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Internment camp diary, November 1917-August 1918
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or Zürcher have adopted them. It seems to me they systematically liquidate everything so that no German has any reason to return to Singapore after the war. Bottomless nastiness speaks from these acts of violation towards harmless Germans. It's the biggest theft in world history!

2/11/17. The Wilhelmshaven mutiny has led to another chancellorship crisis after all. Dr Michaelis has been replaced by Count Hertling, who was previously the prime minister of Bavaria and had already been mooted as a candidate at the last change of chancellor. He is no doubt a clever politician, but I don't like the fact that he is a Catholic, because the German government and Prussia should be led by a Protestant. I would have loved to see Bülow take on the task, but he is probably too old, I can't see any other reason why not. I hope Hertling manages to steer the Reich back to happier and more peaceful times and that he understands the signs of the time, namely that the people want greater participation in government.

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Unfortunately, the high hopes we had for our Zeppelins have not come true. A large-scale attack on England with about 10 Zepps was thwarted by a colossal storm, resulting in the destruction of 5 of them. Some of these airships were blown all the way to southern France and even into Italy, where they were either downed by engine problems or enemy fire. They say that at the beginning of the war the Zepps inflicted quite a bit of damage on England, but it seems we didn't have enough of the airships at that stage to cause real havoc. Now that anti-aircraft cannons and other protective measures have been perfected, the airships have to fly too high and thus lose accuracy of aim when dropping the bombs.

5th/11/17. On 1st of October, a German newspaper, the "World on Monday", saw the light of day here in camp. The idea is to fill the gap since the English daily newspapers don't come out on Monday, and to report events in camp and other interesting developments, maybe even reprint some articles from the German newspapers that find their way into camp.

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Lately in particular, German clippings have made it into camp via vegetable tins, cigar boxes, etc and were of course avidly devoured, so their dissemination via our newspaper makes a lot of sense. When one has read these German newspapers – the concise, precise and factual reports from the High Command, the reports of government intervention, be it food regulation or requisition of metals, or the articles from reporters at the various fronts – one has gained a clear picture of the conditions at home and the absolute certainty that this war can be won only by our people. Such organisation, such discipline, and the complete subordination to the one goal of ending this war as victors, does not exist in any other country of this world. It fills one with pride to be a German, and none of the daily servings of news of English successes and German setbacks and constant internal strife in Germany can change this feeling. But it becomes all the more evident how infinitely callous it is to keep us civilians imprisoned here in the Antipodes,

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forcing us to idle away the most traumatic time our homeland endures, and even keeping the German newspapers from us.
– This weekly paper therefore offers us some reprieve, and information that the individual may not have garnered otherwise, and we should express our gratitude to the publishers, Messrs Cohn and Steinhorst. Each issue contains an editorial by our foremost camp strategist, Mr Widmann from Hong Kong, and while these editorials may not reveal anything that most of us don't already know, they are still quite interesting. For some time now, big maps have been posted in the hall that show the various theatres of war in the east and in the west and are always well surrounded after the newspapers arrive, while Mr Suhl and some other gentlemen mark the latest developments with little flags. Even the Tommies and occasionally also the Australian officers are not above casting an eye on these maps to improve their geographic knowledge.

At the beginning of October, our Commander, Capt. Bedford, has been recalled, presumably to go

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to the front. Even though he was decidedly better than our first Commander, Capt. Eaton, he will not be missed. Major Holborrow has replaced him, so from a military ranking point of view, we have graduated a step higher. H. is quite kind and amenable, which can probably be explained by the fact that, unlike the other guys, he has already served on the front. There, he fell with his horse and broke a leg. For the first time we are being treated like gentlemen and he will even offer a chair to you if you're going to see him in his office. H. also served as lieutenant in the Boer War, and Lt. Colonel Holman in Liverpool was his bugler. So he would even be

Produce costs [tax?]	63	
Sales		1367
Gross profit	194	
Sales sans profit	149	
Admin. costs	82	
Net profit		169

Total profit from 1/1 – 31/8, 17 amounts to:

£1343, distributed as follows:

Camp representatives	£	575
Reserves for lost goods		250
Bain-marie, structural changes to kitchen and furnishings, piano rental		149
Undistributed		<u>369</u>
	£	1343
		=====

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Since September 1916 the Australian rations have been reduced to so-called Imperial rations, which in many ways don't suit our needs as they provide too much of one thing and too little of something else. The committee has therefore proposed several changes that have resulted in not insignificant savings and improvements. 1 oz of flour, for instance, yields 1.5 oz of bread, so we asked the government to provide 1.5 oz of flour rather than 1.5 oz of bread, which it agreed to. Thus we now bake everything in the camp and save:

- 1) money for previously bought black bread
- 2) £22-32, which is what the camp makes from selling flour to the cooperative for bread rolls and cakes
- 3) for flour we don't need we can get 1000-2200 oz of meat.

The main thing is, we get much better bread and provide several needy comrades with earnings. The September flour account was presented in the "Word on Monday" as follows:

16,620 rations @ 1.5 oz = 24,930 oz of flour,
distributed as follows:

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Cooperative	3750 oz
Main kitchen and officers' mess	750 oz
Bakery	7962 oz
Rye bread, exchange	6234 oz
1010 oz. meat	<u>6234 oz</u>
	24,930 oz

Savings from other rations in September:

Tea 150 oz	exchanged for	14 ctns @ 24 tins of preserved fruit
Jam 1000 oz	“ “	112 oz dried apples
Peas and beans 1700 oz	“ “	112 oz “ pears 150 oz “ prunes
Milk 820 oz	“ “	700 oz shelled peas 1100 oz macaroni 220 oz sago 400 oz cheese 1 barrel of Worcester sauce

Purchases made in the canteen: about £40 worth of spices, cheese, vinegar, etc.

There is no doubt that Mr Berblingen has shown great skills in negotiating these important outcomes for the camp, and great organisational talent in setting up cooperative, bakery, etc. But his egomania and despotism have increased proportionally. He cultivates his enemies and I fear

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that his attitude will one day cause him a lot of trouble.

Teaching activities here in camp have developed enormously. There are regular language courses in English, French, Italian, Russian, Polish, Turkish, Malay, Chinese and Hindustan, some of them very well attended. Lately, they've also started an engineering school for which they erected its own building, where they teach various classes and even prepare for the final exams in Germany. Dr Pupke of the Deutsch-Australlinie [German-Australian shipping line] is the soul of this enterprise. His lectures about the German constitution and law, and about insurance, are very interesting and always so well attended that the theatre can't accommodate them all. There are also regular lectures by Dr Beusel [Bausel?], a teacher from Tsingtao, on history; Prof Graehner on literature, ethnology, etc; Dr Pringsheim on physics, etc; Dr Jacob on chemistry;

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Pastor Stack on religious matters; Dr Müller on geology, mountaineering, and one or the other camp inmate will occasionally report about earlier adventures in exotic lands, so that everybody can expand his knowledge one way or another.

Various comrades, many of whom Tsingtao and Emden people, and Mr Buehn from Katz in Singapore are prepping for their exams in Germany. For them, too, a special school building was erected, funded by Lieutenant of the Reserves Marks, who participated in the siege of Tsingtao and who is originally an architect. He has been

taking care of the Tsingtao soldiers who were brought to Australia in exemplary fashion. He has appealed to his acquaintances in Manila, Java, etc for funds, etc and has been so successful that these soldiers, who have served their homeland well in this war, don't lack anything. He is in sharp contrast to Lieutenant Gerdes from the "Emden", who does next to nothing for the Emden people and still always insists on being saluted.

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He has even remonstrated with the Tsingtao soldiers, who don't even know him. In my opinion, he has no reason to demand salutes since everybody, him included, runs around in civilian clothes. G. is therefore disliked throughout the camp, which is the case with most reserve officers. These gentlemen are very stuck-up about their officer's brevet and yet they're not all that different from the rest of us. Their arrogance increased even more when the Reich confirmed their officer's status to the Australian government and they began getting a £4 daily pay. Most of them don't seem to know where that pay comes from; some claim it's from the Reich, others say it's from their regiments. Since a lot of them hail from wealthy and even super-rich families, the pay makes you wonder, more so considering that nobody at home gives a damn about us mere mortals, and not even the Tsingtao and Emden people are getting a pay. One could understand if the £4 subsidy were limited to those really in need, but given

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that absolutely no difference is being made in that regard, one can only label it an injustice. Most likely the authorities in Germany aren't even familiar with the details of these payments.

Apart from his special school, Lieutenant Marks has also begun to organise a tombstone – one could almost say, a memorial – for those who died in camp. To judge from a drawing that was recently displayed, it is to be a rather tall obelisk with a plaque, all made from the granite that is so abundant here. He had a stonemason come up from Liverpool who is very good at it, while scaffolding and the necessary spadework are done by volunteers. It's an enormous endeavour that should take several months to complete.

The camp of the married couples has finally been transferred from the insalubrious Bourke to the much healthier Canberra, that is, to the nearby Molonglo. The reports from the new place are pretty satisfactory, but it seems

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the financial circumstances of several families are very desolate. After such a long internment it's not really surprising, but in order to help these people, collections

are made regularly here in camp, and with rather handsome results. One tries to help one's compatriots as much as possible. Unfortunately, it's not just the Canberra needy we are faced with; there also are many German women and children throughout Australia who are needy. Because of their nationality, the breadwinners have lost their jobs and were interned, and can hardly hand over any of their meagre camp earnings, and the government subsidies for the families left behind are extremely small. Many of these Germans in Australia are married to English, or rather, Australian women, and while these wives have relatives, fathers or sisters here, they still can barely eke out a living. Many cases have been reported where the parents and relatives of the wife even demanded that she divorce her German husband

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if they were to help her financially. Such is the hatred of many Australians, stoked by the inflammatory English press! There have indeed been applications for divorce and to the shame of the English nation, judges could be found who granted a divorce on the grounds of the husband being a German! – Mr Heineken [sic] here in camp organises collections for these families as well.

