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No. 501—cont.

The general complaint again in Ingolstadt was poor food and dirty surroundings, and very little interest taken in us Englishmen.

Sundays and week-days were all the same. We only knew Sundays by reason of the Germans wearing their best uniforms. There were no English services. Once an American archdeacon held a service in the week, and the French had a service every Sunday.

After being in bed from November to March the doctor told me to get up and exercise my leg, but it hung loose over the bedside. I was given a pair of crutches. After three weeks the leg became inflamed, and a week later a young German doctor operated on it. I was given an anæsthetic and knew nothing about it. They cut my leg upon the knee and put tubes in it, and it was very painful for some six weeks and put me very much off my food.

The operation was on the 12th March, and I was brought back to the old quarters in May.

The operation took place in the chief lazarette in Ingoldstadt. There were 16 beds in my ward and they were chiefly filled by French officers.

I was told some 10 weeks before I actually left that I was going to get an exchange and all this time I remained in bed.

A friend of mine and I were the last two of the 16 who arrived in Ingoldstadt on the 3rd November, to leave.

About December—say a month after we had been at Ingoldstadt—an interpreter came through the ward and went to each man. He said if I wanted to settle in the country at the end of the war, I had better give him my name. He said this also to the French and Russians. We took no notice any of us as far as I know, and he did not seem as if he expected us to.

After we had been about a week in Ingoldstadt the American Ambassador, or some one representing him, came through the ward and asked us how we were getting along. I do not think he paid any other visit whilst I was there.

After I came back in May from the operation it seemed to me that the food was a little bit less than it had been, and even the German sentry by the stockade asked a comrade and I if we could spare him a bit.

The sentries were either old or very young.

In coming home we spent about 3 days at Aachen. There were 58 for exchange, but only 36 got through.

They rejected a man who had only one leg because he was a sergeant. This was the third time he had been rejected.

Two doctors examined me at Aachen and passed me in less than a minute.

The quarters at Ingoldstadt were always warm. It was like a furnace in summer and in winter 300 occupants kept it fuggy.

The night before we left a lot of bad cases arrived from Verdun.

From Ingoldstadt to Aachen took us 30 hours, and during that time we were in a first-class compartment, 2 German orderlies, 2 of us, and a sentry. We could not lie flat, and the effort to sit up took it out of us.

We left Aachen Sunday night in a food hospital train which brought us to Rotterdam, and we arrived on Friday night.

My comrade was Private Collingwood, Shropshire Light Infantry.

Opinion of Examiner.

This man is very intelligent and does not appear to exaggerate.

D. O. LEEFE.

11th August 1916.

No. 502.

Name, Rank, No. and Regiment.

Kimberley, Walter, No. 5465. Coldstream Guards.

Home Address.

2, Court, Seven House, Castle Street, Coventry.

Place and Date of Capture.

Captured at Maubeuge, Mons, 9th September 1914.

Nature of Wound, if any.

Unwounded—tuberculous.
I was taken prisoner when the French surrendered at Maubeuge. I was there with a British detachment made up of all sorts of regiments. I had been a flanker

