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Capture. Oct. 16, 1917.  
 Ingelmuinster. Oct. 16-17,  
 1917.  
 Lendeledede. Oct. 17, 1917.

I was flying behind the German lines on the 16th October 1917, when I was attacked by five enemy aeroplanes and shot down. I was uninjured.

I was taken to the squadron that shot me down. I was well treated and sent to Ingelmuinster; I was not interrogated.

Ingelmuinster. Oct. 17-20,  
 1917.

On the 17th I was taken to Lendeledede, where an officer of the German anti-aircraft corps interrogated me; this continued for the whole day; then I was taken back to Ingelmuinster and remained there until the 20th, when I left by train for Germany. A few more officer prisoners accumulated at Ingelmuinster during the few days I was there. There were both officers and men there; it was a collecting station. We were locked in our rooms most of the time, and we received the same food as the German soldiers, but it was poor to us. We were not allowed to communicate with the men.

Karlsruhe Oct. 20-31,  
 1917.

I and two or three other officers left on the 20th October and were taken to Karlsruhe Hotel, known as Europäische Hof. All officer prisoners are first taken there instead of to the camp, locked in their rooms, and only allowed out on account of sanitary purposes.

I have reasons to believe that there are microphones in use. The officers are first put into a room together, then taken out one by one to be interrogated, and then returned together. We naturally then talked of what we didn't tell, and could be overheard. I knew of one officer who discovered a microphone at Douai, which corresponded as a collecting cage to Ingelmuinster, and the treatment was very like what we experienced in Karlsruhe. We were properly accommodated but poorly fed; we were not fed nearly as well as the German officers. I do not think we were fed any better than our own men.

Journey. Oct. 31—Nov. 1,  
 1917.

I was at Karlsruhe Hof for 10 days. I left on the 31st October 1917, and with several other officers was taken to Burg, about 15 to 20 miles N.E. of Magdeburg. The journey was very bad—cold, and no food except one meal. We were travelling from 5.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. the following day. When I travelled from Ingelmuinster we were in 2nd-class carriages and a fast train; I can speak German, and I insisted to the German officer commanding at the station that I was an officer and should at least go 2nd-class; they had intended to put us in 3rd-class carriages—part of the way, however, we did go 3rd-class. On the journey from Karlsruhe to Burg we travelled 2nd-class by slow train. On this trip we had one meal after leaving Karlsruhe until we got to Burg; that is, we had a meal on the 31st at 12 noon before leaving, and the next on the journey at Mülhausen at noon the 1st November, and the next at noon on the 2nd November. We had a little coffee in addition, but nothing to eat. No heating in the train—very cold. Of all these journeys we were expected to provide our own food; there is no rationed allowance—this seems to be the usual thing.

Burg. Nov. 1—Dec. 16,  
 1917.

I remained at Burg until December 16th, 1917. There were about 20 British officers there, all newly captured. We got no parcels, and the consequence was we got very weak and ill, as we could not do on the German food. Towards the end of my time at Burg, having written urgently to Copenhagen, I received two bread parcels, one grocery and one clothes parcel; these were emergency parcels.

Accommodation here was in wooden huts; four in a room with a stove; proper beds and bedclothes, changed about once a month; plenty of fuel; treated as officers, but in little ways we were insulted, *e.g.*, we were always shouted at instead of being spoken to in a civil way. Absence of good and sufficient food was the great point here.

We were locked in at night, and dogs were used about the camp at night to guard us. Roll-call three times a day and once during the night at 9 p.m. No man was bitten by the dogs.

It was an officers' camp, and included about 700 Russians, 170 British and 50 Belgians. The Russians were in a bad way, as they had no parcels. We complained of the conditions to the commandant; he said he could do nothing. The French and Russians complained of this man; I had no dealings with him; I do not know his name; he was a major.

I was on the kitchen committee and was aware of what the proper rations were; we did not get them, and complained. The commandant said the contractor could not deliver them. Garnos, the French airman, was there with me. He escaped later and complained to Clemenceau on his return, saying that the French would die if they received no parcels; he had Burg in mind in saying this. It was discussed in the Reichstag.

I left Burg on the 16th December 1917 and went to Halle; all the British at Burg went also.

Halle. Dec. 16, 1917—Jan. 7, 1918.

1st Escape. Jan. 7-8, 1918.

Aachen. Jan. 8-11, 1918.

