

calling me "Chink," though I don't know why, and it has been my nickname in the navy ever since.

It is a curious thing, and I never could understand it, but garbies and marines never mix. The marines are good men and great fighters, aboard and ashore, but we garbies never have a word for them, nor they for us. On shore leave abroad, we pal up with foreign garbies even, but hardly ever with a marine. Of course, they are with us strong in case we have a scrap with a liberty party from some foreign ship—they cannot keep out of a fight any more than we can—but after it is over, they are on their way at once and we on ours. The only other navy that has a marine corps is the British, although the French have a Marine Infantry that garrisons ports, but does not serve aboard ships. The British call their men the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and a Limey garby told me it was the same way with them. They keep to themselves and the Limey garbies do the same. But he did not know why, either. He said it always had been that way in their navy, and I have heard it always has been with us.

There are lots of things like that in the navy that you cannot find out the reason for, and I think it is because sailors change their ways so little. They do a great many things in the navy because the navy always has done them. I never saw an old garby who wasn't always telling the young ones what things were like in his day and advising them to do