and got lost altogether. I found my way to Maubeuge and reported myself to Quartermaster Law, of 12th Lancers. I left next day to try to get to Beauvais. I fell on the road, wringing wet, with dysentery (on 22nd August). I was taken back to Maubeuge by a French cart. I stayed in the hospital there for two days then I reported at the barracks to Captain Fitzgerald, of 18th Royal Irish (about 30th August). On the 2nd September we went out to dig trenches at Asvert. On the 5th we went out to Asvert again. The next morning we were in action there. We retired down the road. I took two wounded men to the ambulance and was threatened to be shot by a French officer. He told me to get back again. I returned to the detachment coming up to the left of the position we were in the night before. We were again in action. When all the ammunition was spent Captain Fitzgerald said, "The pluckiest of you stay here while I go back and tell the general we must retire." I never saw him come back. When we saw all the men had ceased firing we shouted, "Run for it." We got back to the main Maubeuge road, where we saw Captain Fitzgerald again. He told us to scatter and do the best we could for ourselves, as the white flag would soon be hoisted. We tried to get in the fort but could not. We got put up for the night—five of us—in a village. Next morning we tried to get away past Haumont, and we saw the white flag hoisted at Haumont and Maubeuge. We managed to get away about 15 miles along the Paris road, but we were brought back by a French officer. He took us to Haumont and handed us over to the 12th Lancers, who were then prisoners as the place had surrendered. We handed in our equipment. We were then ordered by Lieutenant Rogers, of 13th Hussars, to march to Maubeuge and report to Major Bayley, of 12th Lancers. We did so on 9th September in the evening. We were then marched to Asvert(?) under a German guard—13 of us with Lieutenant Rogers, who joined us outside Maubeuge. We had stones, sticks, and apples and anything thrown at us by the German soldiers on the way. I got a nasty smack behind the ear with an apple, then I got a brick on the top of my head, several bricks about the body, but no kicks as I was in the centre of a four. The march took about an hour or an hour and a half. I was pretty well then, as I had been drinking a lot of milk. We stayed all night at Asvert. We slept in an open field. I had an overcoat. Next day we marched on to Kilvilly (on the borders of France and Belgium), marching pretty well all day. Things were thrown at us pretty well the whole way along. They frequently spat at us—it was awful. We had some food with us which we had bought at Haumont the day before. It was finished when we got to Kilvilly. The Germans gave us nothing and we were very hungry. At Kilvilly some Austrian gunners took Lieutenant Rogers away. We slept the night there on the grass. We were given no food. Next morning it started to rain and we were taken into a wire factory. There we got three loaves between the twelve of us. We could get water. We stayed there till mid-day. No more food was provided for us. At mid-day we started to march to Mons. The same treatment on the march; a lump of sugar hit me in the eye. We got to Mons about 1 o'clock in the morning. No food was given us on the march, but buckets of water at villages. At Mons we were put in a room at a barracks not big enough for six men to lie down in (there were still fifteen of us, as three cavalymen had joined us at Kilvilly). In the morning we had five loaves of bread and some meat. We remained in the room until 7 o'clock in the evening. Then we were taken to Mons Station. There our topcoats were taken away.

Journey. Sept. 12-15,
1914.

We left by train at 8 o'clock, travelling in a cattle truck—we had plenty of room. The journey lasted three days. We arrived at Döberitz on the 15th September. The journey was awful—we had no food. When we asked for water at places where we stopped, German soldiers on the stations threatened us with the butt ends of their rifles. Private Bond, of the Northhamptons, was hit. At some of the places we got water. We had to relieve ourselves in the truck.

Döberitz Camp. Sept. 15,
1914—Dec. 1915.

I was at Döberitz from the 15th September 1914 to about 6th December 1915. I went into the Robeck Hospital there about December 1914 and remained until May 1915. There were about 2,000 prisoners in the

camp when I arrived, all English; about 5,000 English, 6,000 to 8,000 French, and about 2,000 or 3,000 Russians when I came out of hospital and about 4,000 of the three nationalities when I left—about 1,500 English.

I do not know the name of the Camp Commandant or the Second in Command. I have nothing against them personally.

At first we slept in tents—300 or 400 in a tent—pretty well crowded, but there was room for us all to lie down.

On the 7th December we were moved into wooden huts, which were quite good—about 45 or 50 to a hut. At first we were very crowded, but it was better when all the huts were finished. No fires were in the tents, and we were very cold; no overcoats, and only one blanket. Stoves were in the huts, which was much better. We could wash in the open, as water was laid on. When the huts were built we had proper wash-houses and a shower bath. The sanitary arrangements were pretty fair at the huts, but very bad at the canvas camp. The food was not very good. At first we got half a loaf a day, then it came down to a third, and then to a fifth. We had coffee in the morning, so-called soup at mid-day. I had to drink the soup, or I should have starved, but it was not fit for pigs. It got worse and worse, and at the finish it was simply dirty water with perhaps a couple of potatoes in it. Parcels began to come regularly in January 1915. We should have starved if it was not for the parcels. There was a canteen, but I soon spent the little money I had. The prices were reasonable at the start. We got horribly lousy in the canvas camp, but cleaned ourselves at the huts, when we got clean clothes and burnt the old ones. The new shirts came, some through the American Ambassador and some from home in parcels. The food in the parcels was in good condition. We could walk about in the camp. We could play football and cricket when we got to the huts. We might smoke outdoors. There was a tent used as a church, and Mr. Williams held services. This tent was used as a theatre on other days. Mr. Williams got up a band and got the instruments in about March 1915. I was in hospital when it first started.