Halle Prison. Jan. 11—Feb. 12, 1918.

I remained at Halle until the 12th February 1918. During that time I made an attempt to escape. This was on the 7th January 1918; I was recaptured next day on the Dutch frontier—kept three days at Aachen under military arrest and then returned to Halle, where I was sent straight to the civil prison. I had no trial, and was kept in prison a month. On being taken to prison I was stripped naked and searched, a German officer standing by shouting at me; he was very insulting. In prison I was allowed all my parcels and even allowed to cook some of the stuff; one hour's exercise each morning and afternoon by myself, with a sentry on guard, up and down a yard 62 yards long. During the rest of my time in prison I was treated more or less as an officer. A sergeant-major was in charge, and he used to treat us very badly, and the Italian orderlies whose job it was to clean up the prison—bullying and knocking their heads together and threatening and shouting at them.

I was in solitary confinement all the time, and had no trial at all.

As to general accommodation at Halle, this was one of the worst camps I was in. I never saw the commandant, and I do not know his name. The other officers treated us politely. There were about 60 British officers here; there were only British officers here in the camp; it had already been condemned. The senior officers protested to the commandant against the camp, who said our stay there was only temporary and we would be found room in a better camp. The senior officer of the whole party is now in London, Captain Rushworth, London Regiment and R.F.C.; he was repatriated.

The camp was a large factory which formed three sides of a square—the fourth side was a high brick wall. The whole place was surrounded by other factories and chimneys, which rained soot on our small yard all day. Fifty of us were in a large factory room, closely crowded together, and 10 similarly situated in an extension. Beds and bedclothes were all right. There were three big stoves, but scarcely enough fuel. At both Burg and Halle the cooking accommodation would have been insufficient if we had received parcels, but we did not. Food was better here than at Burg, and a good quantity.

Just before I escaped on the 7th January parcels began to come. I received only one before, but several when I was returned to the camp. They came *via* Burg, and had been subjected, I think, to a little pilfering in the trains by individual bands of thieves, but there was no systematic pilfering. The contents were in good condition. They were censored as we received them; this is so in all the camps. All tins were retained and put in a box of which the owner of the parcel had a key; if he wanted a tin it would be placed ready for him to open; he then took what he wanted and locked it again. The tin would then be opened and the officer would receive the contents on a plate, the tins being always retained. These tins would finally be carted away in large quantities—for ammunition, I take it; this latter was the practice in every camp. The packing was also kept.

There were dogs kept at this camp and they used to patrol at night. In the daytime they were locked up. No officer was injured by them in my time. They would attack any man trying to escape at night.

Fort Zorndorf, Cüstrin,  
Feb. 12—April 30, 1918.

About the 12th February 1918 I was removed to Fort Zorndorf at Cüstrin, and found there about 20 escapees. This camp was professedly for escapees; they were supposed to spend four months there, after which time, if they behaved and made no attempt to escape, their names were sent to Kriegsministerium to be moved to a proper camp again. This generally took place, however, at the end of seven months. If they misbehaved they forfeited time done. I spent five days first of all in the camp; then was sent to the military prison in the town where I did 14 days for escaping from Halle, eight days for having civilian clothes, eight days for having maps and money, or 30 days in all. The commandant of this camp was the best commandant I was under; his name was Captain Fretau. I made representations to him about the injustice of my sentence, but it came from the 4th Army Corps; it could not be altered. I had already served at Halle a month "untersuchungshaft" (detention pending inquiries), and I claimed that that ought to count as part of my sentence. Escaping is not a court-martial offence. I wrote to the Dutch Ambassador. He came to the camp on my third day there, but before I knew that I had to do this second period in prison. I got a reply from him in June. He did not get my letter until the 22nd May.

I was in solitary confinement here, one hour's exercise a day; no means of cooking, but I was allowed to have my parcels. They came very well here; when they came I was taken out of my cell downstairs to see them censored. After being here 30 days I was returned to the camp.

