

CHAPTER XXIII

ON A TRANSPORT

SINCE the war began and the Germans undertook the drowning of women and children by the submarine method I have crossed the Atlantic four times. Two of these voyages were on troop transports. Traveling on a transport is really a pleasure voyage, except for the military discipline, always a bit obnoxious to the Anglo-Saxon of the North American continent—but absolutely necessary if an army is the thing desired, not a mob. On a transport the food and sleeping quarters are all that anyone could desire in a time of war, and they satisfied all, from the veriest batman to the highest military officer whose duty it is to maintain discipline.

On my first transport experience we took the ship at an Atlantic port some days before sailing, and no one knew the date or hour of our intended start except the first officer of