy bombardment. I am not going to attempt a description of the fight, as I saw such a tiny fragment of it. Suffice to say I was wounded in several places and I remember crawling to a shell hole, where a German Red Cross orderly hastily put a bandage round my head, gave me a drink of cold strong coffee & rush on after his first line of comrades, who had passed about fifty yards beyond me.

After lying for an hour in a wet shell hole, waiting for a counter attack to develop, I found my right arm getting very stiff and painful and my head began to throb. As I could see nothing, I raised my head & peeped over the lip of the hole. I saw German troops all round me and one beckoned to me to come to him in a bit of a trench, not fifty yards away. I debated with myself for a minute as to whether I should really cross the line. I am afraid that my wounded and exhausted condition after a heavy loss of blood caused me to regard discretion as the better part of valour and throwing my revolver away, I crawled over to the enemy & made my surrender.

I was very kindly received and a Red Cross orderly immediately cut my tunic from waist to shoulder to display a jagged muscular wound on the outside of my upper arm. He bandaged me up and made a rough sling out of my handkerchief, a soldier also gave me some more coffee. Another soldier was immediately told to conduct me to an advance dressing station. Our front line was full of German troops as I was passed through them I was asked many questions, all of which I refused to answer. One soldier took my wrist watch which was easily visible on my bare right arm & which I had foolishly forgotten to slip into my pocket.

After a walk of about a mile I reached a pillbox with a Red Cross flag flying over it and a German subaltern and about fifty German wounded gather around it. The German officer

came up and spoke to me in excellent English telling me he had spent three years in Aberdeen. He was unwounded & was very sympathetic & seemed quite distressed at the condition I was in. He said he would try & get me attended to before the German soldiers & true to his word, he did so. I was ushered into the pillbox & was re-dressed by two German surgeons, who also dressed a wound over my right chest, where the bullet had skimmed across before entering my arm. This wound was not deep but was about four inches long and curiously enough it took longer to heal than the more serious one in arm. I had also a slight chip in my right thumb caused by one of our own shells, which burst near me when going to the advance dressing station. As I came out of the pillbox, the German subaltern provided me with a guide to the casualty clearing station. He bade me, 'Good-bye', and 'Good luck', at the same time remarking:- 'I hope you won't think us as black as we are painted'.

A long walk lasting about an hour and a half brought us at last to a prisoners' cage. I was very weak with loss of blood & had to rest several times. Fortunately I met L/cpl A D Gabrical of my own company and he was unwounded & gave me his arm all the way. He was very kind and I owe him a lot.

On arrival at the cage I found one other officer (Norman of the Royal North Lancs) and about 100 soldiers, most of whom were of our division. Norman was unwounded and was kindness itself to me. He made me a seat out of some trench boards & put his greatcoat round me, for a cold wind had sprung up.

After a few minutes I was approached by a German major, who was extremely polite and pleasant. He was in the German Intelligence Branch & had come to question me. He learnt my name, rank & regiment, but when it came to division and battalion, I had to politely refuse his requests. However he was quite pleasant over it & remarked that he seldom got any information from Highland Officers. He then asked me to turn out my pockets, which I did. I produced a Mills bomb which caused a little stir. Everything was given back to me except three private letters from Dad, Mother & Sylvia respectively. He told me he had been in England a long time and we parted quite good friends.

The wounded were then sorted out from the others and after a walk of about a mile we reached a village, whose church had been turned into a casualty clearing station. The whole of the fittings, except the altar itself, had been removed and down one side had been spread a quantity of shavings. Down the other side some wooden partitions had been set up with doors, which served for lodgings for the staff. There was also a canteen at which artificial coffee and black bread were given to a number of wounded German soldiers. At the door of the church I met a German military Chaplain who spoke very good English. He led me into the Church & pointed out a bench for me to sit on. Inside the altar rails were two operating tables and innumerable doctors, who were dressing the many wounded, who were from time to time brought in. They formed themselves into two long lines, single file, and as they approached the altar for their dressings, they reminded me of a scene in our service of Holy Communion. There were a few wounded English soldiers grouped around the bench on which I was sitting and one of them kindly put his greatcoat round me and got me two slices of dry black bread and a mug of villainous coffee made of acorns. It was about midday and as I had had nothing to eat that morning I was very glad of the food. I was terribly exhausted and felt I could not sit up on the bench very much longer, so I approached a German medical officer to ask permission to lie down on the shavings. His manner was very rude and a German orderly pushed me roughly aside. However I went to lie down on the shavings and the military Chaplain came and gave me a little assistance. We chatted in English for a few minutes, during which time he told me, he was a Roman Catholic priest. He produced a postcard from his pocket & asked me to write my father's address on it, saying that he would write and say I was safe. I thanked him

very much for his kindness and gave him my gilt tie pin as a souvenir. I never saw him again and after he left me I fell sound asleep.

When I woke up, I could tell by the light that the day had slipped by. I guessed it to be about 6pm. I was put on a stretcher & taken outside the church. Here a number of motor ambulances with a small covered cart attached to the rear of each. I was placed in one of these carts together with two German privates, both young boys, who groaned the whole way, for I must admit these carts jolted very badly. After a run of about half an hour we reached the village of Le Preuvin and the ambulance drew up at the church, which was another casualty clearing station.

Inside were six long rows of beds, almost all of which were occupied. They consisted of a straw mattress, placed on the floor, with two blankets and a pillow on each. The church was well lit with oil lamps and there were a fair number of German doctors and orderlies. After I had been left on a stretcher for five minutes a German doctor came and took my name, regiment and many other particulars.

Original train ticket tied round his neck at Le Preuvin . (see below)

He could speak no English, so reference had to be made to my pocket book, so that he could spell my name & regiment correctly. He tied a ticket round my neck, which proved quite incomprehensible to me. I was then placed on a mattress & given some black bread & jam I some better coffee with some milk in it. I then dozed a little; but I could only turn on my left side as my right arm & chest were hurting considerably.

After about an hour a German orderly came and asked me if I would like my boots removed. I was dead tired & half asleep and I foolishly said, 'Yes'. This I did to my great cost, for the relief at getting them off was very great, I never saw them again; for as I learnt later, the value of boots to the Germans is very great.

The toils of this eventful day were not yet over, for about 10pm two orderlies came with a stretcher and carried me out of the church and down the main street of the village to a cottage about a hundred yards distant. I was taken into a room on the ground floor, which was fitted up with bunks and I was placed on an upper one. The other bunks were full of wounded Germans & the floor soon became covered with them. The bunk was quite comfortable and I received two blankets and some black bread and the German orderlies gave me all the attention I required. I was a little anxious about an unpleasant smell, which arose from my own wound, but sleep soon robbed me of my anxiety.

So ended one of the most eventful days of my life. I was condemned to spend sometime in a foreign land amidst a hostile people. I was completely destitute of everything except what I had on my person. I was dressed in a tunic, badly cut about and covered in blood, a kilt and apron, hose tops, garters, socks, shirt, collar & tie. I had no hat or boots or trench coat. In my pockets I had about 70 francs in notes, photographs of the family, an electric touch with battery, a letter case, handkerchief and a few odds and ends including a pen knife and fountain pen.

With the exception of the theft of my watch and boots, I received every attention from the enemy & in some cases even politeness.

However I had crossed my Rubicon and I made up my mind I would put on as good a face as possible. My love of adventure and travel gave a touch of spice to my position, as I did not know from one minute to another, what would happen to me. As I write now exactly three months later, I am still unable to see the end of my adventure or forecast my future. I

am content to let things take their course, thanking God that he has spared my life and trusting to His mercy to bring me through safety.

Friday April 19th

I had a fairly good sleep I was awoken early by a German giving me two slices of bread and butter and a mug of hot coffee and milk. As much black bread as I could eat was given to me, but my appetite was not very good & the Germans looked quite surprised, when I refused to eat anymore. I did not like this black bread at first, but very soon got used to it. During the morning an English-speaking German officer came and asked me a number of particulars about myself. I lay in my bunk all day, dozing & day dreaming and wondering what was my next move would be. I was continually fed and given coffee or water to drink. About 9pm they commenced to evacuate the cottage & I was put on stretcher & carried to the Station, about ten minutes walk. Here I was put onto a German hospital train. This train was nothing like so good as one of our hospital trains. There were no beds in it, but the stretchers were placed on iron bars in tiers of three. There were also some benches for those, who could sit up. An English speaking orderly made me comfortable on the ground tier and gave me an extra blanket, which I ask for as the night was cold.

It took about 2.5 hours to load up this train and a few minutes after it started, at midnight I feel asleep. I had no idea where I was going to or how long I should be in the train.

The smell from my wound began to get very bad & I was getting very anxious lest gangrene should set in and I should lose my limb. However, time would show and I could do nothing to improve matters.

Saturday April 20th

Dawn was just breaking when the train drew up into Lille station and a British soldier and myself were quickly placed out on the platform; the train, full of German wounded, sped on its way to Germany.

I was carried to the big booking hall of the station, which had been arranged to accommodate wounded. The floor was covered deep with shavings and benches were seated everywhere. We were the only occupants of the hall. A small group of British prisoners under a sergeant major were working as stretcher bearers and one of them brought me a plate of meat and potatoes, which were very welcome. After about half an hour I was carried to another train & told I was bound for Tournai, where there was a hospital of prisoners of war.

I was placed in a cattle truck with roof and doors, the floor was covered with shavings. This truck already contained three other officers and about a dozen men, all of whom were wounded, some seriously. I was taken off my stretcher & placed by the side of the other officers; the doors were shut and just as the sun was rising, the train jolted out of Lille station.

As these officers were going to be my companions for some time, I will give some slight character sketch of the first commissioned officers, I was brought into contact with as a prisoner.

Next to me lay a lad named (blanked out). He was a 2/LT in the tank corps and was only 18 years old. He had taken part in the Cambrai battle & had him recommended for a Military Cross. He was the son of a Welsh country doctor & was studying medicine with a view to follow his father's practice's. He had been slightly wounded by a bullet in his side and he had been stripped of all his cloths. He was wearing only a cotton night shirt and

had only one blanket and was shivering with cold. His extreme youth caused me to have some sympathy with him, but he made a great fuss of his wound & his tail was very much down. When we got to hospital, I discovered him to be of an extremely greedy nature. He was forever talking about his food and on one occasion was caught red handed swindling the rations, when it was his turn to distribute them. He was a very noisy youth and continually disturbed the ward by his singing and shouting. He recovered very quickly, long before I did; so he was not as badly wounded as he made himself out to be. We got on quite well together but we were never very good friends, as I did not consider that this officer withstood the great test, which he was called upon to make. Next to him lay a fellow called (name blanked out), who was in the Flying Corps & who had only a sprained ankle. He had been captured intact and was wearing his thick heavy flying suit & had a blanket in addition. Jones asked him if he would share his blanket with him, but Miller refused. Miller only came with us as far as Tournai, whence he was sent direct to an interment camp. I heartily disliked the little I knew of him.

The third officer was one named (blanked out). He was a pharmaceutical student in civil life and made up pills and drugs. Aged 20, he was a good natured happy fellow, whose only fault was he would sing and shout in not too pleasant a manner or tune. He was wounded in the chest and back, but he healed up quickly, chiefly owing to his excellent health and spirits. I knew him quite well & like what I knew of him & thought him a good fellow. He had a curious habit of hoarding food and a peep into his draw would reveal numerous little bits of bread & jam & little parts of butter. I always thought he was preparing for the day, when the Germans would cease to give us any rations at all. He was quite unable to take offence at anything and he never minded us nagging him in the least. He was keenly interested in all I could tell him about India and I should not be surprised to find him, settled in that country one day. Jones and Birkenshaw were my companions until the middle of June, when they were sent to an interment camp at Karlsruhe, while I still had to stay in hospital.

After about four hours travelling the train came to a stop. Our carriage was apparently unhooked on a siding and we could hear the rest of the train go ahead, We had no idea where we were or what was going to happen. An hour passed and no one seemed to take very much interest in us, so we banged on the doors of the truck. This produced no effect and we lay in that truck until 2pm, apparently completely forgotten. I suggested to Miller, as being the fittest man present that he should get up & try and open the doors. He made a half hearted attempt to do so and could achieve nothing. I then got up myself and with my left hand managed to open a trap door or ventilator and revealed a square foot of blue sky. It was stifling hot in the truck and the fresh air was welcome. I saw two Belgian workmen, whom I beckoned and asked for water. They gave us water bottles full of cold, strong, coffee and then they got us some water. One of them went to fetch some German Red Cross orderlies & then at last the doors of our truck were open & the light & air revived us all. We had apparently been forgotten and it was only by a piece of luck that we were discovered. A German came in with a bucketful of eggs, some bread and some hot soup, all which had been supplied by the ladies of Tournai for wounded prisoners. We were very glad of this food & the morale of the ranks rose considerably. We were also given a few cigarettes. I was very lucky for I still had in my possession my pipe and a full pouch of tobacco. After a good meal and a smoke, we saw two horse drawn ambulances come into the station yard. They each carried four stretchers cases & were accompanied by a small squad of British prisoners, who acted as bearers. I was put intone of the ambulances & was driven at a walking pace through the streets of Tournai to the prisoners' of war hospital, which was situated in a large building, which had formerly been an art school. I was carried into a fair size ward, half of which was occupied by officers and half by other ranks. I was put into bed next to a Portuguese private soldier, who was very dirty & smelt horribly. I had not been in bed very long where I found Arbuthnot & MacKay, both of the 42nd, to be in the same ward. The former was my company commander & the

latter was with me during our scrap. They were both slightly wounded in the arm & had arrived in hospital, some four hours before me. They came over to my bed & we had a long chat about the battle & we exchanged news of various men. I discovered that there were several men of the battalion in the hospital.

A British orderly brought me some bread & butter & coffee & I was then carried to the operating room. This was hot & crowded. There were six operating tables, by the side of each was a German, Italian or Portuguese surgeon and on each table was the naked figure of a man, being dressed or operated upon. The floor was littered with stretchers, whose occupants were all awaiting their turn at the operating tables. A number of benches accommodated several walking wounded. The air was thick with antiseptic and the sight of the blood stained bandages & implements sent my heart into my boots.

I was soon hoisted onto one of the table under a German surgeon called Ritter, who spoke English very well. I was now dressed only in Kilt & shirt & collar, having left my other kit in the ward. Ritter seeing a quantity of blood on my Kilt, put his scissors upon it and I was only just in time to prevent him ripping it to pieces. He cut my shirt & collar; I managed to rescue my tie, shirt and eyeglass. He was very skilfully washed & dressed my wounds and discovered a small hole in my back, which had been made by a shrapnel ball. I am afraid I had not noticed this, for it caused me no pain or inconvenience. Thus I was able to collect five wounds, of which only two were of any consequence viz arm & chest, the remaining three being merely chips. A bandage was put round my head wound, but I discarded this after about a fortnight in addition to the one on my right thumb. The dressings did not hurt me except for the shaving of the hair round my head wound. I was very glad to leave the operating room & return to the ward, clad only in a kilt. There were no pyjamas or shirts in the hospital, so Arbuthnot very kindly gave me his cardigan jacket. This I wore the whole time I was in captivity, in fact I wear it as I write, and it has proved to be a very great blessing. A meal of soup, cold meat, eaten with the fingers and bread followed and after about an hour or so I fell asleep on a real bed for the first time since being captured.

Ritter, the surgeon, though only holding the rank of private was a very good sort. He spoke several languages fluently & had been all over the world. He was in the medical corps on the side of the Boers in the Boer war and he held a Bulgarian medal for service with their army. He was very well educated and polite man & had lived at Balham near London for a long time. He told us he had just moved his wife from there to Berlin before the war. He said he was sorry he had done so, for his wife was an English woman & did not like living in Berlin under its present conditions. Ritter was always very kind to me & either dressed me himself or saw I was properly attended to.

It was a curious thing that in a hospital, which was almost entirely composed of British wounded prisoners, there should be no British doctors at all. The doctors of the other nationalities were prisoners themselves & were very kind men & excellent surgeons; but they seldom could speak English, which made it difficult for the rank and file to make themselves understood. The Portuguese, Italians & Russian surgeons could all speak French, so I had no difficulty with them. I was interested to learn that the medical corps of all nations wore the same badge viz the snake of Aesculapius climbing round a stick. The Germans wear it on their collars or shoulders; the Russians wear an elaborate silver design over their left breast pocket; the Portuguese wear it on their arms and the British on the lapel of the tunic collars.

A British sergeant and two orderlies were on duty in our ward by day and one by night. They did their job well though they were untrained. A few officers were very bad and needed some attention, but the bulk of them would recover after two or three months. The sanitary conditions of the hospital left much to be desired and the overcrowding was deplorable. They had more than double the men they had beds for and men were lying on

mattresses in every nook and cranny. I am afraid there were a good many deaths, not so much for lack of any attention as the fact that men were brought in more dead than alive from the field of battle. *Mors janua vitae.*

Sunday April 21st to Wednesday April 24th

These days were spent entirely in hospital and mostly in bed, so I will content myself with writing a bit about the hospital routine.

Our breakfast used to arrive about 8am and consisted of black bread and butter or jam and coffee, sometimes with milk and sometimes without. The bread was not nice and all the coffee I drank while in captivity was imitation and made of acorns. We were allowed as much bread as we wanted and we each had a large bowl of coffee. At noon we had a bowl of thin soup followed by a bowl of thick soup with some vegetables in it and some more bread. About 3 o'clock we had more bread and coffee and about 6 o'clock we had a bowl of soup, some cold meat and bread. This last meal was entirely supplied by the Belgian ladies in Tourmai. I really got more bread than I could eat, but the Portuguese soldier helped me well. He was very shortly removed and his place was taken by a British officer named Woodcock. I liked this officer very much indeed, but did not know enough of him to set down, for we were only neighbours for two days.

Lights were put out at 9pm. I generally slept pretty well, but the groans and sighs of men in pain and the noise of the busy night orderlies were rather disturbing. There was a big stove in the room and we used to toast our black bread on pocket knives, which improved it very much. Through the help of Sgt. Beazell, who was in charge of our ward, I managed to get my English money and French changed into German marks and pfennigs. I bought, through the Sergeant, a pair of socks, piece of soap, a small safety razor and a shaving brush and soap. I had to pay the most exorbitant prices for these articles, but they were absolutely necessary for me. The sergeant used to wash me every morning and for the rest of the day, I lay and built castles in the air and wondered what any next moon would be. When the day was properly aired, I used to get up and walk round and chat to a few of the other officers. I was provided with a shirt and this together with a kilt and pair of socks served me for clothing both by day and night. I was dressed every day; my wounds were washed with antiseptic and clean bandages were put on. The Germans had no cotton bandages at all and all dressings were of paper or a form of cocoanut matting. This was a very poor substitute. The bandage round my chest ripped and tore whenever I turned over in bed and frequently my bare wound was pressed against my shirt or cardigan jacket. The paper bandage round my head had always come off, when I awoke in the morning, but as the wound was trivial, it did not make very much difference.

The day before I left the hospital (24th) I paid a visit to the courtyard. I had to borrow a pair of boots and I went out into the sunshine. A few chairs had been placed under some trees and I joined a couple of officers, who were sitting there. Ritter, the surgeon, and a Portuguese doctor came up and we all whiled away a very pleasant afternoon, listening to Ritter telling us all about the varied and adventurous life he had led.

That night I was moved into the officers' proper ward. This was on the ground floor and contained only ten beds. Arbuthnot and Mackey were sent away on this day and I have not yet discovered where they went to. The officers' ward contained four officers, who were to be of our party on the following day. Two of them were destined to be with me until mid-June and to become two very good friends to me and two are still in this ward as I write.

[?] was a captain in a Royal Scots pioneer battalion and was aged 38. Tall, with slightly stooping shoulders, a genial, clean-shaven face and silver-gray hair he was the beau ideal of an English (or rather Scottish) gentleman and sportsman. He was a man of great

strength of character and one of the kindest and most unselfish men, I have ever met. He was a tea planter in Assam and he had spent seventeen years of his life in that country. We used to talk for hours together of India, its people and industries and every connected with the country. We made the other inmates of the hospital very jealous of our good fortune at having been to such a country. [?] was going back to his plantation as soon as the war was over and he offered me a very good position on it, which I am keeping in my minds' eye. He was a very shrewd and able fellow, for he started with no private means at all and he rose to his present position from very poor and humble origin. He was a man of considerable means and knew a good deal about Indian investments. When I was sick and poorly, he looked after me with the greatest possible care, doing all sorts of menial jobs for me and seeing that I never got left out of anything that was going. To him I owe a very great deal and he became my best friend. Up to the time of writing (end of June) he was certainly the whitish man, whom I have met in Germany. [?] was a captain in the Durham Light Infantry. He was a tall, upright fellow with a moustache and slightly bald head. He was only 28 years old and was engaged to be married. He was an architect by profession, but was not sure if he would continue in that line. He had a bullet hole in each cheek, but he sound recovered from his wound. He possessed a wonderful knowledge of the foreign restaurants in London and we had many a good chat about them to my considerable benefit. He was always exceedingly kind to me and was second only to [?] in his unselfish attention to any details of my comfort. I was very lucky to fall in with two such men. Truly they made all the difference to me, for which I was a stretcher case and confined to my bed, they were walking cases and could procure anything for me that they could. We always messed together and shared any little delicacies, which we could obtain.

[?] was a youth of 20 years of age and the very reverse of the two previous men. He was the son of a rich Scottish landowner of the Black Isle in Rosshire. He was educated at Eton and Sandhurst afterwards joining the Seaforth Highlanders. He was very young and had not been nearly enough kicked, when he was at school. His manners were very bad and he got one or two very unpleasant reminders of this from [?]. However he was very thick-skinned and not at all an easy person to control. His greed over his food and his table manners were very bad and his personal cleanliness left much to be desired. He very soon developed scabies and he had to perform his toilet apart from the rest of us by doctors' orders. One incident in his life in hospital rather gave me an insight into his real character. Being hard up, he sold his kilt to a German. The cloth, of which a kilt is made, is very precious in Germany just now and I had several good offers for mine. However I regarded the sale of any kilt to a German as a direct insult to a man's regiment. To me it would be like parting with my most treasured possession. I never had any particle of respect or affection for this officer, for though he was a gentleman bore, he had neither the instructs or manners of one, and he would do any questionable act to obtain a little better food than his neighbour and he was never so happy, as when he was doing somebody else down.

[?] was a curious mixture of qualities. A 2/LT in the Royal Scots, he was training as a dental student in Glasgow. He had served in Galipoli as a sergeant in the Argylls. He was a boy of about 21 years old and had a very violent temper and great power of argument. He was only partly educated and had great stubbornness and belief in his own knowledge. He was intolerably noisy and used to sing all day until reprimanded by someone, when he would stop for an hour and then go on again. He rivalled [?] in his greed for food and he was a great hoarder. It gave him more pleasure to put food away in a draw than to eat it. He had however something nice in his nature, which I cant define and I infinitely preferred him to his messurate for I did not think him capable of any dishonourable action, while on occasions I had actually received some kindness from him. Though not a man I should care to toy with, I cannot close my sketch of him without saying that I have met very many worse fellows.

These four officers in addition to [?] and [?] were part of the number, who left the hospital on the following day. In addition to these were [?], [?] and [?].