In Liverpool, which reportedly now holds 5000 Germans, conditions appear to be very dire, too. Because of the large numbers, there are more men willing to work than can be employed, so no man is allowed to work longer than 14 days in a row. Money is rather scarce as a consequence, and even for these guys nobody back home seems to have done much. Now, however, the German government is said to have transferred funds to give each needy person 10/- [I assume it's 10s, not £10; the diarist doesn't specify] per month. But applicants have to prove that they are citizens of the German Reich, in other words, produce an ID. But these papers were often

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confiscated upon internment or were otherwise lost. All those who work in the camp or have other sources of income, cannot apply, or only for the difference in their income to the 10/- per month. Therefore, only a very limited number of internees get the subsidy, and while I would have expected the Reich to shell out a bit more than the 10/- per month for its needy subjects after such a long time in captivity, it's good to see that something is being done at last. In our camp, the [application details for the] subsidy were also posted on the noticeboard, but as far as I know, nobody stepped forward. – But it becomes clear from these accounts how desolate the fate of a prisoner of war is, especially when there is no money for even the smallest of amenities to ease the daily grind.

And how we should appreciate that we are here in Trial Bay, among fewer people and in a healthier region, and don't have to live in the overcrowded Liverpool!

It seems that back in Germany they have no real knowledge of the conditions in Australian camps, or at least no proper

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appreciation of the facts. Of course it's no wonder given that Consul Johannsen from Newcastle, who was recalled more than a year ago, is said to have sent nothing but glowing reports about us. Several comrades had asked him to look up their relatives in Germany and then received letters from those relatives expressing their joy about hearing from Consul J. how well we were being treated in Australia. The man has really harmed us with his reports, instead of working towards our release at the Foreign Affairs Department. Particularly we 45-year-olds had begged him to advocate our release, but he doesn't seem to have done anything in that regard, hasn't even written to us, and all the reports and rumours that we were to be released have since died down. We have applied to the Visitor, Justice Harvey, and the Defence Minister, both orally and in writing, but without any success whatsoever. – Another matter we had asked Consul J. to raise in Germany was the exchange rate for the Mark to the pound sterling. We have learned that the Germans Englishmen interned in

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Ruhleben, etc receive about 27 Mark for £1, which is a premium of 30%, whereas here they charge us a discount of 30% and more. Since there is no other trade between Germany and England, this differential is not justified. The governments should have reached an agreement to convert on both sides at the old exchange rate, and Germany should have been able to force the issue since the amount of money that flows as aid into wartime Germany is surely a lot higher than the amounts that flow from Germany into England and its colonies. Even in these matters we upright and naïve Germans have let the English put one over us.

Not only we 45-year-olds can't get away from here, even the sick who desperately need a climate change or a type of surgery that is only available in Europe won't be released. Among the Tsingtao people there is a Mr Gabriel who participated in the siege as a corporal and whose cranium was dented inward on one side by the

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pressure of a nearby exploding grenade. According to various doctors, German and English, the cranium would have to be sawed open and the dent pushed back out, an operation that could only be done in Germany. Probably due to pressure caused by the dent the poor guy keeps having fits that resemble a deep swoon and take his breath away, and only very heavy drugs will bring him back to life. G. is married and I think he has children, too, and still the Australian government refuses to release

him, saying that he is fit for service after an initial operation. Truly amazing English humanitarianism!

Generally, the state of health here in camp continues to be quite good, but strangely enough we have had rather a few incidents of appendicitis. Since we have come here, maybe about 20 men had to be sent to Kempsey or Sydney for an appendix operation. Not even the physicians can figure out what causes this particular health problem.

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The last few days have brought us fabulous news from a military point of view. A masterfully planned and executed German attack in the vicinity of Görz [Gorizia] has put one Italian army after another to flight, and in remarkably short time, too. They have already captured 180,000 prisoners and 1500 cannons and still the Italians are retreating. After this giant success surely the Allies will come to their senses and realise that a peace agreement would be more advantageous. Like Russia, Italy will now be militarily sidelined for a long time to come. The cheering here in camp was enormous and even the pessimists turned optimists.

30th/11/17. In Russia, everything is topsy-turvy. Kerensky and his cabinet have not survived the latest military defeats. He has fled and the Bolsheviks have now assumed power, that is, their leaders Lenin and Trotsky have, instituting a 2nd Reign of Terror, like in the French Revolution of 1789. The slaughter is said to be enormous, and not just among the nobility,

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but among all landed gentry. The dictators are also trying to push through totally communist ideas and there seems to be general chaos as the newly empowered mob appropriates whatever catches their eyes. All army units are in complete disarray as the soldiers run off to plunder and loot, and to seize their share of land in the proposed redistribution of crown land and other big estates. Officers of all ranks have been decommissioned, and the Bolsheviks are trying to form an army of their own under the command of a Sergeant Krylenko. All these leaders, according to news reports, are Jews in reality and their real names are Lenin – Lederblum [??], Trotsky – Brannstein, and Krylenko – Aaron Abram. As a consequence of such unrest, our troops are pushing forward. Even though it is winter there, they have occupied almost all of Estland, Linland [*? = the first letter is definitely not an F, as in Finland, but the diarist could have erred*], Oesel, Moen and even the Aaland Islands, probably chiefly in order to come to an agreement with the present holders of office. Negotiations have been scheduled and a week ago, the Russians have telegraphed invitations to all war parties

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to a peace conference and to a general peace on the basis of no annexations, no indemnities and right to self-government of all nations. Germany and her allies have signalled their willingness, so one should think that negotiations will indeed take place shortly.

The Allies have not yet commented on the Russian proposal, probably because they have enough on their plates in their own countries. In France, they have toppled the cabinet and put [Georges] Clemenceau, the 70-year-old whose abiding passion it is to get revenge for Alsace-Lorraine, in charge of forming a new government. In England, Lloyd George is being ferociously attacked by Asquith because he demanded, and also pushed through, a single military command at the western front. Thanks to his proven political skills L. George managed to deflect the attacks and even won a vote of confidence in the House of Commons, so his position is more solid than ever. If Lloyd George were to fall, Germany would pretty much win the war, because he is no doubt the soul of the resistance.

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In Italy, our victory has been consolidated; the 250,000 prisoners taken and the 2500 pieces of artillery seized are simply stupendous figures. Thus, the military situation for us is better than ever, and if it weren't for the Allies' hopes for American intervention, the time for a peace on German terms would have come for sure. We owe the continuation of this enormous genocide to America's entry into the war. May God give us the power to deal with this latest enemy.

1st/12/17. The camp-internal leadership has undergone a change in the past days, in so far as Mr Ermakeil, the chairman of the camp's executive commission, has stepped down. He is a clear-cut alcoholic, and because he can't hold the booze very well, he's drunk more often than not. We have witnessed quite a few telling scenes in this regard, both in Singapore and here. But he really capped it all a few days ago when he decided to relieve himself in the hallway

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on the first floor, thereby wetting more than a few suitcases. Although he was hardly fit to be accountable, it was suggested that he disappear from public life as he had taken it one step too far. E. lives in the same wing as I do, right across from me. At first, only Mr Burkard had been nominated for the by-election, but our tsar seems to see a serious rival in him. He pulled strings to have Mr Spitz nominated at the last minute and thanks to his and Ermakeil's skilful manoeuvring, the new candidate just made it across the line, I believe with a majority of 1 vote. The rigged election of Berblingen's candidate once again deepened the rift between the camp inmates, especially since the means to the end were not above suspicion, even though

Burkard didn't even dream of unseating the tsar. But like many others in camp, he does not approve of the committee's tricks and favouritism,

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he doesn't mince his words and has on various occasions proposed changes that were not to the liking of the committee and its friends. There's general dissatisfaction with the loose and carefree administration of the camp finances, and because of the wildly diverging opinions on many matters, there was also a call for detailed camp rules. Thus, a committee was chosen, consisting of Burkard, Jehsen, Wild and Recklinghausen, to draft such rules. The gentlemen have been at it for a while but seem to have difficulty coming to terms. I, for my part, continue to keep out of all these matters.

13th/12/17. In Halifax [sic] two steamships collided in the harbour, one of them loaded with explosives, causing an enormous explosion that razed the whole city to the ground. The number of casualties is said to be anywhere between 3000 and 10,000.

America has now declared war on Austria, too, after one of her ships was sunk by an Austrian U-boat. It's really just a logical follow-on

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from declaring war on Germany.

The former English minister Landsdowne [sic], who is generally thought to be pro-German, has published an open letter in the *Times* in which he, if not directly advocating peace, at least recommends to be reasonable. He said Germany had to assume that the Entente wanted to annihilate it and that it was England's duty to declare that this was not the intention. Germany seems to be rather pleased by what it calls an unofficial rapprochement.

22nd/12/17. Germany and its allies have signed an armistice with the Russian government, which hopefully will soon be followed by a peace agreement. Thus, this war has yielded a first practical result and the joy back in the dear homeland should be great. It means that the Russian "steamroller" is no longer available to the Allies, and hopefully our government is skilful enough to negotiate a peace agreement with the Russian people that will ban once and for all the Russian-Slavonic threat from our borders. Peace negotiations are due to start shortly in Brest-Litovsk,

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and all war parties have been given a deadline of 4 January to participate in the negotiations. However, to judge from comments by the Allies so far, a general peace

agreement seems doubtful. Much will depend on ~~England~~ America in this regard. The British Labour Party has intensified pressure on the government to work towards a democratic peace that would include general disarmament, establishment of a league of nations, an international tribunal and international laws. Such democratic ideas keep emerging in all countries and are a sure sign of the times, that is, a sign that the people have to be granted more direct participation in government. The Russian Bolsheviks embrace the same, if not more radical, goals, and I do wonder if our diplomats have a chance to reach a lasting agreement with these guys. But even if that did happen, it would still be questionable whether the present Russian rulers could manage to stay in power and

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guarantee a lasting peace. Still, our diplomats will reason that a short peace with Russia is better than no peace at all.

30th/12/17. Christmas, the 4th in captivity, has once again passed quietly. Although the food was better than on ordinary days, and we had theatre and a concert, the mood just wasn't festive. How festive can it be anyway, with no freedom in sight. One tends to become rather apathetic in this regard, and there is probably nobody left in camp who has realistic hopes of a release before the end of the war. Obviously, your thoughts on such days are with your far-away wife and kids, but there's no real point in committing those thoughts and sentiments to paper. Captivity eventually kills off all the good in you, and what remains is nothing but wrath, borderless wrath and hatred towards these English villains. May God make sure they don't escape their just punishment.

Apparently our government, via some neutral intermediaries, has tried once again to reach a peace agreement, or at least it hoped to get them [its enemies] to the

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negotiating table in Brest. Reports from Washington say that these are our conditions:

- 1) Referendum in Alsace-Lorraine.
- 2) German colonies to be paid by [*sold to?*] England, with the proceeds to be used to rebuild Belgium, northern France, Serbia and Romania.
- 3) Russian provinces in the Baltic to gain independence under the sovereignty of Germany.
- 4) Poland to be independent under Austrian sovereignty.
- 5) Disarmament, and freedom of the seas, etc.
- 6) Romania, Serbia, Montenegro keep their borders, and Serbia gets access to the sea.
- 7) Turkey remains intact.

