

My Good and Bad Experiences

in England in 1914

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Contents.



	Page
Introduction	3

Part I.

My seven weeks' stay at Ramsgate	5
Across the Channel	5
Ramsgate as a resort for health	6
A ramble on the sands	7
At the sea-side by night	8
At a public school	10
On the school playing-field	11
Historical spots near Ramsgate	13
The Holiday Course	14
Some remarks on the English language	17

Part II.

My experiences as an "alien enemy"	20
My troubles at Ramsgate	20
As a prisoner of war in a concentration camp	23
All's well that ends well	26



Introduction.

My good experiences in England, described in the first part of this account, were chiefly made during my seven weeks' stay at Ramsgate, the very period I intended to spend in England but for the war. In the second part I dealt with the troubles I had to undergo as an "alien enemy".

Each chapter is no more than a sketch of personal impressions and experiences written down soon after they were received. In publishing them, I hope that both my colleagues and the boys of the upper forms may take interest in them. The latter may even derive some advantage from reading this booklet. It is chiefly with regard to them that I choose to publish it in English at a time when we are on the worst of terms with our neighbours on the other side of the Channel. We must not forget that the knowledge of the English language as well as of the French language will be as important for us Germans after the war as it was before. When the war is over and our armies come back victorious, as we hope, from the hostile countries, we shall still want to trade with our enemies of to-day; and the way to succeed is to sharpen our tools, not fling them away. On the other hand, there are the English and French literatures, the value of which will outlive many wars.

It remains to me to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. H. C. Norman, Head Master of the County School at Ramsgate, in assisting me both in my studies and my difficulties caused by the war.

Passau, in May, 1915.

Dr. H. Reger.

Introduction

The following text is a very faint and illegible scan of a document. It appears to be a long, multi-paragraph piece of text, possibly a report or a book introduction, but the characters are too light to be read accurately. The text is centered on the page and spans most of its width.

Part I.

My Seven Weeks' Stay at Ramsgate.

Across the Channel.

Having made up my mind to spend the summer holidays in England, I was anxious to find a place where I could both best increase my knowledge of the English language and seek relaxation after the professional work of the term that was just over. I was, therefore, very pleased when one of my colleagues told me that there was to be held a holiday course for foreigners at the seaside, at Ramsgate. In reply to my request, I was sent a detailed prospectus by the Assistant Director of the Course, Mr. Norman, and I soon decided that the Ramsgate Course was the very thing I wanted.

I set off from Passau on July 15 and arrived at Cologne on the 17th, after having enjoyed the beautiful journey along the Rhine. From Cologne you may continue your journey to Dover either by Mechlin (or Brussels), Ghent, Ostend, or via Lille, Calais. I chose the former route, because it is pleasanter and cheaper. At Cologne you can get a third class (return) ticket to Dover. On board the ship I found it better to pay the slight extra charge of two shillings and thus secure a first class passage.

The weather was glorious when I embarked on one of the magnificent Belgian State Mail Steamers on July 18 at 4 p. m. Ostend quickly faded from view. The sea was calm and the passage splendid. After three hours, there appeared in the west a long dark line, which was separated from the water by a broader white one, which might have been mist. This line soon turned out to be the South East Coast of England with its high white chalk cliffs and the darker soil above them. Several big sea-gulls came and turned round the ship as if to welcome her passengers. Then, on the land, the silhouettes of lofty trees and large build-

ings became more and more distinctly visible and Dover Castle emerged like a fairy stronghold. At 7.30 I went on shore. Most of the passengers got into the London train, which was waiting on the pier. I, however, after having my luggage examined by the customs officer, betook myself to the Town Station, ten minutes' walk from the pier. From there the train brought me to Ramsgate in little more than an hour.

Ramsgate as a Resort for Health.

Ramsgate is derived from Ruymsgate i. e. entrance to Ruym; Ruym being supposed to be an old name for the district of Thanet, the chief-town of which Ramsgate is now. It possesses natural advantages, which have made it a most delightful holiday and residential resort on the Kentish coast. Ramsgate is a favourite watering place for middle class people. As the train from London to Ramsgate takes only two hours, a great many Londoners like to spend the week-end there. While its population is about 30 000 in winter, the town contains nearly 100 000 during the season. Ramsgate's claims as a resort for health are unquestionable. England is, we know, noted for its equable climate, which is owing to the fact that this country is surrounded on all sides by the sea. But at Ramsgate the difference between the maximum and the minimum temperature is said to be less than in any other town of England, which is probably a consequence of its being naturally protected from cold north and east winds. With the other watering places of Thanet Ramsgate has in common marvellously pure air and bright sunshine. Amongst other notable visitors that have given praise to the health-giving qualities of this district, is Lord Northcliffe, who writes: "The great merit of the Isle of Thanet is the remarkable power of recuperation it offers to those who require bracing air. I have travelled all over the world, and have found no spot where one is so rapidly braced up. The climate, not only in what is known as 'the season', but also during the months of April, May, June, October, and November, is all that could be desired. In summer and autumn there is more sunshine in the Isle of Thanet than in almost any other part of the United Kingdom." Apart from these natural advantages Ramsgate is a lovely place for residence. Its streets

and avenues are well asphalted and always clean. Magnificent promenades provide a splendid outlook over the sea. The great majority of the houses are built in the same style. They are narrow villas of two stories, sometimes all covered with ivy or Virginian creeper, and always surrounded by lovely gardens, which abound in trees and gay-coloured flowers. In the ground-floor there is a balcony with three windows and, beside it, the house-door with the inevitable knocker.

