

everybody was overdoing it, each with a different version.

When I taught the sailors to make hammocks, I expected, of course, that they would use them as we did—that is, sleep *in* them. They were greatly pleased at first, but after they had tried the stunt of getting in and staying in, it was another story. A hammock is like some other things—it works while you sleep—and if you are not up to it, you spend most of your sleeping time hitting the floor. Our gun captain thought I had given him a trick hammock, but I did not need to; every hammock is a trick hammock.

They would not believe me, however, and they couldn't say enough things about me, and called me all the names in the French language, even "camel," which is supposed to be a very rough word and a terrible insult. I passed them a little language, too, in American, only I did not call them camels. No American garby would call a mate *that*!

Also, I taught them the way we make mats out of rope, to use while sleeping on the steel gratings near the entrance to stoke holes. In cold weather this part of the ship is more comfortable than the ordinary sleeping quarters, but without a mat it gets too hot.

American soldiers and sailors get the best food in the world, but while the French navy grub was not fancy, it was clean and hearty, as they say down East. For breakfast we had bread and coffee and