

said, "Yes, and when I was torpedoed and taken prisoner I was supposed to be neutral, too." But I said I would not look for trouble any more, and I started back to the hotel.

Well, no sooner was I under way than a Hun private came along and began to laugh at me. My hands itched again, and I could not help but hit out a few. We went round and round for a while, and then the Hun reversed and went down instead. Mr. Keene saw us, or heard about it, so he told me I had better go to Berne.

So off I went with my passport. But the same thing happened in Berne. I tried very hard, but I just could not keep my hands off the Germans. So I guess everybody thought it was a good thing to bid me good-bye. Anyway, I was shipped to France, going direct to St. Nazaire and from there to Brest.

I made a short trip to Hull, in Yorkshire, with a letter from a man at Brandenburg to his wife. She was not at home, but I left the letter and returned to France. I was in France altogether about three weeks, and then went to Barcelona, in Spain.

There I met Jack Johnson, the negro prize-fighter, and attended a bull-fight with him. He was in the insurance business in Spain, but did not seem to be very popular. About the first thing he asked me was, "How's Chicago?" and as I had never been there I could not give him very much news. I did not advise him to return to the States.