I cannot believe that Germany would ever renounce its colonies, which it absolutely needs. The above-mentioned terms are therefore more likely to be wishful thinking on the part of the Allies, than our real terms. As with so many English reports, you have to take it with a grain of salt.

For the end of the year, the Australian press is regaling us with extravagant praise of Mister

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Otto Kahn, the German Jewish financier in New York, a partner in the firm Kuhn, Loeb & Co in New York. This "German" has German parents, has served as a soldier in Germany, was then naturalised in England and later in America. The following passages from his letters and speeches were cited:

[start English original] In word and deed I have proved my fervent allegiance to the cause of England from the first day that accursed Prussianism let loose upon the world the devil's visitation of this appalling [sic] war. I am a profound admirer and most sincere wellwisher [sic] of that splendid race and nation and eager to serve her to the best of my abilities.

This appalling conflict, which has been drenching the world with blood, is not a mere fight of peoples against peoples. It goes far deeper. It transcends vastly the bounds of racial allegiance. In determining one's duty towards it, the time has gone by – if it ever was – when race and blood and inherited afflictions [sic] were permitted to account. *[end English original]*

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Germany, how far have you fallen if such rogues can call themselves "Germans". One could cry just reading such words!

Neither race, nor blood, nor inherited affiliation – most likely to the country of birth – is to be of any value anymore. That translates into negating one's homeland, the most sacred good, in favour of internationalism. Only a Jew could utter such rubbish, since so many of them feel like internationals, if they not already are. This makes me think of my old friend Rosenbaum; he used to dream up such theories. Today he is a civilian prisoner in England, an internationalist, after renouncing the German confederation. Would Germany take him back if he came ruefully knocking on the door after the war? For his personal sake I hope so, but generally I think it proper to slam the door in the face of people like Kahn, and ban them from entering our beloved homeland even

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in times of peace. We have no use for such rogues in the German Empire and the sooner we are rid of them, the better. I know, not all Jews are the same, and there

are many, many good Germans among them, their deaths on the battlefields a testimony to it. Let these good Germans observe their Jewish faith. No human being should be negated his faith as long as he is a good German, otherwise he doesn't belong in our homeland and good riddance. It's not hard to be a fan of a country when that country is doing well and there is money to be made in it. It's in times of distress that one has to prove one's allegiance, assert one's nationality, especially people like the Jews who in a certain sense live in an adopted homeland.

2nd/1/18. The hopes I nursed at the beginning of last year have not come true. The war rages on and there is no more talk of an exchange [of prisoners]. The most heinous criminal is better off than we are, because he knows when he will have served his sentence and sees the end of his

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captivity come nearer every day. It's this total uncertainty about the length of our internment that destroys us mentally. To have one's hopes of release quashed over and over again will erode even the strongest man over time. The letters from home offer the only joy, and that joy is more sporadic than ever because the mail takes longer and longer to get here. Thank God that Trude and the children are in good health and have so far been spared by the more and more frequent air raids on Karlsruhe. Let's pray that they remain well and that there will be a reunion this year.

Lately, the newspapers again have been full of diatribes against us Germans, and the vicious lies that are being disseminated about our and our allies' deeds exceed all previous fabrications. Again we are said to be starving, yet it is England and France that have adopted the most stringent measures to curb the consumption of food. One can therefore assume, and rightly so, that all reports about Germany, etc

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are published mainly to distract from the misery in their own countries. The reports about the Italian fiasco are gruesome and one can infer how overwhelming our victories must have been. I feel no pity for the renegade Italian rabble who so ungratefully deserted us even though we had raised and nurtured them.

12th/1/18. America has given its response to our Christmas peace proposals. Wilson addressed Congress on the 9th of January and set forth America's objectives as follows: *[original in English]*

- 1) open peace covenants without private international understandings;
- 2) absolute freedom of the seas;
- 3) the removal of economic barriers;
- 4) the establishment of international equality in trade conditions;
- 5) a guarantee for the reduction of national armaments;

- 6) the impartial adjustment of colonial claims based on the principle of the wishes of those governed;
- 7) the evacuation of Russian territory;
- 8) the opportunity to be given to Russia for political development;

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- 9) the evacuation of Belgium without attempting to limit her sovereignty;
- 10) the restoration of French territory, with reparation and the handing-over of Alsace Lorraine;
- 11) the readjustment of Italian frontiers;
- 12) autonomy for Austro-Hungarian peoples;
- 13) the evacuation of Romania, Servia [sic] and Montenegro and international guarantees for their independence;
- 14) the permanent opening of the Dardanelles;
- 15) an independent Polish state with free access to the sea;
- 16) the general association of nations; and
- 17) a mutual guarantee for political independence and territorial integrity, for large and small alike. *[end English original]*

This is a long list of wishful thinking, and for the most part, especially as regards Alsace Lorraine, unacceptable to us and our allies. Of course, Lloyd George and Clemenceau immediately took the same line and so the killing will go on until one or the other side collapses. The only good thing is that all parties in Germany have rejected the conditions.

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The King of Bavaria is said to have said:

[All following quotes are in English, probably as reported in Australian or English newspapers]

“We must fight until the ennemy [sic] accepts our conditions. The ennemy’s [sic] terms are exorbitant. Not an inch of German ground will be given up.”

The *Vorwärts* [official publication of the German Social Democrats] said:

“The Germans must guard against too much confidence in President Wilson”, and even the *Pravda*, the Bolshevik mouthpiece in St Petersburg, writes:

“The president is the head of a rapacious American imperialism and the greatest hypocrite ever known in history.” *[end English quotes]*

Thus, we can hope that the German people think in unison and are willing to continue fighting until the decisive victory. – Since the Allies did not participate in the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, we have continued alone. Russia, which has split into two parts, apart from Poland and the Baltic provinces – namely, Greater Russia and Ukraine – seems to be pretty helpless. But Lenin & Trotsky in St Petersburg are playing tough, so it appears that we came to a separate agreement

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with the Ukraine in the meantime.

31st/1/18. Since the beginning of the year, calls for more soldiers to the front have intensified in England. The attacks on the western front, especially at Cambrai, seem to have exacted enormous casualties. The government is asking for a review of those previously declared unfit for service and of those workers who had claimed to be too indispensable at home. Lloyd George even had to stoop as low as to lobbying the representatives of the trade unions in Westminster Hall in a blistering speech. Of course, we Germans were painted once again as the biggest bandits and rogues and the most dangerous people in this world, and if we couldn't be defeated, England would perish. That meant to go on or to go under. The situation must be dire if the English prime minister has to adopt such language to be successful. The English Labour Party, especially the mineworkers, will have to sacrifice a few more bodies from their human pool after all, despite their resistance so far.

In Germany, however, the situation isn't much better. The unrest, stoked

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by the Socialists, continues to grow and in the past weeks there were reports not only of another seamen's mutiny – this time in Kiel and said to have claimed the lives of 38 officers – but also of massive strikes in Germany and Austria; 750,000 are said to have participated in Germany, and 100,000 in Austria. The reports may have exaggerated a bit, but there is some truth to it, and *Vorwärts* is reported to have said: *[start English quote]* Those responsible for the German government policy must remember that movements like the present can be only temporarily held up by force. An agreement can only be reached by justice. The government is confronted by the last decisive test. *[end English quote]*

Again the old call for reforms, and it would really be a shame if the government didn't finally give in to the wishes of the masses. It is the way of the world that we should have more democracy, and there is no point in resisting it. Such massive strikes should convince even the most rabid

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conservatives.

I'm most concerned about reports of an air raid over Karlsruhe on 18th of January. They say it virtually rained bombs, and several English and Allied officers interned in the Karlsruhe camp were killed. How then will my loved ones have fared? This uncertainty, which will weigh on me for months, is awful. If only I could get some information, but now even telegrams are banned! According to a letter that reached

me these days, Trude has rented a furnished apartment on her own, in Leopold Street near the railway line. My poor wife would have been sick with fear, especially if the kids happened to be away from home at the time. So they are confronted with the horrors of war up close after all. Why Trude would have moved out of the Loeb's place is not quite clear, either. Not that I hold it against her, I do understand that she needs to have her own place, that she doesn't want to be

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someone's guest all the time, even if the people happen to be very dear and close relatives, as the Loeb's are. Poor Luise seems to be rather ill, because on a recent photograph she looks sick and terribly aged, hardly recognisable. So everybody has to bear his or her cross and nothing is perfect in this world. The Loeb's were blessed with plenty of money and other assets, but now the health is failing them.

The second-last remaining member of the old generation, my dear Aunt Mimi, Father's sister, has died peacefully on 20th of October, and only our Aunt Hanna survives. I pray to God that I will at least see her again. Aunt Mimi lived to the age of 76 and was fortunate enough not to suffer from any serious illness; she passed away in her sleep after contracting a light cold. Apart from her youth, she has not had much luck in her life. She married late and was widowed early, after her husband squandered most of her inheritance or used it to pay off his debts. Left with a fraction of her inheritance and reliant on my father's support, she had to eke out a living and adapt to a changing

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world. No wonder then that she often seemed bitter, all the more so because she was never blessed with children. She would have enjoyed my and my siblings' families on our visits, even if in her bitterness she didn't always find the right way to show her love. I was truly pleased that she thought of me in the last stretches of her life and bequeathed to me her family pictures, 12 [*indecipherable = reads like Forken*], a desk ornament and a small cabinet. I'm sure she meant well for all her nieces and nephews, and I shall always remember her fondly.

At last they have remembered us in Europe and sent the Swiss Consul via the Red Cross a certain sum to be distributed among us [internees]. Our camp was given the mighty amount of £30 6s, which was recently divvied up. Many of us, including me, have donated our share to the fund for Australian wives and children.

Our vegetable garden has come along nicely and as of the 18th of January, we have harvested

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£153 19s 6p worth of vegetables, versus a total expense of £75 14s 1p for seeds, tools and salaries. The result is satisfactory, especially if you take into account that

the prices we are paid by the wholesalers have come down as a consequence of the increased competition. The regular workout with hoe and shovel is enjoyable and quite good for my health. The profit from the garden would have been even bigger had it not been for a major flood in the 2nd month. We had non-stop tropical rain for 4 days, which made the reservoir overflow. The drains we had built weren't big enough for the huge amount of overflow and the water flooded a large part of the garden shortly after sowing. So we had to start more or less from scratch, braving all the pessimists. The result in the end has proved us, and our determination, right.