A Ramble on the Sands.

Ramsgate is not only a resort for health, it is also a place for amusement. I will not speak here of the concerts, which are given every night in the cliff-promenades or in the public park, nor of the theatre, which can hardly be called a first-rate one, nor of the Picture Palaces (or electric theatres or cinemas), music halls, and the various establishments for the amusement of the children, nor of the recreation grounds for playing cricket, tennis, or bowls; but I will try to give a sketch of the life and bustle on the beach on a sunny afternoon, which is the characteristic feature of Ramsgate and offers most interest to a foreigner coming from the interior of Europe.

On leaving my home and turning my steps towards the sea, I catch sight of a big ball, which is fastened on to a long pole in the neighbourhood of the harbour. The raising of this ball indicates that there is sufficient depth of water at the harbour mouth for comparatively large vessels. Going on, I notice that the ball is just being lowered, which means that the tide is on the ebb. In passing by the harbour, I am struck by the number of vessels, which are lying at anchor here. There are about a hundred rowing-boats, as many sailing ships, either yachts or fishing-boats or barges, and a few steamers, colliers from the North or timber ships from Norway.

Close by the harbour there extend the sands, which were washed by the water only a few hours ago. At low tide, this beach is an area of sand about two hundred yards wide (at the part nearest the town) and over two miles long. The most crowded portion is that adjoining the harbour and the piers. The sands, as a matter of course, are above all an ideal playground

for the little ones. I pass by a group of girls who are making sand "puddings" in various moulds; their brothers, close by, are building a real sand castle. Another boy is digging out the sand around it to make a moat for the castle, whilst his sister is fetching water in a small bucket to fill it. Near them, a boy is resting half-buried in the sand; he is evidently tired of work. The parents and a lot of other grown-ups are lounging in comfortable chairs, looking at the children's delight or reading their magazines; enjoying the fresh breeze and the view over the sea. The quietness is somewhat disturbed by the loud discussion between two men, who are standing in the middle of a group of people not far off. There is a member of the Salvation Army defending his doctrines against the attacks of a socialist. After having listened a while to their disputes, I go on to a place where less serious subjects are treated. On a primitive stage some Pierrots have just finished a popular song and are applauded by the public. Another scene is going on. One of these beach-entertainers is representing the old miser Ebenezer Scrooge reciting characteristic passages from Dickens' Christmas Carol. After this, I pass a group of youths ("nuts") lying on the sands, smoking, and flirting with tastefully dressed flaxen-haired girls. At last I arrive at the water, where hundreds of persons, mostly children, are paddling and splashing in the breaking waves or picking up shells, crabs, and small star-fishes. The sands, of course, are also unequalled as a bathing place. Behind the bathing machines (cabins on two wheels) a great many ladies and gentlemen let themselves be rocked by the soft waves. I hire a bathing dress, a cart carries me to one of these machines, and I follow their example.

At the Sea-Side by Night.

In the latter part of the evening, when the noisy crowd have left the sands and only the sound of the waves is to be heard, then I like to go again to the piers to enjoy the spectacle around me. It is really a spectacle that moves you to admiration, particularly when the moon happens to cast her soft light down on the sea. The smacks (small boats) swinging at their moorings in the harbour are a picture that reminds one of the Grand

Canal at Venice. The coast for a length of two miles is fairy-like illuminated by thousands of lights, which effect is owing to the amphitheatre-like position of the town. Now when you cast a look to the opposite side, you notice the various lights that secure the safety of vessels at night. The two lighthouses at the entrance of Ramsgate Harbour cast piercing red rays over the sea. Away to the west, you notice the twinkling flashes of the lighthouse at Deal and, beyond, that of the South-Foreland. In the open sea many buoys and light-ships are anchored round the coast. As regards the buoys, which show the position of shallows or of submerged objects, it may be observed that there are many different types, such as gas buoys, which automatically exhibit a light at night, bell buoys, the bells of which are caused to ring by the motion of the waves, buoys fitted with sirens, which are blown by the rising and falling of the water in a tube, and the ordinary can buoys. The light-ships are stationed at points where something more distinctive than a buoy is required. They are distinguished by day by means of marks, such as wooden balls or triangles displayed at the masthead, and by night by means of different adjustments of their lights. At about seven miles from Ramsgate on the Goodwins, there is a whole chain of light-ships, the beams of which are seen from the cliffs of Ramsgate. The Goodwin Sands are dangerous sandbanks, which extend parallel with the coast for about ten miles from north to south. Tradition ascribes the name of the Sands to the fact that they once formed part of an island belonging to Earl Godwin, the father of Harold, which by the decree of Heaven "sonke sodainly into the sea", in consequence of that nobleman's crimes. Many a vessel has been interred in this dismal ocean graveyard and we remember the reference in "The Merchant of Venice" (Act III, scene I): "Antonio has a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be a honest woman of her word." Even the rays from two lighthouses on the French coast near Calais are visible sometimes. When a fog descends on the waters, foghorns are sounded continually to warn the ships crossing the great waterway.