[?] was of the Kings Liverpools and was a 2/LT aged about 26. He had a badly wounded arm. He was employed in the British American Tobacco Company. He and [?] were great friends and they both lived together very quietly and I am afraid I learnt little or nothing about them.

[?] was a tall, dark 2/LT in the Durhams Light Infantry. He had been wounded in the shoulders and he did not heal very quickly. He was very quiet and inoffensive and I liked the little I knew of him very much indeed.

[?] was a 2/LT in the Coldstream Guards. He was a bank clerk in Sunderland and was aged 28 though looked ten years younger. He was badly wounded in the leg and could not get about except on crutches. He had the nicest manners and dearest habits of any of us and it was always a pleasure to go and sit and talk to him. He had one fault and that was he could not bear to have his leg pulled. [?] and [?] would occasionally rag him, which always caused him to lose his temper, though it was harmless enough. He had a bright, cheery disposition and was quite one of the best of our party. This completed a party of ten wounded offers. We had all been warned that we should be proceeding to Germany on the following day, but no destination was given to us. I went to sleep that night, wondering whether I should get better quarters than I was in at present. I should mention, I sent a P.C. home just saying I was a prisoner of war.

Thursday April 25th

I awoke in good time and after some coffee and bread, I got up and dressed. I felt very much better and was in quite good form. I sat by the gas fire which burnt in the ward and smoke my pipe and wondered, where the evacuation would begin. Dinner arrived early at 11 o'clock and soon after that we heard stretchers being carried downstairs from every part of the hospital. The offers were left until the end and about 2pm I was taken out of the ward and put in a horse ambulance and driven to the station. The walking cases had gone on ahead. All the officers were put into one cattle truck with thick shavings on the floor and one German soldier as a guard. We were rather crowded having to lie shoulder to shoulder, I being on the extreme left facing the door. [?] and [?] were walking cases and they attended to everyone's wants and made everyone comfortable.

We had been given no food for the journey, so we set about asking for some before the train started. We managed to procure some dry bread and cold sausage and this we divided amongst us. The train started about 5pm and we travelled for about 2 hours, where we had a halt and some food was brought to us in bowls, macaroni, coffee, barley and potatoe broth. We occasionally had some bread given to us. We had a halt every two hours and we were fed at irregular intervals.

We all lay perfectly still in our truck and night fell. We all tried to go to sleep but it was hardly possible.

Friday April 26th – Sunday April 28th

We spent three days and four nights in the train and this was easily my most trying experience up to date. We were very crowded and had but one blanket a piece. Food was very irregular and often came in the middle of the night or the early hours of the morning.

Our route lay by Liege, Brussels and Berlin. At the last named place, we had a long halt and I was able to get up and take a short walk up and down the line. On the night of 26th,

two more officers were put into our truck. One was named [?] and the other [?]. These officers remained with our party for some time and both became two of my friends.

[?] was one of the best ranker officers I have ever seen. Aged 40 he was a 2/LT in the Cornwall Light Infantry. He had 24 years service and had a wife but no children. Long service in India had knocked all the corners of him. He wore the red and green frontier medal, the 1914 star and the Long Service Medal. He was a Freemason and he had travelled a great deal, having been all over India, in South Africa and Ceylon. He was a man of great generosity, invariable good-humour and for his class, he possessed a fair education. We quickly became friends and spent many an hour talking about India and our chances of getting there. He had been wounded in the shoulder and had marks of wounds received on the Indian frontier and on the French front in 1914.

[?] was a quiet nice fellow, whom I soon got to like. A 2/LT in the K.O. Lancaster Regiment, he was wounded in the side and hand and later on he had to have the middle fingers of his left hand amputated. He had a very kind and sympathetic nature. He was aged 23 and was a clerk in some chemical works in St. Helens, Lancs. I had many a good walk with him and I think I managed to persuade him that life East of Suez was better than remaining in England.

A British medical officer also joined the train with three officers.

[?] was one of the most dismal men I have ever met. A Captain in the R.A.M.C. he wore the military cross and had seen considerable service in France. Aged about 28, he was a native of New Zealand. He was most gloomy about everything. He did not think he would ever be sent back to England and when he came to attend to our wounds in hospital, he was afraid we should all die. He was certain an epidemic would break out in the camp.

He was the only English doctor for 14 officers and 280 men and he felt the weight of his duties. Instead of buckling to and getting to work, he was so cast down with dismay, that he was really very little use. He was however quite a kind fellow, when you got to know him, but he was very retired and not at all sociable.

Our journey progressed without incident. There was hardly any movement in the truck. We just had to be still all day and night. By propping myself up, I was able to see out of the door. We certainly saw Germany at her best, for the weather was perfect and the valley of the Moselle was beautiful. I saw quite a fair bit of Berlin and admired the broad streets and avenues. [?] and [?] distributed food and water amongst us and it was not until early morning of Sunday April 28th that we reached our journey's end.

Sunday April 28th

It was about 1am in the morning, when the train came to a stop in a station named STARGARD in POMMERN. So we were in Pomerania, which I had often heard of, but had never expected to see. We were taken out onto stretchers and spread out over the platform. The men were out too, in addition to Portugese and Italians. There were two small carts drawn each by a pair of horses and they went at a walking pace. It took a considerable time to evacuate this station. After lying there for a couple of hours, I spotted the German doctor, whom I discovered to be able to speak French. I asked him if I could be put on the next cartload. He was very nice and kind and I was put on the next cart. The cart could only carry six at a time. I was accompanied by [?], [?] and [?] and two private soldiers. After a journey of about 20 minutes, we reached the hospital. I was lifted off the cart by a couple of Serbians and taken to a long hut and put into a bed. Dawn was just breaking and I fell sound asleep. I awoke about 10am to find myself alone in the ward.

I got up and walked over to another hut and found the remainder of the officers had been moved there. I soon had myself moved alongside of them and then set up in bed, much refreshed, to take stock of my surroundings. We were in a large ward, capable of holding about 50 or 60 patients. The officers were all ranged together down one side and the remainder of the beds were filled with private soldiers of every nationality. We were each presented with a big bowl for washing, a smaller bowl for eating and a dirty metal spoon. We were promised food at mid-day. We were told that the hospital had had only 24 hours notice of our arrival, and they apologised to us for the meagreness of everything. At 12 o'clock we received $\frac{1}{5}$ loaf of black bread, some sweet stuff, rather resembling honey, but which had never seen the bee, in a spoon and a bowl of soup and some coffee. The German doctor, whom I had met at the station, came round to see us and we all went to the operating hut during the afternoon, for an examination of our wounds and dressings. This doctor's name was TOWSE and he was one of the kindest and nicest Germans I have yet met. I will write about him later on.

[?] acted as spokesman for our party. He first of all asked for a separate room for the officers, which was promised us in two days time, after it had been cleaned and got ready. We then asked for an advance of pay, so that we could buy a few necessities. A bath and some clean clothing were asked for. The Inspector or Quartermaster was an Alsatian and listened to our requests with sympathy and promised to do his best for us.

About 6pm another meal was given to us. We had two meat rissoles and some potatoes, which was followed by a bowl of good stuff, rather like porridge. We all felt very much better after this and after a smoke and a chat with my neighbour, I went off to sleep.

Pomerania seemed to me a long way from anywhere. We were only 150 miles from the Russian frontier. I had never heard of the town of Stargard before, though it contains 30,000 people. It has a big prisoners of war camp for all nationalities save English and this camp has a hospital attached to it.

The two camps are kept strictly apart and are divided by a road; the inmates of one not being allowed to visit the inmates of the other. We were the first British officers to come to this hospital, so we were regarded as something of a novelty. At first the authorities did not know quite how to treat us and what to give us, but we soon made ourselves understood and we thereby gained some slight advantages.

[?] could speak a little German and he explained matters in quite a satisfactory way. After our long sojourn in the train, we were all feeling rather limp; myself in particular [?] noticed this and came and asked me, before I went to sleep, whether he could do anything for me. Little did I think that on the morrow, I should be knocked out by a chill and fever, which materially delayed my recovery. As I was to live in this hospital for some time, I will devote a few pages of this journal to a short description of it later on. I might add that my kilt attracted considerable attention. Very few of the hospital staff had seen one before.

Monday April 29th 1918

I awoke and received for breakfast the usual ration of black bread and coffee. During the morning we were ordered to hand in our clothes to be disinfected and washed. I gave in my hose-tops, shirt and cardigan. The rest of my little odds and ends I kept with me in an old gas helmet satchel. I also kept tight hold of my kilt.

About mid-day we were served with our dinner. I had to sit up with blankets round me, for I had no clothes. After dinner we were ordered to the bath house for a bath, after which we were to go to our new quarters. [?] wrapt me in blankets and practically carried me to the bath-house. This was a shed with a boiler in one corner and about eight tin baths in it. I was handed over to the care of a Russian orderly, who gave me a very satisfactory bath.

When I was dry [?] lead me across to another hut, which was to be the officers' ward and carefully tucked me into a corner bed. He carefully saw that I got the best pillows and blankets and had everything I wanted. He installed himself in the bed next to me and put [?] on his other side. However I am afraid the mischief had been done. The day was a cold one and I caught a violent chill, after coming out of the bath. I had a high temperature and was unable to take any food for the rest of the day. A slight return of enteric set in together with diarrhoea and I was kept in bed for at least a month. When the doctor came round, I was immediately ordered extra invalid diet and forbidden to move. My temperature was taken twice a day and a chart was pinned over my bed. They wished to move me to a room by myself, but I preferred to stay with [?] and [?]. The days then followed each other, each being exactly like the last.

In order to make this journal more interesting, I shall give up writing in diary form and confine myself to headings, under which I will try and group such little incidents as served to break the monotony of our hospital life. These will consist of descriptions of our surroundings and of the various people we met, our fellow prisoners and the hospital staff, our menu and daily routine. A return to diary form may be resorted to later on, when these subjects have been exhausted and possible movements take their place. The thought of writing my experiences did not occur to me until mid-June, so what I have previously written is entirely done from memory. We had not been in hospital for two days, when two more officers joined us and as they completed our party, I will give a brief sketch of them.

[?] was a 2/LT in the Sherwood Foresters. A tall, dark, youth with a very sallow complexion, he had a slight wound in the knee. He was in the grocery business in civilian life and was possessed of no education and very few manners. He was extremely noisy and lost no change of singing something in a loud and raucous voice. He was by no means selfish though he was rather greedy, but in spite of his small faults, I liked what I knew of him, which I am afraid was not very much.

[?] was the third member of our party of that name. A captain, formerly in the Bedfordshire Yeomanry and later in the Machine Gun Corps, he came into hospital very badly wounded at the base of his spine. He had to have a water bed and he needed a great deal of attention. He was immensely tall, was educated at Eton and Balhol and was called to the Bar. He had saved two years for Oxford and had gained first class honours in History and second class in Classics. He married the daughter of Earl Grey, late Governor General of Canada, and he had travelled extensively in America and Canada. One would think that with all these qualifications, he would be one of the best and most interesting fellows in our company. The contrary was the case and rightly so. He was easily the most unpopular officer amongst us for his selfishness and greed was unbounded and his habits were of the most filthy description possible. For the first month, we heard little or nothing of him, save continual grumblings. Later on when his condition began to improve, he was extremely exacting. He was continually crying for food and in spite of his increased invalid diet, he used to watch every other officer to see if he had bought anything extra. If this was the case, he made his desire for a share of it, so obvious that the wretched owner had no course but to comply with the hint. Nothing escaped the eagle eye of this officer and no conversation escaped his ear, for he listened to everything anybody said. He thought of no one but himself and he cursed the orderlies, if they did not bring him the best of everything. He was always boasting of his high connections and was always talking about himself and what he had done, though he had only been in the line two months before his capture.

But what angered everyone more than anything was his filthy habits. They cannot be written down for they can only be imagined. He never changed his clothes and very seldom washed or shaved. He became very verminous and was even reprimanded by the doctors for the state, into which he allowed himself to get. He scattered egg-shells, pipe

ashes and matches all around him and his bed was always in a filthy mess. He was impervious to any hints, in spite of receiving some, which would make any decent man blush to receive. Finally we began to ignore him altogether.

Mackenzie was his only friend and these two Etonians of good birth could not even keep themselves clean or find any other subject to talk about than their food. I have spent a great deal longer in describing this officer than I originally intended to but as he is my *bête noir*, I am afraid my pen has run away with me. When [?] left the hospital, [?] moved his bed into the vacant place and thus became my neighbour. This was extremely unpleasant and I had to make an arrangement on my table of boxes and tins full of flowers and grasses in order to prevent my neighbour from seeing everything I ate and everything I did or wrote. He had a fair amount of respect for me because on more than one occasion, I had been almost rude to him, in my endeavours to check his Rovieble ways.

He was our biggest, if not our only, blot. He was everything but a typical Etonian or Balhol scholar. He had decent manners, but would not use them and I could not find one redeeming feature in his whole character.

What follows in these pages, I am afraid will be of a disjointed nature. The period covered will be from the end of April to the end of June and I ask the reader's pardon for having forgotten the dates of most of the events or their chronological order. Perhaps they will not be less dull on this account and will still command attention, even though imperfectly described.

The HOSPITAL

The hospital consisted of a number of long wooden huts each containing about 60 patients. The beds were arranged in four rows in each hut and at each end of each hut, there was a small room divided off, which contained two or three German non-commissioned officers, who were part of the personnel of the hospital. Some of these long huts were divided across the centre by a partition reaching to the ceiling, thereby making two distinct wards.

There was a good cook-house, which was presided over by a German woman cook, who had under her, prisoners of various nationalities. There was a bath-house and laundry, a small canteen, a guard-room, a clothing store and an operating room. There was also a carpenter's and tailor's shop, where minor repairs could be done. The whole hospital was surrounded by a high palisade surmounted by barbed wire and surrounded with sentries.

The whole building was on soft sandy soil and very quickly dried up after the heavy thunder-showers that we used to get. All the empty spaces between the huts were planted with potatoes and other vegetables and not an inch of space was wasted. A couple of sentries parades up and down inside the compound to keep order and prevent people from taking the vegetables.

We could only buy a very few things in the canteen such as:- cigarettes, cigars, notepaper, cottons, imitation tobacco made of chopped herbs, beer and lemonade in bottles. Very soon the bar supply failed, but we could generally buy lemonade at 20 Pfennigs a bottle. Numerous wild flowers grew in the compound, and I always had a tin or two of them on my table. Various fruit trees grew too in the compound, but none of them were bearing fruit, while I was there. As I write now, I have two large tins of white Syringa on my table, which almost fill the ward with very fragrant scent.

Work in the operation room went on from 9am until 12 mid-day and in the evenings the doctors used to visit the wards. There lived in the hospital four Russian doctors, three English, three or four German; one Italian used to occasionally come in. I will refer to these gentlemen later under a separate heading. When we first took up our new quarters we had an Italian orderly told off to look after us. His name was OCTAVIANO. He was a married man and had come from Buenos Aires. He was aged about 40 and as long as the majority of us were confined to bed, he looked after us very well; but when some of us managed to dress and walk about, the job became too much for him, so his place was taken by two British orderlies, who deserve a very honourable mention in despatches.

Pte Carney of the Machine Gun Corps was a tall youth with a sallow complexion. Aged 22 and married, he was an iron smelter in Westingway's ironworks in Manchester. He had previously taken part in the Lancashire landing on Gallipoli and had altogether seen a good deal of this war. He was a thoroughly good fellow and I was glad he got the comparatively easy job of officers' orderly for there were many perquisites attached to it.

Pte Mackay of the Royal Scots was a raw youth aged 19. He was an engraver by trade in Glasgow and was a very decent sort of typical Scottish lad. He had rather a defective memory and frequently forgot very simple orders. He had however a very willing heart and would do anything for you. He had to be taught the duties of an orderly for he knew but little. He had only been in the line for 4 days before his capture.

The OFFICERS' WARD

Our new quarters were in very pleasant contrast to our old ones. We had a fine big room with five good windows in it, all of which would open, so the room was always light and air. It was lined with wooden match boarding inside, which was painted white. The floor was plain bare boards and we had a very large stove in the middle of the room. The Germans were quite generous to us in the way of fuel and whenever it was at all cold, we had a real good fire going. Each officer was provided with a bed, a straw mattress, a pillow and can, a single sheet and three blankets in a blue check coverlet or bag into which they fitted. He was also given a table with two drawers and a small wooden stool, a towel and a glass. Knives and forks were not supplied, and we had to eat all our food with a spoon. I supplied myself with a knife, fork and china plate a little later on.

The ward also possessed two large deal tables and one smaller one, also an oil lamp. Numerous shelves were arranged round the wall. It was quite an ideal ward and I could not wish for better quarters, but I always feel that life in a dormitory lacks that privacy which even the most sociable of men must have at some time. Everything I did, or any little bit of extra food I might obtain was immediately known to everyone and frequently caused irritation and ill-feeling. However seeing what a hot-pot of characters we were it is really surprising that we lived in such harmony. I very seldom saw an officer lose his temper. We all cordially disliked [?] and frequently things were said of him which were not pleasant. However taking us all round, I don't want to be imprisoned with any better men and it would be hard to find in Germany a worse hospital for prisoners of war.

Some pages missing

The Russians

I should be absolutely failing in my duty if I did not write about the Russian doctors, who were quartered in the hospital and laager.

In the hospital there lived four Russian doctors under Lt-Col E. Beymarovitch. In the laager were four more under Major Volpé. These two senior officers I got to know very well. They could both speak French and Major Volpé could speak a little English. Before the laager was closed to British officers [?] and I went over to see Major Volpé in the evenings. The two former used to play tennis, while I sat and drank Russian tea à La Russe and smoked and chatted to the Colonel. One night I was invited to supper with them after they had received some parcels and they gave me a splendid spread, which fortified me considerably in my weak state and made me feel a different man. After a while the laager was closed to British officers and I occasionally visited the officers quartered in the hospital. They had two rooms, which there had fitted up very well. They had been in capacity for 3½ years, having been captured at Tarmmanburg, so they knew the ropes of German living. They did not touch hospital food, but had cards like the civilian population. At the end of June however, they gave up their cards and returned to hospital diet, since they were unable to get sufficient food by their cards. I often used to pay them visits and they always gave me some tea and biscuits, which I was very grateful for. The Colonel and I had long chats in French, which he spoke very well. This gave me excellent practice in French as well as giving me an insight into the manners and customs of the Russians and also into Russian politics. The Colonel performed many and various little commissions for me and one of his brother officers was responsible for the photographs in this book.

Lt. Col. Edward Beymarowatsh was one of the most charming men I have ever met. A highly cultured, refined and well-educated man, he was born at VILNA in POLAND. Here he has a house and some property, but his wife and two little daughters live at POLTONA in Southern Russia. Both these places are at present in the hands of the Germans. The Colonel was hospitality itself and was always delighted to see one and was very generous. He was a specialist in eyes and cured me of some rather serious inflammation of my eyes. He was a very handsome, dark man and was always spotlessly turned out. He added enormously to my happiness, while at Stargard. He gave me food and lent me books and all sorts of odds and ends, which added to my comfort. The other officers I did not get to know so well, as they could only speak Russian.

VISITORS

Stargard was unfortunately very much out of the way and we had very few visitors. The few, who came, only visited us once and for many weeks, we never saw a strange face.

Our first visitor was the Commandant of the Camp. He came on two occasions, when we first arrived and I am afraid I was not conscious of his presence and cannot say anything about him. He holds the rank of Lt. Colonel and is said to be a very just though strict soldier.

Our next visitor was the embassy chaplain from Berlin. He buried some men in the morning and in the afternoon, he held services in the mens' wards. He came into chat with us in the evening and told us many things useful for a prisoner to know. He said we ought to be sent to a neutral country after 18 months captivity. He gave us information about our pay and allowances and was altogether a very good Samaritan. It was very good to speak to a fellow countryman, who was not a prisoner. After a time, two large crates of books came for us. They bore no name of a sender, but we shrewdly suspect that the padre was the originator.

Our most important visitor was the representative of the Dutch Embassy. He was left alone with us for about half an hour. He took all our names, said he would inform our people, would arrange for bread and biscuits to come to us from Denmark and would arrange for some clothing to come from Berlin. He spoke English very well and was very kind and courteous. Unfortunately by the end of June, nothing, which he had promised for us, had arrived, except the information to our homes, which we don't know of. We had no serious things to complain of, only lack of money, clothing and small necessities.

A German general was our next visitor. The only thing we asked him for, was an advance of pay, for none of us had any money. This was granted to us, which was a great boon.

The Interpreter once brought his wife into see us. She was a pretty, young, German woman and was our only woman visitor. A travelling medical board of Swedish doctors came round to visit the men, for the purpose of deciding on, who should be exchanged. They did not however visit the officer's ward and we only saw them at a distance.

Such is a list of our visitors. It is a varied and interesting one. If we had been in a better known hospital, we should have seen more and perhaps have gained a few more concessions.

DIET and ROUTINE

Seeing the conditions under which the Germans themselves lived, I will be the first to admit they did their very best for us. They had very few comforts and very little food to give us, but they certainly did what they could for us. I was a privileged person for I was sufficient of an invalid to be able to command some extra diet from Dr Towse. The other officers all received sufficient food to support life, without any additions, but it cannot be said to be sufficient to satisfy their natural hunger. Needless to say, we had a few food-hogs and food hoarders. The former were sometimes rather an offence against civilisation, but the latter were more amusing than unpleasant. We frequently had to remind each other that we were prisoners of war in a destitute country and that we were really better off than people in many of the internment camps. In spite of my extra diet, I was often hungry, but the Germans had the frankness to admit that they were too, so this was some consolation. We received the same rations as the German non-commissioned officers; these latter were always very friendly, when we received any parcels and welcomed with open arms such trifles as a little tobacco, a few lumps of sugar or a few biscuits.

Our orderlies used to come into our ward about 6.45am and clean up and wake us. They brought in our breakfast about 7.30am and 8am on Sundays. This meal consisted of $\frac{1}{5}$ of a long loaf of black bread. This ration weighed 400 grammes and lasted for the whole day. A basin of jam or a sweet substance called honey accompanied this, which, when divided out, amounted to about a spoonful each. The jam was of some chemical manufacture and did not taste of any particular fruit. The honey had never seen the bee, but was made of sugar and margarine pressed into a rectangular block.

On Sundays we used to receive a ration of butter, which was the best of all, for we used to make it go a good long way. At this meal we had some coffee, which was made of acorns. It tasted quite good and had either milk or sugar in it; never both. We were allowed to get up when we wanted; there was no ward discipline and we could do exactly as we wished. I gradually got up at 10am; we could get hot shaving and washing water from the bath house and we were allowed a hot bath every Wednesday morning. Dinner was served at 11.45am and generally consisted of some cooked meat and potatoes. Tuesdays and Fridays were meatless days, when we had potatoes, or Swedes or barley or black peas. With the addition of a little curry powder, these vegetable dishes could be made quite palatable. I received in addition as an extra a bowl of semolina pudding. I had six rolls of whitish bread instead of the black loaf. I also had a basin of milk and a couple of boiled eggs. These were all extras and I spread them over my day's feeding. During the afternoon I either read or walked around the hospital grounds or went and chatted to some of the men or wrote this journal. At 2.30pm we each received some more coffee. Our coffee ration generally ran out at 3 or 4 glasses per man, so we did fairly well. At 5.45pm we received our supper. This consisted either a bowl of thin semolina or barley; twice a week we received some potatoes either baked in their skins or mashed. Sometimes we received a piece of sausage each and on rare occasions we got a piece of cheese. I had some potatoes every night. We generally managed to save a bit of our daily rations for a bite of supper in the evening about 9pm, after which hour, we generally turned in. We could go to bed when we wished and sometimes we used to stay awake late, talking and smoking.

