

gave beneath her feet. With hands fluttering helplessly, she fell.

The sun was low over Kintyre when Kenneth found her, crumpled among

the rocks. And near her lay the glasses, as he had first seen them lying beside another body. In the midst of an overwhelming grief, he paused to kick them savagely.



A Buck Private in a German Prison Camp

BY C. A. PECHSTEIN

This is a straightforward and simple tale of experiences in a German prison. By its very artlessness it conveys a picture of reality, of the latter days of the war as seen by an unsophisticated youth in the American army. This is the twelfth true story of the war to be published in SCRIBNER'S.

OUR prison at Sedan was an old brewery. Around it was a stone wall with sharp spikes on the top. There were a number of French and Russians in this prison along with one hundred and eighty-two Americans. Each morning we would get up at four o'clock and stand in line so the Germans could count us. At seven o'clock we would receive a cup of coffee made from burnt barley and acorns for breakfast. We would then be divided off into details to work for the Jerries. Crock, Tex Jones, Grasso, and myself hid out so they would not work us. Finally they found our hiding-place, so we caught detail every day. The Germans had a large artillery depot at Sedan, and as the Allies were closing in on the town, the Germans were making preparations to evacuate. Sedan was the only place that Germany could get into communica-

tions with her northern and southern armies.

Ten men were sent each day to load cannons on flat cars. The guns were all of the howitzer type, with short barrels but of large caliber. Some of them were so large that a fellow could crawl into them and could not be seen. This was very hard work, as we had no bars to work with, only main force and awkwardness. It would be impossible for me to estimate the number of cars we loaded.

At noon we would receive a pint of soup made from carrots, cabbage, and soy-beans. Once a week they would give us two salt fish to be put in the soup for one hundred and eighty-two men. For supper we got one slice of bread and a cup of coffee. These were very slim rations for a man to do manual labor on. Our hours were from seven until we got

through—all the way from ten to eighteen hours a day.

Once as a detail of French prisoners passed us one of the fellows dropped a pile of something white in the road.

"Patty," I said, "that looks like flour."

"No, Spook, that looks like salt," answered Patty. I went over to taste it and found it to be sugar.

"Salt, hell!" I exclaimed, "it's sugar." Patty and I were down on our knees eating the sugar out of the street. The rest of the men pounced on us when they found we had something to eat and for a few minutes it looked as though there was going to be a fight.

Our beds at Sedan were just straw ticks with no blankets to cover with at all. During the night our bodies would go to sleep from lack of nourishing food and we would lie there like a dead person. We could not move a muscle in our bodies on the side we were lying on. The fleas were thick in our quarters. From our shoulders to our finger-tips we were bitten so badly that we looked as though we had scarlet fever. A number of men were in the attic with only a small skylight for ventilation. One night about midnight the anti-aircraft and machine-guns opened fire all over town. Soon we heard a whirring noise and then an explosion. The force of the explosion shook the whole building. We knew the air-bombs had hit fairly close to us. The Americans dropped two bombs that night; one on the hospital near the depot and the other on the railroad track. The one bomb that hit the hospital killed forty Jerries, and the other one tore up several hundred feet of track. We were accused of directing the American planes by using a candle-light near this small window we had in the

roof. Every time after that, when any planes came over, we had to put out the light and beat it for the cellar.

Our smoking-tobacco gave out and the fellows were smoking anything they could lay their hands on. Crocker had some money, and he used to buy cigars from the guards at one mark apiece and ten men would smoke one cigar. When it got to be lip-burners we would put the snipe out, dry it, and then roll it up and put the crumbs in a tobacco-sack. When we had enough snipes we would roll cigarettes out of the tobacco, and the men would take their turns smoking. One day a guard gave me a whole cigarette and I was almost murdered by a gang of bucks all wanting a puff off of it.