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The profits we made with the canteen in the last year are very pleasing and have helped bring about various improvements, not least in the quality of food. The following figures are very interesting:

Purchases during the year:	£ 15,819 10s 5p	
Minus inventory at 31 st /12/17		<u>1,043 10s 8p</u>
Goods sold, cost price incl. expenses	£ 14,775 19s 9p	
Proceeds of goods sold		<u>£ 17,154 0s 5p</u>
Net profit		£ 2,378 0s 8p
Discounts		382 8s 8p
Commission on direct orders	237 3s 0p	
Surplus public baths 25 th /8 - 31 st /12	27 0s 2p	
Income from bathroom scales		<u>2 15s 5p</u>
Total		£ 3,027 7s 11p
Minus salaries £ 587 6s 0p		
Expenses <u>386 0s 8p</u>		<u>973 6s 8p</u>
		£ 2,054 1s 3p
Remainder of 1916 profit		66 12s 11p
Cheque not cashed in	<u>20 15s 3p</u>	
Net profit		£ 2,141 9s 5p
[indecipherable]	£ 1,105 0s 0p	
Piano rental	12 5s 0p	
Canteen furnishings	<u>32 9s 6p</u>	
[indecipherable]	£ 1,149 14s 6p	£ 2,141 9s 5p

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[indecipherable]	£ 1,149 14s 6p	£ 2,141 9s 5p
Cash register	20 10s 6p	
Public bath, annexe	98 9s 0p	
Fire insurance theatre	6 13s 4p	
Diff. govt. admin. 1916	<u>11 4s 8p</u>	<u>1,286 12s 0p</u>
		£ 854 17s 5p
Reserves for depreciation		<u>300 0s 0p</u>
Balance		£ 554 17s 5p

The turnover of almost 350,000 Mark by a crowd of 530 people is really quite astounding and suggests that some gentlemen have spent enormous amounts of money. I manage with about £5 a month, including purchases, but I hardly allow myself any extras in food, etc. Everything is really expensive, and once you break a pound note it's all gone quite fast. The figures above don't even include the not inconsiderable amounts spent on bootleg booze like Whisky. You can't get a bottle for less than £1 nowadays, and yet about 100 bottles a month find their way into camp. The Tommies, of course, are driving this business because they can

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make about 10s a bottle. Punishment, if caught, would be substantial as well, but here in Australia it's all "you scratch my back and I scratch yours", and even the Commander will probably turn a blind eye to avoid trouble, as long as there are no excesses.

One of the thieves among us has recently been caught. A former steward, he had worked for Mr Plate as an accountant and has defrauded him by every trick in the book. He is also one of the sadly growing numbers of homosexuals and probably needed the money for his indulgences. He has been jailed and will be shipped to Liverpool and tried. It is said that in order to extricate himself, he offered to enlist in the Australian military service. – The other cases of theft are still not solved, nor have any stolen goods been recovered so far.

It is very distressing that homosexuality has become so rampant and that the committee, which in the beginning turned a blind eye, has now absolutely no power to stop it. The

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main instigator, who apparently makes no bones about it, is a certain Wilke, a former employee of Lohmann & Co. From what I hear he was recently called before the committee and told that if he continued on his ways, he'd be shipped to Liverpool. The guy very cynically responded that if the committee acted on its threat, he'd be naming all the culprits and there would be names in there that nobody would have guessed. He said it wasn't just young people, there were some older gentlemen involved as well, and this must have scared the committee, which dropped the matter. How this evil can get a hold of people who are not normally thus inclined beats me. But quite apart from that, these people also deliver themselves into the hands of this guy, who probably won't hesitate twice to blackmail them if need be.

16th/2/18. The [peace] negotiations in Ł Brest Litovsk continued after a few interruptions, and the peace treaty with the Ukraine has been signed on the 9th of

this month. Details are not known at this point, and the English, of course, are playing down the outcome as

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temporary, in so far as the Allies would later, in the event of an overall peace, modify conditions to their liking. The upshot, in any case, is that Greater Russia is now more isolated than ever, cut off from its wheat belt, and thus no longer able to put up any resistance. The conditions in St Petersburg and Moscow are said to be indescribable. Killings are the order of the day, salary demands are going through the roof and to cover this, the Mint is busy printing rubles day and night. The inflationary effect, of course, renders the notes nearly worthless and has pushed up food prices sky-high. Cabbage costs 1s 10p an ounce, potatoes 2s 10p an ounce and Butter 28s an ounce. Thus the Bolshevik government had no choice but to submit to peace negotiations. All Russian armies were demobbed, although they had more or less been in-existent already because of all the desertions, but it seems the Russians want to leave it at that and not to sign an actual peace treaty. From the

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Russian point of view it's a clever move to say: The war is over, we're not doing battles anymore, but we won't sign a treaty, you do what you want. I doubt anything like this has happened before in world history and the German government has no easy task here. Of course, it's hard to say if this is actually happening or if it's not one more English fabrication. We'll know the facts eventually. At any rate, it's a huge success for Germany, which can now concentrate its troops on the western front and hopefully achieve a final victory before the massive American forces arrive.

The Romanian government, with its Hohenzollern king and his English wife, was given an ultimatum by Germany to begin negotiations for a separate peace. The strong hint was ignored, and the Romanians brag about rather wanting to perish alongside the Allies than signing a separate peace. But it did lead

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to a cabinet crisis in Iasi, to where the Romanian government had retreated after the fall of Bucharest, and the new ministry is likely to be less recalcitrant.

The separate peace treaties and the prospects of more to come are extremely encouraging and our beloved homeland can at last take a deep breath before the final strike, which will hopefully take care of the remaining enemies.

England seems to have recognised the seriousness of the situation. Lloyd George has never before voiced such concern and seems to hang on only by repeatedly threatening to resign. Although Asquith has again attacked him sharply in the House

of Commons, L.G. remained victorious once more. He knows full well that A. doesn't have the numbers behind him to form a majority government and that there are no other statesmen at hand, so just to threaten to resign is enough to silence the critics.

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2nd/3/18. The newspapers are full of reports about the feats of our raider "Wolf", which recently returned to Germany (some claim, to Pola) after a 1½-year absence. It has sunk 38 ships and a Japanese warship – among them, and this really rankles with the Australians, the "Ratunga", a steamship that regularly commuted between Sydney and Rabaul. Various Australian officers and crews are now in German prison camps. It's a truly remarkable feat and we can only admire it. It was the same "Wolf" that laid the mines along the coast here and that explains the disquiet of the Australian government at the time. How great it would have been if it had been able to take us back to Europe and to the sorely missed homeland. I can imagine how its officers and crews are being celebrated.

9th/3/18. Peace with Romania has now been achieved after all, as the gentlemen, cut off from all connections, had little choice. The main conditions seem to be the restitution of the whole Dobrudja [region] and a long-

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term leasing of Romania's oilfields to Germany and Austria, surely on favourable terms. Negotiations with Greater Russia have resumed and seem to have led to a peace treaty after all, because the first 4 clauses of the alleged compact were published here. All these peace negotiations have been chaired by the new Secretary of State, Mr Kahlmann, who reportedly is very skilful and may well be "the coming man" in Germany.

The Russian and Romanian peace agreements do seem to bother the English and it is said that England is toying with the idea of deploying a huge Japanese army in Siberia to contest our achievements from there. The Japanese, sly as they are, will not be averse to occupying Siberia, not so much to threaten us than to annex, piece by piece, the whole of Siberia. They have offered to send first 200,000 men to take over the railway lines, followed by another 500,000 men,

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but would like to see this plan sanctioned by the Allies, especially by the Americans. You can't blame the Japanese for not wanting to undertake this huge effort just like that and run the risk of being told eventually by the Allies to pack up and leave. Wilson has therefore replied quite cleverly:

[original English quote] "America does not assent to Japans [sic] intervention in Siberia [sic] but that she makes no 'protest'." *[end English quote]*

In other words: hands off Siberia. England's cosy plan to have once again an Ally do her dirty work for her has thus been thwarted.

25th/3/18. The commission's work on defining a set of camp rules has come to an abrupt halt at the 11th hour. The 4 gentlemen split into 2 parts, Jehsen and Recklinghausen against Burkard and Wild. The last-mentioned, however, was more or less neutral and Burkard therefore found himself often alone with his opinions and suggestions. The split among the commission members

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didn't end there but gradually pervaded the whole camp, and B. in particular was often heinously attacked. Martin Suhl, for example, suggested that the statutes contain a clause barring any German who had been naturalised in Australia or had tried to do so from the management of the camp. This, as Suhl repeatedly told his friends, was aimed directly at B., who after the outbreak of war, on advice of his lawyers and to save his business, had tried to obtain naturalisation, but then didn't proceed. Suhl knows as well as anybody else that most Germans were only naturalised for business reasons and in their hearts remained true Germans, and have rightly felt more German than ever since being interned. There are a whole lot of naturalised gentlemen here in camp, and particularly the German commercial consuls among us are all naturalised. Thus, instead of wounding B., Suhl has stirred up a hornets' nest,

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and has been castigated by various gentlemen, particularly by 2 men from Tasmania, both named Dehle, one of whom had been a German consul there. After this attack failed, the old rumour did the rounds that B. was after Berblingen's job, which is not true at all and which B. publicly refuted. – Apart from these currents, there is a lot of dissatisfaction among the camp inmates about the careless way in which the camp funds are being spent. Thanks to the canteen and other amenities the camp is making a nice amount of money, but instead of setting up a reserve fund, which would have been easily achievable, the money is being spent as fast as possible. Annexes to the beach café and the Duck's Coop, which really only benefit those who regularly haunt these places, gobbled up a lot of funds. Moreover, the committee and even the executive commission, chaired by Recklinghausen since Ermakeil's removal, have kept totally mum about all matters

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concerning the camp, or of interest to the camp, and indulged in utmost secretiveness. We have stopped asking any of the "insiders" since we never get more than an evasive reply. I brought the growing discontent to the commission's

attention, both in a letter and in person to Recklinghausen, but without success. The frustration has been exacerbated by the partisanship in allocating the paid jobs for the various camp improvements. Always the same gentlemen got the jobs and others either had to wait for months or were never even considered. At an assembly in mid-March the anger erupted when our friend Wehrs criticised the commission sharply, maybe too sharply, and asked that they step down. At first the gentlemen agreed but stayed on in the end. The statutes were finished without B. and would be put to a vote at a general assembly. Beforehand, they were posted on the noticeboard, but because once again, and despite all the warnings to the committee, they left too much discretion in financial matters,

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Wehrs, Hering and a whole lot of other gentlemen, me included, worked out a new set of rules that aimed at enlarging the committee from the present 3 members and dividing it into several commissions each responsible for one aspect of the internal and external affairs, vegetable garden, etc etc. We too posted these proposals on the noticeboard 8 days before the assembly so that everybody had a chance to read them and suggest changes if necessary. A day after posting these proposals I happened to hear that if the opposition to the [committee's] statutes and Berblingen's administration did not stop, the committee would order the opposition leaders Wehrs, Burkard and Hering to ask for a transfer to Liverpool, or rather, enforce their transfer. I didn't put much stock in this story and also didn't pass it on since the informer did not want to be named. Meanwhile, the assembly had been called for March 21 and our proposals had been submitted as a motion. A day before the assembly, it emerged that a letter was circulating, to be signed by all and

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addressed to the 3 afore-mentioned gentlemen, the content as described above. Messrs Dornmühle, Steinhorst and Neubrunner approached almost all camp members to coax signatures from them and actually managed to get 261 from about 500. Many have signed without properly reading the letter, or out of indifference, as they sign anything that is put in front of them, or because they feared for their jobs, namely, all the kitchen hands.