At a Public School.

There have been published a good many German books which deal at length with the educational system of English secondary schools. So I may restrict myself to a few remarks from my own experience at the County School for boys at Ramsgate. Although in England no two public schools may wholly resemble each other in consequence of the almost complete liberty allowed to individual schools by the Board of Education, the principles for education are the same throughout the Kingdom, and Ramsgate School may be considered as a standard public school. This school is a stately modern building situated in a quiet quarter of the town. The class-rooms have been intentionally built to accommodate no more than twenty-four boys in order to avoid an overfilling of the forms. Ramsgate's County School is a day school, that is to say the boys live at home. Lessons begin at 9. 10 a. m. and end at 4. 20 p. m., or at 3. 30 for the lowest form. They are preceded by Prayers (a solemn religious ceremony) in the Assembly Hall. Lunch is taken at school by those boys who live out of Ramsgate. Every lesson lasts three quarters of an hour. The Head Master willingly allowed me to attend a few lessons.

I took a special interest in the foreign language lessons i. e. French (German being not taught, as in most English schools). As for the method of teaching French, it is chiefly the direct method that is employed. Even in the lower classes grammatical explanations are given in the foreign language. A French song, dictated by the master, was to be written down first in the international phonetic transcription, then it was corrected, read in chorus, new words were explained and, if necessary, translated, and finally it was sung. At the beginning and the end of every lesson the boys have to pronounce by heart a series of vowels especially grouped in a manner to train the articulation. French is not taught below the third form.

Looking at the time-table of an English school-boy, I noticed a subject which is generally not taught in our secondary schools, namely manual training. In a small building beside the school, there is a workshop, where the boys, twice a week, learn how to do woodwork or metalwork. Experiments are being made to combine the arithmetic lessons of the Junior School (8—10) with

this practical work; the results so far are both interesting and encouraging.

Instead of "religion" we read in the English time-table "scripture". As a matter of fact, the religious instruction of English secondary schools consists exclusively in reading and explaining the Bible. As boys of different denominations attend these lessons, the teacher is not allowed to say anything about a special creed. Moreover, these lessons are not compulsory for the boys. Owing to the so-called "conscience clause" no state-aided school throughout the Kingdom can oblige the parents to make their children attend scripture lessons and Prayers.

I was somewhat surprised to understand that corporal punishment is employed in English secondary schools. It is, however, not inflicted by the master, but by the Head Master or by elder boys called prefects. In return for it, the prefects have little privileges, slight in themselves, it is true, but esteemed by young boys. They may enter the school by the master's door; in certain circumstances they are asked for their opinion; once a year, they are invited by the Head Master to dinner; they wear different caps; they have a private room where other boys may not enter without knocking, etc.

On the School Playing-Field.

It is a well-known fact even abroad that at English schools out-door sports are at least as important as intellectual work. Weather permitting, the English boys spend several hours in the open air every day. In their sports there is no great variety. They consist almost exclusively in jumping, running, cricket, and football. I was glad to be able to witness all these sports on the County-School's playing-field by the kindness of the Head Master. This field is a quarter of an hour's walk from the School. It is an area of six acres, perfectly level, covered with short grass, and situated in the open country.

The first time I went to the field, there was a cricket match between the County School and another secondary school of Ramsgate. I came with great expectations and, I am sorry to say, I was disappointed. A group of twenty-two boys, divided into two sides, are dispersed over the "pitch". Only two boys are

by turns actively engaged, the task of the others being simply to throw the ball to the wicket, when it happens to fall down near their post. The boys, no doubt, take the game very seriously. They are playing without shouting, almost without saying a word. The quietness, however, is sometimes interrupted by the calls of the lookers-on such as "Run hard! Well done!" It is true, I did not see this game under the best conditions, as there was a cold wind blowing over the field, but I am perfectly convinced that our "Deutschballspiel" gives both a better culture to the body and more pleasure to the mind.

On July 28, the day before the "breaking-up", the annual athletic sports of the County School took place. They consisted in running and jumping, and in "tug-of-war" (Seilziehen). As they were favoured by brilliant weather, a large company of visitors were present. At the conclusion of the programme a good many prizes (cups and medals in silver and bronze) were distributed to the winners, who were congratulated by a loud hip, hip, hurrah.

What I admired most that day was the general interest that is shown in these sports from all sides, which is a great stimulus to the boys. Every day a certain number of masters are on the playing-field, who not only direct the games, but take personally part in them. Parents and other friends of the boys make a point of being present at the games, as far as time allows them, and of applauding the boys for their successes; for they know the rules of the games as well as the boys. Parents' matches and old boys' races will be arranged. Prizes will be given by the mayor, the parents' association, and different citizens. The newspapers and the school-magazines report the matches and races at length, and the names of the winners are published. Needless to say that the boys are full of enthusiasm for these sports.

