

1917, sighted a German U-boat rigged up like a sailing ship.

Although I liked visiting the foreign ports, I got tired of the *Southerndown* after a while, and at the end of a voyage which landed me in New York, I decided to go into the United States Navy. After lying by for a week or two, I enlisted and was assigned to duty as a second-class fireman.

People have said they thought I was pretty small to be a fireman; they have the idea that firemen must be big men. Well, I am 5 feet 7½ inches in height, and when I was sixteen I was as tall as I am now and weighed 168 pounds. I was a whole lot heftier then, too, for that was before my introduction to "kultur" in German prison camps, and life there is not exactly fattening—not exactly. I do not know why it is, but if you will notice the navy firemen—the lads with the red stripes around their left shoulders—you will find that almost all of them are small men. But they are a hefty lot.

Now, in the navy, they always worry a newcomer until he shows that he can take care of himself, and I got my whack very soon after I went into Uncle Sam's service. I was washing my clothes in a bucket on the forecastle deck, and every garby (sailor) who came along used to give me or the bucket a kick, and spill one or both of us. Each time I moved to some other place, but I always seemed to be in somebody's way. Finally, I saw a