

The War Breaks

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noted boxer. Of the five of us, I am the only one who went in, got through and came out. Flynn and Mitchell did not go in; Murray and Brown never came back.

The five of us shipped on the steamship *Virginian* of the American-Hawaiian Line, under American flag and registry, but chartered by the French Government. I signed on as water-tender—an engine-room job—but the others were on deck—that is, seamen.

We left Boston for St. Nazaire with a cargo of ammunition, bully beef, etc., and made the first trip without anything of interest happening, except that, while we were in the war zone, our boatswain was rigging the life-boats, when a line running between the davits parted and let him through into the sea. We were making about twelve knots at the time, but there was a strong current against us and a good sea running, and the boatswain shot past us like an arrow. We put about at once, but it took us three-quarters of an hour to get back to him, and more than that before we had a boat over the side and him into it. When we dragged him in, he did not have a stitch of clothing on him. He had undressed himself completely while he was in the water and kept himself up at the same time. Which I thought was doing pretty well, as there was a fairly high sea running.

Then, too, in my mess—the oilers' and water-