SEA-BORNE

Thirty Years Avoyaging

BOOKS BY

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

HISTORICAL

Sea-Borne
Canton Captain
Master Mariner
The Port of Gloucester
Book of the Gloucester Fishermen
Navy Men

SHORT STORIES

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An Olympic Victor

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By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

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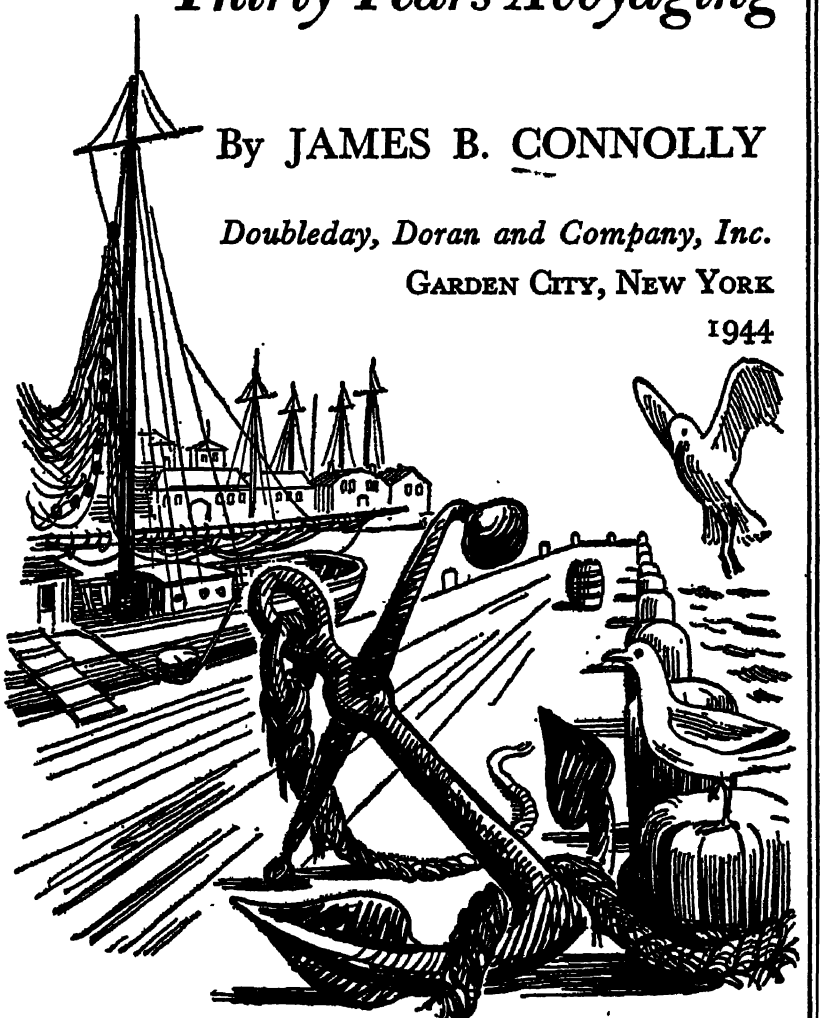

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IRST EDITION

SEA-BORNE

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Chapter I

FOR AS FAR BACK as my father and mother knew, their people came of seafaring stock. They were Aran Islands folk; islands that lie off the west coast of Ireland. It is a rough coast, and the Arans are little isles and almost solid rock; which was one reason why so many men of those isles took to the sea. The lack of arable land left the sea as their best chance for a living.

The Arans lie at the entrance to Galway Bay, and for centuries back Galway captains were sailing to Spanish ports. Aran tradition has it that a Galway Bay man sailed with Columbus on that first historic voyage of discovery; and at least a dozen Aran Island families have it that the Irish sailor with Columbus was an ancestor of theirs.

"And almost any family of them could have the truth of it," my father used to say. "He could be a Connolly before many of them, the Connollys of Galway being a numerous tribe and great rovers always."

"Or an O'Donnell," my mother would add, she being an O'Donnell.

My father, no contentious man ever, would agree that the Aran O'Donnells were great rovers too in their day.

My father and mother left the Aran Isles and settled in Boston while still fairly young. They had married young—he twenty-five and she seventeen—and they had twelve children altogether. My father went in for the fishing with the Boston fleet. My mother's brother, Jim, came to Boston with them, and he too took to the fishing, but with the Gloucester fleet. A few years later he was sailing with the Boston fishing fleet as skipper and half-owner of a fine schooner.

My father and mother had eight boys born to them in a row in Boston; and we grew up in a maritime environment. My father and my uncle would come home from their fishing trips, and their notion of home being a place for a man's peace and quiet, they were never

ones for talk of dangers left behind them; but a shoregoing neighbor or two would drop in, and they would ask questions; and talk would come of the questioning, though even then there would be no playing up of any perilous happenings out to sea. They would talk as casually of hard black nights on the winter offshore fishing banks as an inquisitive neighbor would talk of his day in the city streets.