An order was sent into the hut that so many men were to go out to work. We drew lots, and I was to go, but I went to the doctor and he told me I was not fit, and I did not go. The men who went to work did not come back, and I cannot say what the work was.

No clothing was given by the Germans. I did not ask for any. In May or June 1915 I got a suit of khaki from the regiment. Whatever the Guards put down for at that time was sent to them.

There was no epidemic.

Postal arrangements were very good. Letters came regularly and parcels after January 1915. The parcels were opened by English N.C.O.'s, shown to German censors, who were well-educated civilians, and tied up and despatched to the camp. Papers were prohibited, but I do not think anything else was.

We could write a letter one week and a postcard the next. They reached England all right.

The treatment until we moved into the huts was very bad indeed. We were chased out of the tents by fixed bayonets every morning. There was a notorious case I heard of, but I did not see it, and I cannot remember the man's name. He was tried and sentenced to death; afterwards tried again and given 20 years and altered to 15. It was a Leeds man; he had been bayoneted.

For any mortal thing men were stood on top of the hill in the cold—perhaps all day and sometimes the next day as well.

They also tied men to a pole in the open with their hands behind them and tied round their middle. I have heard of Englishmen tied with their hands above their head, but I never saw one. None of these things happened to me. A man would be tied up four or five hours. They tried to make the English get up a rebellion at the start; by this I mean they were always chasing us all over the place, and we could never do anything right. Things improved when we got into the huts.

Other nationalities were treated pretty well the same way.

I cannot remember the names of anyone in particular who was exceptionally badly treated. I always kept out of the way.

There were regulations posted up as to not smoking in the huts and so forth. I saw the American Ambassador twice. There was a great improvement after he came first, early in November. They did not chase us about so much, because we reported it; also the shirts and parcels came. I never spoke to him. There was always meat hanging in the cookhouse when he came, but we did not get it to eat. When I was in Robeck Hospital at Doberitz I was treated as well as I could expect under the conditions. I was suffering from tonsillitis, which turned out to be laryngitis and bronchitis. The German doctor was very good and did his best. The nursing was done by English orderlies while I was there. We had the camp food—no milk or special food. I had a straw mattress on a stead and one blanket. I got up and washed myself. The sanitary arrangements were pretty fair.

I wore my own shirt in bed and washed it myself. There was no bed linen, the blanket was never changed and I used to take it outside and shake it. There was a lot of naphthaline which kept away the lice.

There were no mental cases at Doberitz to my knowledge.

Robeck Hospital, Doberitz.
Dec. 1914—May 1915.

Dyrotz. Dec. 7-21, 1915.

I was moved to Dyrotz on 7th December 1915. I was well again except my voice. I have never spoken properly since I went to hospital at Doberitz. We marched about eight miles and we were well treated on the march. I do not know how many prisoners were at Dyrotz, they were all Doberitz people, English, French and Russians. It was a working camp, the Germans called it a self-supporting camp.

I do not know the name of the Commandant or second in command. I have nothing against them personally. We were in huts and not crowded. We slept on beds and shelves—it was good accommodation. Stoves were in the huts, and there was an outside washhouse with a shower bath. The sanitary arrangements were good. There were allotted days for bathing. There was a hospital, but I never went in it.