Our next work was to load flour from the cars to a narrow-gauge car in the railroad-yard. I took a sack along and told the guard I was going to steal some flour. He said all right, so we cut open a sack and filled up mine. When we left our work that night he told me to hide the flour under my coat and get in the middle of the bunch so the rest of the German guards could not see us. I finally got into camp with it. Upon our arrival we were told we were leaving Sedan for Rastatt, as the allied forces were closing in on the town and they did not want us to be recaptured. The next thing was, what was I to do with the flour? I was going to take it along, but how? I went up to my quarters and made a sack as long as my trouser-leg. When I had it filled I put it on the inside of my clothes and no one could hardly notice any difference. We were called out at midnight and taken to our trains, but did not load on them until two-thirty in the morning. It was raining all the time, and when we finally got on the

trains we were soaked through. The flour was wet but I knew it would dry out, so kept it.

We had not been riding long when our train was put on a siding to let a troop-train pass. All the soldiers on it were young lads from sixteen to eighteen years old. Their coaches were all decorated with flowers and leaves. In the buttonholes of their coats they each wore a flower that had been put there by a mother or sweetheart. When they saw us American prisoners, they jeered at us and called us American swine-dogs.

Our guard, after the train passed, turned to a fellow from Pennsylvania who could talk German and said: "Those boys are on their way to the front lines. They are making fun of you, but after they are facing the American machine-guns for an hour they will wish they were home. I have been in the war since it started and fought all the Allies, but never did I meet a bunch of men that fight the way the Americans do. They never stop unless they are seriously wounded or killed." That sounded very good to us coming from a German soldier.

We finally were moving again, and at last arrived at Rastatt about eight o'clock on October 18.

It was about five miles from the town to the camp, so when we arrived there it was quite late. They took us down to the bathhouse as soon as we arrived in camp, as the Jerries would allow no one to go to the barracks unless he was thoroughly deloused. After we had undressed and put our clothes in the delouser, some Yanks that worked there cut off our hair as close as they possibly could with a pair of clippers. After bumming some cigarettes from the Yanks, we dressed and went to some barracks that

we were to occupy temporarily. I showed one of the American sergeants the flour I had with me, so I traded a bowl of the flour for a can of corn willie and a box of hardtack. Grasso and I sat down on our ticks and had a good meal before we went to bed. It sure tasted good to us that night, although I have seen the time when both of us crabbled because that was all the rations we were receiving.

The camp at Rastatt was situated in a valley, there being mountains all around us. The camp was built in the shape of a letter "L." I do not know how many acres it covered, but it was the largest prison camp for Americans the Germans had. The camp was surrounded by a ten-foot barbed-wire fence with a three-foot projection inward of barbed wire. The top wire was charged, so that if any one touched it a bell would ring in the guard-house. It was impossible to climb this fence, due to the projection. The camp was divided off into blocks, with streets going to each block. Every gate had a guard. There were also guards walking on the outside of the stockade. Large lamps were placed every fifty feet along the outside of the stockade so that the guards could see any one that would try to go through the wire. Each block contained four barracks, each one of which would accommodate one hundred and fifty men. This was done so that too many men could not get together at one time. Between blocks seven and eleven were about one thousand Russian prisoners.

The next day, October 19, was issue day for the American Red Cross. We received new clothes and a box of food. This box was to last us one week. It gave us one can of meat and a box of hardtack a day and a can of vegetables every other day. When two or three men went

together, they could manage fine and have plenty of food for the week. All of our clothes were new. We also received razors and all toilet necessities. All the men were registered and a record sent to America. We were also given our prison numbers, that had to be sewed to our left coat-sleeve. My number was 84,679. This was the way they checked us up each day. The next day we received some serum. I do not know what it was for, but after we received the shot we became paralyzed in that side for several hours. Six men were shot with one syringe of serum. I was glad that one man did not get it all, like we did in this country.

Grasso and I wanted some flapjacks one morning for breakfast, so I went over to the infirmary and told them I had a sour stomach. They gave me two soda tablets. I went back to my barracks, and that night Grasso and I mixed up some batter for cakes. Grasso got up early the next morning so he would be the first one on the stove and started to fry cakes. When I got up at eight o'clock he had a nice stack for me. They sure tasted good, even if Alfredo did get a cussing for getting up so early and waking every one.