One night I remember I was very sleepless and went for a little walk in the grounds. I was chased in by a sentry, who I thought suspected I was looking for a chance to escape. Day after day slipped by in much the same way and we had no reason to grumble except at the boredom of it. We repeatedly asked to be allowed to go out for a walk. This was once granted and though everybody behaved themselves, we never managed to get another, in spite of many requests.

I was dressed in the operation room two or three times a week and used to occasionally go and visit the Russian officers or some French soldiers in hospital, so as to practice my French. I used to gather a number of wild flowers for my table, for they grow plentifully in the grounds. Such was our daily life and routine.

CLOTHING and MONEY

When I was first admitted into hospital. I was in a very poor way for clothes, but after looking around and trying various dodges, I managed to make myself look quite presentable.

My tunic had been slit from right wrist to shoulder and had a small hole in the back. It was drenched with blood and was very dirty: I very nearly left it behind at TOURNAI, but I am glad I did not for the tailor in the hospital made a very good job of it and a Black Watch man in camp gave it a thoroughly good washing. I am seen wearing it in the adjacent photograph. My kilt was very blood-stained and had the flashes torn. The blood was soaked out and the canteen corporal got me some green ribbon and the tailor put on some new flashes. The corporal had to visit eight shops before he could get it, which shows a condition of Germany.

The tailor had the temerity to offer me 10 marks for my kilt, which drew a brief but emphatic refusal. My hose-tops and pattern I had managed to retain and after the blood had been soaked out of them, they became quite good. I had no shirt or boots, but the hospital supplied me with these. The boots were rather large and of a curious pattern, but they served their purpose. I managed to buy a collar and I had kept my tie and a stud. I bought a bonnet and hackle from one of the men and also a pair of diced hose. I was provided with a British soldier's greatcoat and a pair of socks and Arbuthnot had given me a cardigan in Tournai hospital; so by degrees I presented a fairly decent spectacle. Some officers were very much worse off and some took very little trouble to clothe themselves, preferring to spend the day in pyjamas and a greatcoat.

Money was a source of great trouble to us. We received an advance of pay during May amounting to 20 marks. We were paid again on June 1st and given 15 marks instead of 20 and on June 11th we received 5 marks instead of 20, thereby paying off our advance of pay. We were entitled to 60 marks a month, $\frac{2}{3}$ of which was deducted as hospital stoppages for food etc. This left us 20 marks a month. We received our first full pay on July 1st. Of course we could buy no food, but we could buy some smokes and lemonade and a few odds and ends of clothing and toilet requirements. Some officers sold things for money, such as their watches, rings and other odds and ends of trifling value. Soap or cocoa would fetch any price; so also would any clothing such as cardigans, woollen socks or trench coats.

Wool was unobtainable without a card and in order to darn a hole in my socks, I had to get some wool off an old pair.

On July 2nd received 127 marks, 65 pfennings via a Dutch bank from Rotterdam. This proved that our first letters, written exactly two months before, had reached home. The amount sent was £6, which also gave us the rate of exchange in a neutral country.

By being very economical and not spending anything on luxuries, I managed to eke out my small income. I never allowed myself to be absolutely penniless and always kept a little for myself. Many a time I had been very hard pressed, but I think my Scottish blood got the upper hand.

Two New Arrivals

At the end of May two new British medical officers arrived.

[?] was a very nice captain in the R.A.M.C. Tall, dark and good looking, he soon made himself very popular among us. He was very generous and was an excellent doctor and took a great deal of trouble. He was attached to the 2nd Wilts and was in charge of the officers ward at Stargard. He and I were very good friends and often used to take walks together.

[?] was a surgeon in the Royal Navy. He always wore khaki was captain's rank on his shoulder and the red and gold bands of the Navy round his arm. He was a very quiet, unsociable sort of fellow and spent most of his time reading in his room or playing the violin. He was of medium height, fair and wore spectacles. He was a married man, played the violin very well and did most of the surgical work.

At this point I should revert to diary form in my writing. I have brought the reader up to date; as far as my memory serves me. I cannot claim to have written as fully as I should have liked, for my powers of expression are very limited and I will not weary the reader by vain repetitions. The following pages, I fear, will not be of interest though they will be a faithful chronicle of my daily life. I add a list of books of note read by me up to date. In addition to these I read a great number of light novels.

"Strathmore". Ouida
"The Regent". Arnold Bennett
"The Happy Prince". }
"The Ideal Husband". } – Oscar Wilde
"Sketches in Lavender". Jerome
"Lucy Hardinge". Fenimore Cooper
"Atalanta in Calydon & Pocus".
"A Pilgrimage to Mecca & Medina".

"My Restless Life".
Marry de Windt
"Jude the Obscure"
Thomas Hardy
"Rhoda Fleming".
George Meredith
Swinburne
Burton

Tuesday July 2nd 1918

Breakfast arrived at 7.45am. I had changed my rolls with [?] for his black bread, so I was greeted with 400 grammes of this bread for the day. This made a pleasant change for us both. I slept a little after breakfast and then went to the operation room, where I was dressed. On return to the ward I shaved and dressed and had my dinner. Meatless day. Potatoes and barley stew, some milk pudding and bread and jam, some lettuce and a biscuit. After this I collected a few outstanding debts due to me. We each subscribed half a mark and gave our two orderlies 2½ marks each. I then paid a visit to two British soldiers, who were in the isolation ward, suffering from erisypelis. I had a chat to them and then went on to the Russian doctors. I had 1½ hours of fluent French speaking and drank much tea and ate a piece of bread and cheese. They gave me one or two more photographs of themselves, which I reproduce in this book. I returned to the ward and drank a cup of coffee and ate a biscuit and some lettuce. I chatted for a bit and then went for a longish walk round the compound with [?]. On coming in I wrote and then had my first supper of mashed potatoes and bread and jam. [?] made some excellent soup out of oxtail and barley and I soaked some bread in it. Very good indeed.

After tea I took a long walk round the compound with [?] and then came in. We have made an arrangement by which a German speaking English soldier came every evening at 8.30pm to read a German newspaper to us. His name was Sherrett. Afterwards I made some tea and had a supper of cold bully beef and cold potatoes and some bread and lettuce. I took a short stroll with [?] and turned in about 10.30pm.

I have not mentioned the fact that about the middle of June, [?], [?], [?], [?] and [?] left us for Carlsruhe, where they were to be distributed to the various internment camps.

This reduced our party to nine officer patients and three British doctors.

Wednesday July 3rd

I did not wake up until breakfast arrived. It was today that my egg ration was first stopped, so I had a smaller breakfast of two rolls and jam and a biscuit and some coffee. I shaved and had a bath and change. After dressing, I had my dinner of stewed meat and some potatoes, pudding and a biscuit and some lettuce. I carefully cut all the fat of my meat for frying purposes. After dinner I collected some money off my brother officers and we bought some postcards. We divided them among ourselves and each officer took a packet round to the mens' wards. I visited the isolation ward and the ward with the serious cases in it. I took them some books as well. Came in to tea of some coffee and bread and jam. The first parcels arrived today. [?] received one from the Red Cross and one from his home. [?] received a Red Cross parcel and [?] received three parcels. I had my first supper of some potatoes and bread and jam. In the evening I walked about and read and did some cooking. About 9pm I had some tea, some cold bully beef and potatoes and after my little drink of vin rouge, I went off to sleep.

Thursday July 4th

I got up at 6am and began to cook some porridge. [?] and [?] soon joined me and we quickly had a fire going. Breakfast about 7.30am of porridge and milk, toasted roll and honey and a biscuit. Carney, the orderly, then came into the ward with a lot of clean bedclothes and said that seven more officers were expected to arrive in an hour. I quickly gave him a hand to make up their beds and this had been barely accomplished, when their prospective owners arrived headed by a Capt. [?] of the 7th Dragoon Guards. We gave them lemonade and biscuits and tried to make them as 'at home' as possible. Shaved, washed and dressed. Dinner consisted of potatoe stew, pudding, some bread and jam. During the afternoon I showed our new arrivals round the camp and fixed them up with a few necessities. Tea of coffee and biscuits. I started Thackeray's "Virginians", in 4 vols (Tauchnitz Edition). I quickly got interested in it and did not put it down until my first

supper of potatoes and bread and jam. I put in some hard working cooking. We made tea for 15 and then fried some meat and potatoes and started making porridge. I had my second supper about 9pm of potatoes and some tinned meat, which [?] had given me out of his parcel, some dry toast. I took a short stroll with a new arrival name [?]. Bed about 10.30pm.

Friday July 5th

I was up at 6.15am and started to cook the porridge. The fire burnt up well. Breakfast was rather late, not until 8.15am. I had porridge and milk and some dry toast. I then collected some money for the frying pan, which we had bought, and also for the photos. I had a short nap for an hour and went to the operation room to be dressed. The crowd was so great that I postponed my visit and came back and dressed. A fresh batch of wounded had arrived and many had to be dressed for serious wounds. Dinner of black pea soup, pudding and bread and jam. I read for a short time and went and visited some French, 'aspirants', or cadets and an American ambulance driver, who had just arrived. I took a walk and then had tea of bread and jam and coffee. I walked about again and read until my first supper of potatoes and bread and jam. Afterwards I took a good long walk and came in and read.

We cooked tea and soup in the evening and I took another walk before I turned into bed. Today I got a soldier's overcoat, which I had cleaned up and polished. This is with a view to future cold and rain, which I anticipate before my clothing arrives from home.

I do not find that either my mind or body are getting sluggish. Reading, writing and learning German and fitting myself out keep my mind fully occupied and I have not yet given way to morbid and morose thoughts, which are beginning to beset some of the more idle of us. I keep myself fit by walking fast and furious round the hospital compound. I am always in bed by 10.30am and remain there for almost 12 hours.

Our new officers seem a quite, inoffensive lot. A Capt [?] is the best of them. The remainder are commercial men of bourgeois type. Their greatest value is that they are quiet and do not shriek or sing in the early morning.

Saturday July 6th

I slept soundly until breakfast of coffee, two rolls and a very thin ration of jam. I slept again until 11 o'clock, when I got up, dressed and had dinner of chopped meat and potatoes, pudding and bread and biscuit. I then took a good sharp walk, lasting nearly an hour. It was a gold, grey, day and I felt better for the exercise. I came in and read and had tea of coffee and biscuits. I wrote this journal and read again. I went round to the Russian officers quarters and had a chat with them in French for about an hour. My first supper was of potatoes and dry bread and a biscuit. I then took a good walk with [?] and came in and cooked some soup and tea. Later on I fried some bully beef and potatoes for my last meal. I washed this down with some lemonade, pale, fizzy, sweet, stuff for 2d a bottle. I then took a good walk with [?] and [?] and so to bed. This dreary waiting for letters and parcels is getting very slow. It is ten weeks since we have been at Stargard and I have received nothing yet from home. Heaven knows when something will come but when I was in Mesopotamia on the other side of the globe I never had to wait so long for some sort of news from home. The good here is gradually getting worse as the country is getting poorer. Our captors say it is due to the British fleet. I am content to go hungry if the fleet will stick to its job.

Sunday July 7th 1918

Breakfast arrived about 8.15am; two rolls and some very greasy butter, which tasted like tallow, a biscuit and some coffee. I slept until 11 o'clock, when I got up and dressed. Dinner of meat and potatoes, pudding and some bread and butter.

I wrote a long letter to Dad and enclosed one to Col. Fortune. I read until tea. "The Virginians", is a fine book and I find it very difficult to put down. It is a bitterly cold day for July. Pomerania is a very out of the way corner of the world and I am told it is under snow for most of the winter. After tea I paid a visit to the French 'aspirants', and the American prisoner. I had long and interesting chats with both of them. My first supper was of potatoes and bread and butter. Afterwards I read and took a hand in the cooking until my late supper, which was of potatoes, tea and a little cold meat, which I had saved from dinner. I took a good walk with [?] and then turned in to sleep but poorly.

Monday July 8th

Breakfast arrived just as I woke up. Two rolls and some substitute honey and coffee. I got up and dressed and with [?] went and tackled the chief doctor on permission to go to the laager for some provisions. I have been elected President of the British Helps Committee for Stargard. I can do but little, but what I can, I will do. Afterwards I had lunch of potatoes (with the addition of a little comforts curry powder), some pudding and some bread and honey. I read until tea and took a short walk with [?]. Afterwards I went over to the Laager with my committee, but on reaching the gate, I was stopped and treated with great rudeness, finally being forcibly ejected by a sentry. I had done nothing, merely having visited the laager with the chief officer's (surgeon) permission. On my return to the ward an indignation meeting was held and [?] drafted a very strongly-worded letter to the commandant of the camp. The treatment I had suffered was extremely harsh and quite unwarranted. I am afraid no notice will be taken of my complaints at all. I read a bit until my first supper of potatoes and some bread and cheese, which the Russian officers very kindly sent over to me. Afterwards the photographer came and took another group of us. I went for a good walk with [?] and came in and did some cooking, reading and writing. We seem to have quarrelled successfully with our captors, who are certainly beginning to get hungry and downhearted. For supper I had some cold bully beef and potatoes and tea and then turned in to sleep.

Tuesday July 9th

I had rather a sleepless night and awoke to our usual breakfast of two rolls, jam and coffee. I was dressed by [?] in the operation room and returned to the ward for dressing and shaving. A meatless lunch of potatoes and Swedes enlivened by a little curry powder. After lunch I picked up "The Loom of Youth", which is supposed to be the latest school story containing amazing revelations. I was very disappointed in it and finished it in the afternoon. Tea of bread and cheese and coffee. I continued to read for a bit and then went and visited some sick men in one of the wards. I came back and assisted to distribute some rations, which we had received from Ruhleben. My first supper was of potatoes and bread and cheese, after which I had a good game of poker followed by some cooking. I fried some bully beef and potatoes for my supper together with some tea and bread and cheese. It was a desperately hot night and I sat out in the compound and chatted for a long time. I brewed myself a mug of cocoa and then turned in to sleep.

Wednesday July 10th

After my usual breakfast I got up rather early and had a hot bath and change of clothes. I cleaned up the buttons on my tunic with some previous polish and wrote to Ruhleben for more food for the men. Wrote up my journal and prepared for lunch which consisted of some meat rissoles and potatoes, some pudding and bread and cheese. The best dinner I have had for a long time. After lunch I paid a visit to the French 'aspirants' and talked French for a long time; afterwards I had a short chat to the American soldier. Tea.

Afterwards I went and saw the Russian doctors and talked about the war for a long time. The prospects of Russia resuming activities seems quite probable. My first supper at 5.30pm was of potatoes and bread and jam, after which I read a bit and started cooking. For my late supper I had some tea, cold bully beef and toast. It was a very hot evening. I took a short stroll and then turned in to sleep.

Thursday July 11th

I woke just before breakfast of two rolls, honey and coffee. I slept again and then got up and dressed. Dinner was of a dish of vegetables enlivened by a little curry powder. I paid a visit to the American and learned a great deal about the life and country of America. He is a very interesting well-educated fellow and I like him very much indeed. Tea. I read for a long time and then set to work to make out a roll of all officers and men, who have passed through this hospital. [?] gave me much valuable assistance. First supper of potatoes and bread and honey. I lit the fire and prepared the cooking. Late supper was a great feast. Cold bully beef and potatoes, tea, some fried barley and some rice. Mackenzie gave me a cup of ovaltine. I set in the warm gloaming and smoked for an hour and went to bed with a fairly full tummy. Slept very well.

Friday July 12th

I woke up just as the coffee was coming in. After breakfast and a small nap, I went to the operation room and was dressed. Shaved and dressed. Dinner of potatoes with a little curry powder. I read for a bit and continued work on my lists of men. Tea. I wrote up this journal and then visited some sick soldiers. My first supper of potatoes and bread and jam. I read and went for a short walk with [?] and then came in and gave a hand with the cooking. It is a very hot day and the fire would not burn. We got it to go rather late and I had a magnificent supper. Cold potatoes and tea followed by some soup, more tea and a glass of ovaltine from [?]. It was midnight before we finished cooking. I turned in to bed and drank my wine, which I always keep for last thing at night. Slept well.

Saturday July 13th

I woke up just as breakfast came in, which late, and promptly went to sleep again. Up about 10.30am shaved and dressed. Lunch of meat rissoles, pudding and bread and honey. I read a bit and then took a long walk with [?] until tea. Afterwards I collected money for photographs, read through the March roll of missing officers and took a walk with Leadbitter. First supper of potatoes and dry bread. [?], [?] and [?] and I met together and decided to form a communal mess, when we left Stargard and to keep together as much as possible. We built a number of castles in the air, which will be interesting for the future. Came in and did some cooking. The fire burnt very well and for supper I had fried potatoes, tea and some cold pudding, which I had kept from dinner. A bit of bread and jam and some milk and a pipe during a walk with [?] and so to bed.

Sunday July 14th

I woke up in time for my usual breakfast and slept again until 11am. Shaved and dressed and had lunch of meat and potatoes, pudding and bread and jam. Wrote this journal and a p.c. home and one to Evan Jones. Ynysfor. Got busy with my rolls, which are really becoming quite a work of art. Tea. I continued work on my rolls until 7pm when I ate some potatoes and bread and jam. We then set to work and did some cooking. We boiled four cans of tea and I fried myself some potatoes and drank tea for my supper. I took a stroll with [?], [?] and [?] and went to bed. Slept very badly and did not get properly off until after 2am; though I had nothing on my mind. Very hot day.

Monday July 15th

I woke up before breakfast and ate it, when it arrived. I got up about 10am and was dressed by [?]. Shaved and dressed. Dinner of stewed potatoes and curry powder, pudding and bread and honey. I read for a bit, starting with Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Altitudes", being an account of his wanderings in Iceland and Spitzbergen. Worked hard at my rolls and have at last got one complete; being a record of every officer and man, who has passed through this hospital. A heavy thunderstorm came on after tea and drove me in from my walk. [?] has received £5 from home; this leaves only [?], [?] and myself out in the cold. Today we have bought some onions and a cucumber, which will be a pleasant change. I busied myself with various jobs until my first supper of potatoes and bread and jam. After this we set to work to cook, having got a little coke. For supper I had some oxtail soup, cold potatoes and curry powder and some dry toast. After a short walk, I turned in to bed. Very hot night.

I am afraid I may be wearying the reader by repeated references to our menu. If we did not bend our ingenuity to increasing our rations and re-cooking unpalatable food, we should be in a very bad way. As it is we have made friends with various people who have access to the town and hence we manage to obtain a little extra stuff. So perhaps you will forgive us if we subordinate our finer feelings to our grosser lusts.

Tuesday July 16th

I was awake before breakfast. A glorious sunny morning. After breakfast I cleaned my buttons and got up early at about 9.30am. I took a walk round the compound and gathered a few flowers. Had a chat to Dr Towse and the Inspector and made arrangements for buying coke. Read a bit until lunch time. Stewed potatoes and barley, pudding, bread and raw onion. Wrote for an hour. A big bunch of letters and parcels arrived and I was very busy distributing them and re-addressing. My work on the committee is largely that of a postal clerk. I had to work hard at completing my rolls, which I did finish about 7pm. [?] gave me a lot of valuable help. I ate a few potatoes and started cooking.

We made some tea and I ate a few potatoes and bread and onions. Went for a short walk. Turned in to bed.

Wednesday July 17th

After breakfast I went and had a bath and when in the middle of dressing a large bundle of letters and parcels arrived. At last I got one from mother dated 21st June. It must have been one of her later ones for it was very common place and contained nothing of any interest. I re-directed a lot of letters and had lunch of Irish stew and pudding and bread and jam. I visited some of the men and chatted to a number of them. Very hot indeed. Read a bit in the cool of the ward. Tea. I continued to read for a bit and then felt a severe headache approaching. I retired to my bed and spent the rest of the evening there. I was sick on two occasions and could not touch any supper. I finally dropped off to sleep and slept fairly well.

Thursday July 18th

I woke up feeling perfectly fit again. A much cooler morning. I got up fairly soon after breakfast and we lit the fire. Dinner of stewed vegetables, some pudding and bread and jam and tea which we made ourselves. I had a long chat with one "[?]" who is an officer in the Sherwood Foresters. He is a sugar planter in Cuba and we had a long chat about the West Indies. He was fascinatingly interesting and we discussed the sport, climate and prospects of travel in those islands. I have now determined to do that trip as soon as I am released from military service. Tea. I took a long walk with [?] and [?] which lasted until my first supper of potatoes and bread and butter. I took a short stroll with [?] and came in and assisted in the cooking. Tea was made for all (16) and many hot dishes were made.

[?] had a tin of pork and beans, which he shared with me. I contributed some potatoes to the dish which was quite a good one. He also gave me a cup of coffee and so I had quite a good supper. I feel rather like the dog that gathered the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table for mother has been very slow in sending me anything and her letter was not very encouraging. We had a short chat over our pipes and then turned in to bed.

Friday July 19th

Breakfast. I slept soundly afterwards until about 11am when I got up and dressed. Dinner of stewed vegetables and pudding. We made some good strong tea and I had three mugs full. I have bought a china mug so I am fairly complete in feeding utensils. A cool day with a decent breeze. Now so many parcels have arrived, we spend a good deal of time in cooking tinned stuff and brewing tea. Things are beginning to look up a bit, but we are still very hungry. The German food is devoid of all nourishment and is principally slops. Some of us are getting very fit now and at least two are permanently healed. I read until tea. After tea I had a game of bridge with [?], [?] and [?]. Just as the game finished I received a parcel from the Red Cross. Oh Great Joy!! Contents. Tin of milk, tin of macaroni, tin of bully beef, tin of tripe and onions, tin of pilchards, a tinned pudding, two pkts of biscuits, sugar, chocolate, tea and sago pudding. None of the contents had been stolen and the parcel had not been opened from the time it left London until it was opened in my presence on the ward table. Its contents were extremely welcome and it shows that I have not been forgotten. My first supper was of a few cold potatoes and bread and jam.

Afterwards we set to work and did a great amount of cooking for our evening meal. [?] and I shared my tin of meat and vegetables together with some fried potatoes and bread and butter, biscuits and tea. We had a cup of hot coffee before we turned in after a short stroll. Very hot evening. Did not sleep very well.