The food was a little better than at Doberitz. There was a canteen. We could not buy bread, butter or margarine. I was only at Dyrotz two weeks and did no work and that was why I was taken away. A number of us signed a paper not to work. We could walk round the camp, but there was no other form of exercise. There were religious services.

The only mental case I heard of was Honey, who pretended to be mad and managed to get home on that account.

I cannot say much about Dyrotz, but from the fortnight I was there I should say it was not a bad camp.

Cottbus. Dec. 21, 1915—
Aug. 1916.

I left Dyrotz for Cottbus in Brandenburg on 21st December 1915. There were about 100 English and also French and Russians. We went by train; a pretty fair journey which took about eight hours. We had our rations before we started. I do not know the name of the Commandant or the second in command. I never had anything to do with them.

We marched from station to camp—about three miles—snowing all the way. We had German military overcoats, my boots were pretty fair, I had them from my regiment. We slept all night in our wet clothes in a hut with no beds or blankets. We lay on the boards. The next morning we went for a bath, they would not let us get any dry clothes out of our kits. I have been ill ever since, on and off, but I was not in hospital. I attended it as an out-patient.

We had a warm shower bath and we had to put our wet clothes on again, we had to dry ourselves on a shirt as there was no towel and we were not allowed to get our own.

Accommodation was in huts which were fairly good, about the same as the huts at Doberitz, and there was a washhouse and shower bath, stoves in the huts. The sanitary arrangements were good.

I was well treated by Russian doctors and orderlies when I went to the hospital. The doctor's name was:—

Dr. Kavinnir Karivowski,
Lazarette Lager I,
Gefangenen Lager,
Cottbus.

Hospital. May 1916.

He did everything he possibly could under the conditions and with the medicine he could get. He suggested I should come into the hospital several times, but I would not go until they carried me there about the end of May 1916. I was then so weak that I could not walk. The reason I would not go before was because there were so many Russians there and they so were so dirty. When I did go I was put at the end of the hospital where there were no Russians.

In the hospital there was an underneath sheet and a bag quilt with four blankets; the blankets were clean, the sheet was changed once a week. I was well looked after by the Russian orderlies.

The Russian doctor got me eggs, milk and port wine which I had to pay for. The sanitary arrangements in the hospital were good. I slept in my own shirt. The food I had in hospital was practically all English food except what the doctor bought for me.

In the camp the food was very bad. One-fifth of a loaf of bread per day, so-called soup which got worse and worse, practically dirty water at the finish. There was no canteen. The food arrived from England in good condition. I should have starved without it. The English suffered a great deal from nephritis or neuritis, a swelling in the face and legs from the watery food.

There were 200 English prisoners at Cottbus, 8,000 or 9,000 Russians and about 2,000 French.

There was not much walking space. We used to play football, but they stopped it over some complaint, I do not quite know what it was. We could smoke outdoors. We were not supposed to smoke indoors, but nothing much was said if we did.

Mr. Williams used to come and hold services once every two months or so. At other times we had services amongst ourselves. Mr. Williams was a very nice man. I think he was the American Ambassador's clergyman.

All privates who passed the doctor as fit had to work. I did not pass the doctor. I do not know what the work was. One man who came back, Private Collins, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, had lost a finger in a factory, it was a stamping place, I think. Twenty men went out and returned because they would not work on a farm. Three of them were put in cells and were there three weeks before they were tried. Two got six weeks, another three months.

The N.C.O.'s were not compelled to work, but were asked to volunteer to do so. They all refused to volunteer because they thought they would get into trouble if they did so when they got home, and also they would be releasing German men to go and fight. The N.C.O.'s were punished for not volunteering by being made to drill from 8 to 10.30 a.m. with half-an-hour's spell in the middle and from 2 to 4.30 p.m. with a quarter of an hour off. They did this every day except Sunday and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. They would not object to work on farms if they were ordered to do so, or if they knew they would not be punished for volunteering when they got home, but they will not go to work in factories.

