

sardines; at noon a boiled dinner, mostly beans, which were old friends of mine, and of the well-named navy variety; at four in the afternoon, a pint of vino, and at six, a supper of soup, coffee, bread and beans.

Although the French "Seventy-five" is the best gun in the world, their naval guns are not as good as ours, and their gunners are mostly older men. But they will give a youngster a gun rating if he shows the stuff.

Shortly after I went aboard the *Cassard*, we received instructions to proceed to Spezia, the large Italian naval base. The voyage was without incident, but when we dropped anchor in Spezia, the port officials quarantined us for fourteen days on account of smallpox. During this period our food was pretty bad; in fact, the meat became rotten. This could hardly have happened on an American ship, because they are provisioned with canned stuff and preserved meats, but the French ships, like the Italian, depend on live stock, fresh vegetables, etc., which they carry on board, and we had expected to get a large supply of such stuff at Spezia. Long before the fourteen days were up we were out of these things, and had to live on anything we could get hold of—mostly hard-tack, coffee and cocoa.

I knew Spezia well, but I did not go about the town after the quarantine was lifted, because of the adventure I had had with the gendarme on another