

**IN GERMAN HANDS, THE
DIARY OF A SEVERELY
WOUNDED PRISONER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649132577

In German hands, the diary of a severely wounded prisoner by Charles Hennebois

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHARLES HENNEBOIS

**IN GERMAN HANDS, THE
DIARY OF A SEVERELY
WOUNDED PRISONER**

IN GERMAN HANDS

SOLDIERS' TALES OF THE GREAT WAR

Each Volume Cr. 8vo, Cloth, 3s 6d net

- I. WITH MY REGIMENT. By "Platoon
Commander"
- II. DIXMUDE. A chapter in the history of
the Naval Brigade, Oct.-Nov. 1914. By
Charles le Goffic *Illustrated*
- III. IN THE FIELD (1914-15). The impressions
of an Officer of Light Cavalry
- IV. PRISONER OF WAR. By André Warnod
- V. UNCENSORED LETTERS FROM THE
DARDANELLES. Notes of a French
Army Doctor *Illustrated*
- VI. ON THE ANZAC TRAIL. By "Anzac"
- VII. "CONTEMPTIBLE." By "Casualty"
- VIII. IN GERMAN HANDS. By Charles
Hennebols

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

IN GERMAN HANDS
THE DIARY OF A SEVERELY WOUNDED
PRISONER

BY
CHARLES HENNEBOIS

WITH A PREFACE BY
ERNEST DAUDET

LONDON



WILLIAM HEINEMANN

London : William Heinemann, 1916

PREFACE

ON August 24, 1915, I received a letter in the country, where I was then staying, from a *dépôt* for convalescent soldiers in the South. I will make it the exordium of this preface, for it will tell better than I could myself the circumstances in which I made the author's acquaintance. It ran as follows :

“ Mon cher Maître,—Do you still remember the young aspirant to a literary career for whom you got a post as reader in the Plon printing press at Meaux ? Up to the present year, I have always sought to express my lasting gratitude by the modest card I have sent you every first of January. This year I was unable to send it, and I must make my excuses.

“ I enlisted as a volunteer for the duration of the war, and was severely wounded on October 12, 1914, before Saint-Mihiel. The Germans picked me up on the 16th, amputated my leg, and took me to Metz. On New Year's Day I was in a Boche hospital at Metz-la-Pucelle ; and as might have been expected

my executioners—the word is not too severe—would not allow me to write. Now that I am back in France, where I returned on July 21st of this year, minus a leg and in despair at being unable to fight any more, I recall the kindness with which, three years ago, you received the modest beginner, the young apprentice in versifying.

“I have brought back with me from Germany a diary of my experiences in the field and in captivity, which I have not courage to offer to any Parisian publisher in these troubled times. But I thought that you would perhaps do this generous action; and therefore, as soon as I have made a fair copy of my manuscript I will venture to send it to you, if you will allow me, and to beg you for a short preface.”

This letter was signed “Charles Hennebois.” The incident it recalled was still fresh in my memory. I remembered a young man, gay and attractive of mien, entering my study one morning with two volumes under his arm, and modestly excusing himself for venturing to ask me to read them and give my opinion of them; further, to help him to find a situation which would secure his little household from want—he had lately married—and enable him to devote his leisure to poetry and the literary

work which seemed at that time the goal of his ambitions.

Everything about him interested me, and moreover, remembering the help I myself received when I arrived in Paris, poor and obscure, I have always tried to be friendly to young people when they have done me the honour of applying to me.

There was a great deal of talent in the two volumes brought me by Charles Hennebois. He had called one *La Veillée ardente*, and the other *La Loi de vivre*; had they not been published by a provincial firm, and written by an unknown poet lacking any connexion with the Parisian press, they would certainly have attracted attention. As I have said above, I was greatly interested in him, and I was happy enough to be able to procure him the means of livelihood he needed. His conduct at the outbreak of the war, his voluntary enlistment when he had been discharged, his bravery, the simplicity with which he spoke of his misfortune, the patriotism I felt still vibrating in him, and finally, the perusal of his diary, naturally increased the sympathy I had felt for him from the beginning. On my recommendation my dear friends and publishers, Plon-Nourrit, whose *employé* he had been, agreed