The training of body and mind *pari passu* is the principle and aim of all English secondary schools. Why the English favour that ideal was told in the speech of the Chairman of the Higher Education Committee, delivered after the distribution of prizes: "When work and play go hand-in-hand, he said, the result cannot be other than the production of a high-minded and healthy manhood such as England wants to-day. One cannot foretell the future of our race, but it is certain that education such as is provided in

our secondary schools, must produce men and women who will be a credit to the nation."

Historical Spots near Ramsgate.

Ramsgate is situated in a district that is rich in historical associations. Some places of interest are easily to be reached on foot, others by 'busses or by train.

After an hour's walk along the coast west of Ramsgate we have a wonderful prospect of the Pegwell Bay, which pierces the long wall of steep cliffs. Then we turn inland and arrive soon at a small hamlet, called Ebbsfleet. Formerly the sea reached as far as here and it was here that the Saxons under their fabulous leaders Hengist and Horsa landed in A. D. 449 to assist the British against the invading Picts and Scots. J. R. Green says in his History of the English people: "It is with the landing of Hengist and his war-band at Ebbsfleet on the shores of the Isle of Thanet that English History begins. No spot in England can be so sacred to Englishmen as that which first felt the tread of English feet." It is a curious fact that nearly 150 years later, on this very spot, the Roman monk Augustine landed to preach christianity in England. On the place where his meeting with King Ethelbert is likely to have taken place, a Runic cross has been erected.

Three miles to the south of Ebbsfleet lies Sandwich, which was a flourishing haven from the Saxon period to the 15th century. It was frequently attacked and captured by the Danes in the 9th and 10th centuries and in 1013 it was the landing place of Swein and his son Cnut. Towards the close of the 15th century, the haven became quite impassable for ships and now-a-days Sandwich is a mile and a half from the sea.

1½ miles to the north of Sandwich, there is another ancient place, Richborough, dating back even to Roman times. The crumbling ruin of the Roman fortress Rutupiae is not very imposing by its feature, but it is, no doubt, one of the most remarkable relics of the Roman occupation of Britain. It guarded the south entrance to the channel Wantsome, which at that time separated the "Isle" of Thanet from the mainland. This mile-wide channel was the shortest waterway for ships proceeding from and to the

Thames. The Romans, recognizing its strategic importance, erected another stronghold, Rugulbium (now Reculver), on its north end.

A mile to the east of Ramsgate, there is another remarkable sea-side resort, namely Broadstairs. When the tide is out you walk best by the sands. All the way along you have then the steep chalk cliffs (130 to 140 feet) to the left and the murmuring sea to the right. Broadstairs was the residence of Charles Dickens for many summers. The chief object of interest is Bleak House, where Dickens wrote a great part of *David Copperfield* and other novels, but not Bleak House itself. The old house, however, has been converted by a later owner into a fashionable residence, which Dickens would never recognise. In the front of the house has been placed a granite tablet with a bronze bust of the great novelist.

No visitor to Ramsgate will omit to take a trip to Canterbury with its famous cathedral, which is easily to be reached either by motor-bus or by train. It was arranged that the whole of the students of the Holiday Course should make this excursion together. Unfortunately, the outbreak of the war frustrated this plan and I myself as an "alien enemy" was not allowed to go farther than five miles from Ramsgate.

The Holiday Course.

Last year it was for the third time that the University of London had arranged a Holiday Course for English and foreign teachers at Ramsgate. The number of foreign students was smaller than in the preceding years on account of the outbreak of the war. The Course began on August 10 and lasted three weeks.

There was a lecture every day on Phonetics by Mr. O'Grady, late lecturer at the Goldsmith's College London, in which the sounds of the three languages English, German, and French were studied, compared with each other, and classified. Special attention was given to the faults of pronunciation commonly heard from German and French persons. The hints for correcting such faults were of special value for us teachers. The students were also familiarized with the mode of transcription adopted by the International Phonetic Association. Every lecture was followed by a phonetic dictation.

Dr. Fuhrken, lecturer at the University College of Gothen-

burg (Sweden), delivered a course of ten lectures on modern English writers. He gave a clear idea of the life and the ideals of ten modern writers, criticised their chief works, and illustrated his deductions by quoting characteristic passages from their works.

Mr. W. Rippmann's lectures on methods of modern language teaching gave a perfect survey of the principles of the art of teaching, as they prevail now in Germany as well as in England and other countries, without entering into the peculiarities of the different methods ("Richtungen"). He dealt at length with the so-called "reform exercises" giving more than a hundred examples for the drilling and repeating of the vocables and certain grammar rules.

Mr. Norman, Head Master of the County School in Ramsgate, delivered three most interesting lectures on modern English education. The chief difference between the English secondary schools and those of our own country evidently lies in the organisation. Before 1899, the English government did not care at all about secondary education. There were only private schools, the most famous of which (Eton, Rugby, and about twelve others) are called "Public Schools" (with capital initials). Only for the last fifteen years England has had State Secondary Schools. They are called "public schools" (with a small p and a small s) and their number at present amounts to about a thousand. But the interference of the State in these schools is very slight. It only consists in paying a certain sum, called "government grant", for every boy of the school to the county, and in sending an inspector at certain times. The head master and the masters of the school are not the officials of the State. The head master is appointed by the County Committee and has absolute freedom. He chooses his masters, determines the subjects he thinks good to be taught, fixes the number of the lessons for the masters and the boys, and arranges the examinations. The county gets the money for the upkeep of the school from three sources: 1) from the local rate, every householder being obliged to pay a certain percentage of his house-rent per year for the public school; 2) from the government grant, which was spoken of above, and 3) from the fees that are paid by the boys.