Saturday July 20th

I was awake well before breakfast arrived. A bright, lovely morning. Breakfast. I went asleep again until 11am, when I got up and dressed and had lunch of meat and potatoes, bread and jam and a biscuit. The pudding has become so bad that it is impossible to eat it. It is rather like the stuff one feeds chickens on at home. A very hot afternoon. I took a short walk with [?], then had a long chat to [?] over a drink. Tea. I bought a few fresh cherries from a Russian which made a welcome addition to our menu. Wrote and read for a time. Went for a walk until my first supper of potatoes and bread and jam. We had a great night's cooking. [?] and I shared my tin of tripe and onions for supper. I had a few potatoes as well and some bread and jam. We sat up rather late discussing the geography of the world. I lost a bet of a bottle of lemonade to [?] over the capital of Dutch Ginana. I said Perambuco (in Brazil) instead of Paramaribo. Very similar names. To bed about midnight. Slept very well.

Sunday July 21st

Breakfast was quickly followed by sleep. I was awakened by a heavy thunderstorm and got up. We lit the fire and made some tea. Lunch of rissoles and potatoes and bread and butter. My pudding and evening potatoes have been cut off. After lunch I had a game of bridge being partnered with [?] against [?] and [?]. We won two subbers out of three. Tea. I then wrote to Sylvie enclosing a letter to Mrs Douglas at Nigg. I sent home my photo postcards. We then tried to make butter by shaking some milk in a bottle but it did not succeed. For supper we had some stewed macaroni, I then went for a short walk with [?]. Wrote up my journal and set to work to prepare my evening meal. Had supper about 9pm with Leadbitter consisting of some tinned fish and potatoes and bread and jam and tea. Felt really quite complete. Took a walk with [?], which lasted until 10pm when we joined the circle of officers grouped round the door and chatted and discussed the war until after 11o'clock when we turned in to bed to sleep very well.

Monday July 22nd

I had a plate of macaroni for breakfast, which I had saved from overnight. After breakfast I went to sleep until 10.30 when I got up and dressed. Dinner of stew and macaroni pudding and some bread and jam. I went for a short walk and came in and read until tea. Afterwards I went for a long, quick walk with [?]. First supper of barley and cold potatoes and a biscuit. We heard good news of a great allied victory by the French and Americans. Set to work on our cooking. Had supper with [?] consisting of some tinned beef and potatoes, tea and toast. A jolly good meal which we both enjoyed. Sat on my bed until 11.30pm smoking and chatting. We brewed a cup of coffee before turning in.

Tuesday July 23rd

Breakfast as usual followed by a good sleep up and dressed and had a stroll with [?]. Lunch off boiled turnips and potatoes. I went for a walk with [?] and came in and read for a bit. Then went and had a chat to the doctors. Tea. Read again and paid a visit to the Russian doctors. Dr Bahadshan returned to Russia today. I received two letters from Mother and one from Sylvie dated June 13th and 16th. First supper of cold turnips and bread. Read and wrote and started cooking supper with [?] of some tinned beef and potatoes. A good smoke and a stroll and then to bed.

Wednesday July 24th

Breakfast followed by a sleep. Up and dressed and lit the fire for tea. Lunch of meat and potatoes, bread and tea. After lunch I plunged into Henry James "Little Tour in France". Thoroughly enjoyed reading it and did not put it down until after tea. Went and had a long talk with various people until first supper. I cooked a pudding during the afternoon. After my first supper of potatoes and bread, [?] came in and played on his violin for 1½ hours. It was truly delightful and the first music I have heard for a long time. We then started cooking and [?] and I had a good supper of potatoes and sago pudding and a piece of toast. A short stroll with him and then to bed. Slept very well.

Thursday July 25th

Breakfast. My bread ration has been reduced from 6 to 4 rolls a day. Well, well. I can do without it as long as I know they are doing likewise. Up and dressed. We lit the fire and boiled some tea for lunch. Stewed swedes and turnips. I finished "Little Town in France" and began "Jacob Faithful", by Marryat. Tea. I then went and paid a visit to the Frenchmen and talked for an hour or more. I then suffered a defeat at chess at the hands of [?]. To my great delight I received another Red Cross parcel and two letters from Sylvie dated June 11th and 20th. They have heard from my regiment that I did well on Ap.18th. I am so glad for I felt sure the Colonel was wrong, when he refused me my promotion. Truly if anyone had worked hard for it, I had. Anyway victory is now with me. The parcel I received was exactly the same as the previous one and was ever so welcome. A fine breezy day. The hospital diet is becoming worse and worse and less and less. The Frenchmen are very amusing and full of light heartedness and are a fine tonic against any form of apathy. In the evening [?] and I gave [?] a bit of a farewell supper. We had some fish and potatoes and a pudding. Went for a walk together and then turned in.

Friday July 26th

Breakfast followed by a sleep and got up and dressed. The officers who arrived a fortnight ago left and so did [?] [?]. Dinner of potatoe stew and macaroni pudding. After dinner I got well stuck into "Jacob Faithful" I read until tea of bread and jam and tea. I took a good walk with [?] until it was time for cooking. We managed to buy some radishes, lettuces and onions and [?] made an excellent salad. [?] and I had supper together of potatoes and my sultana pudding. Felt very much better after it. Took a bit of a stroll and went to bed.

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Saturday July 27th

Breakfast followed by a short sleep and a read. Up and dressed. I have rigged up quite a neat little dressing table by my bed, which looks fairly civilized. We had a long wait for our dinner and we could not think, what had happened. When it did arrive it was quite a revelation. We had stewed meat, new potatoes and turnips and swedes in melted butter; easily the best dinner I have had since I have been in Germany. I got on with my reading until late in the afternoon, when we brewed our afternoon tea, which I accompanied by [?]'s excellent salad. I paid a visit to Col. Beynarovitch and we had a good chat. A long walk with Robert and [?] was followed by a shorter one with [?]. Prepared my evening meal which I had with [?] and [?]. A tin of pilchards, some potatoes and salad and tea and toast made an excellent meal. [?] managed to buy some bread, which he was kind enough to share with me. After a short stroll and hearing the paper read, I turned in to sleep very well. Received £5 or 128 marks from home.

Sunday July 28th

Breakfast. A short sleep. Up and dressed. Took a newspaper up to the French "aspirants", which gave pleasure. Lit the fire. Another excellent lunch of new potatoes, chopped meat, tea and toast. Wrote my journal and a p.c. to Mother and one to Uncle Basil. Made some tea and drank it with a bit of bread and butter. Took a walk with [?] and sundry others. Day passed very slowly. Fine and fairly cool. We prepared our evening meal of tinned meat and vegetables and some potatoes. Kept some macaroni back from supper and ate it and had some bread and butter and tea. A short walk and then to bed.

Monday July 29th

Breakfast. Finished my extra bit of black bread. Slept until 10.30am and got up and dressed. Cleaned up my buttons and had lunch of stewed turnips and swedes. Not very good. [?] and [?] having completely failed to light the fire, I had a try myself and after an hour's work I got some tea made. Pouring rain prevented me from going for a walk, so I sat down to read. For the first time the coffee supplied by the hospital for our tea was sent away untouched for the benefit of some of the men. We have now taken to having our meals at English hours and to making them as English as possible. We still live on the potatoe. No parcels have been brought across since Thursday. [?] very kindly came to our rescue for supper. So [?] and I supped off a tin of meat and some potatoes. A short evening stroll and so to bed.

Tuesday July 30th

Breakfast and a sleep. Got up and after dressing, took a short walk until lunch of stewed potatoes and water and some bread and honey followed by some tea. Rambled on through "Dombey & Son", and afterwards took a walk with [?] ending up with a smoke and a chat al fresco. Tea. No parcels have come over yet and there is a famine in the ward. We received some new potatoes and gravy for supper, which we kept until later on. [?]

produced some soup powder, which is our very last thing until the parcels are brought over. We know there are quite a number waiting for us in the post-office. Had some supper of potatoes and soup and tea and after a stroll by myself, turned in to sleep rather poorly. Hot night. Vermin very bad.

Wednesday July 31st

Awoke as breakfast was put on my table. After a short sleep I went and had my weekly bath. Dressed and had a little walk until dinner of rissoles and potatoes. Smoked and drank tea. Wrote up my journal and read. My supper of milk ceased to-day. We shall all miss it greatly as it milked all our tea. I suppose I was really lucky to have kept it so long. No parcels have come over so far, so [?] complained to Dr Towse, who promised to see the post-master about the delay. A cool fine day. We are beginning to eat the new potatoes which grow all over the hospital grounds. I have supplied myself with a sponge and hair brush and some more imitation tobacco. Tea at 4.30. At last some parcels have arrived though none for me. [?] came in and played to us on his violin. He is a splendid player and it was perfectly delightful. We set to work on some cooking and [?] and I had a great supper of a meat and potato pie and some potatoes. Also some ground rice, which [?] gave us and some bread and butter and tea. A short walk and then to bed.

Thursday Aug 1st

Slept the whole night through and woke up in time for breakfast. Slept again and got up and dressed. Cleaned up my buttons and kit. Five letters arrived for me, two from Mother, one from Sylvie and one from Cisey and one from Butler Aspinall. Very kind indeed of him. Dinner of stewed vegetables and some bread and honey and tea. I read my letters and smoked a pipe of real "John Cotton", of which [?] has given me a packet. He has indeed been generous to me lately and I have formed an altered opinion of him. Took a walk in the afternoon with [?] and then came in and had some tea. I received a Red Cross parcel again marked "Special Parcel" and renumbered dated July 8th and containing, 1 tin of herrings, chicken shaces, roast turkey, butter, also 1lb pearl tapioca, 1 pkt sugar, 1 pkt of tea, 2pkts biscuits, 1 pot of Bovril, 2 tins of milk. Very jolly. I rather think this is an extra one sent to me by some well wishers, for it was not numbered. After tea I collected money to pay our coke bill and our servants. We ran out of coke and in return for my packet of tea, I managed to get some coal. Took another sharp walk with [?]. The pay master came and I drew my monthly 20 marks. Set to work and cooked a pudding and some roast turkey, which we had for supper. I supped with [?] and [?] and a very good one too. To-day I managed to buy an extra bit of bread some the days are not now so lean as yore. I spent an hour during the afternoon talking legal shop to [?]. Discussed past and present judges and exchange some good stories. We are anticipating the visit of a German general and everything is being made specially clean for his reception. A lovely day made brighter by letters and a parcel. About 6.30pm we started cooking our evening meal. [?] and I baked a pudding and afterwards heated up my tin of roast turkey and some potatoes. We invited [?] to supper with us and had quite a civilized meal. Rather a jolly evening. Took a short walk and then [?] came in and we chatted until about 11.30 and so to bed. Did not sleep at all well. Kept thinking all about the letters from home and who it was who sent me the "Special Parcel".

Friday Aug 2nd

Breakfast, for which I had kept some macaroni. Slept for a short time, but got up and dressed rather earlier than usual. Made myself as tidy as I could. Dinner arrived consisting of a mixed dish of macaroni, prunes and figs. Certainly the best dinner we have ever had. Shortly afterwards arrived Lt. Gen. von de Goltz, who is the G.O.C. Kriegsgefangenealagors in Germany. He as attended by an A.D.C., the Commandant and his adjutant, the chief doctor and Dr Towse, the two inspectors and the interpreter. They were all dressed in their best and made quite a dignified entourage. The General was

obviously a gentleman, but was rather grim and wore the iron cross. He asked us if we had any complaints and we made the following requests.

- 1) Could the men (not officers) be supplied with better food? The inspector was interrogated and better food was promised.
- 2) Could the officers be allowed out for a walk? No arrangement had yet been come to between England and Germany on this point. When it was settled, we would be allowed to go.
- 3) Could the delivery of mails be accelerated? Yes and would be.
- 4) Could we send rolls to Copenhagen for bread? No. But each man could write for himself.

The General was very polite and wished us a quick recovery and good health. [?] made the complaints very well and we think the interview was satisfactory. We sat and discussed it during the afternoon, which was very hot. We brewed some tea and I wrote. A big draft of French wounded has arrived, including several from Martinique of the Coloured variety. Eighteen Americans arrived and a few English. The hospital has now quite a continental appearance. Almost every language is spoken and I chatter quite a lot of French. We rather enjoyed the General's visit as it was quite dignified and very military. When I get into a thoughtful mood, I think over what an adventurous life I have led hitherto and what a number of things I have seen and how many curious people I have met. Life in this hospital is only spoilt by our inability to get outside and take sufficient exercise; but in spite of this very necessary requirement, we live in "unity and godly love", and though, "encaged in an alien land", we do not quarrel in any way, but all get on together extremely well. Things are certainly brightening up and we are all remarkably fit and cheery. Supper and bed.

Saturday Aug 3rd

Slept until breakfast. Slept again and then got up. The Commandant paid a visit to the hospital. He spent a considerable time in the cook-house and he visited some of the mens' wards. He did not come to see us. Dinner was good. Irish stew and little meat, but plenty of vegetables. We had some tea and cocoa and bread and butter. After lunch I went for a walk with Leadbitter. Blacklock soon joined us. About 4 o'clock the parcels arrived. I got one from mother containing some sugar, soups, damson cheese, Allenby's food, kippers, milk and cocoa. Jolly good parcel. [?] received his first one. Great joy! I had tea and ate most of the damson cheese. It came on to pour with rain. I wrote a letter to Copenhagen for bread. [?] came in again and played on his violin. He played some good pieces mostly from Bach and Mozart. We cooked our supper. [?] and I had some bully beef and potatoes followed by some tapioca and treacle. Cocoa and bread and butter. The nights are getting longer. Our lamp broke and we were left in the dark. Bed.

Sunday Aug 4th

Breakfast. A very hot morning and the flies were very troublesome in spite of a flypaper which I have hung just over my bed. Up and dressed. Had a very good dinner of stewed meat and new potatoes. Followed by some cocoa and a pipe. [?] and I played bridge against [?] and [?] and won 2d. Afterwards I sat down and wrote a long letter to Sylvie with an enclosure c/o Butler Aspinall. I bought a bag or suitcase from Dr Rossoff for 25 marks. It has a lock and is quite a useful thing though not quite new. Tea. I took a short walk and then set to work on a very hard evening's cooking. I first of all made a jelly for [?]. I then made a chocolate pudding. I had my evening meal with [?]. We had some cooked beans and potatoes followed by the chocolate pudding. Some cocoa and bread. A short walk and to bed.

Monday Aug 5th

A very wet night and it leaked onto my bed. Breakfast for which I kept some macaroni. Up and dressed about 10.30am. Dinner of dried stewed fruit and macaroni. Not a very palatable dish. Some bread and tea. I paid a visit to the Russian Colonel and we had a chat. I helped him to eat a dish of stewed fruit. Went for a long walk with [?] after which I played him at chess and lost and won. Tea. Afterwards I took complete charge of our little stove. I made two puddings and boiled four tins. I made some cocoa and finally we fried. [?] and I gave a supper to [?]. We had some tinned fish and potatoes and some chocolate pudding followed by a few plums and some bread. Took a short walk afterwards and then went to bed.

Tuesday Aug 6th

Breakfast. I kept some macaroni and dried figs. Slept again. Up and dressed and cooked some soup for lunch. Stewed potatoes for dinner and some bread. After lunch I read a large bundle of letters from home. Several from Mother, Sylvie and Joy and one from Auntie May, Mrs Henderson, Mrs Allen and Cissy. Went for a good walk with [?] and came in and had some tea. Some bread and biscuit parcels arrived from Copenhagen. We distributed them to the men; we had a bit of difficulty at first but afterwards managed to get them given out all right. I have not yet received mine. Very hot afternoon. Wrote up this book and went for a walk until supper. Supped with Blacklock off an army ration and a pudding. Very good indeed. Turned in to bed soon afterwards.

Wednesday Aug 7th

Breakfast followed by a sleep and then got up and dressed. Dinner of stewed vegetables. Afterwards I went for a good walk with [?]. We did a good three or four miles. Parcels soon began to arrive and I spent an hour giving them out to the men. I received one from Copenhagen containing biscuits. Most of the men received food. Tea. The biscuits were excellent especially when soaked in water and baked on the stove. After tea I read for a bit and then played bridge until supper, which I had with [?] off a roast turkey and some Allenby's diet. Bridge followed this with a cup of cocoa. A pouring wet night; we played bridge until the sentry came and ordered us to put out our light. Turned in to sleep well.

Thursday Aug 8th

Breakfast. I kept some Allenby's diet for breakfast. Very good and filling. Slept after it until 11am. Got up and dressed. Dinner of stewed potatoes with some meat. Planned a little supper party. Arrangements pending. Wrote to the Dutch Legation to acknowledge some playing cards which they sent to us. Went for a good long walk with [?]. Got some very good exercise. Went on a mission to the doctors to ask them to supper, but they refused. Tea. I read for a bit and then took another walk. Had supper with [?] off a cold camp pie and some potatoes. We listened to the paper afterwards. I turned in early.

Friday Aug 9th

Breakfast off Allenby's diet and a biscuit and some coffee. Slept. Up and dressed. Lunched off a potatoe stew. Afterwards took a good sharp walk for some time, thereby doing my daily exercise. Came in to tea after which I played bridge. Walked again during the intervals when it did not rain. Supped with [?] and [?] off a tin of salmon and some potatoes followed by toasted biscuits and cocoa. Rather a cold evening. Turned in. Quite a good little story took place during our game of bridge. [?] was rather slow in sorting one of his hands. Thompson loquilen (innocently) "quite a good idea this bridge for passing the time". Good chuckle all round followed by collapse of [?].

Saturday Aug 10th

Breakfast off Allenby's diet and a roll. This diet is excellent when cold and makes quite a good breakfast. Slept. Some parcels very soon arrived. I was not sufficiently dressed to distribute them, so I left it to the committee, who did it quite well. I received a Red Cross parcel again marked 'Special' containing two biscuit packets, one of sugar, tapioca, cornflour, a pot of marmite, a tin of milk, roast fowl, and herrings, and butter. Lunch of stewed meat and new potatoes. Very good indeed. A British draft arrived and it contained Pte W. McGregor of the Black Watch, who was my runner. After lunch I had a long chat with him. He had been working in a German field post office at Lille. He told me Hutchinson was on a ration dump in Lille. I have M some cigarettes, money and biscuits. He was rather weak with exhaustion and underfeeding. Came in and had a cup of tea. I managed to buy a few fresh greengages, which were very good. Sat and read extracts from this journal to the wards much laughter and interest. Sat and wrote it. Tea. Played bridge afterwards and had some very good rubbers until supper. Supped with [?] off tripe and onions and potatoes and a tapioca pudding. Heard splendid news read out of the paper. Took a short walk and after a meditative pipe, turned in to sleep. Slept very badly. Hot. Vermin very bad inspite of having scattered naphthalene all over my bed.

Sunday Aug 11th

Breakfast. I had a basin of cornflour which I made overnight. Very good too, though not made according to directions. Slept again. Got up and dressed. Have taken to using cosmetics against smells. I put shaving cream on my face and eau-de-cologne on my clothes. Went for a short walk and came in to lunch. A very good meal indeed. Rissoles, new potatoes and stewed vegetables followed by tea and bread and butter. Paid a flying visit to the Russian doctors and obtained some news. Came in and wrote a p.c. to Sylvie and one to Copenhagen for bread for McGregor and Munro of the 42nd. Wrote my journal and perfected my nominal rolls. Mackay carved my crest on my pipe for me. A very hot Sunday. Oh' to be at home or on the river or in the Indian hills. Our life becomes easier every day. There is more food coming into the camp, also plenty of letters. I have received 18 this week. One from Mrs Allen, Mrs Henderson, Uncle Jack and Auntie May and many from home. The biscuits from Copenhagen are excellent. I am picking up German daily and now know several words and phrases. Tea. After tea I took a good walk and had a long chat to the Frenchmen. It being a lovely summer evening, several of the centerofficers had their wives in the camp. My kilt was an object of great curiosity and admiration. Came in and played some bridge until supper. Supped with [?] off a tin of herrings and some potatoes followed by a chocolate pudding. Listened to the paper and after a short stroll, turned in. Slept very badly.

Monday Aug 12th

Breakfast. I had a cornflour mould which I had made the previous evening. I employed McGregor every morning to clean my buttons. Slept. Got up and dressed. Lunch of vegetable stew followed by macaroni pudding and some of Jone's jelly. Very good indeed. After lunch I spent an hour learning German having got a good string of words from the interpreter in the morning. I then took to the bridge table and made a little money. Had my hair cut. Set to work to prepare tea. I am on duty as cook today, so I am fully occupied in looking after the stove and food. After tea I made three blanc-manges for tomorrow's breakfast. We have all got a most useful sense of humour here. We can manage to raise a laugh out of most things. [?] has a very well developed sense of the ridiculous and [?] trades on the "serio-comic" route. [?] contributes many a very good story especially anecdotes of principal people in the days news. My cooking and German are both improving. I have made several quite appetising dishes and managed to carry on quite a decent conversation in German. It is the German fruit, which puzzles me so much. Supped with [?]-[?]. We had some tripe and onions and some potatoes and bread and butter. Took a short stroll and then turned in to sleep. Slept rather badly.

Tuesday Aug 13th

Breakfast of a bowl of cornflower and some bread and jam. I slept again and then got up and dressed. Dinner of potatoe stew and some biscuits. After lunch I finished "Dombey & Son" and started on "The Innocents Abroad" by Mark Twain. I went and paid a visit to the Russian Colonel and obtained the news from him. The French "aspirants" translated it from German to French and I changed it into English. I came in and wrote out a Communiqué for the men. After this I read again and shortly afterwards some parcels arrived. I spent about an hour giving them out to the men. I received three myself, one containing some books and two containing clothes. My sporran spats, shoes, hose, garters, socks, shirts, collars, ties, handkerchiefs, etc. arrived. Great was my joy and considerable was my comfort. I had some tea and then put on my full hose and shoes and Sam Browne belt. I did a bit of cooking after a short walk. Had supper with Leadbitter and French off an army ration and some cornflour pudding. Quite a happy evening owing to the arrival of clothes. A short stroll after which I turned in. Wore my new pyjamas. Slept very badly. I suppose it is not surprising seeing how late I get up in the morning.

Wednesday Aug 14th

Breakfast of Allenby's food and a roll. Slept for a short time and then went and had a lot bath. Came back and dressed in my proper clothes. Wore my sporran, spats and diced hose and felt more like a gentleman. Lunch of stew and potatoes and some bread. After lunch I read a bit and then played bridge. About 4 o'clock 110 parcels arrived and I managed to get them distributed and censored in about 1½ hours. I received another parcel of biscuits from Copenhagen and another Red Cross parcel containing 1 tin jam, bully beef, margarine, milk, army ration, 2 pkts biscuits, 1 sugar, 1 tea, 1 tin sardines and one tin of meat paste. I also received number 2 clothing parcel from Mother containing my tartan trews, shirt, towel, boot, collars, tie and socks. Great joy and comfort. I am now fairly well fitted out. I received some Woodbine cigarettes from the Red X and some tobacco from Mother. The former I gave to McGregor in instalments. After giving out the parcels I had some tea and then took a walk with [?]. My beautiful uniform created considerable impression among the various nationalities. The saluting has largely increased and much more respect is now shown to us than formerly. I managed to get permission from the police center officer for the men to cook in one of the disused cook houses. This caused considerable satisfaction. Took another walk with [?] and after writing my diary, started on some cooking. [?] and I supped of an army ration and some bread and butter and cocoa. Afterwards to bed at the close of a beautiful, hot summer's day.