The actual author of the letter is, not surprisingly, Ermakeil, and this is what it says:
Trial Bay, 22 March 1918

To Messrs Burkard, Wehrs and Hering

The undersigned think the moment has come to inform you that the interest you have shown for some time in the internal administration of the camp only serves to disrupt peace and order. Everything you have undertaken so far does not at all further our life in camp, which since the strike of 1916 and thanks to the

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ensuing efforts of various administrations, has greatly improved.

What we care about most is quiet and peace, as much as that is possible under the circumstances, and we are not willing to become the pawns in a game of ambitions by a few gentlemen.

We therefore ask you to refrain from all further meddling, direct or indirect, and not to add fuel to the suspicion that your motives are purely personal. Should you refuse to oblige the wishes of a majority of this camp, we deem it best that you ask to be transferred to another camp.

Signed by 261 camp members.

After Burkard has publicly declared that he will not accept a commission post, the accusation of personal ambitions has no leg to stand on since even the most hardened opponents admit that it was only ever aimed at B., and never at Wehrs and Hering. It follows, logically, that our opposition was never based on personal motives, but aimed solely at

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improving camp matters, the motives being purely factual. If the gentlemen who launched the letter were so confident of getting a majority on their side, all they had to do was put our proposals to a vote and have them defeated, and the matter would have ended there. The 3 gentlemen [Burkard, Wehrs and Hering] simply wanted to put an end to the secretiveness and the spending frenzy, but that's exactly what the men behind the letter were afraid of, as they might have lost a few personal advantages. Dornmühle has been managing the cooperative since its inception, on a daily salary of 3s 6p. Any businessman could have done the job, and there are plenty of men who have very little money and get no subsidies from a company, as Dornmühle does, and would have jumped at the chance to earn 3s 6p a day. There are other such cases and while this is not true for Berblingen himself, he surely hopes to get something out of it, maybe a medal. None of us would begrudge him a medal, we all freely admit

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that he has done a lot for the camp, especially in the beginning, even if he has since become biased and profligate. – Wehrs had never actively participated in camp matters until he lost his patience recently and sharply attacked the commission. – Hering is one of the gentlemen who were sent to Liverpool during the strike of 1916, because of his leading role in the strike. He is a quiet, always factual man who surely would not play politics. Given that he was punished for the strike that so improved camp life by being sent to L., it is highly ironical that he should now be attacked for

wanting to destroy the improvements. – The man who instigated this letter is has to be a really vile character as he would have known what damage it would cause and now hides behind anonymity. Most of those who signed probably didn't fully realise how brutal it is to expel 3 gentlemen, who like themselves have endured

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years of war captivity, from the community of compatriots, demanding that they seek a transfer even though they only ever stood up for what they thought were improvements to camp life. – If you think about all the efforts that Burkard made to improve conditions for us in Liverpool, if you remember how we thanked him at the time with speeches and songs, it is hard to understand why people who endured those horrible days would have signed this letter. I fully share the indignation of the 3 gentlemen and have severed all ties to the signatories. Sadly, there are quite a few Singapore gentlemen among them, such as Reuss, Lehrenkrauss, Esche, Häuel, Matthiessen, Strack, etc etc, whom I will now shun. The ties had gradually loosened anyway, and now the camp is neatly split in two, and our side has been labelled “the Bolsheviks”. A few elderly men are staying neutral, among them Plate,

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Franzen, Brandt, Teichmann, Gerbrecht, Lobek and Täufer. If I hadn't signed the motion recently, I would have stayed neutral too, but it goes without saying that I now stick to my side.

Shortly before the general assembly we learned about the content of the letter, even though everybody was supposed to keep it secret, and we decided to force its disclosure at the assembly and then to leave in corpore. In the morning, Burkard had a conversation with Jehsen from Hong Kong in which the latter refused to divulge the content. At the assembly, which Berblingen had asked Mr Täufer to chair, Burkard was promptly given the floor and demanded that the letter be publicly disclosed before dealing with the order of business. B. particularly addressed Jehsen, asking him repeatedly to say something on the matter, but [Jehsen] did not have the courage to utter a single word. He behaved abominably. At last, a certain Mr Meyer stood up, who

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said he had signed but claimed that such a letter, before it actually reached its addressees, was not to be considered in existence. He said the instigators had promised not to send the letter off until after the assembly, which our attack now rendered impossible. In response to Mr Meyer's utterances, seeing there was no way forward, we declared that since the libellous letter was not going to be publicly disclosed, we would have to leave the assembly and distance ourselves from all further camp affairs until the matter had been settled. All up, about 200 men left

with Burkard, Wehrs and Hering, so the schism was complete. Those remaining deliberated the new statutes and ended up making various changes. A committee of 5 men is to be elected shortly, and we will see how Berblingen behaves. I do feel sad about having severed so many longstanding ties. I had pondered the matter long and hard but could not come to any other decision. The letter is too heinous! From the Singapore crowd, Brennecke, Lübking, Wittpenn, Elmenhorst, Wahl, Wumentz [Wumertz?]

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share my opinion and act as I do. Naturally, the dismay among the other gentlemen is huge and several of them have supposedly said that if they had known the result of this letter, they wouldn't have signed. I personally drew Recklinghausen's attention to the consequences of such a letter, and generally one should think twice before signing such a letter. If the gentlemen came to admit the enormity of their deed, I'd be the first to consider reconciliation, but until then it's best to keep apart. It won't make camp life very agreeable, of course, but I was never one to socialise a lot and so I should manage for the rest of our captivity.

A copy of the letter, not the original, was posted on the noticeboard on the evening of the assembly. Thus, they lacked the courage to display the [signed] letter after all, and Burkard, Wehrs and Hering now want to force its delivery via the Commander. I do not fully approve

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of this step; on the contrary, I think we should not do anything further and let the other side do whatever they want to do. I have firmly resolved not to get involved in any camp matter anymore, not even the smallest one, let alone sign anything. You only get your fingers dirty!

30th/3/18. The English are laughing up their sleeves because once again a German diplomat did them a service. This time it's Prince Lichnowsky, the last German ambassador to England before the war. He wrote, presumably for the "family archives", an account of political events in London in the lead-up to the war that is highly favourable to England and accuses Germany of having caused the war. He showed this document to some of his political friends and through some indiscretion, its content was published in a Swedish political journal. He writes: *[original in English]* As usual, we took the wrong side – dynastic as against democratic ideas. We have always ridden the wrong horse, whose collapse was foreseeable. They were [Paul] Kruger, Abdul Ahad [?], Abdul Hamid [Sultan of the Ottoman Empire] and William Wied [Prince William of Wied, Prince of Albania].

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We finally came to grief over the Bernstorff stable. During the conference of ambassadors in 1913 Earl Grey did not side with France and Russia as he usually did. He sided with our group, so as not to provide for a pretext for a conflict which was later supplied by the dead Archduke. *[end English quote]*

The *Times* also says:

[original in English] Lichnowsky describes the decisive conversation at Potsdam on July 5, 1914 wherein all agreed that there would be no harm if war with Russia resulted. He was instructed to induce the English press to be friendly if Austria gave Serbia [sic = Serbia] her death-blow. Lichnowsky replying warned Germany against the project, describing it as adventurous and dangerous.

Lichnowsky, on departing from Britain, interviewed Sir Edward Grey, who emphasised his readiness to mediate, saying: "We don't want to crush Germany." I was treated like a departing monarch. Thus my London mission ended, wrecked not by the perfidy of the British, but by the perfidy of our policy. *[end of English quote]*

Even if Lichnowsky's claims were true and accurate, he should be punished for chancing their publication during wartime. He should not have jotted down his thoughts, thereby

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risking an indiscretion from which he could not extricate himself. Lichnowsky's words must greatly demoralise the masses who in defence of the homeland have to suffer so many privations, and herein lies his crime. – However, from my experiences of how the English have acted towards Germans, and German possessions, it is totally improbable that they wouldn't have wanted war. On the contrary, they did their utmost to destroy our trade, which had outgrown theirs, and there can be no doubt that even Lichnowsky would share this view today. In my opinion, this case is another proof of how utterly our diplomacy has failed us. L. let himself be duped by English charm and this is now the dire result of his English mission. I can't blame the people back home for wanting to bring L. to trial, and his defence by Harden is totally inappropriate, especially when based on the wrong

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premise. H. says: *[original English quote]* It is not necessary for Prince L. who is wealthy and holds a high social standing and political position to prove he loves his country which is the source of all his power and glory. *[end English quote]*

They probably don't doubt his love of the country, despite his Polish lineage, but they rightfully blame him, as the German ambassador, for letting the cunning English

pull one over him. Shortly we may have to ask if there is any German diplomat left who hasn't behaved stupidly.

Our peace with Russia is a done deal, already ratified by the Moscow Soviets. Details have not been published here. Some sort of peace negotiations with the other Allies seem to be in the air as well, since General Smuts is reported to have travelled to Switzerland to meet the Austrian Count Mensdorff for talks. Let's pray that they find a basis for negotiations and that there will be peace at last.

