

At last I took passage for the States on the *C. Lopez y Lopez*, a Spanish merchantman. We had mostly "Spigs" on board, which is navy slang for Spaniards. Almost every one of them had a large family of children and a raft of pets. We sailed by Valencia, Almeria, Malaga, Cadiz, and Las Palmas in the Canary Islands. When we left Las Palmas we had a regular menagerie aboard—parrots, canaries, dogs, monkeys and various beasts. The steerage of that boat was some sight, believe me.

We had boat drill all the way across, of course, and from the way those Spigs rushed about I knew that if a submarine got us, the only thing that would be saved would be monkeys. But we did not even have a false alarm all the way over.

I arrived in New York during the month of July, 1917—two years and a half from the time I decided to go abroad to the War Zone to get some excitement. I got it, and no mistake. New York harbour and the old Statue of Liberty looked mighty good to me, you can bet.

So here I am, and sometimes I have to pinch myself to be sure of it. I certainly enjoy the food and warmth I get here, and, except for an occasional pro-German, I have no trouble with anybody. My wounds break open now and again, and I am often bothered inside on account of the gas I swallowed. They say I cannot get back into the service. It is