Accommodation.—There were about 70 Russians, eight Roumanians, one French padre and 20 British, all told; the latter all escapees. The camp was a fort built in 1886, surrounded by a moat. The only place for exercise was on top of our part of the ramparts, and we lived underneath them in a brick room, in daylight rather poorly lighted; on the other hand, we were allowed oil lamps at night as much as we liked. At Halle lights had to out by 9.30, but here we could have them as long as we liked. The Germans were polite and did not interfere with us or annoy us in petty ways, as was frequently the case in other camps. The rooms were dry, but the beds and bedding not too good. We were allowed outside the camp on parole every day to play tennis on a tennis court we had made, or to go for a walk to a bathing pond where we could bathe. It was absolutely impossible to escape from here, and this constituted our punishment as escapees. Latrines here were disgraceful—absolutely neglected. We none of us took any of the German food here; it was uneatable. We got our parcels well; there was no pilfering here at all. I received good dental attention here, the same as a German would have received. Up to the time I left Cüstrin there had been no cases of physical ill-treatment of officers.

Clausthal, April 30—July  
11, 1918.

I was removed from Cüstrin on the 30th April 1918, and taken to Clausthal with four others, one of whom jumped the train on the way. As a consequence, Captain Niemeyer, the commandant of Clausthal, addressed us on arrival and made a threatening speech, warning us of what he would do if we attempted to escape. The man who escaped (Second Lieutenant Macintosh, attached to the R.A.F.) was brought back to Clausthal.

Accommodation was very good. Food supplied would not have been enough for us to live on, but we got parcels irregularly. Several blatant cases of theft were exposed when parcels arrived, and the same thing with tins in the tin room.

There were three wooden huts properly lighted and heated, but I was told that it was agonisingly cold in the winter. It is situated high up in the hills, and it gets snowed up and fuel cannot be got for the camp. There was a main hotel building in which there were rooms for two to six men each. The cooking here was done for us by a cooking staff of orderlies and cooking maids.

It was a good camp spoiled by a bad commandant; he was an escape fanatic, and very nervous that anyone should escape. A great hater of England; his great idea, according to his talk, was to shoot Englishmen. He informed us that escapees would be shot immediately

they put their foot in the neutral zone before they could even get to the wire, and that the sentries would shoot to call. This man used to spend whole nights on end watching the camps in fear of an escape; in walking round I have seen him take a rifle from a sentry and bring it to his shoulder to see how quickly he could do it, aiming it at a prisoner, partly to frighten officers from escaping. He said escapees were not gentlemen.

Before I arrived the following incident happened, which was told me by the officer concerned, Lieutenant Watson, of the R.N.A.S., who tried to escape, but was recaptured. The commandant (Niemeyer) had him stripped naked for a search; then telling him that the British army was on its knees, ordered him to go down on his. On his refusing, two armed sentries forced him down; there were no English witnesses.

Lieutenant C. Rankin, Scottish Rifles, escaped while I was there. At roll-call Niemeyer lost his temper, put several people under arrest for no offence whatever, and called the parade, amongst other things, a "Hundsgemeine-Misthaufen," a term of the worst opprobrium, and later circulated the story, with exact details by the German officers and personnel of the camp, that Rankin had been killed. This was to frighten people from escaping. By the evening the truth of the story leaked out, namely, that he had not been seen at all; the whole thing was made up; a week later he was brought back to prison.

2nd Escape.

I attempted to escape from here, and was recaptured and visited next day by the commandant; he shouted at me for about five minutes, and told me I was a German, and asked whether I had not been born in Germany. I said, "No, thank God," and he gave me three days' cells without reading, writing or smoking, and in his temper tore the bedclothes off the bed. A very violent man.

About the middle of June it was given out at Clausthal on roll-call that, as a consequence of similar treatment of the 10th Army Corps prisoners in England in a camp in Yorkshire, all games, music of any kind (even whistling) and newspapers would be forbidden, and there would be four roll-calls a day. We were offered the privilege of writing an extra letter home to complain about this; no one did so. At the end of a month the reprisal ceased. (This applies to Clausthal and Holzminden, the two 10th Army Corps.)

Holzminden. July 11—  
Aug. 12, 1918.

On the 11th July 1918 I was removed to Holzminden, the commandant of which was another Niemeyer, a twin-brother of the above-mentioned one.

Accommodation was two large modern barrack buildings with an excellent water supply and good sanitation; 12 in a room; bedding was very bad, a sack filled with parcel-room packings, one sheet, pillow without slips, two blankets; sheets changed once a month; the blankets never.