How the English and Americans treat

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the weak neutral nations, by the way, can be seen from the fact that they took hold of a large part of the Norwegian and Dutch merchant fleets to use for their own purposes. It's another crass violation of rights, but there are no rights anymore, it's now all "might is right".

On the western front, where by now most of our troops from the east would have gathered, we have begun an offensive that surpasses all previous endeavours. Hindenburg and Ludendorff are both present, and the success so far is remarkable. We seem to focus our attacks on the meeting points of various troops and have thus achieved a great victory in St Quentin, for example. The British 5th Army under General Gough is said to have fled in total disorder and the French could salvage the situation only by throwing several divisions into the gap. We have installed a giant cannon in the Forest of St Gobain and

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begun to shell Paris. The offensive marks the deployment of the "Big Bertha", as the English call the canon, after Bertha Krupp, but she doesn't seem to do a lot of damage. Rather, she seems to be an expensive toy. To judge from this offensive, the Smuts mission in Switzerland must have failed and once again hopes for peace have been dashed.

2nd/4/18. Because the departures to America of the Colombo padres, and of Pastor Dicks from New Guinea, have left the camp without a Catholic priest, the Catholics have been able to arrange for a Catholic priest from Kempsey, Pastor Fitzpatrick, an Irishman, to come to Trial Bay every Wednesday to say Mass. I have rarely seen such a handsome man. After Mass he often hangs around for a while, reports about war rumours, etc and always has something interesting and new to relate. Most of all, he told a comrade, we should not believe a fraction of what the newspapers report. In reality, many things were very different and above all,

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the tales of the returning Tommies were utterly untrustworthy. It will be as we always suspected: the Tommies returning from the front are besieged by hungry reporters and will, for a few shillings or a good word, embellish their reports with a few atrocities they claim to have witnessed, and it all gets published. Nothing but fabrications to stoke the anti-German sentiment!

The mood in camp after the letter affair is rather bad. The initiators of the letter, after posting a copy on the noticeboard, now refuse to hand over the original with the signatures. It seems the gentlemen who have once played a role in camp, or would like to play a role in society one day, don't feel comfortable with their signatures sitting next to those of certain other people. Indeed, the names Nasser, Jehsen, Holtfuth, Wilke etc don't look so good next to each other, but these people should have considered this beforehand. To refuse now to hand over the document is plain cowardly and only deepens the rift. – In a camp you invariably run into most of the inmates, but now you go past them, even long-standing acquaintances, as if you had never met them. If the men who signed the letter would at least admit to their former friends that they made a mistake, as some have actually done, the matter could be put to rest. But the longer this drags on, the harder a rapprochement becomes. The new 5-member committee has since been elected and consists of Messrs Taeufert, Brandt, Stegherr, Hoffmeister and Widmann. Berblingen, who wanted to stand as well, had to be told by his friends that it wouldn't do at all. We Bolsheviks have abstained from voting as agreed, so the new committee was elected by only half the camp. We will let them do their work and I'm sure they'll take care not to repeat the errors of their predecessors.

Yesterday I had a very interesting conversation with a long-term resident [of Australia] about the political shenanigans. In his opinion there is hardly a politician in Australia who isn't corrupt. All

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political newcomers have the one goal of attaining office, power and a high income. To this end, they usually start, like W.M. Hughes, Sir Joseph Cook et al, as trade union agitators, redder than red, working their way up to high office and gradually turning more liberal. In this regard, Sir Joseph Cook is said to be a prototype. – The last premier of NSW before Holman was McGowan [sic = James McGowen], a trained blacksmith who hailed from very humble beginnings and more by accident became premier. The two main parties could not agree on a candidate and in the end opted for the third choice. McGowan [sic], of course, soon made a trip to England to present himself to the ruling gentlemen there. During his visit in London he came past a building where men were hammering holes into iron plates. He took off his coat and his top hat, seized a hammer from one of the workers and produced a

string of perfectly shaped holes. Huge astonishment, apotheosis of the Premier of NSW, big hooray and fraternisation, and last but not least, reams

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of newspaper reports courtesy of the purposefully invited journalists. His popularity in England was secured! One of [McGowen's] ministers was Arthur Griffith, who is also in today's Holman ministry. He used his ministerial knowledge of future railway lines, etc to encourage his secretary to buy land in the relevant areas. Thus, it so happened that when the time came to build a railway line near Sydney and one in the Blue Mountains, the lady owned most of the land.

Election results, too, seem to be tinkered with. They say that attempts were made to rig the recent referendum on conscription. The government knew that the Tommies at the front would tip the balance and so they searched for a man who had a reputation as being politically neutral but would be otherwise useful. They found him in the person of Mr Anderson, a partner of Sir Allan Taylor, a former lord mayor of Sydney. The good man reportedly served as a volunteer with the Light Horse Brigade, but was not otherwise militarily active. He was made brigadier general

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and was sent to London by the government to "assist with" the referendum. The party most interested in preventing conscription, the Labor Party, wanted to send its own man to London, a Mr Austey, one of the few truly non-corrupt Labor politicians, but the government blocked his visa. Yet Austey, disguised as coal heaver, made it to England anyway and got in touch with the Tommies before the referendum. Thus the fairly certain "no" became a reduced "no" but not a "yes". Similar shenanigans happen in all political issues and endeavours.

Salaries in Australia are pretty amazing. While the cost of living may be higher in Australia than in some parts of Europe, the lowliest street sweeper was paid at least 14s a day even before the war. Maids receive at least 30s a week, and only very wealthy families can afford a household help. All workers, no matter what trade or category,

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belong to a union, which have such a power that a non-unionised worker simply would not find a job. The soldiers are paid 6s a day plus food, clothing, etc, and this rather high pay makes for an attractive option. If you want to get a reasonably good picture of Australian lifestyle and society, it's best to read John Foster Fraser's book about Australia [Australia, the making of a nation (1912)]. – Australia started off as a British penal colony, which explains the many prisons here and in Tasmania. ".....

[empty space] Term of his natural life" very aptly describes the incredible conditions in these gaols in those days.

Since completion of the sportsground the interest in soccer, hockey and all sorts of sports has gained momentum. Various fencing and boxing schools are rigorously at work every morning. They use not only florets but also swords that were made right here in camp and with the Commander's assent, but

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of course the weapons haven't been sharpened and are mostly made of fairly soft material. For the boxing lessons a prize fighter has come up from Liverpool, a Mr Ruhde, who shows great dedication. I always find it most amusing to watch the men, wearing thick rubber gloves, whack each other, and many a one can be seen running around with hugely swollen eyes for several days.

The memorial stone on the hill is nearing completion. It was particularly challenging to get the sculpted granite blocks up the hill. For this purpose, the committee had hired an oxcart driver and 10 pairs of oxen, but he only managed 3 trips a day up the hill. Every time the cart was loaded with 4 to 6 granite blocks, depending on their size, and slowly but steadily the oxen pulled the load uphill. The memorial itself is now more or less finished, and there is mainly the landscaping left to do.

The long captivity is beginning to leave

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its mark on some comrades. A former cook for Norddeutsche Lloyd, Albrecht, who at times managed the camp kitchen here and in Liverpool, has to be declared mad, I'm afraid. He is married, has a wife and children in Bremen, and by working during captivity has saved up a substantial amount, far exceeding 1000 Mark. He has invested most of the money in a 1000-Mark note that he asked Gerbrecht to keep in trust but which he wants to see every other day. He counts the rest of his money several times a day, so he seems to be suffering from a persecution complex. He is very untidy and extremely grotty, fetches huge amounts of food from the kitchen which he then lets rot away in his cell. He was recently brought to a hospital near Sydney and will hopefully be released and sent home fairly soon, which would be the best for him and his family.

Mr Detlefsen from Colombo, manager of the German Coal Deposit, is nearing a total collapse as well. He is often being treated in Sydney

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and every time he returns he looks more demented. A lot of the men suffer from a high degree of nervousness and cannot face even small crowds, and some are physically disabled as well, and yet nobody is being released to Germany, not even after medical consultation. It's just deplorable that we cannot do anything against such ruthlessness.

Holdsworthy [sic]

10th/6/18. The sunny days are over, and instead of sitting in Trial Bay, we are back in horrible Liverpool. Speculation about the possible reasons for the transfer is rife, as countless as the sand on the beach. When we left Trial Bay, we were hoping to be off to Canberra or even back to the homeland, and only a few "insiders" whispered the name Liverpool. At first the most frequently mentioned reason was consolidation of all camps into one big one, but given the sudden and hasty departure from our [seaside] gaol, I'm inclined to believe those who say that the Australian government suspected us of having made contact with

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German "raiders". The deeds of the "Wolf" – and the "Seeadler" [Sea Eagle], which unfortunately perished here – have given the gentlemen in London and Melbourne a hellish fright and thus, keep the German civilian prisoners away from the sea.

Our departure came on Whitsunday, 20 March, which means we spent almost 3 years in that gaol. The first rumour of a transfer emerged 14 days earlier, but was so vague that nobody put any stock in it. Even when the rumours re-emerged on Friday before Whitsunday, they didn't concern us much, and so when the Commander told us on Saturday morning 9am that we would be leaving in 24 hours, it hit most of us like a thunderbolt. The destination was not disclosed, we were merely told that we would be going on foot to Jerseyville, from there via steamer to Kempsey and then onward by train. We were to take along a day's worth of food supplies since there would be no meals during the journey. The Commander also let it be known that he had received orders

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to send us off with just 3 hours' notice but he didn't think that was realistic and was giving us 24 hours. Thus we were left to gather our belongings, and a general frenzy of packing and rummaging and running about began that nobody had expected. The camp resembled a scared-up anthill, with everybody running around in all directions until, eventually, some semblance of order emerged. The large trunks were fetched and the chattels packed up as well as possible. It became quite obvious just how many things man tends to gather, even in war captivity. Since it was out of the question to take along pieces of furniture like shelves, cabinets, chairs, tables, etc,

for which we had paid quite a few pounds, we had to resign ourselves to leaving those behind or destroy them. It was toughest for the owners of the beach cabins. The huts, which had cost as much as £20 each and more, and which in the case of Messrs Burkard, Wehrs and Wild etc had only just been completed and were yet to be lived in, had to be left behind, obviously. In the short time left

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there was no way of selling them, and the proceeds would have been minimal anyway. So most of the owners decided to vent their frustration with a bonfire on the last afternoon. Between 3 and 4pm almost $\frac{3}{4}$ of the 120 huts went up in smoke, and because some stoked the fire with tar, kerosene, etc, hardly a trace was left of most buildings. It was quite picturesque, and especially after dark, the still-smouldering ruins lit up the whole beach. The anger of the owners is understandable, because the government, knowing that it planned a transfer, should have stopped delivery of the expensive wood in the last few weeks. It does seem that the decision to transfer us came rather abruptly. Among the few who didn't burn down their huts is my friend Wehrs, who is still hoping for a sale.