What we listening children got of the danger of sea life was that at times the wind blew hard—"hard" meaning a living gale—and also at times seas ran high—"masthead high" might be incautiously slipped in; but, hard wind or high sea, there was the able vessel with her sound gear always under their feet, and always there was the competent crew of men to handle her; so, blow high or blow low, safe home she would bring them.

So they would talk; and yet, safe home they did not always come. One of my early recollections, a baby recollection almost, is of my uncle coming home to report the loss of the *Little Kate,* sister ship to his own vessel, she going down with all hands in a winter gale. Most of that crew had been near-neighbors; and I recall our mother having us go down on our knees and saying a rosary for the peace of their souls.

Our mother wasn't for her sons going to sea when we grew up. My father would say: "Why not if they want to? They could do worse." But my mother was the boss at home—she was doing praying enough for her husband and her brother, let be having to pray for her sons on the wicked fishing banks when the wild winds would be blowing of a winter's night ashore. My mother used to talk like that; so her people talked in her young days in the Aran Isles, the days before the tourist world came avisiting there, and made them aware that their speech wasn't like that of the outside world.

Of our eight brothers only the oldest, Pat, took to the sea for a living. The day after his graduation from the grammar school, he shipped aboard the *Frank M. Noyes,* one of a fleet of fast schooners running fruit from Caribbean ports. He wrote fascinating letters from tropic ports, but he could talk even better than he could write; and it was his talk when he would be home that had me plaguing my mother to let me go on a fishing trip during a summer vacation.

My namesake uncle, Capt. Jim O'Donnell, was for taking me for a trip, and at seven years of age I sailed with him in his schooner, the *Saint Peter,* to the offshore banks. Five days out, a great storm arose on the banks, and one especially high sea broke over the vessel and

washed me out of the cabin bunk where I had been placed for safety when the storm broke. I remember my uncle carrying me the length of the leaping deck from the cabin to a dry bunk in the fo'c'sle.

It was one of the great North Atlantic storms of that year, but nobody aboard the vessel seemed to be worrying; and so I accepted such storms as the usual thing at sea, and I did not worry; nor did I ever worry thereafter because of rough weather at sea.

At eleven years of age I made another summer vacation fishing trip to the offshore banks. I came home from that trip saying I was going to be a fishing captain when I grew up. My mother listened, said nothing; but she, always the psychologist, took to weaning my thoughts away from the fishing as a way of making a living.

My mother weaned us all, except Pat, from thoughts of the sea as a living, but that wanderlust had to be satisfied. Eventually we all took to living away from home; some for only a few years, some for good.

An older brother, Michael, went south and settled in Savannah, Georgia. He got a job with Capt. Oberlin M. Carter of the U. S. Engineer Corps, then in charge of the river-and-harbor improvements of Georgia and northern Florida. When Carter was appointed a member of the Nicaragua Canal Commission, my brother went along as secretary to the commission.

Mike was always a good student. He studied law on his own, was admitted to the Georgia Bar, and served as admiralty commissioner for the port of Savannah. Long before this, back home I had done with school; and at this time I had a pleasant, well-paying clerk's job with an insurance company in Boston. It was a soft job—too soft. What made it endurable were the easy hours, nine to four, which gave me time to go in for track athletics.

The athletic doings were all right, but one day was like another in the insurance office—same people, same doings—whereas there was Mike away down South with new kinds of people and seeing new ways of living.

I wrote Mike to ask him how about something doing for me in that sunny South. He was then married and raising a family, but he was always a brotherly sort—we all were that way to each other. He said come along, and take a train down and save time. I took a steamer—no train for me when I could go by way of the sea. It was a three-day trip by sea, my first of any length. I spoke of it as a sea voyage. I rolled that phrase "sea voyage" under my tongue.

I began work as a clerk in the office of the U. S. Engineer Corps in Savannah. It was a soft job, and with the easy hours—nine to five—it went fine for quite a while. While in the Engineer office I did my first writing—that is, for money.

A chap came to Savannah and started a weekly paper called the *Lamplight*. I've forgotten his name, but he looked like the villain in the play—a tall cadaverous figure with a long thin black mustache. And he smoked cigarettes. He did the illustrations, etching them on zinc plates, and he was pretty good at it. He was looking around for somebody to do a sports column, and hearing of me as the captain of the Savannah football team and a competitor in track athletics, he offered me $5.00 a week to do a sports column for his paper. It meant about two hours' work a week and what time I cared to put in with visiting celebrities—big-league ball players, bicycle riders, ring fighters, and so on.

