

Gunner Depew

decent and extremely curious, and the fact that we were from the States counted a lot with them. They used to brag about it to the crews of other ships that were not so honoured.

But this kindness we might have expected. It is just like Frenchmen in any walk of life. With hardly an exception, I have never met one of this nationality who was not anxious to help you in every way he could: extremely generous, though not reckless with small change, and almost always cheery and with a smile in any weather. A fellow asked me once why it was that almost the whole world loves the French, and I told him it was because the French love almost the whole world and show it. And I think that is the reason, too.

About the only way you can describe the poilus, on land or sea, is that they are gentle. That is, you always think that word when you see one and talk to him—unless you happen to see him within bayonet distance of Fritz.

The French sailors sleep between decks in bunks, instead of hammocks, and as I had not slept in a bunk since my *Southerndown* days, it was pretty hard on me. So I got hold of some heaving line, which is one-quarter inch rope, and rigged up a hammock. In my spare time I taught the others how to make them, and pretty soon everybody was doing it. By the way, the American rag-time about "Everybody's Doing It" had just reached the French navy, and