A number of Americans were sent out of camp with new clothes to go to work. They were told the work was very clean and the detail would only last fifteen days. There were twenty-five men in the party. They were sent to a jam factory to peel fruit. The juice from the fruit was ruining their clothes, so some of the men found some sacks and used them for aprons. The guards became very angry at this and took the sacks away. When the fifteen days were up, the Germans wanted to keep the men there for a longer stay, as they were a good bunch to work. The men refused

to work any more in the jam factory, so the guards brought the men back to camp. When Captain VonTouscher, the officer in charge of the camp, found this out he was very angry and was going to force the men to go back to this work. He had this detail fall out and took one of the smallest men as the leader and sent him to the guard-house on bread and water. He told the rest of the men he would give them until dinner to decide whether or not they wanted to work. He thought by sending this one man to the guard-house the rest would give in. The men, after they were dismissed, decided they would not go to work. When VonTouscher came back after dinner he had with him six guards. The Yanks were lined up in single file with the guards facing them. He asked them if they were ready to go to work and their answer was "No."

The captain then ordered the guards to load their rifles, and still the men refused. The next command was aim. Almost all the men in the block were around them, and if a gun was fired we were going to fight to a finish.

The captain again asked the men if they would work, but still the answer was "No," even in the face of death. The officer, realizing he could not force the men to go back to the jam factory, fell in his guards and walked away. It was not long after he left that two guards brought Shorty up from the guard-house and turned him loose. No more Americans were taken away from Rastatt to work on any kind of detail.

Early every morning twenty men would be called out to go to Rastatt with a two-horse wagon for bread. It was a nice trip going down, but coming back it was a little different. We would load one thousand loaves of bread on the wagon; each loaf weighed about five

pounds; so you see that was quite a load for twenty men. We did not mind it much, for we had all day to make the trip and knew there was no use killing ourselves. Near the bakery was a training-ground for the boys of Germany for the army. All of them were about sixteen years old. We used to sit and watch them go through their drills while the wagon was being loaded. Other times we used to wander through the bakery and watch the men work. Only two men could load the wagon, as each loaf was checked by a guard, and two was all he could watch.

All the hauling in the camp was done by man-power. Every available horse the Germans had was up at the front on artillery cannons. When a horse was killed in action he was cleaned immediately and the meat sent back for food. I know, for I saw some of it and ate it.

In November an epidemic of pneumonia spread over the camp. Men were dying each day, as we had no medicine to give them. We were forced to stay out of our barracks all day, as they were opened up to let the wind blow through them. We took setting-up exercises two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon so that we would get some exercise to keep us from getting sick. Crocker, my buddy, got a bad cold on his chest. One could hear him breathe at night all over the barracks. He would not go to the hospital, as he knew if he did he would never come out again.

I happened to remember that years ago mother used to put a flannel rag on my chest saturated with goose-grease and turpentine. Those were two things that were hard to find in Germany, but I found some salt-pork rinds over at the kitchen. That night I took one of Crocker's blankets, a woollen one, and tore it lengthwise about eight inches wide. I

wrapped six feet of this wool around his chest and sewed it. I cut up the rinds into small pieces and fried out all the grease. After I had about a quart of the hot fat, Crocker lay down on his bunk and I saturated the piece of blanket on his chest. He then put on two wool undershirts, two khaki shirts, and crawled into bed. He covered up with three blankets and his and my overcoats. Just before the lights went out that night I made him drink a quart of hot coffee. I did not go to bed that night, as he had all of my covers. I sat around the stove and listened to Crocker breathe. The next morning his chest had loosened up some, so I shot two C. C. pills into him. From then on he got better, and in several days he did not have a cough. This was the first part of November. I told him not to take the cloth off, as he would catch cold again. He realized how near death he was, so he kept the wool on his chest until we arrived at the American hospital in France, on December 9.