Besides these lectures conversational and reading classes were held daily. As there were no more than seven students in any class, everybody had an opportunity of speaking and reading

under control. Various subjects were discussed by the men-students and women-students of different countries e. g. Etiquette and Social Functions; Attempts to improve the Condition of the Lower Classes; the Influence of the Theatre and the Picture Palace; Votes for Women; British and Foreign Universities; Folklore, Hobbies etc. In the reading classes instruction was given in clear and correct reading with suitable intonation. Passages printed in both ordinary writing and phonetic transcription were chosen for this purpose. The little faults of pronunciation, to one of which almost every foreigner is subject (e. g. the nasalization of certain vowels in certain positions [time, nor]), were corrected here. The slight differences in the pronunciation of English and German ai, au, h were noted. The book used in the reading classes was "The Sounds of Spoken English and Specimens of English" by Walter Rippmann, London, Dent's Modern-Language-Series, 3 s. It is a most valuable book for every student of English, especially for those who cannot go abroad from time to time.

Certain evening functions such as recitations by Mr. B. Mac Donald, M. A., and organ recitals by Mr. T. Haigh, Mus. Doc., were both entertaining and instructive. For the convenience of the students two rooms were at their disposal. In the "Common Room" they could converse and read the English papers and magazines. In the "Writing Room" a collection of representative books for the teaching of modern languages was established. For students who wished to play tennis or golf special facilities were provided. The entertainments projected by the direction of the Holiday Course, such as excursions to different places of interest and concerts, were cancelled on account of the war. Our pleasure in sight-seeing and festivals dwindled away when we were thinking of our country-men who were engaged in the tremendous struggle raging on the continent. There was, however, one social meeting of the students on the playing field of the County School on August 25. It was a simple, but cordial arrangement. Mr. Rippmann, the director of the Holiday Course, took leave of the students saying in his speech that teachers of modern languages are missionaries for international understanding. By informing their country-men of foreign peoples and their culture, they could familiarize the nations with each other and thus help to avoid wars between civilized peoples in future. After a lady-teacher had expressed the thanks of the students in warm terms,

there was some singing and guitar-playing and much talking. English and French students conversed in a most friendly manner with their political enemies. An English open-air game concluded these happy hours, which every participant will keep in happy remembrance.

Some Remarks on the English Language.

In this chapter I propose to give a few extracts from my diary concerning the pronunciation, vocabulary, and grammar. I have only chosen such cases as are wrongly or insufficiently dealt with in our grammar-books and dictionaries. In every case I had my observations confirmed by competent Englishmen.

As for the pronunciation of long a, there is no denying the fact that the first element of this diphthong is half-open in the beginning and the end of words (age, eight, day, lay), but fairly close in the middle of the word (late, danger, fail). In Cockney English (the dialect of the lower class people, which is gradually intruding itself to the speech of educated people), this diphthong is so open as to become almost ai ('like' instead of 'lake'). — In 'ration, mass, ass' the a is usually short. — The first syllable of 'aeroplane, aeronaut, aerostat' and words like these, as well as of 'area' is pronounced as in 'air', an assimilation to this word being obvious. — The a of the second syllables of 'Rams-gate, Margate' is never shortened in educated speech. — 'Trafalgar' in the expression 'Trafalgar Square' is always stressed on the second syllable, whose a is short as in 'back'. — But speaking of the battle of Trafalgar, some people guard the Spanish accent on the last syllable pronouncing it like 'are'. — 'Ate', the preterite of 'to eat', has the same vowel-sound as 'let' in England, but as 'late' in the United States. — In correct speaking 'vase' has the same a-sound as German 'Vase'. — Instead of 'am I not (is he not etc.)' the form 'an't', a being spoken as in 'are', is generally used in colloquial speech; 'ain't', ai spoken as in 'aim', is a vulgar form. — In 'comrade', the a is never long; it is a neutral vowel.

E in 'epoch' is always long; in 'aesthetic', the first syllable is long, the second (stressed) syllable short; 'legend' has a short e in standard English.

'Docile, fertile, hostile' have always, 'civilisation, mobilisation, organisation' have mostly ai in the syllables 'il', respectively 'is'. — The substantive 'technique' is treated as a loan-word and therefore stressed on the last syllable (long i) and spelt with que.

U in 'sure' is often pronounced so openly even by educated people that it sounds like 'or'. — The common pronunciation of 'issue' is 'isju', but 'ishju' and 'ishu' occur also. — In the words 'literature, nature, natural, righteous, soldier', the hissing sound is generally pronounced. The pronunciation with tj (dj) sounds affected or old-fashioned in ordinary speech.

In 'clothes' and similar words th is not omitted but by uneducated people.

For the training of certain sounds English teachers often recommend "sentences for practising". I will give some of them here, which may be beneficial partly for beginners, partly for advanced pupils.

I: A little bit of biscuit for the kitten.