I never had any clothing from the Germans, but was well enough supplied from England. Before I went to Cottbus early in 1915 there was an epidemic of fever among the Russians and about 600 or 700 died or were killed for getting up to go to the latrine during the night. A German doctor died and then they took all the Germans away and left the camp in the charge of a Russian doctor with sentries half a mile away. They sent the Russian doctor back to Russia after the epidemic was over. There was no epidemic while I was there.

Postal arrangements were very bad; our own cards would get away all right but the post from England was not delivered properly. There was a German private soldier as censor, his name was Amberg, who practically did as he liked, and he would stop men from writing and receiving letters. He never stopped me. Quartermaster Clark of the Royal Marine Infantry asked me to report about this censor. He stopped Private West's, of the Naval Division, letters for three months.

Parcels came all right, we used to fetch them in a horse and cart twice a week. They were opened in front of us as we went to draw them by a Germans. Papers were not allowed and books were censored before we were allowed to have them.

Sergeant Welsh, of the Inniskillings, was put in prison for three weeks and was only allowed the German food, no one knew what he was in for. He said when he came out that it was for something he had put in a letter, something about an unsophisticated bastard of a boy who was in charge of the hut.

Private West was imprisoned just before we came away. I do not know what for, unless it was for cheek.

The Russians were treated worse than anybody there, they used to get kicked and knocked about. I never heard of any murder cases.

Punishments were mostly cells, but they also had tying to the post. Corporal Brendon, of the Rifle Brigade, had four days cells for refusing to go on parade one afternoon as he was not well.

One of the American Ambassador's representatives came. There was no improvement. We reported to him that we had to buy our own medicine as the Russian doctors were not provided with it. The doctors got into trouble about this and their walking out leave was stopped, but there was no improvement about the medicine. We could speak to the American Ambassador alone, he ordered the Germans away. There was a mental case—Private Hattersby, of the West Yorks. He is not as bad as he makes himself out, he could control himself if he liked.

There was never any attempt to make us adopt German nationality.

Privates Kerns and Sandford, both boys of 17 or 18, Royal Marine Light Infantry, are working in a coal pit, I believe. They should be fetched back, it should not be allowed. Quartermaster Sergeant Clarke should have stopped it. I think he could have done so had he tried soon enough. He is now trying to get them back.

About three months before I came away a German under-officer in charge of our hut tried to buy bread out of the rations allowed to us by the Germans. He tried to demand 20 rations a day, but we objected and then he offered to buy them at 8 pfs. a ration.

Opinion of Examiner.

In my opinion Lance-corporal Kimberley is an intelligent and reliable witness.

F. VARLEY,
Examiner.

No. 503.

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| Name, Rank, No. and Regiment. | Browne, Ernest, Private, No. 10529, Royal Welsh Fusiliers. |
| Home Address. | 22, Francis Street, Brighton, Sussex. |
| Place and Date of Capture. | 26th August 1914, at Le Cateau. |
| Nature of Wound, if any. | Gunshot, right knee. Up to the time of capture, I had seen no act or outrage on the part of the enemy, although I had heard of such. I was taken to a field dressing station established in a church used for that purpose. I was well treated and given a drink of wine. I remained here four days. I was able to walk and marched slowly with many other prisoners to Cambrai. Here we entrained and were sent to Germany, stopping only for half an hour at some of the stations on the way for refreshments. I was taken to Doberitz. The journey took about two days I think. A military guard was in charge and we were well treated. |
| Journey. Aug. 30—Sept. 2, 1915. | I was kept at Doberitz until December 1915, when I was moved to Dyrotz and remained there for a fortnight, and from there was sent to Cottbus where I remained until released. I cannot give the number of prisoners at any of these places, except that at Cottbus there were very few English prisoners. I was in hospital at Doberitz, and was treated as well as possible here and had every medical comfort. The nursing was done by R.A.M.C. men, prisoners of war, and some Russian prisoners. Food was good. A doctor attended three times a day to see those who were really bad. Sanitary arrangements were quite good. The French prisoners were treated much better than any others, and the Russians especially were badly treated. The German doctors there were named |
| Doberitz. Sept. 2—Dec. 1915. | |

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