Pilfering took place both of parcels and in the tin rooms, and was apparently encouraged. A parcel or tin censorship was very severe. Cigarettes were frequently broken, and puddings and cake cut till they were crumbs. In most camps an officer is not required to take the German food, and then he need not pay for it; here we were compelled to pay whether we took it or not; as a matter of fact, if on any particular day the officers had all required German food, there would have been no coffee at all and not enough food for one-fifth of the officers. There were about 600 officers there. Each officer pays 2 marks per day for German food; he pays that whether or no he actually takes the food. Food for 400 was not provided, consequently the commandant would make 800 marks per day; this is only approximate, of course; it would be quite safe to say he made 600 marks per day, probably 800.

Parcels came fairly regularly. As for exercise, there was only a barrack square with a football ground in the middle and two tennis courts; total area less than Clausthal, where there were only one-third the number of officers; walks all round, and no greenery. We were allowed out every day for a walk on parole. There were dogs loose to guard us after dark.

On the day I arrived at Holzminden I was forbidden to go into Barrack B. I was living in Barrack A. All the other officers had this privilege. The same was forbidden to Captain Leafe Robinson, V.C., who, amongst others of Niemeyer's pet escapees, was being given

continually small sentences of cells for absolutely no reason. On one occasion, having obtained permission from a German camp officer to go into Barrack B. to book a tennis court there, he was reported by a N.C.O., and Niemeyer gave him eight days. It meant that he was restricted to half the camp.

Lieutenant A. V. Burberry, R.F.C. and West Yorks, attempted to escape. Niemeyer had wind of it. When Burberry began cutting the wire, a sentry walked up to him and made an attempt to stop him, but at 3 yards range aimed at his heart and fired. Burberry by chance hunched himself up, and the bullet passed through his clothing in front of his heart, grazing his wrist. He had just begun cutting the 12 strands of wire; there was no need whatever to fire.

When 28 officers escaped by a tunnel, Niemeyer locked everyone in their buildings all day so that they could not get at the cooking stoves outside; went round the camp and filled up the cells. The following morning he came into the rooms at 8 a.m. with sentries, and turned us out of our beds, in some cases turned the beds over on their occupants, rapping his stick on the table as hard as he could; telling us that those days were over, meaning the days when he had left us more or less alone. It meant that the rest of the camp had to suffer for those who escaped; eight of the 28 got away. He kept the tin rooms and the parcel room closed, and stopped walks; the latter had not restarted when I left the camp on August 12th. The escape took place on the 25th July. He continued putting people under arrest; one officer was kicked by a sentry on his way to the cells. He would come to the tin and parcel room queues and turn them away and send them to their rooms; officers who went reluctantly were put into cells. The senior British officer, Colonel Stokes Roberts, made out a long list of individual cases of ill-treatment and demanded satisfaction by a certain time, after which he would not undertake to be responsible for the actions of the officers, as feeling was running very high.

On the 26th or 27th of July a meeting took place as a consequence of the treatment following on the escape. It was mutually arranged that we should passively resist all orders given by the Germans and take no notice of their authority. The roll-call paraded in anything but uniform—took no notice of German officers, and remained passive. There was no rowdiness; the German officers did not attempt to count us, but gave out a notice through the interpreter that the roll-call would take place at noon; this was at 9 a.m. At 10.45 a.m. the guard from the town marched into the camp, made a show of fixing bayonets and loading rifles, and surrounded the parade ground when we paraded, again in a disorderly fashion. This time the interpreter gave out the notice that if we paraded properly at 11.15 a.m. the commandant would give the senior British officer an interview. We paraded smartly at 11.15 a.m., and saluted the commandant, but he merely shouted at the parade and told them that there would be no games or music for three days and officers were not to go to any room but their own. Parade broke up with loud cheers. At 5 p.m. we again paraded in disorderly fashion. The commandant marched in at the head of the guard, who with fixed bayonets drove us in to the houses and locked us in, and surrounded the houses in extended order. The commandant shouted out orders that the guards were to fire at the first face that appeared at a window. Only one shot was fired, and that was not intended to hit, as the sentries hated the commandant as much as we; later in the evening the guard were withdrawn. One man threw a log at Niemeyer from one of the windows and missed him; Niemeyer swore it hit him and now had a case of active mutiny against us. Although Niemeyer informed the senior British officer the next day that he had reported the camp to Berlin as having mutinied and was going to court-martial the senior British officer he took no steps. Nothing further was done officially and the mutiny fizzed out. The tin and parcel rooms were closed to all for three days, and walks had not recommenced when I left.

I think this Niemeyer was more dangerous than his brother, but the other one spent more time in the camp insulting people.

Our great weapon was to laugh; the Germans