Apart from our hand luggage, which

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would do us for a few days, we had our big trunks, which were to be handled by a luggage commission, and soon most of the big hall was full of them. This commission, comprising 10-12 men, would remain in Trial Bay for a while longer to see to the shipment of the large luggage, to undertake a thorough cleaning of the gaol, and to dismantle the theatre and other camp-specific installations. – There was no chance of sleep that last night because the lights were kept on right through and there was constant hammering and other noise. – The next day we loaded our hand luggage onto trucks and carts and began our march to Jerseyville about 10am. –

The evening before, a cruiser, most likely the "Brisbane", had dropped anchor near the pier, maybe to intervene should we resist departure. The high beams were active all night,

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and the next morning several navy officers came into camp and searched the theatre, in particular for a wireless station, as they said themselves. Needless to say, they left empty-handed!

Upon arrival in Jerseyville, after a 1½-hour march, we were led onto big, flat riverboats for the trip to Kempsey. The residents of Jerseyville and environs had gathered in large numbers, just like the day we first arrived here, and again decked

out in their Sunday best, although it was of course Whitsunday, and were pretty friendly and peaceful. During our 3-year presence they had got to know quite a few of us and in general had come to understand that we were not barbarians. For many food suppliers in J., and in Kempsey, our departure would be a setback since we gave them quite a bit of business. One who would have benefited greatly from our patronage is the owner of the automobile garage. Hardly a day went by when he didn't drive his truck up to our gaol at least 2-3

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times, which would have earned him £5-10 a day. Thus the adieu from the Jerseyville residents was relatively intimate and for a long while after we departed they were still waving their handkerchiefs. From Jerseyville we went upstream for about 1½ hours to Kempsey. From a scenery point of view, this area offers absolutely nothing. The shores are shallow, a few weeping willows here and there, occasionally a small homestead and some grazing cattle, but hardly an agricultural field, just pastures. At Kempsey the so far rather narrow river widened considerably and our boats were able to turn. We disembarked at a pier and, guarded at gunpoint as always, marched off to the station, where several chartered trains were waiting. Kempsey is a nice and clean rural town of about 5000 inhabitants. Here, too, the residents were gathered to gawk at Australia's prisoners. Apart from a few jeers there was no demonstration [of hostility].

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At 2pm the first train left, and half an hour later the second one, on which I shared a compartment with Dreyen [?], Brennecke, Lübking, etc. Riding towards an unknown fate, past a monotonous landscape, we first fortified ourselves with the food we had brought along and then played Skat out of sheer desperation. It was clear that we were riding south, but that could mean Sydney, Liverpool or Canberra. Eventually, as dusk settled in, we got tired and each sought to find some sleep. We rode through the night hardly ever stopping and when at 6.30am we rolled across the Parramatta River and past train stations we recognised from way back, we knew we were heading for Liverpool. So we did have to see this unholy hole once again! The only consolation that I and my friends had was that the men who only recently wanted to deport 3 gentlemen to that ghastly place were now going there themselves. Among the ones who had signed

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were a lot of gentlemen from Hong Kong who had never been in Liverpool and who would hopefully soon realise what a heinous plan they had supported.

Since August 1915 the camp has a rail connection, so that at least this time we were spared the march from Liverpool station to the camp. Upon arrival, a large number

of officers led by Colonel Holman came towards us, welcoming us with gleeful sneers. In several tents right along the track we had to endure a thorough body search even though we had been in Australian captivity for 3 years. Obviously they were searching for remnants of the wireless station and in the process confiscated any hammer, wire, pliers, etc they found, plus in some cases even letters, diaries, etc. Some gentlemen who seemed to be particularly suspect had to strip to their skin. I was lucky to be spared a major inconvenience, and afterwards we trooped off, 10 men deep, to the nearby camp. On the one hand we were quite happy to be led to a completely new and still empty camp that was

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separated from the main camp by a double barbed-wire fence, on the other we regretted not being able to share the amenities and entertainments of the big camp. – Our camp, which can probably accommodate about 600 people, was originally built for the Germans who are still living in China. England made repeated attempts to effect the deportation of those Germans and might even have succeeded eventually if we hadn't protested vigorously against this fresh effrontery by the Allies at The Hague, where negotiations over the exchange of prisoners are currently being held. It shows that this mob will indeed yield to strong determination and we should have shown the same strength right at the start of the war with regards to the civilian prisoners. –

The camp is arranged in a similar way to the main camp, but the barracks are divided into 8 units, instead of 10, and there is considerably more space between the buildings. Apart from bunk beds that are stacked atop each other against the back wall, the barracks are completely empty. We have brought our government blankets from Trial Bay; straw

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and palliasses, as well as crockery, will be delivered and so we resume the old life. The infrastructure such as showers, washbasins, lavatories and kitchen are vastly improved compared with last time and there are hardly grounds for complaints. It seems the Australians have finally learned a few things. We don't have much room to move, however, because there is just one public square the length of the camp and about 30-40 feet deep for all 530 men. The pathways between the barracks are now tarred and the same is being done to the public square. This is absolutely necessary given the dust storms here. The dust clouds are sometimes so dense that you can hardly make out anything in the medium distance. Since the front sides of the barracks are open, tables, beds, etc etc, simply everything, is soon covered in dust.

I share my unit so far with Dreyen, Levystein, Brennecke, Lübking, Becker and Hell, the latter two from Hong Kong, and we will be joined a little later by Mr Wittpenn, who broke his a leg a few weeks before our

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departure but fortunately is doing a lot better already. Next to us are mostly men who belong to the Bolsheviks so that we are among ourselves. – Reportedly, we are to stay in this camp only temporarily since they are building a new home at some distance. So far they have erected just the main door, made from bush wood, which of course is the main thing if you want to know where to enter. Because the labour unions have protested against prisoners building the camp, work has been stopped and will probably not be resumed in the foreseeable future. There is no suitable room for reading or writing or space for sport activities. And the weather has been cold and rainy since we arrived, so it's anything but comfortable here. Because we don't know how long we will stay here, there's no point in spending money on furnishings or facilities. The library and stuff from the cooperative, like cups, glasses, etc etc, have not arrived yet from Trial Bay, so we are lacking those amenities as well.

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The gentlemen from the Trial Bay theatre, who are missing their hobby, too, have offered their services free of charge to organise an interim cooperative and are now selling coffee, cocoa, bread, sausages, etc etc, which alleviates the situation a little bit.

We have absolutely no contact with the main camp and even communication across the fence is strictly forbidden. Why the authorities have issued this order is not clear, lest they fear that we'd be stirring the masses. – But conversations are happening anyway, and even a lively trade has sprung up, with boots, clothes and other things being thrown over the fence. But they have now posted more guards along the fence and several overly eager traders have ended up in the famous Kallabusch [sic]. – The old camp, seen from a distance, looks dismal. There are, of course, a lot more barracks, which

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now house about 50 companies, but the style is the same as ever, and because of the horrible dust everything looks grimy and totally run down. Former acquaintances are hard to make out in the big crowds, but those men we see standing along the fence or coming back from work look dispirited and apathetic. To think that we might have had to endure 3 full years or more in this hole makes me shudder, and I guess we would have all gone mad. We must thank God for having been sent to Trial Bay! We didn't fully appreciate how well off we were there in comparison with the poor guys in Liverpool! – However, they don't seem to lack in entertainment like movies, theatre, chute, choral society, gymnastic club, etc, to judge from the various large buildings. The good old German pastime of clubs and societies seems to be particularly alive in the main camp.

The cleaning of our camp is being done by comrades from across the fence, who tell us a lot about their state of affairs,

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even though they are not supposed to talk to us. They complain mainly of 2 things: the widespread poverty and the vermin. They say there are so many bugs and fleas that they no longer have a chance of exterminating them. In the Trial Bay barracks we also had the occasional bug, but here we have been spared so far. – In the main camp, apparently, they wonder why we did not insist on removal of the fence from day one. We here are rather divided on this issue. We Bolsheviks are in favour of a removal, but a lot of the others, particularly those from Hong Kong, are totally opposed. I think those gentlemen are afraid of their own countrymen! Thus, the fence remains for now, and we Germans have to tolerate the Australian arbitrariness of keeping us in 2 separate camps. We feel a bit like tigers who are kept in different cages and who half purr, half roar at each other and can never get close. On the very first day after our arrival, the orchestra of the main camp serenaded us across the fence, but because the concert attracted

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such large crowds on both sides, the Commander soon stopped it. But at least their aim at our hip pockets proved fruitful since a collection among us produced a rather impressive amount.

Unfortunately, as a result of earlier profligacy, our camp's finances are rather desolate so that we can hardly afford to supplement the government provisions. Because of the previously mentioned deal to exchange some rations against other food stuffs, the government fell behind with its supplies, and a few weeks before our departure from Trial Bay the committee found that the camp was owed some £400 worth of substitute rations. So as to stave off future criticism, the new committee declared that due to the credit granted to the government, the camp was in fact insolvent, and that the old committee had even tapped a special fund, set aside to pay Mr Lenbach for a future camp album, to the tune of £90. Which means

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we have to be very careful with our expenses and tighten our belts, all the more so as we don't know if we'll ever see the £400 from the government.

12th/6/18. The battles at the western front have been raging unabated lately, and it is definitely our last and biggest, and hopefully successful, attempt to force peace before arrival of the massive American troop reinforcements. Unfortunately, we seem to have underestimated America, because nobody guessed to what great

lengths this country would go. Despite all the successes of our U-boats, the Americans, with the help of the English fleet, manage time and again to move their troops across to Europe without much bother, which Germany certainly didn't expect. But the efforts of our own brave soldiers are downright amazing and admirable. To the north, we are standing right near Amiens, and to the south, we are near Chateau Thierry [sic] along the Somme on the old battlefield of 1914, but as close as we got on several occasions,

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it seems we have not managed to break through the enemy lines. How serious things are can be seen from the order by the English command not to retreat one inch. The troops are told to fight with their backs against the wall, so to speak, to avoid defeat. May God assist our beloved homeland in its most difficult hour to achieve the long-aspired and much-deserved victory.