I took the job, but I did not stick at it. The day came when I was for a change of scene. I liked the city, I liked the people, I was having a most agreeable social time, and my work in the Engineer office was no strain; but all the while there was the Savannah River flowing past the city to the sea. I put in for a transfer to field work.

Captain Carter was always good to me. He shifted me to river work, first as inspector of a pile-driving job upriver, and then to inspector on Tybee Knoll at the mouth of the river. I was spoken of as the Kid Inspector.

Being a dredge inspector suited me fine. I was a book reader—we all were at home—and I was a nut on keeping in good physical condition. My job gave me plenty of time for reading, for rowing a bateau, for shooting at gulls on the wing with a rifle—and never hitting them—for swimming in the clean salt water when the tide was flooding.

The river-and-harbor work was all done under contract, and my job as inspector was to see that the dredge crew dug to the required depth on range lines laid out, with no scamping of the depth when the digging was tough, and no digging below the stipulated depth when the digging was especially soft. Beyond that I had to check on the cubic yards of material dug and see that it was dumped where no ocean tides would sweep it back to within the river reaches.

It was a quiet life, dredge life, with occasional interesting happenings, as when I saved a deck hand, Charlie Hanson, from drowning. There were curious features connected with it, and the story went up

and down the river. A reporter on the Savannah *Morning News* heard of it and wrote it up for two columns. I thought he overstressed the peril of the rescue, which wasn't great, and soft-pedaled what I thought was the real thing—i.e., a bit of intelligence and quick thinking on my part. For danger now: Before that, I came close to losing my life while in a diving suit on the bottom of the river. I was in real peril, because I was caught where I could do nothing to save myself. I got a lucky break when I came safe out of it. No reporter wrote that up, because only half a dozen people knew anything about it, and they weren't where reporters had access to them. And I wasn't for talking, because it was dumb business on my part getting caught as I did.

The crew of the dredge thought I was foolish to go swimming in waters where shark fins were sometimes showing; but I wasn't foolish. I went swimming only when the dredge was working. I had learned, when a boy with fishermen on the banks, that fish are timid creatures, even big fish. Any noise from the vessel would send them scurrying away; and the clanking of our dredge machinery at work sounded like a boiler shop coming apart.

Steamers coming and going passed quite close to us. One passed too close one time to my dredge, which was Number Five; hit her stern a clip and sank her where she lay. She went down so fast that the cook had to climb through the galley window to make the top of the house where the others of the crew had climbed early. They were all saved. It was after she was raised that I was made inspector on her.

Just up the river from Tybee Knoll was Fort Pulaski. It was an ancient fort, dating back to 1812, and carrying no garrison, except a colored caretaker, Sergeant Chinn, who had fought bravely against Indians under General Crook. Chinn and his wife had their quarters in a casemate. In the next casemate was a barrel of gunpowder, there since nobody could say. The sergeant's wife had heard that a handful of powder was a great help in starting a kitchen fire: so she knocked in the head of the barrel of gunpowder, took out a handful and tried starting the fire with it. It worked fine. Every morning thereafter she started her kitchen fire with a handful of gunpowder from the barrel. Now grains of powder were slipping between her fingers and leaving a trail from the barrel to the kitchen stove. One morning the lighting match fell from her hand and onto the trail of gunpowder.

We heard the explosion a mile away on Tybee Knoll. I took our towboat up to see what happened. The sergeant and his wife had been

blown out of the casemate and forty feet away. But no bones were broken, no severe contusions. They were simply blown out of the casemate. When I arrived there the sergeant was fingering his face and asking: "Is I disfiggered, sir? Is I disfiggered?" He wasn't disfiggered, nor his wife.

One morning a wind sprung up; and that night it blew, and blew and blew. The acrometer at the Tybee lighthouse near by registered 108 miles an hour before the wind blew it from its fastenings. Out on the knoll we gave Number Five her all four anchors and all the scope our lengths of hawser allowed. The wind was westerly and we waited for Number Five to break loose, and if she did we said she'd be fetching up on the west shore of North Africa, which was where that wind was pointing. But the anchors held and the wind blew itself out.

One sultry day the word came downriver that the storm signals were up on the Custom House. Next came the word that a tropic hurricane was heading our way. Our dredge foreman did not relish the labor of taking in his four anchors and moving upriver; nor did I relish the prospect of setting up lateral shore ranges to mark where we knocked off digging; but that hurricane gossip had us thinking. We wound up by blowing for our attendant towboat and hauling eight miles up the river to Venus Point.

Close by Venus Point lived the girl who became nationally known for signaling the passing ships for so many years. Daytimes she would wave her handkerchief, nighttimes swing a lantern. Feature writers of later years had it that she swung that lantern first for her sweetheart going downriver on his way to sea, and she had vowed to continue to swing that lantern for every passing ship until her sweetheart came back from sea. And he never came back, but she continued to swing a lantern until the day she died—according to the feature writers.