E, a, u: Should merry Mary marry her hairy Harry in a hurry?

H: The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.

L: Long and loudly little Lilly laughed.

R: Round and round the rugged rock the ragged rascals ran.

S: In silence he sat on the sands of the silvery sea.

S, sh: She sells sea-shells.

Th: The thick thistle is thicker than the thin thistle.

Th, s: Can you cut this thick string?

W: William will fetch water from the well.

W, v: The very worst verse.

As to grammar and vocabulary, in every day language 'grown-ups' is used instead of 'grown-up persons'. One says 'two million soldiers' or 'two millions of soldiers'. The most popular adjectives for 'schön' are 'nice' and 'lovely', for 'gross' it is 'big', e. g. a nice day, girl, pudding, bathe; a lovely garden, walk, rain, cake, description; a big man, place, fault, appetite, job, fight. The common terms for the following German words are: Automobil = motor car; Strassenbahnwagen = electric car; Luftschiffer — airman, Luftschiff = airship, lenkbares L. = dirigible, Luftschiff-fahrt = aircraft.

In familiar speech the equivalent of 'Auf Wiedersehen' is 'so long'; 'how do you do?' is often said for 'good morning

(afternoon)'. 'Here (there) you are' corresponds to the French *voilà*, when you hand a person something that he wants. 'Ich habe viel zu arbeiten' is in English 'I have a lot to do', 'ich mache einen Spaziergang' 'I go out for a walk', 'ich war spazieren' 'I have been for a walk'.

The common terms for 'Ebbe und Flut' are 'high tide and low tide'; 'ebb and flow (flood)' design the movement (the falling tide and the rising tide); 'flood-tide' is a particularly high tide. — Other synonyms are 'bath' and 'bathe'. I take a 'bath' in the bath room, a hot bath, a sun bath; but I take a 'bathe' (a= ei) in the sea, in a river. — 'Comrade' is only used in the army; 'Schulkamerad' is 'school-fellow'.



Part II.

My Experiences as an "Alien Enemy".

My Troubles at Ramsgate.

It was but a few days that I could fully enjoy the beauties of Ramsgate described in the first chapters of this report. Soon after my arrival there, the dark heavy clouds appeared on the political horizon of Europe and condensed to the dreadful storm that was to discharge itself over Europe with a vehemence unequalled in history of mankind.

As soon as the war had broken out, we Germans who had come to Ramsgate to attend the Holiday Course applied to the German Consulate in London by letter and in person for information about a quick and safe return. In the meantime, contrary to our expectations, England suddenly declared war on Germany. In consequence of this, the Germans of a serviceable age were no longer allowed to leave England. Many of our countrymen attempting to embark for the Continent were either refused or made prisoners of war. I made a last attempt in this respect by addressing a request to the Home Office (corresponding to our "Ministerium des Innern"), in which I asked for the permission of leaving England, explaining that I was exempt from military service in my country, that I came to England for scientific purposes, and that my school-work at home was to start again in September. A few days after, I was sent a form of application to be filled up with several particulars concerning my person, but at last my request was politely rejected.

Now it seemed obvious that there was no chance whatever of returning home before the end of the war. It was hard to see myself banished from my country in those troublous times: to live in the enemy's country without contact with my relatives,

colleagues, and friends, many of whom I knew to be in the field. For it was most difficult to get even scanty news from home via Holland. Later on, I sent my letters to a friend in the United States, who forwarded them via Italy to Germany. It took five weeks for a letter to arrive at its destination in this way. Besides this inconvenience, I was liable to disagreeable experiences such as are incidental to war. Although these troubles, which I am going to speak about now, are nothing to the sufferings which our soldiers on the battle-field have to endure, they still made me feel, far from the theatre of war, some of the hardships involved in the words "c'est la guerre".

Just two days before the beginning of the Holiday Course Ramsgate like many other sea-side places was declared a "prohibited area" for alien enemies. The Germans were summoned to leave the town within forty-eight hours. I did so the very day this order was issued in the company of three compatriots, a school master, a student, and a lady-teacher. We went to Surrey, a village near Canterbury, where we took rooms. Meanwhile the assistant-director of the Holiday Course succeeded in getting a special permission from the police allowing the German and Austrian students of the Course to stay at Ramsgate. So we returned to our previous residence, very glad to be able to apply ourselves to our intended studies. The only thing we had to do according to the Aliens Restriction Orders of 1914, was to report ourselves at the police and to observe their orders. We were not allowed to travel farther than five miles from our dwelling-place. The other restrictions placed upon alien enemies and forbidding the possession of certain articles (fire-arms, camera, telephone, etc.) did not come into consideration for us, as none of us possessed suchlike things.