The prisoner-exchange commission is still negotiating in The Hague, but despite all hopes there is no end in sight.

20th/6/18. We're still stuck in the interim camp but it looks like we shall soon move into our proper "home". After unionised labourers worked in the new camp for a few days but were ordered off again to ensure military surveillance [???], the dispute between trade unions and government has been settled, and for the last few days carpenters, etc from the main camp have been at work. And so we can watch them erect barracks, canteen, showers, lavatories,

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dining halls, etc, according to plans posted in our camp, and we can hope to move maybe within the next 14 days. Just as well, because it's becoming unbearable here; knowing that we are leaving we refrain from investing into improvements that might ease our lot and to which we had got used previously. It has been raining a lot, but even after just 1-2 dry days, the terrible dust settles back in. Since it is winter here, it can be quite nippy in the morning, and we even had frost a few times, and despite our coats we find it hard to keep warm even during daytime. There are no hot baths and we have to brave the cold showers, which often demands a lot of willpower, but it does do me good. Unfortunately, it's very draughty in the shower stalls. – But the worst is the inactivity, and boredom. We have now unpacked part of our library, but there is no room where to read in peace. If it's not noisy in your own unit, it will be noisy next door, so soon concentration is out the door and the book will be angrily shut. The only way to pass the time is

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by playing some game or other, and so we play domino in the morning, Skat in the afternoon and poker or something else in the evening. Since nobody likes losing, even a limited pot, you can't really call it relaxation. There is not enough room for walking, weather permitting, and once you've walked the length of the camp 10 times, you've had it. The mood suffers accordingly, particularly after a 3-year captivity, and if we have to go on like this for much longer, we'll soon be ready for the loony bin.

A week ago, a Mr von Blankenstein joined us. He is small, rather dainty, and looks Jewish, but claims to be an Austrian cavalry captain who has served in Russia, France, etc during the war, and even claims to have participated in the battles of Carpathia. He was put up alongside the reserve officers. I did not gain a favourable impression of him, because he doesn't look

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like an officer, at least not according to our German standards. Many think he is a spy, and he may well be. He has rather conspicuously connected with Mr von Kessel.

I have become rather friendly with a Mr Dehle from Hobart, Tasmania, who is about my age. He, and his brother, who is also here, were both interned despite being naturalised, and all their protests could not get them back their freedom. They have nothing to blame themselves for but still being good Germans and having once been German consuls in Tasmania; and many naturalised [Germans] share that fate. This is how England treats its citizens who originate from foreign countries. D. told us, and bitterly complained about, Kiliani, who during his [Dehle's] time as consul led the Consulate General in Sydney. For purely business-related reasons, D. wanted to step down from his post, but K. tried everything to block this move. When D. insisted anyway, K. told him, to his face: "Obviously, a businessman's word is worth nothing", whereupon D. showed him

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the door. The gentlemen from Sydney also have few good words about K., so it looks like his "popularity" here was about as bad as earlier in Singapore.

There is still no connection to the main camp, on the contrary, government orders and rules have become more stringent. Some of our younger men were rash enough to stage some sort of demonstration by lining up along the fence and singing German hymns, which were instantly echoed in the big camp. Several of the men, about 10, were thrown into the Kallabush and then taken to Darlinghurst, the prison in Sydney, for 14 days; 2 at a time were handcuffed together. This method was not only applied to these men, but also to one of our comrades, Dr Beusel, a teacher

from Tsingtao who had to go to Sydney to see an eye specialist. It is a shocking treatment and we immediately put in a vigorous protest, but it shows how afraid these goons are even of defenceless Germans.

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15th/7/18. A local newspaper yesterday published the biggest slander yet against not only the Germans, but German women in particular. It was an excerpt from the letter of a German governess who used to live in England:

[original in English] "You will be interested to hear I am officially pregnant, the fate of many girls in Germany to day [sic], who are unmarried." *[end English quote]*

Newspaper writers must have an incredibly low opinion of the Australian people's cultural level to dare dishing out such crap. Then again, it shouldn't come as a surprise since they seem to have no concept of right and wrong, otherwise they wouldn't have been so shameless as to run the following report about their own countrymen:

[original in English] "An Australian souvenir collector complained that these were the poorest lot of Fritzes [*nickname for German soldiers, but in this context it may rather be used for German helmets or other parts of a German soldier's outfit*] he had ever encountered, and that he had gone through 50 and failed to get a match. Upon this a group of Yanks each produced a good souvenir, and the Australian saw that the lack of souvenirs was due to the Americans quick learning of this peculiarity of Australian battle science." *[end English quote]*

Thus they now sanction the desecration of dead bodies as "battle science". What a shameless people they are!

It's been a few days now that we have moved to our ultimate destination. The camp is not totally finished yet, the curtains are missing in the barracks, the kitchen is lacking some essentials, and there are many other missing details. The camp is named Holdsworthy [sic] Eastern Compound and should be our final accommodation until our release. The day of our relocation it rained rather hard, as it had been doing for some days. The path was very soggy and we had to wait for a reasonably dry moment to take our belongings across the 5-minute distance. Only the very large luggage was transported by car, the rest we had to lug ourselves. It took almost all day to get all tables, chairs, crates and trunks across and into the right positions.

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Naturally, the Tommies had cordoned off the path on both sides with bayonets, and Australian officers and soldiers stood there grinning and sneering as we trudged past.

The barracks in our new camp are built and appointed more or less in the same way as those in the main camp, but upon our requests, the roofs are slightly overhanging so that the rain can't pound into the units. I cohabit with Dreyen, Wittpenn and Levystein, and next to us are Lübking, Brennecke, Hell and Becker, and to the other sides are friendly Bolsheviks as well. – It's nice to have 2 dining halls, one for us and one for the reserve officers, where one can read and write in peace. There is also a big hall that handily accommodates our large luggage. Showers and lavatories are adequate and we should be OK for the hopefully brief remaining time of captivity. If only we didn't have the dust, which is as annoying here as it was in the main camp! Adjacent to the camp is a recreation area almost as big as the compound, where one

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can stretch one's legs. There are a few shady trees and many shrubs and bushes, which makes for a nice change. The area is open from 8am to 5pm.

Upon special request, the Commander has allowed transfers into the main camp, and apart from our friend Wehrs and the singer Plücker, some 15 gentlemen have taken him up on this. But Burkard was denied a transfer. Brennecke and I also toyed with the idea, but decided against it, as we hope to get a quicker release from here.

In exchange, we got some additions from the main camp, probably about 10 men, among them Mr Scharff, whom we got to know the first time in Liverpool, and Mr Edwards alias Eichengrün, the manager of Continentale Gummi Co. in Hannover. The latter, a naturalised Australian, was a member of the volunteer automobile corps before the war, probably for business reasons, and was interned early in 1915, because he wrote in a letter to a friend that Germany "hopefully

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possessed" some more Emdens. He was married and has a little boy. His wife died in 1916 after a brief illness. Presumably as an act of revenge, the Australians kept all news about her illness from him and it was only a day after she died that E. was called before the intelligence officer, who bluntly informed him: "Your wife died last night." His request to attend the funeral was denied. Such is the English humanitarianism!

The Austrian "officer" Blankenstein has left our camp and was transferred to Berrima. Very suspicious!

Despite hopes for an imminent release the desire to be active is great and so we decided to plant another vegetable garden, again with voluntary work, outside the camp. The main camp, too, has various such gardens, situated in a valley that we can see from our recreation area, or the cow park, as we call it.

They also plan to re-establish the engineering school that we had in Trial Bay, and the theatre, the choral society and the gymnastics club, as well as the orchestra,

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plan to resume their activities.

The canteen is again managed by us and the profits are ours, and next to it a new Ducks' Coop was built, where coffee, beer, etc are served, and where shortly there will be formal dinners, etc for our moneybags.

Roll call, lights out, etc are the same as in the main camp, that is, roll call mornings and evenings, and lights out at 10.15pm.

The reserve officers had the choice of a separate camp or of joining us and opted for the latter. Their pay is to be lowered, i.e. they will deduct 1s 6d per diem for food, etc.

25th/8/18. Our camp committee has changed once again, inasmuch as Mr Taeufert has resigned his post. He and Mr Wiedmann couldn't get along. The byelection has turned into a rather agitated affair after Ermakeil and cohorts once again nominated Mr Berblingen. The mood against him is very hostile because of his many previous manipulations,

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and many comrades will also have come to understand the mistake that was made with that ominous letter. Our friends were thus asked to search for a counter-candidate, whom we eventually found in Pastor Frank. The election was a tug of war between the two parties and I'm happy to report that we ended up winning with a majority of 5 votes. The outrage of the losing party over the election of a bush padre, as they call him, is great.

Because the timber for the theatre has not yet been delivered and we cannot start construction, we revived and also executed a plan hatched earlier in Trial Bay but then dismissed: that of a cinema. The films are being shown in the upper dining hall and the interest is enormous, which is understandable given the lack of other entertainment. Unfortunately, I cannot go and watch because my eyes don't tolerate it.

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Stead's review 25th/1/19

[Original in English] The reason why the Germans were particularly bitter against the Lusitania was because, in order to secure immunity from submarines whilst passing through the blockade area, she flew the American flag. When the Government at Washington protested, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs explained that she had done so to ensure her safety. The Germans in their special warning advertisements, published side by side with the announcements of the sailing of the Lusitania[,] emphasised the fact that in the danger zone, owing to the "misuse" of neutral flags ordered by the British Government, the flying of neutral flags would not give protection from submarines. At Lord Mersey's inquiry it was established that the vessel carried:

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18 fuse cases and

125 empty shrapnel cases.

4200 cases of cartridges (several thousands in a case)

and 189 cases of infantry equipment. Portion of the cargo was composed of material regarded at that time as contraband by Great Britain. [sic] Judge Julius A. Mayer gave a decision in the Federal District Court of New York in August 1918, absolving the steamship company from damages in the 76 suits involving £1,200,000 that had been brought against it on the ground that the "Lusitania" carried ammunition and high explosives and had been improperly navigated while passing through the submarine zone. He said:

the cause of the sinking of the "Lusitania" was the illegal act of the Imperial German Government, acting through its instrument, the submarine commander, and violating a cherished and humane rule observed until this war by the very bitterest antagonists.

[end English quote]

[Transcribed and translated from German by Rosemarie Graffagnini for the State Library of New South Wales]