It was true about her swinging the lantern, but she wasn't swinging it for any sweetheart. We working on the river saw her swinging that lantern when she was a ten-year-old girl. She was the lightkeeper's daughter and she got fun out of swinging the lantern and having ships salute her with their whistles in passing. It was a pretty tale though, and her death a few years ago revived it.

It was a lucky thought to get the dredge away from that ocean sand bar. The hurricane when it broke our way was blowing from the sea, which meant that if Number Five had been held on Tybee Bar, she would have been driven through the high surf of Tybee beach, and

the percentage for our coming through that surf alive would have been against us. As it was, even safe up the river as we thought, when the hurricane struck in full force, Number Five broke away from her anchors and away she went before the rising river and over an island ordinarily ten feet above high water. Over the back channel she went, and four hundred yards up onto the mainland. She did not capsize, which was doing all right by herself. A sister dredge was driven ashore and turned bottom up almost alongside of us.

While a channel was being dug out for my dredge, I was one of a party detailed for what was called a tidal survey.

We all got caught in one of those tropical tornadoes at the mouth of the Savannah River, and what happened to us before we made the lee of Fort Pulaski came near being a tragedy, each of us being in a bateau with a Negro boatman, and a bateau being nothing to talk about in rough water. We peeled down to our summer drawers, some to bare skin, and started rowing. We made the lee of Fort Pulaski before the tornado hit in full force.

Another time we were off the port of Brunswick, measuring the current and tidal volume at the mouth of the Altamaha River. We used to come ashore nights. A yellow-fever epidemic struck Brunswick, and half the population of the city left there on a train one night. Our civil engineer in charge, an elderly bewhiskered German named Gieseler, left us all free to get out.

Some of our party left on the next train, and some took our steam launch and the inside channel to Savannah. Gieseler stayed, and I stayed with him, partly because I liked him and partly because I did not believe that either of us would catch the fever.

I liked Gieseler because he was a kindly man; also a most impractical man. He was an office man rather than a man for field service. He was a hound for apple pies; one time in his requisition for field supplies he put in for twelve apple pies, when his list of supplies already included every necessary ingredient for the making of apple pies, and he had a cook to make them.

Gieseler finally decided to get out of Brunswick. I got out with him. A shotgun guard at railway stations along the line shooed us clear to Atlanta.

Quarantine regulations would not allow us to return to Savannah for ten days. Gieseler and I took adjoining rooms at the Kimball hotel. One morning he came into my room saying I must leave him. And

why? Well, he was feeling the symptoms of yellow fever, and he wasn't going to allow me to be exposed to it longer. I didn't believe he had any yellow-fever symptoms and said so. I hustled him to a doctor. The doctor gave him a thorough overhauling and wound up by telling him he could find no sign of yellow fever in him.

After ten days in Atlanta, we returned to Savannah and were rejoiced to learn that the comrades who had taken the launch up the coast to Savannah were still held in quarantine down at Fort Pulaski.

Georgia has some good-sized navigable rivers—the Savannah, Oconee, Ocmulgee, and Altamaha; and on those rivers we had snagboats at the work of removing obstructions to navigation. I was now back at office work, and part of my job was to pay off the snagboat crews. So on the first of every month I would leave the office with the pay-roll cash and a long-barreled .45-caliber revolver, and set out to locate the snagboats. They would be moving up and down whatever river they were working, and my search called for my making trips through piny woods and river swamps—to wherever I hoped to find them. Much of the way of living I met with was strange and interesting to me, who up to then had known only city life. On river steamers, when sharing a room with a stranger, some of them hunters with shotguns and repeating rifles, I would turn in with the pay-roll money under my pillow and the big pistol held handy under the bedcover. On two occasions I fell asleep. Once when I woke up my roommate was still asleep, the other time he was gone.

Now with me making those monthly trips and sometimes having to come the same route, the word of my carrying money with me must have got around. Later, though never at the time, I used to wonder why I was never stuck up while traveling a dark swamp path or a lonely piny-woods road.

I liked living in Savannah, I liked the people, I liked their easy-going business ways. I was at the age when friends were easily made, but there it was—office work again; and my dredge job when I got back to it was altogether too physical—wonderful for keeping in top condition, but mentally stagnating. I never thought of myself as an intellectual, but I did like to exercise my brains now and then.

Saturday nights dredge hands came upriver to Savannah, those who cared to, and stayed over Sunday. One Sunday I walked in on Captain Carter and told him I was getting through. My getting through or staying had about as much to do with carrying on the work as if his

colored messenger were taking a day for one of his secret-society parades; but Carter was very nice about it, said he regretted to see me go, and gave me two months' pay in lieu of two years' vacation I hadn't taken.