For the duration of the Course we remained unmolested. The town of Ramsgate was as quiet as before the outbreak of the war and the life and bustle on the sands was also the same. What reminded us of the war was only an unusual military activity on land, on sea, and in the air. On September 3, however, shortly after the Course was over, I met with a rather unpleasant adventure. In the afternoon, I had been out for a walk in the open country. Being by myself, I was reading a novel of Jerome's. On my way home a gentleman, the only person that I met, followed me without my taking notice of him. On arriving in a suburb of Ramsgate, I was suddenly surrounded by two policemen and

this gentleman, and asked, if I had a map about me. Unfortunately I carried a small map of the environs of Ramsgate, taken out of a guide-book, in my note-book. In consequence of this I was arrested. Having a tall policeman on either side and followed by a group of children, I was led through the streets of the town to the police station. There the private man gave evidence that he saw me looking at a map when he met me on his walk, and suspected me of being a spy, as he knew me to be a German. I replied that he was mistaken in taking my little book for a map, that the map I carried with me was quite an ordinary one, and that I was no spy, but a harmless walker. Then my accuser confessed that he was "not quite sure" that it was a map which I was holding in my hands. Nevertheless all my pockets were minutely searched and every scrap of paper examined. But as nothing incriminating could be found, I was released.

Five days later I was to come to the police station again. The War Office had issued an order that every German of military age still residing in a "prohibited area" was to be imprisoned. So I was rearrested, although I had got a permit for three months from the police, and at once interned in the criminals cell, a dimly small and dark room, the only furniture of which consisted in a wooden bench. Fortunately I was not alone there. My two above-mentioned countrymen and another German, a merchant, were my fellow-victims. They had been here already for some hours. Soon after we were all conducted by three policemen to the Railway Station and taken to Dover by train. At Dover Castle, the aspect of which had impressed me so much on my arriving in England, we were handed over to the military authorities and interned in the detention room, a cellar-like jail. There we passed the night almost without sleep, partly on account of our excitement, partly because we were not accustomed to lie on boards. Next day each of us had to undergo an interrogation before the major of the fortress. We were questioned about our doings in England, and our papers were examined. Although nothing incriminating could be found, the major declared that it was most suspicious for us to come to England only few weeks before the outbreak of the war, and that all of us are made prisoners of war. For the rest of the day we were allowed to walk to and fro between the walls before our detention room, a space of about fifteen yards long by three yards wide. Though the weather was fine, not

a ray of sun penetrated here. As we had nothing to do, the day seemed as if it would never end. We passed another night under lock and key. Early next morning we were to make ourselves ready to be conducted by a military escort to a concentration camp. Passing down the hill on which the Castle stands we were struck by the wonderful panorama that offered itself to our eyes. But our thoughts soon returned to the stern reality of our unenviable situation, when we were mocked at by some inhabitants in the streets of Dover. At the Harbour Station we got into a train without knowing our destination.

As a Prisoner of War in a Concentration Camp.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Frith Hill Camp near Aldershot. There were two compounds enclosed by barbed wire entanglements and a high fence. The compound I entered was at the time populated by some two thousand people, a most mixed company. There were German, Austrian, and Hungarian subjects together; sailors saved from the "Mainz" and the "Königin Luise", which were sunk at the very outset of the war; German infantry and cavalry men captured in France. But the great majority of prisoners were civilians; men of all classes were among them—prosperous merchants, workmen, teachers, clergymen, musicians, barbers and a great many waiters. There was, however, no social distinction whatever. Every one had the same rights and duties, the same treatment and the same food. This little German community on English ground was really very much like what is said to be the dream of socialism. I need not say that we all used our mother tongue, even those who, living in England for a great many years without associating with their countrymen, spoke English better than German.

Let us now see what our life in the camp was like. We lived in small round tents, twelve men in one, who just covered the floor when lying around. Each tent had chosen a "captain", who was responsible for the order in it. The civilian prisoners had to do no other work but what was necessary for their own requirements, that is to say, they had to fetch their rations; to prepare and to cook their meals; to saw and cleave the trunks

of trees for the latter purpose; to wash up the dishes as well as their linen; to clean their tents. The occupants of a tent used to perform the different tasks by turns. Sometimes it was hard work, especially for gentlemen who had never practised suchlike things. When it was rainy or very windy, it was extremely difficult to get a fire for cooking the meals. For there were neither kitchens nor stoves (at least at the time when I was in the camp), but only self-dug holes in the earth, where we had to make our fire by means of fresh-cut wood. The hardest job of all, however, was the cleaning of the greasy boiling-kettle, plates, knives, and forks with nothing but cold water and sandy earth. But we had not got many of these useful implements. There were four plates, three spoons, and as many knives and forks for twelve men, so that only three could dine at the same time. The number of these implements, however, gradually increased, and was almost complete when I left the camp.

Now I may be expected to say a few words about the meals themselves. Breakfast consisted in tea with some condensed milk and bread. In default of cups, we took our tea out of empty tin-boxes. At noon we dined on boiled beef with potatoes, which were sometimes replaced by peas or beans. Towards five o'clock we took a third meal composed of tea and bread with some margarine. Tea and bread were sufficient; the portion of meat was rather small, and that of vegetables practically could not be smaller. But you cannot expect a prisoner to get rich meals. On the whole, I think, our daily food was nourishing enough. Besides, at the canteen, we could get light refreshments, such as milk, cheese, biscuits, jam. In addition to that, many prisoners, who had friends in England, were sent parcels containing eatables and warm clothing.

The latter was still more appreciated than the first. As every prisoner had got but one blanket up to September 21, we often felt very cold, the nights being at this season already cool and misty. We were sleeping on the boards covering the whole ground of the tent. Two small books which I happened to have about me, served me as a pillow for the head. Contrary to my expectation I soon got used to this hard couch, although I was accustomed to sleep in feather-beds.