Thursday Aug 15th

Breakfast. After this I devoted an hour to learning German instead of going to sleep. Dad has sent me a German dictionary and grammar and four other books in German. During the morning we were informed that we were to go away tomorrow. I got up, shaved and dressed and did various small jobs. I got my money changed and several bits of rubbish cleaned out. I did a little cooking for [?]'s lunch and had my own of stewed vegetables and water and some bread and honey. After lunch I paid up the coke bill and collected money for the servants. I went and paid a farewell visit to the Russian doctors. They are most extremely kind and genial and seemed really very sorry that we were going away. The following officers are under orders for departure. [?], [?] [?], [?], [?], [?] and myself. Some parcels arrived during the afternoon and I spent an hour giving them out. I received nothing. Tea for which we had roast potatoes, followed by maraconi. I made a cornflour pudding. I then negotiated for a valise for purchase for [?]. I fixed up various small matters. Wrote a line to Mother and a card to Mrs Allen. Went and said "Goodbye" to the French aspirants. Supped with [?] off a tin of pilchards and a cornflour pudding. Cocoa and bread to follow. A short stroll and then to bed. Thus ends my time in a German hospital. I have been kindly treated except for one incident for which I received an apology

from a high quarter. I have not been outside the grounds of the hospital, since my entry on Ap. 28th. This is really my only complaint. I should have liked to have been able to take more exercise for my health's sake. I have had to be content with walking round the grounds, which are very small. I have had several interesting opportunities of studying German character. At first they are naturally prejudiced against us, but by degrees this works off and they were quite kind and pleasant to us by the time we came to leave. I shall look forward to seeing a good bit of Germany and going on my travels again, which have continued now without interruption for over four years.

Friday Aug 16th

Breakfast. I had some macaroni. McGregor came in and cleaned up my kit very well. I got up immediately afterwards and dressed with great care. I finished my packing and had dinner of stewed potatoes and some macaroni. Various people came in to say goodbye. The interpreter and Inspector Miller also the doctors. I went to say goodbye to the French 'aspirants' and paid up the servants. We left the ward about 12.15pm with our luggage on a small cart pulled by McGregor and McKay. I had a suitcase, a kit bag and a card box. We walked to the station and I got into a second class compartment. We were all together with our escort who was a French-speaking lance-corporal in the German army. We started on our travels at 1.15pm and spent most of the time looking out of the windows and admiring the German scenery. Pomerania is mostly forests and swamps. It is however the Agricultural part of Germany. We travelled by Alteramm and Stettin and reached Berlin about 6.15pm. We got out at the Bank of Stettin and boarded 2 very crowded tramcars with our baggage. I nearly got left behind and came by myself in the second car. I had no money, so when asked for any fare, I could only point at our escort. This caused some amusement. We went down the Unter den Linden and past the Potsdamer Platz and the Brandenburg Gate. After about half an hour's ride we reached the Bank of Anhalter and here we boarded a second class carriage on the Frankfurt express. Our escort told us that we could stay in the second class at our own risk of being turned out by German officers. There was plenty of room in the third class. However we preferred to risk it and to stay where we were. Luck was with us and we managed to retain our seats. The train started at 8.15pm. I managed to eat a little food and after dark fell we all went to sleep. We were quite fairly comfortable. In my carriage was [?], [?], [?], [?] and the escort. [?] [?] were in next door. We travelled by Hallé and Eisenbach. Slept fairly well. Quite comfortable. Train was an express and went very quickly. Berlin was a fine town. Very clean with beautiful buildings and hotels. The part round the Unter den Linden is particularly fine. I saw no slums or suburbs. One gets out of the town very quickly. Many of the cafes were open and I saw a number of people having drinks. I saw no food in any shops, but there were some good shops containing clothing and odds and ends. There were a great number of people in the streets and a great number of tramcars, all full of people. The military were everywhere. I noticed a queue of people at a fruit stall, which had a few things on it. Their stations are very fine and clean with fine big entrance and bookings halls, but the stations themselves are not as big as ours. Not many trains were running and such as were, were crowded to their almost capacity. The people rather resembled the native of India, for they did not seem to mind how tightly they were packed in the trains. Needless to say the military had the prior claim. They all travel 3rd class. The officers go second class and no one at all seems to go first class. The fourth is always crammed. An old woman shouted to me "you speak English" at which I smiled. The people in no way showed any hostility to us; some of them even smiled at us and several spoke to us in German and English. The sudden change to life after our imprisonment in hospital had a bad effect on some of us. [?] was very sick and ill during the journey and [?] had colic and had pains inside. However we all managed to struggle along and except for the weight of packages, we all got along all right. We had to be our own porters except for a few small boys which we were able to hire at Berlin.

Saturday Aug 17th

I slept fairly well in the train. We reached Frankfurt at 7am. Here we changed trains. It was a very big station and the crowds were considerable. The poor civilian did not get much of a look in. We got into a third class corridor and for an hour I had to sit on my suitcase. I munched a few biscuits and began to admire south Germany, which began to get hilly. We travelled by Darmstadt and Heidleberg. At the first place some of the German troops got out and I managed to get a sea in a third class compartment. We reached Karlsruhe at 11pm. We went into a large waiting room and were told we had to wait for 1¼ hours. Our escort got us all some lemonade and we made a meal and amused ourselves by watching the various types of German soldiery, who passed the barrier. At 12.15pm we boarded a local train. We were put into a third class compartment with a number of German civilians and for the first time I displayed the glories of my dress. Great was their curiosity and their amazement; also their respect. We reached Rastatt shortly after one o'clock and carried our kit to the waiting room. We were advised to leave it there and we were taken through the town to the office of the Kommandantur. After a wait here we were taken to an old fort on the edge of the town and locked into a sort of keep. It was a circular bastion with a grass plot in the middle and two enormous iron gates with double locks. Here we met seven other British officers, one American and five French, who had been there since 10am that morning. We cooled our heels in this place for some considerable time. Some filthy tea was brought to us about 4o'clock. I could not touch it myself. About 6o'clock an interpreter came and we had to fill up two forms of particulars of ourselves. An attempt was made to extract our battalions, but it only succeeded in one or two cases. The interpreter then left us and shortly afterwards, we each received a bowl of vegetable soup. As our kits were at the station, we could not supplement our rations in any way and we were getting a bit anxious about the safety of our luggage. When we had finished our soup, an escort arrived and we were marched about 1½ miles to a very big internment camp. As I entered the enclosure I saw [?] and we exchanged a few words. I was however put into a different block to him. After wandering through the camp for some time, our escort managed to find the right enclosure and we were put inside. A soldier in the D.C.L.I. met us and took us to a hut and issued us with two blankets, a sheet, a towel and a counterpane. We were then put into a hut with about forty French officers. It was a good sized hut, lit with electric light and had plenty of windows. Earthenware jugs and bowls were scattered about. The beds were arranged in groups of four, two on the upper deck and two on the lower. I got into the lower deck with a French lieutenant who was a farmer near Lyons. Our upper berths were empty so we used them for stowing our few belongings. There were four or five other English officers in the camp, but there were about 150 French. They were very charming and made us welcome. [?] of the D.G.s and I were the only two of our party, who could speak French at all fluently and we quickly set to work to cement the entente. After we had been in the hut about an hour, we received an issue of biscuits and tea, which the British soldiers in the camp had very kindly collected among themselves for us. This was very welcome. Our kits were still at the station, so we had to go to bed without them. The lights in the hut were put out at 11pm, which found us all asleep or thereabouts.

Sunday Aug 18th

I got up and partly dressed and went into the mess hut about 8o'clock to see what I could find. I found some horrible tea, which I could not drink. I came back to my hut and shaved and dressed and had some breakfast of bread and butter and water. Afterwards I made my bed and unpacked and put my house in order. A roll-call parade was held at 10am. We formed up as per barrack in fives and were counted. After this we had our midday meal at 11.30. A sort of vegetable soup and we were given some congealed horse radish sauce to put on our bread. I bought a bottle of beer at the canteen. After dinner I had some long chats with the French and then had a game of bridge with these French officers. They played very well and I enjoyed it thoroughly. We received a bowl of tea about 4o'clock. I had

rather bad colic all day and could not eat much. We had a small meal about 4pm of bread and butter. [?] and I took a walk round the place and saw what we could. The compound is slightly bigger than the one at Stargard with a double fencing of wire. At 7o'clock we made some tea for ourselves; we got some boiling water from the cookhouse. Had a meal. I halved a tin of bully beef with [?]. After this we watched some sports which the men on the staff here were having. They were very good fun and provided a lot of amusement for us all. I had a long chat to a group of French officers until 9o'clock and then took a walk with a French priest, who held a Combatant Commission (Capt.) in the army. He was very interesting and charming and I enjoyed the talk immensely. I speak more French than English here and am all the better for it. Turned in to sleep about 10.30pm. Colic was still rather bad. Slept fairly well.

Monday Aug 19th

Stayed in bed until after 8o'clock. I managed to get an orderly to bring me some hot shaving water. Dressed and cleaned myself. Had breakfast of some tea and bread and butter. Dressed and attended the roll-call parade. Came in and wrote this journal. Dinner of stewed vegetables and some lemonade and bread and butter. Wrote to the Commandant for the parcels to be sent on from Stargard. Gave a lesson in English to some French officers. Wrote up this journal. About 3.30pm we had some tea. We each take it in turns to go to the cookhouse to obtain boiling water and make tea in a big earthenware jug. After tea I went for a good walk with a French officer. Came in and read for a bit. We had some vegetable soup at 6.30 and followed it at 7pm with some bully beef, tea and biscuits. I then played a hard game of chess with [?]. After a good struggle I won. Took a walk with him. Wrote a note to the British soldiers in camp to thank them for their kind gifts of bread and biscuits to us. Turned in. Lights out at 10pm.

Tuesday Aug 20th

I was orderly officer of the hut, so I had to be up by 7.30am to draw and distribute the bread. Had an al fresco wash and draw the bread. I have arranged for a servant, one Stanbridge of the Oxford and Bucks. He came in and cleaned up my kit and boots and buttons. Shaved and had some breakfast of bread and butter and tea. Roll-call at which I handed in a postcard directed to Mother. We also wrote to Stargard to have our parcels sent on to us. I spent 1½ hours translating a German newspaper and writing out an English communiqué for the benefit of all British ranks. This lasted me until 11.30am when I had my lunch of some stewed vegetables and some dreadful fish. After lunch I took a walk with a French officer and then read for an hour. I bought a wooden suitcase at the canteen for eleven marks and transferred some of my things to it. Played bridge with some French officers and had tea at 3.45pm. I drew my ration of four biscuits supplied by the Red Cross. I made a hole in these and blew water through them and left them to dry. When dry they are excellent, being like new white bread. We had soup again at 6.30pm. Roll-call was at 4pm. After soup we had a meal of our own consisting of some pudding and bread and butter. I beat [?] at a hard game of chess. Took a walk with him. Stanbridge produced some tea just before we went to bed. Was very glad of it. Brewed as the soldiers love it. Very strong. Turned in but did not get into bed before the lights were switched off at 10pm.

Wednesday Aug 21st

Got up about 8.15. Shaved and washed and had breakfast. We were issued with a ration of stewed rhubarb, which was quite good. After breakfast I finished Lady Inglis "Siege of Lucknow" and began on Brock's "Life of Sir Henry Havelock". Roll-call at 10. Rather long owing to some officers being late. Came in and washed up. Copied out communiqué at length. Distributed some small biscuits, which the French owed to us. We each got 23. They were quite good and filling and made an excellent addition to our menu. Soup at 11.30. Played bridge afterwards and wrote out some more news. Went and had a bath. There were hot and cold douches and they were the best things for prisoners of war which

I have seen hitherto. I made friends with a French doctor, who asked me to send him some English pipes. I agreed to do so. Had quite a long interesting chat with him. He was a Paris surgeon and held the rank of Capt. Came back from the baths and had some tea and biscuits and margarine. Read for some time. Defeated Robert at chess. Talked interminable French and wrote out more news. Wrote my journal. It is impossible to learn any German in a crowded and noisy hut with no one to help one. I must wait until I am sent to an internment camp. However I talk more French than English and have quite got back into the old swing of it. The French are very cheery and light-hearted and there is much more life here than at Stargard. There are priests and doctors, majors and subalterns, English and French; also a number of English NCOs and men. Today is the hottest day we have had in Germany. About midday some allied aeroplanes flew over very high up on their way to Karlsruhe. Sirens were sounded but there was no bomb dropping. I have managed to get a bit of tobacco of one of the men, which will keep me going for some time. Situation easier. [?] and I had some supper together off an army ration. Played poker. Unfortunately we asked an American officer to play. The results were bad. He would not play with two packs because he wanted to watch the other pack being shuffled! Took a good walk with [?] and turned in to bed. Slept very well.

Thursday Aug 22nd

Up about 8am. Washed under the tap. My servant got me some shaving water. Dressed and had breakfast. We drew a little cheese as a ration. Soon after breakfast our aeroplanes came on a bombing raid over Karlsruhe. They were shot at by A-A guns and German machines went up against them. Two 'planes were brought down, though I do not know to which nation they belonged. I wrote out a number of news sheets during the day. I also played a little bridge and talked a great deal of French. I have finished Brock's "Life of Sir H. Havelock" and have started on "Roderick Random" by Smollett. During the afternoon a Spanish commission, consisting of two civilians came round. They stayed in the camp for about 3 hours. They summoned the American officer and he complained freely. So also did the French Commandant. We had our tea out of doors. The weather is most extremely hot. Rather like India. Beautiful moonlight nights. During the day we drew some emergency parcels. Mine contained 4 packets of biscuits, 2 tins of cheese, 3 tins of bully beef, 1 packet of tea, cocoa and 1 tin of milk and another of veal. Very useful. Great was our joy. In the evening I had some supper with [?] which consisted of a tin of bully beef and some vegetables, which we had saved out of our evening soup, bread and jam. Had a game of chess with French and managed to beat him. Had a walk with Robert and were joined by my friend Dr [?] [?]. Turned in to bed about 10pm and slept well.

Friday Aug 23rd

Up betins. Washed, shaved and dressed. Breakfast. We drew an issue of jam, which together with some bread and tea, made up our breakfast. I wrote out some further news-sheets. Read and distributed and prepared some biscuits. Soup at 11.30. Went to the recreation room and wrote my journal and studied German. This room is just a bare hut with some tables and stools in it. It is however quiet. Another very hot day. Read until 3.30 when we had a meal. Could not get any hot water for tea. I distributed some biscuits and wrote out some more communiqués. Worked for 1½ hours at my German in the recreation room. I also taught Robert some French. Soup at 6.30 followed by a more practical meal of bully beef, bread and cheese and some tea. I took a walk with Pop, an officer of the Rhodesian regiment and learnt a good deal about his country. He had been in both German East and German S.W. campaign. We split a bottle of beer and had a long chat in the cool of the evening. Took another walk with a French officer, whom I discovered to be a mason. We discussed international freemasonry. Walked until about 10pm when I turned in to sleep well.

Saturday Aug 24th

Up about 8.15. My turn to be orderly officer. I washed and dressed and then made our tea for breakfast. Ate some bread and cheese. After breakfast was roll-call. I then prepared the days news-sheet which took me until 11.15. Gave Robert his French lesson and then had my lunch of vegetable soup. Went to the reading room and wrote a long letter to Dad enclosing one to Donald McLeod. Wrote this book. Cooler day inclined to rain. [?] confined to his bed with a touch of fever. I gave him some quinine out of my precious store. At 3.30 we had some tea and watched the departure of 460 French officers. A heavy thunderstorm took place in the afternoon. Everyone rushed to get in their bed clothes and their biscuits, which were outside drying in the sun. I read a bit. Took a walk with [?] and [?] until; 6.30pm. I drew my issue of vegetables from the dining hut and together with some cold tinned veal and bread and cheese and cocoa, I made my supper. After supper I took the news communiqués down to the mens' hut and had a long chat with them. Talked about Mesopotamia and India and I found a very sympathetic and appreciative audience. Our L/cpl Mackintosh, who had been in the Merchant Service was particularly interested in the Persian Gulf. They showed me some photos they had had taken of themselves. I stayed there until 9am after which I came back to the hut and turned in. Very dark, cloudy night. During the day I had several chats with the men and found them in excellent health and spirits. They are all getting parcels, There are 54 of them and they are employed on permanent camp fatigue. Some plum tarts were on sale in the canteen. Eight marks each was the price demanded for them. They were only bought by the French. In the evening I delivered a homily to my brother officers on the propriety of being properly dressed for roll-call and meals. I shall be interested to see if it will have any result. I am learning a quantity of French slang, not all of it quite proper, I am afraid. Cooler after the rain. [?] better in the evening. I gave him some more quinine.

Sunday Aug 25th

I had fully intended to go to Mass this morning at 8.45 but to my sorrow I did not wake until 8.35. Breakfast at 9am of café-au-lait and bread and cheese. [?] was orderly. I had not time to shave before breakfast and was ragged about it, because of my lecture overnight. Roll-call. On this parade it was given out that we could go for a walk to-day at 3pm and every day at 2pm. We were also told that if we had not heard from home for three months, we could send a telegram of 20 words. None of us can qualify for this privilege. After roll-call I distributed some biscuits and prepared my share for eating. Shaved. I drew a map of Asia and the Persian Gulf to interest some of the men. Soup at 11.30am. Wrote this log, which has practically become an account of the travels of seven of us. Long may it continue. I gave Robert his French lesson and learnt myself some German. The Gay Dragoon as we call [?] is better to-day and can walk about and do things. A lovely day, much cooler and very bright. During the afternoon I took a long walk with [?]. This lasted until 3.30pm, when we had tea. After this meal I relapsed into a deep conversation with [?] on the relations between the civil and the military. We played bridge later on and I lost 7d. Soup at 6.30. Had supper off some bully beef and bread and dripping and cocoa. Went down to the mens' hut and took them the news. I spent the evening with them and we had a long and interesting chat. Turned in to bed about 10am. The German sentry came and ordered us to put out the light.

Monday Aug 26th

Up about 8.30am. Breakfast of café-au-lait and bread and biscuits. Roll-call. I wrote a lot of news-sheets. The news just now is excellent. We were back again on the old Somme battlefields of 1916. Soup at 11.30am. I took a walk in the afternoon and read a bit. The first of a series of walks began. 20 officers from each hut went out. They had to sign their parole and had to march in fours, but the sentries were not armed. The escort consisted of one German sergeant major and two privates. They were taken for about 6 miles. I had not the change to go, as officers were chosen in priority in proportion to the time they had been in the camp. Tea at 3.30. I played chess with [?] afterwards I lost. I played too

quickly and did not take enough care. He was on his game. I translated an article from the "Frankfurter Zeitung" say some repatriated German prisoners. Supper at 6.45. Afterwards I went down to the mens' hut and gave them the news. They insisted on giving me some more supper. They were also entertaining a French doctor, by name Dr L.D. who had done them some good turns when they were ill. They gave us some bully beef and rice and treacle and some beer and tea. After this meal we had a sort of impromptu sing song and I danced a fling. We kept this up until about 9.50pm, when I had to retire to bed.

Tuesday Aug 27th

Lazy. Did not get up until nearly 9o'clock. Breakfast of tea and bread and cheese. Roll-call. I again translated the newspaper and produced some very good news. Worked hard at this until 11.30am. Had some lunch of bread and cheese. I wrote a letter for one of the men and then this book. I read during the afternoon and learnt some German. We had tea at 3.30. About this time, all the officers in Block II came over and joined us here. [?] of the 42nd came, also many of our old friends from Stargard including [?] and others. We showed them various beds and made them as comfortable as possible. They brought with them masses of food, so they were not in any immediate difficulty. After tea I had a long walk with [?]. He told me of the death of Kilgour, Dennis Cooke, Balimain and Kimber. All of the 42nd. They had had more casualties than I knew of. He gave me a great deal of news of various people. Supper at 7pm. I took the news down to the men and stayed chatting to them for about an hour. They are a splendid lot and in such very good form and spirits. Bed.

Wednesday Aug 28th

Up. Dressed and had breakfast. Made a poor attempt to shave and was badly ragged about it. Roll-call. I translated more news and had some soup about 11.30. Afterwards I read for a bit and then went to sleep. Woke up about 2pm and cleaned up my kit for the walk. At 3pm we fell in for a walk. About 50 of us went and were escorted by two sentries and an officer. We went for about 5 miles and went mostly through the woods. We had a little rest half-way. I managed to gather a little heather. The walk was very pleasant and I hope it will be repeated. We returned about 5.30pm and I set to work to produce the evening report. Supper at 7pm. I again paid a visit to the men and had a chat with them. I bought a new razor to get over this saving difficulty. I am determined to master the art of shaving with a blade razor. Bed. Heavy rain fell.

Wednesday Aug 29th

I did not get up until 9am. I had a heavy cold and rather a sore throat. Breakfast. I dressed and shaved and attended roll-call. Came in and wrote out the morning news. Could not face the German ration of soup, so made a modest lunch of bread and cheese and some tea. After lunch I read a bit and learnt some German and went to sleep. It poured with rain all the afternoon, so we were disappointed in our walk. Tea. After tea I took a long walk with a nice lad named [?] of the West Yorks regiment. He knows German and was just going up to Peterhouse, Cambridge, when the war broke out. He had got a scholarship and was rather clever in a crammed sort of way. However he was a bit of a sportsman and was aged 21 and hoped to be a journalist. We wrote out the evening news together and then I had supper. Defeated Robert at a game of chess and took the news down to the mens' hut and had a chat with them. Took a stroll with a private soldier named Withers, who was aged 21 and had been a bank clerk in London. He was quite a bright fellow and I spent a pleasant half hour chatting to him about his home and life in the army. Bed at 10pm. News from the front continues to be very good.

Thursday Aug 30th

Up in good time. Wrote a p.c. to Mother. Had some breakfast with [?] in his mess. I had porridge, eggs and bacon and rolls with marmalade. This shows what can be done by a communal mess, all of whom are in the habit of receiving parcels regularly. It was the best breakfast I have had since my captivity. Immediately afterwards I went to the bath house and had a douche and returned clean. Wrote out the morning news report. Took a walk with Pop until lunch. I am orderly officer for our mess to-day. Lunch of bread and sardines and tea. After lunch I read for a bit and went to sleep. At 3pm we all went for a walk. The sentries were unarmed but we all had to sign a parole again. We went through the town of Rastatt and were altogether out for about 1½ hours. I walked with a subaltern of the Essex Regt named [?]. Aged 22 and a bank clerk by trade, he was good company and I like him. He is trying to learn German and we work together. Came in about 5pm. [?] and I worked out the evening communiqués. The news still continues to be excellent. A lovely fine day but much colder. We now number 43 British officers in this cause. We get along all right. We are hoping for something to arrive soon from STARGARD. We manage to get sufficient to eat; but we are rather crowded in our sleeping accommodation and the French do not like having the windows open. After supper I went down to the mens' hut and took them the news. This is my nightly custom. I took a walk with [?] and [?] and turned in to bed. Very much colder.