On the morning of November 9 we awoke, and noticed on the bulletin-board in our block were the terms of the Austrian armistice. They had already signed. We knew then that it would not be long before Germany would sign peace terms. The guards told us the war was about over. They were always talking about the Prince of Baden being such a wonderful man. We found out later that he was one of the men that started the overthrow of the Kaiser. On the night of November 10 the citizens and soldiers held a mass-meeting in Rastatt. We did not know what it was all about, but found out early the next morning.

November 11 when we arose the gates of the prison were open. This we could not understand. Finally a guard came along. His bayonet was not on his

rifle. He was wearing a cap instead of his helmet with the double eagle. The bolt was gone from his rifle and he wore no cartridge-belt. Even the buttons on his coat were cut off and he had it pinned shut. He told us the war was over. The soldiers had gotten rid of everything that had the imperial emblem on. We could do as we pleased from then on as far as the guards were concerned. This was about eight o'clock in the morning. At ten a car carrying a red flag drove into camp and posted on our bulletin-board the terms of the armistice that the German delegates were on their way to sign. Of course we were happy; in fact, so happy that we were dumfounded. Not a man gave a cheer. Shortly after twelve an airplane flew over camp. We do not know if it was a German or American plane, but it dropped a paper. It informed us that the war was over and that preparations were being made to take us out of Germany. I bet Crocker a new hat that we would either be on the high seas or in America for Christmas, but sorry to say I lost.

Four of our men were employed in the city of Rastatt working at the gas factory. Every morning at four o'clock their guard used to come into the barracks and call for them, waking up all the men in the barracks. After the signing of the armistice the fellows did not want to work. On the morning of November 12 the guard came in and called them just the same. That night the men in the barracks got together and decided to drive the guard out. Each man took six tin cans to bed with him. The next morning the guard came in and called. The men did not answer him, so he started to wake them up. He had not gone far when every man in the barracks threw a can. The guard was so surprised that he turned around and ran

back to the door. The door swung inward and he had an awful time trying to get out. In the meantime the cans were still flying. He called for help from some American sergeants, but the door to their room was the side of the door that led outside. Finally the guard got out of the building. That morning, when we stood roll-call, the sergeant in charge gave the whole bunch a bawling out. The German was there with bumps, bruises, and cuts all over his head. That was the last morning he came in to call the men. The detail was called off.

Every day a bunch of us used to go to town with the guard. As soon as we were in town the guard would leave us and we were to meet him later and go back to camp. Whenever we went to town we would take along a pound of coffee or a bar of soap. Either one would bring from fifteen to thirty marks. That was enough money for four fellows to put on a party. It was on one of these trips that I traded a half bar of soap for a German pipe which I brought home for Dad.

The whole camp was anxious to leave Rastatt and could not understand why we did not leave. Sergeant Halyburton called the men together and told us the Swiss would come in and take us out. He also said that if they did not come in in the next two weeks we would start for the Rhine River in a body. Most of the men had some kind of a sack to carry their rations in and were ready to leave. The day that the two weeks were up the sergeant put us off again. Crocker, Murphy, Hirons, Quinn, Reister, others, and myself to the number of fifteen were going through the wire that night. We had stolen a pair of bolt-cutters and had everything ready for a getaway at ten o'clock. About nine we heard a commo-

tion outside and rushed to the door. A number of men were outside talking and laughing, and one of them said we were going to leave that night. Up went a cheer. Just then one of the fellows came arunning and said there were some Swiss officers over in the Germans' office. A short time later the commander of our block called us out and asked us to be ready to leave in fifteen minutes. We all ran back in our barracks and grabbed our food. Some of the fellows started to break up the bunks and dishes when the sergeant's whistle blew.

We rode all night, and the next morning were almost in Switzerland. We went through a town close to the Rhine River and there was a Prussian guard walking close to the train. He happened to be walking in the same direction with the train. One of the fellows leaned out of the car-window, caught the soldier's helmet by the spike, and slipped the strap off of his chin just as nice, and he had a helmet for a remembrance of Germany. He was afterward offered fifteen hundred francs for it, but would not sell it.

