

cup in London in a two-miles' race in the Thames, starting from Tilbury Docks. There were about seventy men in this race, which was held by the Lamport & Holt and the Atlantic Transport Lines. Then, at Brest, the French and American fleets held a race, and I won my third cup. I understand there were four hundred men in this race.

Somehow, there is always somebody for a sailor to fight in every port in the world, and I met my share of them. Just as some people know a place by its restaurants, or theatres, or art galleries, so sailors know a port by the fights they have had there, or perhaps some particular kind of food. There was a big porter in Constantinople that I always battled with, and a lighterman in Archangel. Genoa we liked because of the macaroni; we used to eat yards of it.

We got to be fond of goats' milk, too. In Italy, when you want any milk, they round up a herd of goats, and work out a quart or whatever quantity you want. So, while one of us bargained with the milkman and had him draw off a quart or so, the rest of us would chase the goats around the corner and get all the milk we wanted for nothing. They caught on to this in Spezia, though, and our ship had a bad name there. So, one time when we were in this port, we were refused shore leave, and they put a gendarme at the gangway. I tried to get past him, but he drove me back with his rifle. This made me