For my last eight months on the dredge I had been saving my money. I had in mind to take a college engineer course. Now I had been to grammar school—no high school; so during my last six months on the dredge I put in my nights at correspondence courses. I had in mind to go to Harvard for a special engineering course. My special admiration on the faculty there was Nathaniel Shaler. I wrote him several letters; and he replied to each one, and always encouragingly.

I came from Savannah to Boston by steamer, enjoyed a condescension toward passengers who saw danger in a storm off Hatteras. A storm? They should be in a real storm!

I met Dean Shaler in Cambridge, parted from him with even increased admiration. I took the entrance exam to the Lawrence Scientific School, passed it without conditions.

That was in October 1895.

Chapter II

WHEN COLLEGE OPENED I went out for freshman football. I wanted to try for halfback or end. I had been the ball-carrying back on that Savannah team, and my teammates said I was all right at it; but the Harvard coach put me in at guard, then the spot for the big men of a team. Why there, I don't know. After the long summer outdoors under the semitropic sun I was worn down to 160 pounds under the showers, and that weight with my five feet ten wasn't making me into a big man. My opposing linesman outweighed me by seventy pounds, and it wasn't seventy pounds of fat.

We scrimmaged. I charged faster than my opposite, but he still had that seventy pounds on me! I came off the field with a broken collarbone, though I did not then know it for that. All I knew was that I couldn't raise my left arm above my shoulder. That put me out of football for the season; so I turned to with other candidates for the

freshman track team. I won the freshman broad jump in the fall meet, got second in the high jump.

In my academic studies I was making out as well as the next fellow, but I wasn't starting any fires in the mechanical courses. Twice a week engineering students had to put in two hours at a manual-training school. We were handed blocks of steel and told to fashion the blocks to a given shape. In some physical ways I was moderately dexterous, but as a machine-shop worker I was a bum, a total loss, about an E-minus student. I took to skipping the mechanical horrors. At mid-year I had fourteen hours to make up. The instructor, an understanding man named Burke, said: "Will you make that fourteen hours during the midyear intermission or let it go until the summer vacation?" I said: "The summer vacation by all means." I knew then that if my engineering degree depended on any machine-shop cleverness, it would be no degree for me.

Early that winter newspapers were having much to say of the new Olympic games. After fifteen hundred years they were to be revived. The Greek Government was strong for it, and a wealthy Greek, Averoff, was furnishing the funds for the building of an all-marble stadium on the site of the ancient stadium on the banks of the Ilissus in Athens.

Athens! Greece! And a voyage over far waters! For the remainder of that winter my mind was on the games and a voyage to Athens. Violet-wreathed Athens! Marbled Athens! The Athens of Homer, the wanderer, the adventurer, the sailorman who had been three times shipwrecked. Homer's *Odyssey*—Chapman's translation—was high up on my list of favorite books. I visualized blind old Homer, led by a dog on the end of a string to the market square in Athens, pulling up before the inn when the dog sniffed aloud of baked meats near by; and Homer, the dusty and hungry one, offering the innkeeper a series of stories in exchange for a week's bed and board and a bone for his dog. It was so he gave his *Odyssey* to the scribes; and they, waking up one day to what the blind man had, drew forth their tablets and began to take him down.

Athens, and Homer, and that blue-water voyage! It would take—m-m—eight weeks. Life at Harvard was all right, but not exactly thrilling; whereas a sailing across the wide Atlantic, through the Gibraltar Straits—the Pillars of Hercules in Homer's day—and on through the Mediterranean of the three-tiered war galleys, and so the port of Piraeus where Homer must have landed on his way to Athens—there

was certainly a better way of passing what should be pleasant afternoons than trying to chamfer a block of cold steel with a chisel.

Before going South I had won the amateur hop, step, and jump championships of the United States and created a new American record for the event; and now the date of the games was looming. I went to see the chairman of the athletic committee about a leave of absence. One peek at the chairman's puss told me that here was no friendly soul. I piped down on any talk of violet-wreathed Athens, of marbled Athens, or the bard Homer chanting his sonorous periods before the customers of the market-place inn. I put in a bald request for eight weeks' leave of absence to compete in the Olympic games at Athens.

Said the chairman right off the bat: "Athens! Olympic games! You know you only want to go to Athens on a junket!"

A pilgrimage to ancient Greece a junket! Competing for my country for an Olympic championship a junket! I held myself in, and he continued: "You feel that you must go to Athens?"

"I feel just that way, yes sir."

"Then here is what you can do. You resign and on your return you make re-application for re-entry to the college, and I will consider it."

To that I said: "I'm not resigning and I'm not making application to re-enter. I'm getting through with Harvard right now. Good day!"

