

TORONTO MUSICIAN'S TALE OF HUN CRUELTY

Harry M. Field, Released From
Internment Camp, Says Hard-
ships Drive Men Crazy.

Mr. Harry M. Field, former Toronto musician, and until recently a professor of music in Germany, was recently released from a German internment camp. To friends in Toronto he has written this account of his experiences:

"The Ruhleben experience has once and for all defined my position and attitude toward Germany," he declares. "It seemed to me that we were thrown into this infernal place like a lot of animals, and told to shift for ourselves.

"The German Government allotted six men one wash basin, one towel, one bowl, and if you had no blanket you were allotted one," continues Mr. Field. "Each man was given 65 pfennigs (16 1/11c) worth of food, which consisted of bad coffee in the

morning, a tin of soup at noon, which we were obliged to bring from the kitchen, some distance away, and in all kinds of weather. The barracks lined up in order to fetch the food in military fashion. In the evening we were given a piece of sausage, another time bad tea and so on. A loaf of bread was divided among six men, and fellows would often come and ask if you had any bread to spare. There was a canteen where we could buy things, and those who had money could manage to get along, but gradually the supply has been diminishing, and before I left there was no butter, eggs, milk or sugar. Meat was out of the question.

"The mental condition of the camp is now not of the best, the men are

losing their memories; some are on the verge of lunacy. Two came away with us in that state. The day before I arrived in Ruhleben one man cut his throat. Several have been sent to asylums and sanitoriums. The callousness, indifference and cruelty of the German authorities make one absolutely shudder. It is a fact that they have thrown off the mask, and now show themselves as they are, nothing but fiends. The so-called 'kultur' is a cloak. I cannot tell you here all the dreadful and terrible things they have done. No doubt you have read about Wittenberg, where they shot the British down for sport one evening when the British asked to be separated from the Russians, who were communicating a virulent type of typhus.

"They were told that these were their allies, and they should get to know them better. The result was two hundred British soldiers and several civil prisoners died. The German doctor left the camp with nobody to attend to them. They lay there helpless.

"Upon the slightest pretext or complaint of a soldier we got in Ruhleben twelve, twenty-four, forty-eight or seventy-two hours' solitary confinement on bread and water, and a hard bench to lie on.

"There are some talented fellows interned, all kinds—violinists, pianists, composers, conductors, actors, poets, Cambridge and Oxford men, Harrow, Rugby and Clifton School boys, correspondents, engineers, sea captains, sailors, niggers, pickpockets, lots of rats, and, last but not least, the Earl of Perth, whom we called the 'Pearl of the Earth.'

"One of the chief pastimes of the rougher element in the camp was catching and killing the rats."