Another manoeuvre-like feature of our camp life was the parade. Once, sometimes twice a day, we had to form ourselves

into rank and file in the open place opposite the tents. There we were counted and inspected by the commander of the camp, and sometimes examined by the doctor. Those who had wholly worn-out clothing or shoes got fresh underwear, socks, and boots. To tell the truth, we were not at all fond of this parade. As it took place about 10 a. m., we often had to leave our cooking fire, when we had just succeeded in kindling it. As soon as the sergeant gave the signal for the parade by a whistle, we had to run away at once, or we ran the risk of being interned in a special cage in a corner of the camp. It was also most unpleasant to be exposed for about a quarter of an hour to the wind blowing almost daily over the heath and flinging the dirty sand into our faces.

Besides the cold it was the dust that made us chiefly suffer not only outside, but also inside the tent, which may be easily understood when we realise that twelve men were living, dining, and sleeping in a tent of which the floor was $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards in diameter.

The frightful monotony of our camp life was interrupted by bright moments, which made us forget its hardships for a while. How happy we were when the fellow-prisoner that acted as a postman, sitting on a big water tank and distributing letters, called out our names. Those who were fond of sport had an opportunity of playing foot-ball at certain times. Every Sunday, a band of four men, who had taken their trumpets with them to the prison, gave a little concert, and professional acrobates gave a performance from time to time. But what made an ineffaceable impression on me, was the singing of our well known German national songs by a mighty chorus in the heart of England. On bright moonlight nights hundreds of prisoners would assemble at a certain spot of the camp to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland über alles", "Der gute Kamerad" and "Die teure Heimat". At that time and at that place every line of these songs had its full significance. They were therefore sung with enthusiasm and fervour. The pauses between the different airs were generally filled up by soldier songs coming from the neighbouring compound, which contained about 1500 captured soldiers.

So the camp life having its romantic side, it was instructive too. There I experienced how little we can live on and what enormous comfort and luxury we are all accustomed to in modern times. The living in tents without chairs, tables, and beds, the cooking of the meals over a fire in a hole of the ground, the use

of self-made wooden spoons and forks, and of stone hammers reminded us of the simple mode of life of mankind in the stone age. In my captivity I also learnt to appreciate the blessing of freedom. It was a depressing feeling to see oneself confined for an indefinite period. The time spent in the camp was wasted, and, moreover, one was exposed to the various dangers of camp life. Needless to say that I endeavoured to get free by all means. Having found an influential protector in my previous landlord, I succeeded in this at last. This benevolent gentleman explained my case to the authorities and stood surety for me with the result that I was released on parole on September 25.

All's well that ends well.

My heart leaped for joy, as I was passing through the barbed wire. The fortnight's imprisonment seemed very much like two months. I took the next train for London accompanied by a young Hungarian student, who was released at the same time as myself. Three hours later we were at the comfortable York Hotel near Waterloo Station enjoying a hot bath and a good dinner.

A walk about London at that time reminded one of the war at every step. Companies of recruits, partly in uniforms, partly in civil dress, were marching through the streets whistling the Marseillaise or singing the popular Irish song "It's a long way to Tipperary"; in all public parks and squares as well as in the College yards soldiers were being trained; Belgian refugees wearing a black-yellow-red badge were looking at the curiosities of London; placards calling every able-bodied man to arms abounded all over the town; every omnibus and taxi carried in front the inscription "Join the army to-day" or "Enlist for the duration of war only". In the windows of shops and public houses, instead of "Man spricht deutsch" was to be read the notice "No Germans and Austrians employed here". By night a dangerous darkness prevailed in the streets of London, and many search-lights were slipping over the sky, which was a precautionary measure against a possible Zeppelin raid.

I lived together with my Hungarian friend with a kind American family as quietly as possible, as it becomes alien enemies. We attended the public lectures at some University Colleges and

at the British Museum. We were, however, in a constant uncertainty as to what would happen with us to-morrow. Some newspapers, Evening News before all, demanded that all alien enemies should be interned, and at that time, further wholesale arrestings of Germans really took place both in London and in coast districts. But, as a matter of fact, we did not get into any more troubles. On the contrary, the English Government at last granted me a permit to leave England, which was an exception for a man of military age. This good chance was chiefly owing to the help and influence of a Dutchman, Rev. Dr. Oberman at Flushing, who had successfully undertaken the worthy task of bringing about an exchange of aliens in England and Germany.

My passport was made out for November 27. I left Victoria Station at 8 p. m. and arrived at Folkestone towards ten. After an hour's waiting on the platform, my papers were examined, and I was allowed to go on board the Dutch steamer, where I passed the night. When I got up next morning, the ship had already left the harbour. I arrived on deck just in time to see Dover Castle once more. It was with a light heart that I bid farewell to England. During the passage, there were always four men on the outlook for floating mines. Our ship met with three of them, which could, however, easily be avoided on account of the fine weather and the calm sea. Towards four o'clock, I landed safely at Flushing. Two hours later I took the train for Germany. Not long before midnight I arrived at Goch, more than happy to be on German ground again.



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