Saturday Aug 31st

Woke up with a heavy cold in my head. Had breakfast of tea and bread and dripping. Wrote out the morning news. Went for a walk with [?], a lieut. in the 'Green Howards' and R.F.C. He had been brought down 9 months ago and had been wounded in the leg. Aged 21 and late of Oundle he was a very pleasant fellow. He was a regular officer and proposed to remain in the R.F.C. after the war. Lunch. I read for a bit and finally decided to give up 'Roderick Random'. It is too heavy for me. I am going to start 'Vanity Fair'. Slept until 30°c, when I took a walk with Robert and Blacklock until tea. I translated the evening communiqué and read a bit. Beat Robert at chess. Supper. We had a rehearsal for the concert in the Store house in the evening. It promises quite well. Bed.

Sunday Sept 1st

Up in good time. After breakfast I went to the mass. About 100 French officers were present. Wrote out the morning's news. Lunch. After lunch I took a short walk and started to read 'Vanity Fair'. At 4pm I went to a lecture in French on "The morale of the troops in war". He spoke very slowly and clearly and I could follow every word he said. It lasted for about an hour and was most interesting. Early supper about 6.15pm. Afterwards we had a concert in the lecture hut. Almost all the British and French officers were present. [?] was in the chair. Several of the men sang songs and about 10 of them formed a chorus. [?] of the Artillery sang a couple of songs and I danced a fling twice. It seemed to be appreciated. We had only an accordeon as an accompaniment. We finished up with "Auld Lang Syne" and all repaired to our huts. A general ragerneued and we raided two other huts, in the course of which I fell over a stool and bruised my knee rather. Bed.

Monday Sept 2nd

Breakfast of bread and cheese and tea. Roll-Call. A German Captain of note appeared on parade and asked for any complaints. The French Commandant had a few things to say and the Gay Dragoon made one or two suggestions on behalf of the English. Soup at 11.30. After lunch I took my blanket onto the grass in the sun and read for a bit and had a long chat to one [?] a sous-lieutenant on the 131st Regt. Tea. At 4pm I got ready to start my English lessons but it had to be postponed until leave had been obtained from the Commandant. I wrote out a lot of news from the German papers and read aloud extracts from the "Gazette des Ardennes" which is the French propaganda paper, printed in Germany and corresponds to the British "Continental Times", which we never see.

Supper. I took the news down to the men in the evening and then took a walk with one [?] of the Machine Gun Corps, who is an Irishman. An interesting chat and then to bed.

Tuesday Sept 3rd

Up and breakfast. Cold still very bad. Put on a pair of trews, as I must needs wash my sporran and spats. Roll-Call. Cleaned up my belt. Nothing of much interest during the day, during which I did not feel very strong. The French were all warned for departure on the morrow. During the evening I had some farewell chats to some of them. The camp was a hive of activity. Turned in after feeling rather cold.

Wednesday Sept 4th

Woke up with a sharp attack of fever. At about 6am the French began to move and there was such a noise and chatter in the room that sleep was impossible. I did not get up as my fever was high and I had a bad headache. I was given some tea by the mess. All the Frenchmen departed after many adieux. Quiet reigned and most British officers stayed in bed. I stayed in bed all the morning until about 4pm, when all the British officers were moved into one hut together. Robert and [?] moved my effects and I just managed to move myself. I went straight to bed in my new quarters, which were exactly like the previous ones. At about 6pm the sweat broke and I was all right again. I ate quite a good supper and after it, I took a walk with [?]. I was not able to produce any news. Bed about 10pm. The Gay Dragoon took up his position in the hutch at the end of the room and is the senior British officer in the camp.

Tuesday Sept 5th

Up in good time. Very fit and well. No hot water so I got the barber to shave me. Breakfast about 9.30. I spent a good hour writing out the news, which was considerable and good. I am orderly to-day and am busy getting tea and clearing tables etc. Wrote my history. It poured with rain during the whole morning and it was very difficult to pass the time. It cleared up after lunch, so I got a good walk. Wrote out the afternoon's news. Walked again. After supper I took the news into the mens' hut and afterwards an impromptu concert took place, which I attended. Bed.

Friday Sept 6th

Up early. Washed and dressed and went to the post office and drew four biscuit parcels which arrived from Copenhagen via Stargard. It poured with rain. Came back to breakfast. I read during the morning and wrote out the news. Lunch. It cleared up after lunch, so I had a good walk with [?]. Wrote out the afternoon reports. The news still continues to be very good and the Germans become more polite in proportion to the news. During the afternoon a real, live lieut-Colonel appeared. He was Lt-Col [?] D.S.O. M.C. of the Sherwood Foresters. He was in command of the Leicesters, when he was caught, which happened when he was out on patrol. He returned to rescue his wounded orderly and was caught. We invited him to join our mess and gave him some tea. [?] evacuated his hutch and the Col. took possession. We gave him some supper in the evening and found him a servant. During the evening it was decided to split up the mess into two. [?], [?], [?] and [?] split off and left [?], [?], the Col and myself.

Saturday Sept 7th

Up in good time. [?] made some rissoles for breakfast, which were excellent. After breakfast we each draw an extra blanket. I turned mine, a red one, into a table cloth and I managed to get an extra sheet to use to eat off. I blew a number of biscuits and busies myself by improving the mess. Lunch. During the afternoon we had a walk. It was a beautiful day and about 20 of us went for a walk in the woods, which were perfectly delightful. Very nice and cool. I gathered a bunch of wild flowers, which I put in an old jam jar on our table. Came in about 5o'clock. The Colonel and I took up our positions on the grass and had a long chat about sport at home and in Ireland. He is a great sportsman; hunts a

great deal and also shoots and fishes especially in Ireland. This chat lasted until about 6pm, when we repaired to the cook-house and cooked ourselves some toast. I wonder what our respective mess-sergeants would have said if they had seen us. We made quite a good meal at 7pm. I took the news into the mens' hut and stayed talking to them for a bit. Took a stroll round by myself and came in and drank some beer at a round table conference on the war and its probable duration. Bed.

Sunday Sept 8th

Up. Dressed and shaved. Breakfast, for which [?] made some more rissoles. I blew biscuits and then attended a church service. [?] a Lt in the Sherwood Foresters took the service. I think he must be a nonconformist preacher in civilian life. He took it very well. We sang some hymns and he gave a short address and read some lessons. I wrote out a lot of news afterwards, which took up most of the morning. Lunch. We have impressed Pte Elcomb, who is the Col's servant into doing duty as mess-waiter. As we have a white tablecloth and some flowers things are beginning to look a little more civilized. We manage to get on quite all right. Tea. I took a long walk in the afternoon. After supper I took the news to the mens' hut and met a young fellow named Lewis of the Wilts. He had been in Mesopotamia with me and came home on the same hospital ship and was also in Egypt. Had a long chat to him and turned in to bed.

Monday Sept 9th

Up in good time. Breakfast, A pouring wet day. I wrote out a short communiqué and read the "Barrack Room" ballads, which I managed to obtain. Blew some biscuits and toasted them. Lunch. I sat down and started a game of bridge, when I was called out to receive a parcel from home dated July 24th. Very satisfactory indeed. Came in and wrote out news and blew more biscuits. Tea. I took a walk with G[?] and M[?] and made some toast until supper. I took the news to the man and read them some of Kipling's poems. This started a discussion and I stayed chatting to them until nearly ten o'clock. I was asked to give a lecture on Mesop. I promised it for the following night. Came in and drank beer. Bed.

Tuesday Sept 10th

Up. Breakfast, for which we had a tin of bacon. Wrote out some news. Roll-call. Wrote this work. It poured with rain all the morning. We managed to blow some biscuits and get them toasted for lunch. After lunch I read for an hour and then went and had a bath. Came back to tea. Blew more biscuits and toasted them. Supper. I took the news to the men and afterwards gave a lecture on Mesopotamia to some officers and men. It seemed to be appreciated. Drank beer and went to bed.

Wednesday Sept 11th

Dressed and had breakfast. Wrote some news. Roll-call. An inspection is expected. Great preparations are being made. Much cleaning and eye-wash. Orders re saluting and feeding were given to the Colonel, who promptly defeated them. We had to have our lunch in the dining hall. We played "Slippery Sam" in the afternoon and after the tea the entourage arrived. It consisted of a German Colonel from the War Office and some minor satellites. He was accompanied by the Camp Commandant here, who is a stout Colonel. They walked round the hut and looked at a few of our things. They called up Colonel [?] and he asked how long we were to be here. We were told that new camps were being built and that we should shortly go to one. We asked for a piano and billiard table and more frequent walks. They were to be granted except the billiards. We complained of the food and of the fact that we had to pay 1m-60pf a day for it. We were told it was all that they had. The German officers were quite polite to us. We gambled until supper time. After supper I took the news to the mens' hut and stayed talking to them for some time. Pouring wet all day. Bed.

Thursday Sept 12th

Up and breakfast. I went and drew some parcels, which were very satisfactory. I got one biscuit parcel and one from home. In a mail-bag there were three broken parcels, which had been put together at Stargard. They were all broken, but the contents were intact and I received all the necessary toilet things, some pyjamas, clothing, glengarry, boots, tobacco and some food. Great was my job. My surprise was equally great that when I discovered that nothing had been taken in spite of all the parcels being broken. The idea of putting all the things in a mail bag and sealing it up was quite satisfactory. I came back and spent some time with my servant Goodman of the Rifle Brigade in putting my house in order. I have a considerable collection of things now and am quite well off. Lunch off a cold tongue which Mother sent me. We had an officers photograph group taken and also a group of our mess. Quite good. After lunch I took a long walk with the Colonel. About midday a group of British soldiers came past, going to the hospital. They were most painfully thin and we all rushed out and threw them biscuits and food. Their condition was truly terrible. Their guards tried to prevent them getting the good and a guard tried to force us away from the wire. We managed however to get some food over to them and only stopped because we were chased away. However we were consoled, when we heard that they were to be admitted to hospital for we knew there were British officers there and that they would receive food. After a long walk with the Colonel, I came in and had some tea and then wrote out the news. Wrote up this journal. My glengarry badge is much admired. Supper. We had some cold tongue and asparagus, which mother sent me. Very good. I took the news to the men and stayed chatting with them until bedtime. Wore my new pyjamas and bedroom slippers.

Friday Sept 13th

Up. Shaved with my new razor. Breakfast of bacon and bread and jam. Roll-call. The camp commandant came and visited us and asked for complaints. He was very nice and granted us all we asked for. He was much amused at our request for a piano. A new block commandant was presented to us. He had only one arm. Blew biscuits. Very wet day again. Lunch. I read a bit during the afternoon and played bridge. Wrote news and took a walk with [?]. Tea. Blew biscuits and toasted them and talked until supper. I am getting up a series of lectures and tried to get various fellows to assist. After supper Col. [?] gave us a lecture on Coal Mines. He spoke for over an hour and was very interesting. It lead to a discussion which filled up the time until we went to bed.

Saturday Sept 14th

Up in good time. Breakfast. I wrote out news, blew biscuits and put up some shelves. Roll-call. I managed to hold a copy of 'Just So' Stories, which amused us all morning. Lunch. I wrote a letter card to mother and one to Col. Fortune. We had a walk in the afternoon for about 4 miles to a neighbouring village. I enjoyed it very much. Tea on return. Continued to read and write until supper. After supper I went and heard a lecture by Rodger on Flying. Very good indeed. The piano arrived. Bed. Air-raid during the night.

Sunday Sept 15th

We were all awakened by the piano being played. This drew an order that there should be no playing before 2pm. Breakfast. Did some biscuit blowing and walking. Wrote news until lunch. In view of the recent success in the St Michiel Sector, we can hear the guns quite clearly. After lunch I had a long chat with the Colonel and watched a number of the men bathing in the horse trough. Read until tea. Watched a game of football and chatted to the French priest. Took a long walk with Paxton of the Warwicks. Had a long, interesting chat. After supper we had a smoking concert, at which I again danced a fling. Bed. Air-raid. Great anti-aircraft barrage. Bombs dropped near Baden.

Monday Sept 16th

Up in good time. Breakfast. Wrote out the news. Roll-call. In future we all have to appear dressed a like as much as possible and without hats. Hut to be cleaned by 9.30am. We started a German lesson under Rolfe of the Cambridgeshire. I attended; it lasted for an hour. Summer time has come to an end, so we all put out watches back. Blew biscuits with the Colonel. The Belgian officers gave me a packet of tobacco. Lunch. Took a good deal of exercise in the afternoon with Davies of the R.A.M.C and [?] of the R.A.F. Wrote news and had tea. Walked again with Clidero of the Green Howards and Johnson of the Lincolns. This lasted until supper. I went to the second part of Rodger's lecture on Flying, which was good and amusing. Read Lloyd George's speech to the men and went to bed.

Tuesday Sept 17th

Up in good time. Breakfast. Wrote news and attended roll-call. Had another German lesson. A German general came round on an inspection, so we had to postpone lunch until after his departure. I arranged the sale of the postcards and completed the deal. After lunch I wrote out more news and blew biscuits and mixed some tobacco. I drew another biscuit parcel and one from Mother containing a big tin of bully beef, biscuits, and bloaters. Supper. Took the news to the men and stayed chatting with them until bedtime.

Wednesday Sept 18th

Up in good time. Breakfast. I busied myself with various small jobs. I got another parcel from mother containing a tin of peas, and other useful things; also a parcel of books from Sylvie. Lunch. Took a good walk in the afternoon. Supper. Lecture in the evening by [?] on Heavy artillery in modern warfare. Nothing particular to record. Bed.

Thursday Sept 19th

Up in good time. Had a bath. Came back to breakfast, after which we had to change our hut. We moved to a much brighter one, which had been cleaned and disinfected. The moving took most of the morning. As an official from the German War Office was expected again we had to have our meals in the dining hall. It poured with rain all day, so we sent a dull and profitless day. It cleared up in the afternoon, so I took a long walk with Paxton. Felt much better after it. Wrote out the news. Supper. Went and had a chat with the men. Bed.

Friday Sept 20th

Up in good time. Breakfast. I wrote out news and attended my German class. I received a big batch of letters. Mrs Coxon, Stella Pattenden, Col Victor, Ethel Nicholls, Mother and Sylvie. Lunch. After lunch I did various little jobs and took a walk until the news came. I wrote it out. Good news from St Quentin. Tea. After tea I practiced the sword dance very assiduously and sang songs. Started my French class, with about 32 men. They all seemed keen and were mostly young fellows. Supper. We had a lecture by Clare of the R.A.M.C. on Canada. It was interrupted by an air-raid. A lad named Varney of the Oxford & Bucks buttonholed me afterwards for a talk about his future. I am trying to interest myself in the futures of some of the younger soldiers. Hence my attempts to educate them and to give them the news. After a good chat with this lad I went back to the hut and had a long chat on Turkey, with [?], who has spent a long time there. Turned in at 11pm.

Saturday Sept 21st

Up betimes. Breakfast. Wrote news and corrected my French exercises. A sharp reprimand by the Colonel on parade to all officers, on account of slackness and laziness. A German lesson and biscuit blowing lasted until lunch. I took a walk in the afternoon and read 'Vanity Fair'. Tea. I practised my dance and walked long with Johnson. Gave

lessons to my French class. 27 attendants. 3 on duty. Supper. Went to hear Clare lecture on Canada. Came back to bed after a chat with Johnson and [?].

Sunday Sept 22nd

Up in good time. Wrote the news. Roll-call. A church service under [?] at which we sang psalms and hymns to a piano. Blew biscuits and took a walk with [?]. Lunch. It poured with rain all the afternoon. I went to sleep and read until tea, after which I took a walk with Johnson of the Lincolns, who is a very nice fellow and inclined to be friendly. In the evening I gave my French lesson and after supper, we had an officers' concert at which I danced the swords. The concert was really excellent, several dark horses having been discovered, which gave us much pleasure. In the evening I had a chat with a young soldier named Varney of the Oxford & Bucks, who was ambitious about his future and his French. I made arrangements to help him all I could. Bed.

Monday Sept 23rd

Up in good time. After breakfast I did the news and after roll-call I went to my German. Lunch. It poured with rain the whole day and was very unpleasant. I slept a bit in the afternoon and finished 'Vanity Fair'. Got in a short walk and went to practice my French on the Belgian officers for an hour. Gave my French class to the men and came in to supper. In the evening I took Varney for a hour in French. In to bed.

Tuesday Sept 24th

Up in good time. After breakfast of bread and dripping and tea, I wrote out a quantity of news. German class followed by blowing of biscuits and a walk with the Col. on which we gathered some flowers. Lunch. In the afternoon I wrote to Dad and Mrs Coxon and received my valise containing great coat and dressing-gown. Very welcome. After tea I took a walk and took Varney in a French lesson and then took the whole class. Supper. Took the news to the men and went and heard Davies of the R.A.M.C. give a lecture on 'some medical anecdotes'. Very amusing indeed. Have not laughed so much for a long time. Took a walk with Johnson and after a chat with the Colonel over a pot of beer, I went to bed. Wore my dressing gown in the evening. Much admired.

Wednesday Sept 25th

Up in good time. Had some chocolate from Mother for breakfast. The best I have ever taken. After translating the papers, I did German for an hour and then took a walk with Davies. Blew biscuits, wrote up this journal. Grand day. During the afternoon we had a walk. I lent my boots to Robert and we walked together. We rambled through the woods and not in fours and we were not worried at all. It was thoroughly enjoyable. Did not come in until after 5pm. Had some tea and then took my French class. Supper. In the evening we had a debate, at which I took the chair in the house of about a hundred. The motion was "That in the opinion of this house, Peace by negotiation is preferable to peace by complete military victory". The motion was easily lost; only 11 voting for it. Rolfe, Willey and Tresilian spoke for it. Gale, the Col, Davies, Start, Allen, Thompson and Pte [?] Mcadgor spoke against it. Private business followed, at which French was elected chairman and [?] as vice-chairman. Bed.

Thursday Sept 26th

Up in good time. Getting very low in the food line. Breakfast of biscuits and tea. I wrote out the news and had my German lesson. Lunch. After writing more news, I had a bath, which was very pleasant. Came in and chatted to the Col. and had tea. A walk with Leech was followed by a private lesson for Varney. French class took place. Supper. I took the news to the men and went to a lecture by [?] 'Some experiences in Turkey'. Very interesting indeed. Drank beer and went to bed. Air-raid. Slept.

Friday Sept 27th

Up. Breakfast of dry black bread and tea. I received a biscuit parcel. So did [?] and [?]. Wrote the news and had a German lesson. Took a sharp walk until lunch. A fresh party of British officers arrived, but they only had a bath and went straight to hospital, so we did not get an opportunity of saying much to them. Some in the Flying Corps. I read for most of the afternoon and did some walking. After tea I gave Varney an hour's lesson and then took my French class. Supper. I played poker in the evening and lost about 40 marks, so had a drink of beer and went to bed.

Saturday Sept 28th

Up and had breakfast. Translated long screeds of good news and published them. Learnt German for an hour and took a long walk with [?] until lunch. Read for a bit after lunch. At 3pm about 20 of us set out on a long and rapid walk. We went for about 5 miles over country and visited one of the Palaces of the Grand Duke of Baden. The house was very ugly, but the grounds were very fine. We got some very nice flowers and especially some red Virginia, which looked well on our mess table. Did not get in until 6pm and felt quite tired. A thoroughly enjoyable walk. Supper. Afterwards I went to hear [?] lecture on 'Lace-Making'. Interesting but rather technical. Bed.

Sunday Sept 29th

Up and breakfast. Biscuits and dripping and cheese. Wrote out lots of excellent news. We had a short church service and I continued to write news. Wrote a postcard to mother. Read and walked during the afternoon. Very uninteresting day. I took my French class in the evening. The men gave us an excellent concert in the evening. They had rigged up a very satisfactory stage and the lighting effect had been carefully arranged. A good programme provided us with a very good evening's amusement.

Monday Sept 30th

Up in good time. Breakfast. I wrote out the news and learnt German and took a walk and then had lunch. Read and walked again until tea, when I repeated the procedure until I took my French class. After supper I went and had a long chat to the men. Bed.

Tuesday Oct 1st

Up in good time. Breakfast. I wrote out the news and learnt German afterwards taking a good walk until lunch. Days follow days in succession without anything of any great interest to record. After lunch I read and walked and walked and read until tea. I gave Varney an hour's French, but my French class could not come because of the difficulty of getting hot water. I remedied this. Supper. I gave a lecture on 'English Courts of Law'. It seemed to be appreciated. Chat to the Col. on the law of trespass and so to bed with a slight chill on my liver.

Wednesday Oct 2nd

Got up not feeling very well, but determined to be about. Breakfast. [?] received a number of parcels, which set our mess up on its feet again. Learnt German and took a walk until lunch. After lunch I blew biscuits and took over charge of the barrack finance. Made up my accounts. Not very much doing in the afternoon. I took my French class and gave them 100 French words to translate. They did very well. Supper. We debated in the evening on "All fine art is useless". The motion was easily lost. The house also refused to allow the men to participate in debates or be present. Bed.

Thursday Oct 3rd

Sylvie's birthday. I wonder how she is. 22 years old. UP in good time. We had some hot bacon for breakfast. I had almost forgotten what it tastes like. After breakfast I wrote out the news and had a German lesson. Lunch. In the afternoon we had a walk and we went

through Rastatt and saw such folk as there were to be seen. Came in and took Varney in French and then took my French class. Supper. Took the news to the men and chatted for a bit. Took a walk with Clidero and then to bed. Lights out at 9pm now instead of 10pm owing to some German Army Order. Bed.

Friday Oct 4th

Orderly Officer. Up in good time. Drew the bread and the sugar for the hut. Breakfast of more bacon. Wrote out the news and learnt German. Took a walk with Robert until lunch. Lunch. Busied myself after lunch. Took a walk and made some toast and thus unfortunately missed the weekly bath. Very annoyed. Tea. A visit by the Commandant followed. St Quentin has fallen; also Leers and Armentieres. Splendid news. I took my French class in the evening and had supper. Played a little poker and went to bed.

Sat Oct 5th

Up and dressed. Breakfast of the last bit of bacon. Wrote news. Roll-call. German Class. Walked round the compound until lunch. After lunch I drew two parcels from home. The contents were excellent. Asparagus and spinach and some honey and chocolate. Truly were they welcomed and appreciated. I had some tea and then went for a walk. We went for about 5 miles and while we were out, we heard of the news that Prince Max of Baden had proposed peace to the Allies. Very nearly victory, but not quite. Came in and took my French class and had supper. [?] came to sup. Played poker and went to bed.

Sunday Oct 6th

Up in good time. After breakfast we hung about for a long time until roll-call; it took place very late. We had a church service taken by Allen. Not too bad, only they will choose unusual hymns. After a walk, lunch. Quiet afternoon. Tea and supper. After supper we had an officers' concert for officers only. Turns by Wooding, Johnson, Wilkie and Artley. A French officer yodelled and [?] and Wilkie did some comic turns which were really quite comic. Came in to bed.