We continued our journey through Switzerland across the top of the Alps. Some of the sights we saw were beyond description. One place in particular we were up so high that the clouds were beneath us. Way down in the valley was a lake, and around the edge of this was built a town. The sun was shining down through the clouds forming beautiful colors below. We arrived at Vichy, France, about 10 A. M. on December 9, 1918. We were met at the depot by the American Red Cross workers. We formed in column of squads and started off for the hospital. Bucks were lined up on

both sides of the street, trying to see if they could find any of their lost buddies.

I was sent to a hotel which was converted into a hospital, across the street from the large bathhouse at Vichy. We did not go to the mess in the mess-hall, as we were put on a diet so that we could get our stomachs back to normal capacity again. If we had been allowed to go to regular mess, some of the men would have eaten all they could and some would possibly have died from overeating.

One day after being dismissed from the hospital I wandered over the town and passed a small store that had some Swiss cheese in the window. I went in and bought two pounds of it and came out and sat down on the curbing and ate it. Believe me, it sure was noble.

We were in camp until the first part of February, when we got orders to move on toward the coast. We entrained in American box-cars, forty men to the car, and started on our trip to Brest. It was cold riding, and as we had no fires we were very cold. I froze both of my feet before we detrained at Brest and went on board the transport *Plattsburg*.

It took us nine and a half days to cross the ocean. It sure was a pretty sight to see the Statue of Liberty and the skyline of New York City. As we pulled into the harbor, a tug containing a reception committee and band came out to meet our boat. They came up alongside of our boat and took oars and on them passed pies over to the men. They threw cigarettes and candy over to the boys. It was both a joyous and a sad home-coming. The band was playing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," but too many of the men knew different.



Eskimo Butterfly

BY MARY LEE DAVIS

Mary Lee Davis, who has been interpreting Alaska as a land not entirely inhabited by Eskimos, for SCRIBNER's readers, here tells the moving story of the first Eskimo she ever saw.

WHEN I came to live in Alaska I expected to have only brown Eskimos for neighbors. Instead, I found myself in a Main Streeted mining-town, tucked down just under the Arctic Circle, and with a thousand-odd white and genuine American fellow citizens. I found myself also the source of no little amusement to these new friends when I asked of them in bewilderment: "But where are the Eskimos?" My school-books had told only enough of the truth to whet a child's keen curiosity, for I discovered now that not all of Alaska is Eskimo-land, but only a portion of it; and people here told me that I might stay on in Fairbanks many years and never see an Eskimo.

But on a sharp and frost-etched morning of my first winter in the north, walking the streets of our frontier town, briskly intent on my Christmas marketing, I glimpsed a little woman so exotically furred, in a silky soft parka of silver muskrat hooded deeply in a ruff of gray-black wolf, that the living vivid picture brought back all my childhood fancy. I followed her for blocks, fascinated, forgetting the cold.

Next day our local newspaper put a new edge to my sharpened interest, for it described how an Eskimo woman had just come to our town, from the farthest north of Herschel Island, with

a certain Captain Fergus, a man well known in the Arctic as notorious adventurer, trader, explorer, daredevil sailor, and dog-musher. In temperatures that for days would slip to sixty below zero and cling there, these two human bits of drift had won their lonely way across the winter wastelands which lie between us and the all-frozen sea—a trail, as they had come, of nearly a thousand miles. The Eskimo girl was a native of Nome, far away to the westward, and had set out with this Fergus into the still farther north, as "cook and seamstress" on one of his extended expeditions. When *The News-Miner* ended its account with the statement that these strangers had made temporary quarters in the old Sliskovitch cabin I resolved to go there at once and see face to face again the lost picture I had at last recaptured.

But it was Captain Fergus, and not the girl, whom I first saw as I stepped quickly inside from the sharp cold of that December midday. He was a man desperately tall; and I who all my life have suffered from most unwomanish height never before had felt the sense of such an overpowering size in any human creature. His black head brushed the fur mittens and drying mukluks dangling from the ridge-pole; his great arms reached low. He seemed Jack London's *Sea Wolf*, come to life