

tenders'—the grub got pretty bad. One day they brought us a big mess-kid or tub full of what was supposed to be stew. It was the rottenest kind of garbage, really, and we made up our minds not to put up with it. In the navy we always complain if we have any real reason for a grievance, and so, when the other members of the mess showed they were not anxious to go to the front, it was up to me to make a bother about it and see if we could not get better food. So I took the tub and went up to the chart house to show it to the Old Man. I knocked at the door several times, but he did not answer, so I put the tub down on the deck right in front of the door and went away. A few minutes later he came out—right into the stew. His foot slipped and he lay down in the middle of it. His uniform and his dignity sustained severe injuries, as they say. Also, some more of him! Did he find out who did it? Well, I am here to-day. That's your answer.

As we were mooring to the dock at St. Nazaire, I saw a German prisoner sitting on a pile of lumber. I thought probably he would be hungry, so I went down into the oilers' mess and got two slices of bread with a thick piece of beef-steak between them and handed it to Fritz. He would not take it. At first I thought he was afraid to, but by using several languages and signs, he managed to make me understand that he was not hungry—had too much to eat, in fact.