It was ten years before I again set foot in a Harvard building, and then it was as guest speaker of the Harvard Union; and the occasion nourished my ego no end.

In that day our amateur athletic officials had no say as to who could or could not compete in games abroad; which was a good thing for athletics. I recall one official who did not know where to look for Athens when I spread the map of Europe before him. Of our American colleges, only Princeton, and of the big clubs, only the Boston Athletic Club, were sending teams. Of the little athletic clubs, only the Suffolk Club of my home town entered anybody. I was their entry and I was paying my own expenses. I preferred it that way. I had never in my athletic life had even an entrance fee paid out for me. Why so? Oh, I felt better so. I was at the time a member of the powerful Manhattan Athletic Club of New York, elected to it without my knowing it before I went South; but it was still the little home-town club for me.

Our little American contingent—ten athletes in all—sailed from New York on March 20, 1896, on the 8,000-ton German steamer, the *Barbarossa*. A good sea boat she; and how the stewards did throw the

vittles at us! We would have four weeks to the games—or so we thought. The voyage had a bleak beginning for me. I was never much for indoor work, but I had been taking light exercise for several weeks in the Harvard gym. Two afternoons before sailing I had strained my back in the gym and for eight days after leaving New York I had to use my arms to raise myself out of a chair.

I had a horrible fear that I was out of the games, yet despite that I wasn't downcast. After all, the games were only part of the voyage. Here I was sailing the high seas, and Athens would be there when I got there. And so I stayed stretched out in my steamer chair day in and day out, content with just sitting there and looking out on the blue sea through the open rails. It was swell. Just to be gazing out on the deep blue waters was satisfying something deep inside of me.

My exercise for eight days consisted of circling the promenade-deck house six time before lunch and dinner. And then? One sunny magical morning, the ship entering the Straits of Gibraltar—Homer's Pillars of Hercules—I got out of my chair with every pain and ache gone and me feeling loose as ashes.

The steamer had no spacious deck room for real exercise. All our fellows could do was to get into track rig with rubber-soled shoes and bounce up and down on the well deck, where no passengers were. After arriving at Naples, being then twelve days at sea, we put in our two days there in walking art galleries and museums and observing the fishes in the celebrated aquarium.

On our second day in Naples, I missed my wallet from my hip pocket. I said nothing of my loss to the hotel people, nor did I report it to the police; yet next morning when we were getting out of the hotel bus at the railway terminal, a man in uniform stepped up to our crowd and pointed me out to a plain-clothes man, who asked me in good English if I had lost something.

I had lost a wallet, yes. With money? Yes—five sovereigns.

"Then you must come with me to the police station."

I said no, no. We were taking the eight-o'clock train to Brindisi, and it was now seven-forty.

"But you must. The police station is here in the terminal."

"Oh! So near!" I went with him to where a man of obvious authority sat behind a flat desk. That one said—in not so good English—that my wallet had been recovered and I must stay and prosecute the thief. I said no, no, I must take the eight-o'clock train to Brindisi.

There was a clock on the wall, and the long hand was on the ten-minutes-to-eight mark. I pointed to the clock, saying: "Train to Brin-dee-see. *Otto! Otto!* Eight o'clock."

The man kept urging me—his subordinates all but pinned my arms behind me to stay and prosecute the thief, and I kept yelling: "No, no! Brin-dee-see train. *Otto! Otto!*"

At one minute to eight by the wall clock, and me praying it wasn't slow, I broke loose and ran for the train. It was a spacious railway station, and I did not know which platform to run to, but I kept yelling, "Brin-dee-see! Brin-dee-see! *Otto! Otto!*"

A plump porter picked me up, pointed the way, and ran with me till his breath gave out. Another one picked me up—a younger and thinner one—shouted: "Brin-dee-see! *Si! Si!*"

He stayed with me. The train was pulling out. I thrust two ten-lira notes at him and yelled: "Dees lire por voo! Dees lire por votre comarade," hoping he understood my "French," and also that he wouldn't do the plump porter out of his ten lire.

The train was now under good way, and the Boston gang were leaning out of a compartment window and yelling for me to come on, come on. A guard tried to block me off, shouting "No per-mish-ee-one," or something like it. I sidestepped him and made the running board of the coach with one last long flying stride. Three good pals—Barry, Burke, and Blake—grabbed me so I wouldn't fall back overboard and hauled me through the compartment window.

I did not know it then, but if I had missed that train I would not have reached Athens in time for my event in the games.

It was across Italy through countless tunnels to Brindisi, a steamer down the Adriatic to the Corfu, a stop there, then on to the port of Patras, and a ten-hour train ride from there to Athens.