Monday Oct 7th

After breakfast we were warned to hand in our bed clothing. This was the first warning we have had of our impending move. We handed in our kit and immediately started packing. Goodman did my things up very well and Marsden dished out 20 biscuits a head. We had a lunch of cold bully beef and asparagus and then paraded with all our kits. Half of us, being clearly had a bath. I thereby disguised my belt. We had a good hot shower bath. Came back to Block 7 and rejoined the others. Our orderlies came and we removed our bag and baggage and ourselves to Block I. We sat about on the grass for about an hour. Then about 6 German officers arrived including the Commandant in his broken down car came. These officers took up a position in a hut behind various tables and British officers were admitted, six at a time, with their kits to be searched. I went in myself and opened all my kit for their inspection. They found 10 marks of Imperial German money which I had carelessly left in my coat pocket. They also found my map to the Swiss frontier, which they were welcome to have. I chaffed the fellow, who searched me, about a franc note on Bethune. He was very interested in any photographs of India. After the search, we sat out again on the grass and had a little food. We were joined here by 26 officers from Friedrichsfeste, making a total of 76. We were shown into an empty hut and told to draw our bed-clothes which we did. We made up our beds and were given a meal of soup. Turned in to bed early, after a short walk with Johnson. We all wondered where we were going to and what was to be done with us.

Tuesday Oct 8th

Up very early at 6.30. We received some boiling water and made some cocoa and had some biscuits and tinned fish for breakfast. We paraded about 90°c and our servants

loaded up two wagon loads of our kit and pushed it down to the station. We marched to the station and entrained in 4th Class carriages! French and I found ourselves in possession of one with a sentry each. Our kits were loaded up and our servants gave us quite a good salute as the train left the station. We had as an escort, a lieutenant and about 12 men. We arrived at Karlsruhe about 11am and were joined by about 70 more officers, all British. They would not let us have the carriage windows open or leave the carriages. I argued with the German officer about the windows and he said we could have the windows open when the train started. From Karlsruhe we went on to Frankfurt. Here it was decided that one sentry was sufficient for French and myself, so that left only three of us in the carriage. We then proceeded to settle down for the night. I got my head on my valise and got full length on the seat and managed to get a little sleep.

Wed. Oct 9th

About 4.am we were all turned out and marched in fours under innumerable sentries to a sort of soup kitchen. The Station was Bebra and it was pitch dark. We received a bowl of coffee, a piece of sausage and a piece of bread. We exchanged opinions with various officers from Karlsruhe. We all fell in to be marched back to the train, when there was some unaccountable delay. We were then asked if anyone had taken two pieces of bread instead of one. Patterson pleaded guilty, had to deliver up the bread, and we all proceeded to the train. Truly a wonderful nation. We continued our journey all day. French and I made cocoa with hot water from the engine and ate some biscuits and honey, which Mother had sent. We had a few tins of stuff and I managed to spread these out all over the journey. We slept at odd intervals during the day and read and chatted. Our sentry was very amenable. He made an excellent servant and fetched our water, brought papers and cleaned out the carriage. During the afternoon we reached Halle, where we were again turned out and marched for a short distance through the town to another soup-kitchen, where we were given a bowl of perfectly filthy stuff. I could not touch it and left the lot. We waited about here for about an hour. I met [?] and Bell, both of my regiment. They were with the 4/5th Balt. when they were caught. I got news of a number of friends from them. We rejoined our train again and set off on our travels. We were still in complete ignorance of our destination. We rattled on through the night. Again tried to sleep but it was not very easy to do so. We kicked our sentry into the corner and managed to lie down. News of the fall of Cambrai has arrived.

Thursday Oct 10th

We were turned out again at about 5am and taken to another soup kitchen. This time we were at Berlin and received a bowl of coffee(!) a piece of sausage and a piece of bread. We shunted about sidings and stations all the morning until about midday, when we got under weigh again. During our stay in Berlin, we managed to lose here of our sentries; also the officer who was in charge of us asked for Col. [?]. When the Col. appeared, the German said to him "you are not a Colonel". The Col. replied "yes I am". The German said "How old are you"? The Col's reply does not bear putting to paper. We travelled on during the day until about 2pm, when the engine broke down on a lonely piece of line. We spent an hour here walking about and wondering what would happen. The engine driver, who had been in America, spoke a little English and stated that the engine, Germany and everything was "caput" or finished. However another engine turned up and we proceeded on our way. About 10pm, we were turned out at a place called Kreuz, where we received some of the best soup, I have tasted since I have been in Germany. Meat and vegetables. We got back to the train pretty soon again and settled down for another night in the train.

Friday Oct 11th

We were turned out at about 8am at Konitz. Here we were given some coffee, bread and a piece of sausage. We stayed here for about an hour and French and I made some cocoa. We settled down in the train again and rambled on our way. We reached Ebling about midday and had a bowl of soup given to us. An old woman on the platform was much interested in my kilt. She said it would take 20 years for Germany to obtain clothes like mine. She stated that Germany was finished. When I showed her my kilt, she was much amazed. We journeyed on our way and reached Konigsberg about 9pm. We were given a bowl of soup and some coffee. We were surrounded with innumerable sentries. We were introduced to our new camp Commandant and his adjutant. We returned to our carriages and slept the night on the siding.

Sat. Oct 12th

Twenty four years of age and on a siding at Konigsberg in a 4th Class German carriage, being treated like the most inhuman criminal! We had some bread and sausage given to us and continued on our journey. We reached Pillan about 9.30am. We detrained and leaving our luggage at the station, we marching to our new camp, about a mile away called Campstigall. It had been a German convalescent camp and was on a promontory, surrounded on three sides by sea. As usual it was heavily wired. We were made to enter an empty hut and a very strict search was made of our kits and persons. I was the last to be done for the day and did not get done until 7.30am. We were given a bowl of washy soup and a few potatoes at midday. Kicked my heels and chatted to fellows until my turn for search came. I was stripped and my baggage was closely searched. A great interest was shown in my uniform. I was then lead to a hut, with twelve beds in it. I had a good spring bed with sheets and blankets and also a cup of cold coffee. Slept.

Sunday Oct 13th

Got up about 5am and washed and dressed. I moved my quarters to another hut to be with some of my friends. Watched the other officers join us after they had been searched. The search continued until 6pm. I arranged my kit and explored the camp during the morning. About midday we received some more slop. The food is really most filthy and terribly insufficient. During the afternoon we made our hut as comfortable as possible. We each received a bowl. Did a lot of chatting and walking about. Managed to secure a few minutes with the Col. in the evening. We decided to split the mess. I joined the Yorkshire mess, French went back to our old mess. The Col. formed a senior officers' mess. In our hut we have [?], [?], Rolfe, Coe, Paxton, [?], [?], [?] and Roberts and myself from Rastatt and Carter of the R.F.A. and Giles of the D.L.I. from Fredrichsfeste. Quite happy. Just a cup of coffee in the evening and so to bed.

Monday Oct 14th

Up in good time. A piece of bread and some coffee for breakfast. My mess is located in the next hut, so I just slip across to them for my meals. We had roll-call by 10am, which took place in a civilized way and did not take longer than a quarter of an hour. Fixed up various matters of camp routine. We had a general meeting of officers after roll-call, when a committee was elected and a messing committee. This latter immediately took over control of the cookhouse. Capt. [?] of the RAMC, who is a quartermaster, also French and a sub named Storey of the N.F.s. A great improvement in the messing immediately followed. I was elected Camp Treasurer. Col. Martyn was still in command. Dinner of soup and potatoes. I took a stroll in the afternoon and wrote out some news sheets and pinned them up. We had roll-call again at 4pm. After this our mess had a little meal of fried bacon and bread and some tea. Took a walk with Johnson and chatted and went to bed. Our mess consists of Robson, Mackay, Wiggins, all of the Yorkshire Regt and Johnson of the Lincolns. See P.228.

Tuesday Oct 15th

Up in good time. Washed and dressed. Roll-call. After roll-call I made out some lists in my official capacity as O.C. half our hut. I then did some washing of sporan and spats. Rather difficult, but the results were quite satisfactory. Dinner of soup and potatoes, cooked separately and much better. I took some exercise in the afternoon and wrote out some more news. Read it out to the huts. Roll-call. At 5.30pm or later owing to some difficulty over fuel, we had a meal of bacon and fried bread and tea. Wrote out some rolls for the Col. and took a sharp walk with him. Bed. A German Sergeant came round to us and turned out lights out. Stood by our stove for a bit and thought how soon we should be free.

Wednesday Oct 16th

Up rather late. Slept until 8.15. Bread and butter for breakfast. Walked a bit until roll-call. Afterwards I told off an orderly officer for the hut and made various disciplinary arrangements. Wrote out some camp orders for the Col. Blanco-ed my spats. Dinner of fish and potatoes also some stewed dried fruits. Not too bad. Wrote up this journal. Later on a few domestic events of interest took place during the afternoon. Storey and Gall were to be seen scrubbing their table and making a real mess, getting rust and blood off an old iron operating table. [?] and I amused ourselves by trying to wash some of our clothes. After some difficulty in getting water, we had further difficulty in getting pails and finally got down to it. [?] stuck it better than I did. I managed to do a pair of pyjamas, stockings and a towel. Very badly done and a most unpleasant job. I took a bit of a walk and we had roll-call at 4pm. Read and chatted in the evening. Took round news to various huts. We had a supper in the evening of some frizzled bacon and biscuits and of tea. Played poker in the evening and lost 30 marks. Took a good sharp walk with the Col. until 9pm. Had a drink of hot cocoa and turned in to bed. We appointed Coe to be in charge of our coal supply. Robson is an excellent mess controller and he rations us very well. Commons are very short and we are continually very hungry, but we live in hopes and the news is very good and our spirits are still high.

Thursday Oct 17th

Up about 8am. Shaved and dressed and had some breakfast. I drew all my books and papers etc. from the Censor's office. I had been deprived of my quinine pills and a bottle of benzine. All the rest of my stuff was intact and I am still in hopes of getting my quinine back. I took a walk with Wiggins and then set on a bank in the sun and gazed at the sea. Jimmy Paxton joined me and we sat and had a good chat. Came in and read for a bit and then had lunch. A perfectly disgusting soup of barley arrived. I picked out one or two leathery lumps of meat and gave the rest away. It was truly nauseating but my brother officers seemed to eat it. After lunch I wrote out news and took it round. I played three rubbers of bridge with Robson against Wiggins and Wooding. I won them all. Roll-call. I sat down and wrote a letter to Col. Anderson and while I was doing so Jimmy Paxton rushed in with 6 letters for me; two from Mother, one from Dad, Miss Nicholls, Mrs Henderson and Sylvie. I was very glad of these. They were dated between July 3rd - Aug 25th. At any rate it shows they are being sent on from Rastatt fairly quickly, which is a matter which was worrying us very greatly. We can only hope for parcels now. We hear England has said "No Armistice, but Surrender". Stuff to give them. In the evening we had some potatoes for supper. Our orderly came in with the true, but rather indelicate remark "Two spuds a man". Hollanby of the Cheshires was discovered cooking bully beef in a spittoon. The German officer came into our quarters to turn out the lights and see we were all in bed.

Friday Oct 18th

Up in good time. Breakfast of bread and jam and coffee. Dressed and had roll-call. Wonderful mild weather for Oct. I spent the morning sitting in the sun and admiring the sea. We had a filthy soup made of roots for our dinner. I received 6 more letters, mostly from home. After lunch I went sound asleep and remained in that condition until 3.45, when I had a cup of tea and a piece of bread and jam. Wrote out some newsheets and took them round. Roulers has fallen. Roll-call. Chatted for some time and had a fairly decent meal. Took a walk with Johnson and turned in to bed.

Saturday Oct 19th

Up in good time. Breakfast. Johnson's 21st birthday. Very dull for him. Dressed. Roll-call. Took a long walk with Jimmy Paxton. Fish (!) and potatoes for lunch. Wrote news. Merise has fallen. We are near Courtrai. Slept during the afternoon as is my custom. Johnnie woke me up about 3.30 and we had a cup of tea and a piece of bread and jam. I sat and chatted until roll-call after which I took a walk and had a look at the sea. We have a miserable small compound to walk in and we are kept closely imprisoned. We are treated very badly and like criminals and we have the only satisfaction of knowing that our enemies are being thoroughly beaten in the field. We had a decent meal in the evening. Walked for a bit and went to bed.

Sunday Oct 20th

Up in good time. Breakfast of a thin slice of black bread and grease. Dressed and washed. Roll-call. I walked and walked to try and keep myself fit, but it is very difficult on these miserable rations. A bowl of thin soup and roots and three potatoes formed my lunch. Read for a bit and then went to sleep. It turned very cold and stormy. I tried to get someone to walk with me, but no one had the heart to do so. I walked for some time by myself, but soon had to give it up. Many of the officers are really in a bad way and have to remain on their beds most of the day to enable them to keep alive on their present scale of food. It is a criminal shame. God forbid that England should ever allow their children the right to live. We hear Lille, Douai and Ostend have gone. This keeps our spirits up well. If only we were on the other side of the line and could get a square meal or something to smoke. My home people have forgotten I smoke, for I have had very little tobacco. They say it all gets stolen in Germany. I can quite believe it and I suspect a great deal more stuff gets stolen too, for I have received nothing since Aug 12th from the Red X. We had a turban pudding in the evening and some bread and butter. Turned in about 10o'clock. I hardly slept at all during the night. I was so hungry. It turned very cold.

Monday Oct 21st

Very cold indeed. Up at 8.30. We can get a little warm water to shave in, but have to wash in cold, which is very unsatisfactory. Roll-call. I walked for a bit and wrote out some news. Chopped some wood and lit our fire. Dinner of the thinnest soup and three potatoes. Wrote my journal. Slept during the afternoon and read. I wrote a long letter to Mother. Roll-call. I took a hard walk round the compound to try to keep myself fit, but I had not the strength to do very much. We had a decent meal in the evening. I live on this for about 24 hours. We sat and chatted in the evening and the time was somehow whiled away.

Tuesday Oct 22nd

Up and breakfast. Dressed in time for roll-call. Took a walk; wrote out news and took it round to the various huts. This occupied me until our usual unappetising mid-day meal. In the afternoon we were allowed out for a walk. There was not a very large field as officers were too weak to take any exercise. I went myself. We went for about 2 miles over appallingly dull country and saw some of the most wretched hovels that I thought human beings could live in. Came in and had a cup of tea. Roll-call. Walked for a bit and

gathered round our fire for our usual evening discussion. Had a good supper and then to bed.

Wednesday Oct 23rd

Up and breakfast. [?] came in with a biscuit parcel, the first to be received from Rastatt. Roll-call. I wrote out the news and took it round the huts. Fed on roots at 12.30. 120 new officers all of the flying Corps arrived. They brought with them a piano and 20 stoves and plenty of food. They came from Ingelstadt where they had been having things very much their own way. I am afraid they will find a great difference here. Bruges, Denain and Marchiennes are in allied hands, so is all the coast. No tobacco and very little food. Life is very difficult, but the news is very good, so what matters. We had our usual meal in the evening and after a chat went to bed.

Thursday Oct 24th

Up in good time. I decided I would start to have cold showers again. We can get no hot water in our bath rooms so I had a cold shower. A piece of dry bread and sham coffee for breakfast. Roll-call. Took a long walk with Donaldson of the R.A.M.C. He is a Harley St surgeon and is waiting to get married. He is a very nice and big and feels the want of food very badly. He fainted one afternoon from sheer weakness. Dinner of potatoes and carrots, no soup. It arrived very late. I read and chatted during the afternoon until roll-call. The Flying Corps have very kindly offered to share their biscuits with us, so we formed a fatigue party to carry up the cases from the Censor's hut. They were divided up and we each got 15 biscuits. This caused a great stir amongst us as could be seen by the number of people, who were able to come out in the compound and walk about a bit. I had a good supper of some rice. We had some tea and bread and butter. I did some washing in the evening, first of my clothes and then of my head and self. Wrote out some news including Germany's reply to Wilson. Bed.

Friday Oct 25th

Up and a cold shower. Breakfast. Dressed and shaved. Roll-call. Went for a short walk and then went and saw Davies of the R.A.M.C., who removed a small piece of my tin hat from my head. Quite a neat little operation. Dinner of the most revolting soup of roots. I could barely touch it. It is a shame to treat us like this. I read for a bit and learnt some German. We got another walk in the afternoon. Unfortunately we are on a peninsula and can only go over the same course each time. Came in and had a cup of tea. Walked in the compound. Read and did some toasting. Had a meal in the evening and a game of bridge and went to bed.

Saturday Oct 26th

Up and a cold shower. Only half a ration of bread to-day. Had half a slice of dry black bread for breakfast. Dressed and roll-call. Walked about and had my head dressed. Dinner of some turnips and 2 potatoes. Real fat living. After this I washed some of my clothes. Went for another walk in the country. Only about a dozen turned up. In future it must be 25 or over before we can go for a walk. Came in and had a cup of tea and a biscuit. Roll-call. I have been appointed to arrange and control all lectures and debates in the camp and have been placed on the Entertainments Committee. I took a pie down to the cookhouse to bake for our supper. I went and saw Major Nantes and McGracken and stayed chatting with them for over an hour. The latter gave me a biscuit, a little tobacco, which were most welcome. I then received 40 letters mostly from Mother and Sylvie, also from Mrs Henderson, Jessel, Allen, and Casson, Stella Pattenden and Donald McLeod. Our pie was very good for supper and we had quite a decent meal. Read through my letters and went to bed.

Sunday Oct 27th

Up and a cold shower. Breakfast of a piece of bread and butter. Dressed. Roll-call. Took a long walk with Jimmy Paxton and told him a lot about India. The translating of the news has been taken out of my hands and placed in the hands of a professional editor. I listened to the editing of Wilson's reply to Germany demanding the overthrow of the army. Wrote. Dinner of various forms of roots. I read for a bit and then went and watched a football match between ourselves and the Flying Corps. They beat us by 3 goals to 1. Came in and had a cup of cocoa and a biscuit. Roll-call. Walked for a bit and came in to our evening meal. Chatted and then to bed.

Monday Oct 28th

Mother's birthday. Many happy returns of the day to her. Had a cold shower and dressed in time for roll-call. Walked until lunch of turnips and potatoes. I worked hard at making up some camp money for issue amongst ourselves. The canteen opened in the afternoon. I went to see what they had, but the crowd was so great that I came away. A cup of tea and a biscuit at 3.30 and roll-call at 4. Very cold indeed. Came in and read. The lights all went out owing to failure of current and we were left in darkness for about an hour. I managed to buy some cigars and a knife and fork and pen and ink in the canteen. We had our evening meal. We have only a little rice left. I don't know what we shall do, when it runs out. Chatted and went to bed.

Tuesday Oct 29th

Very cold indeed. No cold bath. Failing morale I am afraid. Breakfast of a piece of dry break and some coffee. Got up and dressed in time for roll-call. Took a walk afterwards and then read for a time. Dinner of potatoes and carrots. Wrote a postcard to C.P. Wilson and another to Stella Pattenden. Received invoices of 7 parcels despatched from Stargard. Had a walk in the afternoon. Came in and had a biscuit and some tea. Stood in a queue at the canteen for some stores. Read a bit. Had our evening meal of rice, which is our last supply and so to bed.

Wednesday Oct 30th

Up in good time. Cold shower. Breakfast of a piece of dry bread. Roll-call. Had a walk and listened to the news being given out. Dinner of potatoes and turnips. Took a walk in the afternoon. Came in for a biscuit and cup of cocoa. Went and had a look at a map of the western front in one of the huts of the R.A.F. Great joy! A list of parcels came in. I went and stood in a queue for my parcels but owing to the crowd, I soon gave it up. Came in and had a decent meal and returned to the parcel office and drew four parcels. One biscuit from Copenhagen, one from Berne, two from home; one of a big tin of bully beef and one smaller parcel, which had been pilfered of a tin of peas, sugar and chocolate. However the food was very welcome, as we were pretty well on our last legs. Mackay got two parcels and Robson got two, so the mess once more can look the immediate future in the face without fear of a repetition of the last four weeks. After checking and putting away the stuff, we chat about peace and getting home and India and then turned in to bed.

Thursday Oct 31st

Up. Cold shower. Very cold morning. Had a bit of bread and a biscuit for breakfast. Dressed and appeared on roll-call. Went to see the Col. afterwards, when various complaints and suggestions were made. Read a bit and had dinner of turnips, potatoes and some meat soup. The best dinner supplied by the Boche since we came to this camp. It started to rain after lunch, but some of us paraded for a walk. The rain came on too heavy, so we did not go for the walk. Came in and read and crushed some biscuits. Tea about 3.30. Roll-call. Took a good walk round the compound and had a chat to some of the Flying Corps. Had our evening meal. Some new orderlies arrived and we got a new lad into our room. He is better than the old one. Chatted in the evening and then to bed.

Friday Nov 1st

Up in good time. Cold shower. Breakfast. Dressed and went on roll-call. Walk afterwards and listened to the paper being translated. Revolution in Austria – Hungary and downfall of the Hapsburgs. Great news. Our camp newspaper, ran into two editions. Dinner of potatoes and carrots. No walk in the afternoon because there were not sufficient starters. Crushed biscuits very hard and we made two meat pies for supper. Tea. I put the pies in the cookhouse oven. Roll-call. Took a good walk by myself. Cold and raw evening. Had a splendid supper. The first time I have been really full since I came to Campstigall. Read in the evening and chatted. Got my quinine and Benzol back from the German doctor. Was warmed for another parcel in the morning. Bed.

Sat Nov 2nd

Up early. Cold shower. Dressed and had breakfast. Drew a parcel from Mother, with soap, silk hose, gloves, mustard, etc. Very good indeed. Drew some tinned food. No roll-call. Had a chat with the Flying Corps officers and drank tea with them. Dinner of potatoes and cabbage. Wrote a p.c. to Mother. 30 new officers arrived. Went for a walk. It came on to rain but I had a very good walk and a blow and came in hungry for a cup of tea and a biscuit. Read in the evening until we had our meal about 6.30am. Very good indeed. We had our first concert in the evening at which there were some very good turns. We sang the National Anthem at the end of it. Came in and went to bed.

Sunday Nov 3rd

I woke up with a slight chill on my tummy and as it was a wet day I decided to stay in bed during the morning. Robson brought me in some breakfast, but I could not eat any. Slept during the morning. Dinner of some meat soup. Quite fairly good. Got up, dressed and shaved. About 70 new officers arrived headed by Brig-Gen Wick-Conyngham. We showed them their huts and exchanged comments on the news. Tea. After tea we had a church service, for a real padre arrived with only one arm and a military cross. He had had the opportunity of going home, but preferred to remain with prisoners. Very fine. He gave us a topping service and address and we had the National Anthem again. The first church service I have been to since I have been a prisoner. Came back to the hut and had an evening meal. I undressed and we sat round the fire talking to some of the newcomers, who gave us a lot of good news. Early to bed.

Monday Nov 4th

Quite fit again. Up in good time. Breakfast. Roll-call. We were kept so long on roll-call that we got tired and walked away. The German authorities did not like it, but the spirit of rebellion is abroad. We have a number of mercantile marine Captains officers and they are very funny and not very tame. After roll-call the R.A.F. officers asked our general if they could have their stoves. He told them to go and take them. The officers did so and the German officers tried to remonstrate, but the General caught him by the belt and said he had given the order and intended to see it carried out. The flying officers managed to rush three stoves up the hill in spite of armed guards and victory was ours. Dinner of potatoes and turnips. Wrote. We paraded for a walk in the afternoon, but were met by one of the committee, who informed us that the walks, playing ground and fishing were off for 7 days as a punishment for our conduct on the morning parade. Everybody laughed and cheered and so we walked round the camp instead of outside it. I made friends with a fellow called Rish of the R.A.F., who had been planting rubber in Malay. We had a good walk together and decided to get up a reel for St Andrews night. Tea. Roll-call. Our general took command and all went well. The Germans bustled over it very considerably and fairly ran about until we were all counted. After tea I set about collecting my real team and was successful in getting 5 dancers and the loan of 5 kilts. Supper. I went down to another concert and took a bit of exercise afterwards and then turned in to bed. The terms

for Turkey are published. They are good and such as she deserves without in anyway being harsh, unjust or revengeful.