A committee in frock coats and tall hats received us at the station in Athens, put us into open carriages, and hurried us to the Chamber of Deputies, where the athletes of a dozen or more nations were already seated. Speeches were made, wine was passed around, and healths drunk. We stayed clear of the wine until the German crowd stood up, held their glasses high, looked to us, gave us three loud "Hochs!" and an *"Amerikanische!"* and emptied their glasses.

Burke, Blake, Barry, Bill Hoyt (the champion pole vaulter), and myself were sitting together. We were teetotalers, or practically so, but the honor of our country demanded that something be done now; so

we filled glasses, gave the Germans nine "Rahs!" and an *"Allemande!"* and emptied our glasses.

We were next put back in the carriages and paraded through cheering packed streets. It was nine o'clock when we made our hotel. It was ten o'clock when we sat down to dinner. At one o'clock we called it a day and went to our rooms.

Tom Barry, Tom Burke, and I were rooming together. We lay awake talking for an hour after we got to bed. At four o'clock we were awakened by a burst of martial music. We got up. Our hotel, the D'Angleterre, was across the square from the Royal Palace; and under our window a marching band was whaling away and a column of soldiers marching by. What looked like the entire Greek Army and all the military bands in Greece went marching past our hotel before that parade ended.

It was no more sleep for us; so we shaved and washed. Tom Barry, a chum of mine, was making a joy ride of the trip—said Tom: "A lucky thing you two got twelve days to get in shape before the opening day of the games." Burke and I agreed that Tom had said something. We were at breakfast, when two members of a committee entered and passed around programs for the day. I glanced casually at my program; and then less casually. Here was a business! The date set for the opening of the games was according to the Greek calendar, not ours. There were no twelve days left for our training. The games opened that very day! Zoops! After six thousand miles and sixteen days of travel some of us would have to compete that day. The trial heats of the 100-meters would be held; and Garrett of Princeton and I were in for trials and finals both—Garrett in the discus, and I in the *triple-saute* (hop, step, and jump or two hops and jump). The program was in French.

Well, there it was. We put away a light lunch—almost atop of our breakfast that was—and then all hands took passage for the stadium in a fleet of low-built cabs.

Athens that day was surely the liveliest and most colorful city in the world. The Greek enthusiasm for the games had been mounting for months; and now from every window and balcony varicolored streamers and ensigns were flying. The streets were jammed with Greeks in full-length tight-fitting white woolen drawers and black velvet coats that stopped short of the waistline. Puffed out white frilled shirts were also in order.

Lines of soldiers held up all vehicles at two hundred yards from the stadium. Only the athletes were allowed to drive to the stadium entrance.

We were curious to see what the stadium looked like. What we saw was a long, gracefully proportioned structure of pure white marble; and it was packed solid. Eighty thousand people were in the marbled seats when we entered—so we were told—and what looked like as many more were standing on the slope of the high hill surrounding the curved end and one side of the stadium. Thousands of them had been standing there since early morning.

A tunnel led under the seats next the curve of the bowl to the dressing quarters. Here were small open dressing rooms surrounding a graveled oblong court. At each long end of the court was a refreshment booth. Everything to eat and drink there was free to competing athletes.

The idea was to recruit the weary bodies after the fatigues of competition. When we entered the court, two bearded German wrestlers were already recruiting the bodies prior to competition with large beakers of beer. They saluted our crowd with uplifted tankards and a guttural "Hoch!"

There was a big bathroom with silver-mounted plumbing, with crash towels six feet long, soft towels twice as long, and a score of attendants standing by.

From the stadium came a loud bugle call. Then a bugler in army uniform strode smartly into the graveled court and echoed the stadium call. That meant all out for the 100-meter trials. I stood at the tunnel entrance to see how our fellows—Burke, Curtis, and Lane—made out. They made out all right, all three qualifying.

Next came the bugle call for the *triple-saute*. My name was the last on the program, and as one after the other jumped before me I noticed that three made a hop, step, and jump of it, all the others two hops and a jump.

Those two-hop jumpers recalled to me the Hibernian and Caledonian athletes of my boyhood days. They too used a two hops and jump; and they had it that the two hops and jump was the ancient Olympic form; and likewise a stiffer test of a jumper, that it was the only jumping event on the ancient Olympic program, and that the modern hop, step, and jump was a corrupt form of it, made to fit athletes who depended on running speed, as in the single broad jump,

rather than on the spring and rhythm that the ancient form called for.

As a boy I had practiced that two hops and a jump in imitation of the big fellows, and I had been pretty good at it. I hadn't jumped it since I was twelve years old.

Spring? Well, I was marked by spring rather than speed. For rhythm, meaning timing, the fellows back home had it that timing was the best part of my hop, step, and jump. So my thoughts ran when I stepped out for my first trial jump.