Tuesday Nov 5th

Guy Fawkes day. Up in good time and resumed my cold shower bath. Washed and dressed and had breakfast. A bugle gave notice of roll-call, which is an improvement. After roll-call I resumed the writing out of the news. Our numbers have so increased that it is necessary to have two editions of the paper so I am doing one again. It took me until dinner time to write and read thus out. Lunch of potatoes and cabbage. Wrote a letter to Dad. The Austrian peace terms are out so we have given them a good drubbing such as they deserve without being in anyway harsh or grasping. After lunch I was introduced to [?] of the H.L.I. and we had a walk together. Carried on with Risk until tea. After tea we had a roll-call at which an officer of the R.A.F. named Townley was sectioned to 3 days close arrest for alleged disrespect to a German officer. Townley prevented the German officer from searching another officer's kit in his absence. At 5.30pm a mob of officers went down with Townley to his place of confinement. Our general said he would win if we kept quiet and we did so. The German general was very alarmed when he saw the mob. Came in and had some supper. Drew my regimental crest over my bed and chatted to Kincaid-Smith and so to bed. Slept very badly.

Wednesday Nov 6th

Up in good time. Cold shower. Dressed and had breakfast. Roll-call. Found a pianist to play our reels. We had a practise of the music and I warned all the team. Took a long walk with Kincaid-Smith. Dinner of potatoes and cabbage. Did some more walking in the afternoon until tea. Roll-call. Took round some news. We had our first reel team and danced an eightsome. Maj. McCracken, Mackay, Risk, Lawrie, Kincaid-Smith, MacKenzie, Miller and myself. Came in and had a good evening meal on mother's 6lb tin of bully beef. Drew the B.W. Crest on the wall over my bed. Tresilian did a sketch of me doing it. Bed.

Thursday Nov 7th

Up in good time. Cold shower. Dressed and had breakfast. Roll-call. Very busy all the morning writing out the news and taking it round. Dinner of potatoes and cabbage. Did some washing and made out some nominal rolls. This lasted until tea. Roll-call. Had another dance. Two eightsoles and a foursome. We are getting much better and were very exhausted. Supper in the evening. Played bridge with Kincaid-Smith, Risk and Robinson. The latter turned out to be an old Sandroydian, but was junior to me. We played until 10o'clock and then to bed. Slept very badly. The Germans have sent a deputation under the white flag to ask Marshall Foch for his terms of the armistice.

Friday Nov 8th

Up in good time. The bath failed to work so I could not have my cold bath. Dressed and had breakfast. Roll-call. These parades are in future to be held in the huts. A small number of parcels seem to be given out each day. We are making a protest to get them all given out, but I don't expect we shall succeed. Truly they are pig-dogs of the worst description. Came in and wrote out the news and took it round the huts. Read Galsworthy's play – "Justice". Very disappointed. Hoped for something very much better. Wrote. We have got a dormitory sweep on the date of peace at 5 marks a head. The dates range between Hollamby's Nov 27th and my Jan 31st. All the others fall into an intermediate category. Medical boards are being held in the camp now for sending officers home on to a neutral country. Only three have been marked for England; one being [?] who has lost his left arm. The weather is very mild for the time of year and the place. We are extremely uncomfortable. The water (cold) fails in the bathroom in the morning and we cannot get clean sheets or any brushes or material for cleaning our rooms, which are becoming very dirty in spite of all our efforts. I am very glad of Mother's various toilet necessities. Lux looks as though it would be very useful. We have a number of

mercantile marine skippers here. Rumours are afloat that this is a concentration camp for the repatriation of prisoners of war. These rumours are supported by the formation of both a British and German general staff in the camp. We are told that Germany cannot possibly remove all her prisoners by rail and that when we do go, we are likely to go all the way by sea. Betting on being home by Christmas is still evens and a great deal of money will change hands when the Armistice is signed and we get home. As long as we give them hell, we don't mind staying behind barbed wire and living on roots and water. We all live in hopes that our Govt. will lose no time in removing us from this country, in which we have all suffered so much. The thirst for news is very great and it is difficult to get the papers out and round about, so that everyone can see them. Hostilities may cease at any minute, if they have not ceased as I right. Our senior officers seem to think we may be moved soon, but I think the wish is very much fathur to the thought; though I think the war is very nearly over and we should be home before the end of March. Tea in the afternoon was followed by some more dancing. We had two foursomes and practiced some steps. We had an evening meal of some stew. Played bridge in the evening and drank a cup of real coffee. Bed.

Saturday Nov 9th

Up in good time. Cold bath. Dressed and had breakfast. Roll-call in the huts. The German N.C.O. just walked round and we said we were all present. He just went away making no attempt to count us. Took a walk. Wrote out all the news and took it round the huts. Chatted and read 'Handley Cross'. Dinner of potatoes and cabbage. Wrote my Christmas card to the Middle Temple Bunch. Tea in the afternoon. Played a game of chess with Carter of the R.F.A.: was beaten. Evening meal followed by a game of bridge and so to bed.

Sunday Nov 10th

Up early. Attended Holy Communion. The first opportunity I have had since my capture. About 70 officers were present. Afterwards I took round the news of the Kaiser's abdication. Attended morning service. About 130 were present. A short walk with Kincaid-Smith and then dinner of potatoes and cabbage. After lunch I wrote out more news and walked. Roll-call was held outside. Had tea with Kincaid-Smith and remained chatting in his room to some of the officers. Had our evening meal. Played bridge. During the game the Brigadier sent round a secret order saying that the camp was full of rumour and unrest and that all politics were not to be discussed by officers among themselves or with the Germans. Absolute quiet was to prevail. Later on Col. Martyn came in and ordered us to fall in in Hut 17 if there was any trouble during the night. Most of us slept in our clothes. The air was very electric. We knew a meeting was being held in Pillan to settle things. Turned in. Slept all night.

Monday Nov 11th

Up in good time. Dressed and had breakfast. Roll-call taken by our own officers. The German officers were seen without badges or swords and the sentries had removed their cockades. The red flag was flying over the camp. After roll-call the General paraded us and told us what had happened on the previous night. A change of Govt. had come over the country. The German officers had no longer any authority, and the camp was run by a committee of the Soldiers' and Workmens' Council. Our parcels, tins and letters were to be handed over to us intact and we were to have more liberty. Arrangements were being made with Denmark to send us home. We had been warned to be on the alert the night before owing to a threatened raid on the parcel office. The General assumed complete responsibility for the order in the camp. The attitude of the Bolsheviks to us was that of friends and not enemies. We need not expect any trouble or violence. We were to carry on just as usual. In the event of any food shortage the General is going to commandier all our food and ration us just like a garrison. After telling us this the General dismissed. I spent the whole morning sorting and delivering letters. There were arrears of about 6000

letters. I had about 20, all from home except 2 from Mrs Carson. Dinner of potatoes and cabbage. Read my letters and wrote. A great day. We are almost free and no longer under arrogant German officers. It is rather sad to see them stripped of their power and swords. Had a walk in the afternoon. Very cold. Came in and had some tea. Chatted and discussed the general situation until supper. Played bridge in the evening and then to bed.

Tuesday Nov 12th

Up in good time. Cold shower. Breakfast and dressed. Roll-call in the huts. During the morning I busied myself by making out nominal rolls for the camp. A few more letters arrived and were given out. Dinner of cabbage and potatoes. Afterwards I went for a walk. Fell in with a fellow called Nelson-Smith a motor car seller of Coventry. We had a very pleasant walk and chat. Came in and had tea and afterwards the papers came in stating the Armistice terms had been signed and that the war was over. I wrote out the news and took it round the huts. The terms were very stiff as was suitable to Germany. So the war is now really over and we have properly won. Well all our troubles are over, but they have been worth bearing for the victory. We have been there completely and all are dangers and hardships have been rewarded. Our only hope is that this movement of Soldiers' and Workmens' Council is not really very far spread. We don't want it in England. We hope to leave Germany fairly soon. Perhaps within a month. Got a biscuit and grocery parcel. Supper in the evening. Much jollification but very little to eat. Played bridge in the evening and then to bed.

Wednesday Nov 13th

Up in good time. No water to bath in. Roll-call, which was held outside. The Boche wished to return some money to two officers who had tried to bribe sentries. Rather wonderful. We had a good long walk in the morning. Went down to Pillan and saw the harbour and some of the boats. Came in quite tired. Must have walked nearly four miles. Dinner of potatoes and cabbage. Managed to get in another walk during the afternoon. Came in hungry and tired to tea. Read and chatted during the evening. Dr Davies removed a piece of copper bullet casing from my back. Supper. Played bridge in the evening and then to bed.

Thursday Nov 14th

Bitterly cold. Got up dressed and had breakfast. Muffled myself up in coat and scarf and went on roll-call. Had another walk down Pillan on the same walk as yesterday. Came in to dinner of cabbage and potatoes. Wrote. So cold, hungry and miserable that I wrapt myself in my coat and blankets and went to bed. Slept for a bit and got warm. Had a cup of tea and a biscuit. I could have eaten a boxful. Went to a lecture by the Brigadier on 'Soldiering in India'. He spoke for an hour and 50 minutes and was very interesting. We had a fire in the lecture hut and a very big attendance. Came in to supper of a pie and a biscuit. Played bridge in the evening and was very bad-tempered. Went to bed in the evening thoroughly out-of-sorts and depressed.

Friday Nov 15th

Up in good time. Still bitterly cold. Dressed and had breakfast. We went and drew some pay. I received 100 marks, when I should have had 121 marks. Came in and read "Across the Border", a book on Indian frontiers. Dinner of macaroni and potatoes. Perfectly filthy. It revolted my stomach. I ate a biscuit and drank a cup of tea. Wrote. Took a walk during the afternoon. It was very cold. I walked with Morgan. Came in and had a cup of tea. Read during the evening. Had a supper. Played bridge and so to bed.

Sat Nov 16th

Up in good time. No water. Got a little hot water from the flyers' stove. Breakfast and dressed. Roll-call has been given up. We continued to receive pay. I read all the morning Kipling's poems. We had some emergency white bread arrived from Copenhagen. Very welcome. It arrived in splendid condition. Lunch of potatoes and cabbage. Read during the whole afternoon. Read right through, "The Lighter Side of School Life", by Ian Hay. Tea. Took a bit of a walk and kicked a football about for a bit. Supper. A concert in the evening at which I danced a fling. A cup of tea and a biscuit and so to bed.

Sunday Nov 17th

Up in good time. Dressed and had breakfast. Settled up some account with the Colonel. We had a moving service and a special thanksgiving for our victory in the war. The General read the lesson. Came in and wrote. Took a walk during the afternoon. Very cold indeed. Came in for a cup of tea. Read during the evening and went to evening service. The padre preached a very good sermon indeed. Came in to supper. Our supplies are beginning to get low again. Played bridge in the evening and so to bed.

Monday Nov 18th

Up in good time. The cold weather still seems hard set. I have no tobacco and miss my smoke rather. Dressed and cleaned myself up. Went for a walk during the morning. Came in about 12.30 to the usual revolting mass of decaying vegetables. After this food, I went and had a chat to Davies, paid up my canteen bill and got a new book out of the library called "Twenty Years at Court" by Hon. Eleanor Stanley. Started to read it and except for a pause for a little tea, read it right on until supper. After supper, played bridge and so to bed.

Tuesday Nov 19th

Up in good time. Very cold. Breakfast and dressed. Slipped through "Seven Seas" by Kipling and then went for a walk. Chatted to one Palmer, a tea-planter in Ceylon. Got on very well together. Came in to lunch. Wrote. During the afternoon I washed some clothes, sporran etc. also read. Tea. Attended a lecture in the evening on 'Gold-Mining'. Not too bad. Came in to supper. Played bridge and so to bed. We are all in a very unsettled state. Rumours fly about, but nothing comes true and nothing seems yet to be done for our departure. We cannot settle to do anything at all.

Wednesday Nov 20th

Up in good time. A gale blowing and heavy rain. Dressed and had breakfast. It cleared a bit and I took a short walk in the camp with the General. Drew a statement of my accounts from the Germans. Read a bit and had dinner of potatoes and cabbage. Took a walk by myself in the afternoon. Very stormy indeed. Tea. Had a chat with some of the flying officers. Came in and read again until supper. Played bridge in the evening and so to bed.

Thursday Nov 21st

Woke up to a white world. About an inch of snow. Got up, dressed and had breakfast. Arranged for some lectures. Went for a short stroll with Paris of the H.L.I. and late of Winchester and New College. Took a long walk in the snow. Came in and wrote. It is freezing and the snow looks like lying. Read during the afternoon. Tea. Went to a lecture in the evening on 'The Making of a Newspaper'. Had supper and after bridge went to bed. A very hard frost. Night extremely cold. Robson had a parcel.

Friday, Nov 22nd

Did not sleep very well owing to the cold. The world is still white. Got up and dressed. Tresilian cut my hair for me and then I went for a walk with Johnson. The practice of sending a sentry out with us on our walks has ceased and we can now go in and out

whenever we wish. To-day a wire came from the Berlin W.O. to be ready to move at a moment's notice. All well and good. We are ready; the only thing we are waiting for is the word to go. Came in to lunch of cabbage and macaroni. Too nasty for words. Lunched off two bits of bread and a cup of cocoa. Not nearly sufficient. Wrote. Read during the afternoon and took a short walk in the camp until tea. Did some bridge playing until supper and again afterwards. Went to bed.

Sat Nov 23rd

Very cold indeed. Hard frost. Breakfast. It is altogether too cold to wash in cold water, so I wrapt myself up and went and got a jug of boiling water from the cookhouse. Good wash and shave. During the morning we went for a long walk right to the end of the harbour in Pillan. The shipping is looking up and the port was [?]. Quite a lively appearance. We saw a big timber ship put out to sea. Came back to dinner of potatoes and cabbage. After lunch we discovered that some flood water in a field below the camp was bearing. Several toboggans and pairs of skates made their appearance and a Welshman called Pugh-Evans lent me a pair. I had quite a decent afternoon's skating. The ice was very cut up and the patch was very small but it was sufficient to get one's feet into the way again. After a good hard afternoon, I came in for some tea. Went to a lecture in the evening by Maj. Reynolds RAF on 'The Workings of the British Tax Office'. Very good indeed. Came in to some supper. Played bridge in the evening and so to bed. Frost still holding.

Sunday Nov 25th

Up in good time. Breakfast. Again drew my hot water. Washed and dressed. Went to morning service. The padre preached very well. After service I took a short walk with Kincaid-Smith and the General soon joined up. Lunch of cabbages and potatoes. Immediately rushed out to the bin. Risk and I tried several places and finally found a good stretch round the headland to Pillan. His skates failed him but he carried my shoes and I skated back to camp. Ice rather rough and unsteady, but a very good skate. Came in to tea. Went to evening service and again heard the padre preach a good sermon. Came in and wrote. Supper followed by bridge and bed. The list of ports for our repatriation is out. It seems likely that we shall go to Konigsberg as that is due to take 1000 prisoners. We are quite close. The camp is full of rumours and there is a good deal of subdued excitement. It really is beginning to look as though we might be off fairly soon.

Monday Nov 26th

Up in good time. Breakfast and dressed. The cold weather still continues. I spent the morning doing a lot of washing my clothes at the cookhouse. Afterwards I cleaned my spats and my skates. Dinner of potatoes and cabbage. The last of the cabbage. During the afternoon I went down on to the ice and spent a very good afternoon's skating. Went all the way to Pillan by ice. Came in and had tea. Read during the evening and chatted until supper. We hear semi-unofficially that Dec 4th is to be the date of our departure. After supper I played bridge until bed.

Tuesday Nov 27th

Up in good time. Breakfast and dressed. Went at once onto the ice and had a splendid morning's skating. The ice bears well but is rather rough. Risk and I went down to Pillan and back. Came in to lunch of four potatoes and a piece of bread. Went for a walk in the afternoon with Risk and Kincaid-Smith. When venturing over some thin ice and I went in. There was no bottom and I kept one foot out and the ice held and I managed to scramble out with nothing less than a wet leg. Came in and changed and had tea. Played bridge after tea until supper and again after supper until the time when I went to bed.

Wednesday Nov 28th

Woke up with a heavy cold and rather stiff after my previous day's wetting. Got up for breakfast and had a wash and went back to bed until mid-day, when I got up and dressed. Dinner of potatoes and dried fruit. Took a walk in the afternoon with a Welshman called Pugh-Evans, who turned out had been with me in my old division. He gave me some precious tobacco. Came in and had tea. Wrote. Read until supper. We played bridge in the evening and so to bed.

Thursday Nov 29th

Up in good time. Dressed and had breakfast. After breakfast Risk and I went and tried the ice, but found it was not sufficiently strong. Came back to find that the camp had been closed. It appeared that some officers had ordered a cadet to come up to the camp and take them and their belongings away, quite contrary to all orders. After lunch of potatoes only our General had a roll-call and it was discovered that two officers were missing. On a closer inspection it turned out that we were all present and that the Cab had been ordered for some Russian prisoners. The German general made an apology. Tea. After reading during the evening, we scraped up something for our supper. Played bridge and so to bed. Our food is almost done. We are living on very short rations.

Friday Nov 29th

Stayed in bed rather late as we had no breakfast to get up for. Got up and dressed and finding the camp was still closed for walks, I decided to read during the morning as this does not produce an appetite. Dinner of potatoes and cabbage. Took a walk round the camp and managed to get a little exercise. Piece of bread for tea. Played bridge and again had a little porridge for supper. We played bridge and then to bed. Very hungry indeed. We hope to go away sometime during next week.

Saturday Nov 30th

Got up rather late about 9.30am. Washed and dressed and set by the fire and read until dinner of potatoes and sauerkraut. After this I went out for a walk and picked up a naval mercantile captain named Roberton; we had a good chat and he finally asked me in to tea. He introduced me to several other old salts and a couple of hours quickly slipped by in eating biscuits and chatting on various subjects. One gave me a packet of tea and one a packet of cocoa. They were perfectly charming and very generous. When I came up the hill up to our huts, I found Robson had been given some dates and had made a dough. Moral has consequently risen at the prospect of a fairly decent meal. After this we played bridge and so to bed. Very cold. Prospects of further food seem to be rather remote. The rumour of our departure on Dec 4th still seems very current and is believed in by many. I distrust the Boche so much that I am still very sceptical.

Sunday Dec 1st

Up early and went to Holy Communion. There were about 30 present. Very cold indeed. Came in and had some breakfast with some flying corps officers. They gave me quite a good feed, but they had obviously been saving up for the great event. Went down to morning service afterwards. The padre preached an anti-hate sermon. Came up to dinner of four potatoes. After lunch I took a walk with Risk and Kincaid-Smith. We came back along the ice. Tea. A piece of German bread. Read during the evening. One of the naval officers asked me in to supper. He gave me a very good feed and I felt quite full after it. Another one gave me a bit of tobacco. Came back to bed. Have just heard that the hospital ship 'Formosa' has taken away the prisoners from Dautzig. Will she ever come here? Do our Govt realize how we are situated? They cant do.

Monday Dec 2nd

Woke up with a heavy cold and bit of a chill. Could not afford to have any breakfast. Stayed in bed until 12.30. Felt quite poorly and run down. Got up and dressed. Dinner of

four more potatoes and a small piece of dry bread. Went for a short walk in the afternoon with Morgan of the R.E.'s. Came in to a cup of tea and piece of bread. After tea I had a wash in a bowl of warm water. Washed my head etc and felt fairly clean after it. Hear that there are several cases of scabies in the camp. Bad sign. Supper of filthy Boche soup and a piece of bread. Bridge and then bed. There seems to be but little chance of us leaving on the 4th. We can get nothing definite from anybody and the whole country seems upside down. We have literally no food other than Boche and our plight is very sorry. Morale dead low. I wish they knew about us at home. Have had a letter to-day from Mother direct here.

Tuesday Dec 3rd

Up about 10o'clock. Nothing to do but to stay in bed. No breakfast of any sort. Can't be done. Dressed and read by the fire until lunch of some potatoes and sauerkraut. Went for a walk in the afternoon with Kincaid-Smith and Risk. Came in and after a walk with Parr round the wire, had a cup of tea and piece of bread. Got another letter from Mother dated Nov 5th. After tea I read for a bit and wrote a really grumbling letter to Mother. Wrote up my journal. Had a little macaroni for supper and after playing bridge I went to bed. We are all in very low spirits. We feel we have been deserted by our own people, because no one has come to remove us or sent us any food. There is barely any food in the camp. Some fellows are beginning to look very bad. To-day was to have been our last day. I wonder if December will be our last month. And we have won the war. What would it have been like if we had lost it?!

Wed. Dec 4th

Up rather late. Had a piece of bread for breakfast on hearing that there was to be a bread ration. Got up and dressed. Cleaned myself and kit and read until lunch. Afterwards I went for my usual walk in the afternoon. Came in to find a loaf of bread and a pkt of biscuits. Splendid. Greatly improved morale. Read 'Handley Cross' and 'John Inglesant' and finished them both. Supper. Meat and barley soup and bread. Bridge and then bed.

Thursday Dec 5th

Up late. Dressed and had breakfast of bread and tea. Did a lot of washing during the morning, which lasted until dinner of potatoes. Went for a look at the football match being played. Heard officially we were to leave the camp on Sat and go by boat from Danzig. Great news but very late in coming. A lot of tins were given out to people and I had a good tea. Put my house in order during the evening and had supper with Kincaid-Smith. Played bridge in the evening and to bed. Great excitement reigned everywhere. Singing and dancing.

Friday Dec 6th

Up early. No water in the camp at all. Unwashed and unshaved, I had some breakfast and went and had my account settled up and handed in my library books. Washed and dressed and had breakfast. Many orders were issued which I had to see carried out. Money was changed and food distributed. Dinner of potatoes, bread and biscuits. During the afternoon an inventory of all barrack stores was taken. The German general himself, unattended, had to come round and count of blankets, bowls etc. Our Col. accompanied him out of pure charity, but it was very pathetic. He just doddered round and did not seem to know what he was doing. Further money accounts were settled and library books were received. I collected some outstanding debts due from Rastatt. Had supper with the flying men as a guest of Johnny Risk's. They gave me a very good feed. We played bridge until bed time. We had an issue of bread and biscuits and some tins of food and tobacco. There was a great deal of noise in the camp during the evening and night.

Sat. Dec 7th

Up in good time. Breakfast of bread and tea. All heavy luggage was put on the tug in the harbour and sent round to Pillan under an escort of an officer and some servants.

Dressed. During the morning we had another inspection of barrack stores in order to reduce our bill for alleged damage. Dinner of bread and tea and biscuits. Slept during the afternoon. Time hanging very heavy.