We weren't allowed to use a measured run. I guessed, as did those before me, at the proper length of run; and there I stood waiting to gather my energies. A rush of energy, a warm wave in his blood will come to a fellow before a supreme effort if he will but wait on it. I waited and while waiting I looked up and around. There was color aplenty in the stadium and on the hill slope outside. Women and men were all in their holiday clothes. Tens of thousands of men were wearing red fezzes, and a tassel was hanging from every fez; and there was what else of the native Greek costume to go with the fez. Thousands of men were there in army and navy uniforms. One group was from our cruiser *San Francisco,* then at anchor in Piraeus.

It was a cloudy day, but my last look up and around disclosed a patch of blue sky beyond the highest slopes of the hill just outside; and against that blue patch a man's head and shoulders were outlined. Just that one man. He stood balanced there by himself on the very pinnacle of the hill.

I breathed on my hands, rubbed them dry on my jersey, gripped them hard, sprinted for the take-off. And here is one for the psychologists: I came to Athens all set to do a hop, step, and jump; yet in that stadium that day, in a contest for an Olympic championship, I shifted at the last moment to a two hops and a jump, which I hadn't jumped since a boy against other boys.

The rules forbade the judges' telling a competitor how far he jumped; but the track coach of the London Athletic Club named Perry, was smoothing the earth in the pit after each jump. After my second try I said to Perry: "They ought to let a fuhla know how far he jumps." His answer: "As far as you're concerned, you can go on back to your dressing room and take your barth. You have this event in your pocket right now."

It was looking that way to me too; and I let my second jump ride.

When the other two finalists were done, the judges checked up, and

Prince George of Greece, the chief field judge and the one who talked English, came to me saying: "You are the victor. You have beaten the second man by a meter (3 feet 3 inches)."

My winning jump was 45 feet, which may not read like much; yet under the conditions—soft new-laid running path, jumping heel going two inches into the soft cinders, a gray chilly day and wind against us —it wasn't so bad. Bob Garrett, intercollegiate champion, fell two feet short of his best broad-jump record under the same conditions next day. The second man to me, a Frenchman, had a home record of better than 47 feet for the hop, step, and jump. Later that year, in New York, I did 49 feet ½ inch; yet, allowing for the conditions, I've always called that 45 feet in Athens a better performance.

There was a lofty flagstaff midway of the arena, and grouped at the foot of it was a band of two hundred pieces. I had worn a sweater and trousers over my athletic rig and I was pulling on my trousers, standing on one foot and enjoying the cheers of the 150,000, or however many were cheering, when that band of two hundred pieces boomed into sudden action. I was meantime looking around the stadium. Most of the crew of the U.S.S. *San Francisco* were massed in the stadium bowl. Like one man they arose and stood to attention. The eighty thousand spectators in the seats were rising.

I then came alive and stood to attention. The 200-piece band had broken into the "Star-Spangled Banner" and two Greek bluejackets were hoisting an American ensign to the top of the flagstaff. Slowly, reverently, the Greek sailors were hoisting the ensign, and except for our National Hymn the stadium and the hill slope outside was all a hush and every spectator there was standing.

The thought next came to me that our National Hymn was for my winning my event. To myself I said: "You're the first Olympic victor in fifteen hundred years." A moment later: "The gang back home will be tickled when they hear of it!"

The last note of our hymn was played out, the ensign halyards were made secure, I swapped handshakes with eight or ten competitors and headed across the stadium to the dressing-room tunnel. A man in the front row of the stadium bowl waved his program at me. A woman beside him waved her gloved hand—a white glove. I waved back at them. Later I was told that they were the King and Queen of Greece.

I went floating, not walking, floating across the stadium arena on

waves of what sounded like a million voices and two million hands cheering and applauding.

At the tunnel entrance I was grabbed by a half-dozen bearded Greeks. One after the other they kissed me on both cheeks—guys I had never seen before—and their whiskers were oily. Five men—one of them left-handed—poised their pencils above their sketch pads, and one shouted: "Attonday, seel voo play!" And I attondayed until they all had done with sketching pictures of me.

I moved on through the tunnel to the dressing quarters. An attendant at the refreshment booth was for slipping me a stoup of wine. I said no, and moved on to the shower room. There I allowed two attendants with twelve-foot soft towels to dry me off, and two others with the six-foot hard towels to scrape me briskly. They all the while were saying, *"Nike! Nike!"* Victor, Victor.

As I dressed I found myself saying: "Am I glad I made this voyage!" And then: "And are you lucky! S'posin' you missed that train to Brindisi!"

Chapter III

OUR TEAM OF TEN MEN won nine of the eleven championships. Pretty good, I thought, and still think, considering that in five of those events none of us had had a single day at outdoor practice since the previous fall. The records made do not compare well with records made since, but the conditions were against the athletes. The great Tom Burke's time in the 400-meters was 54 seconds. It was a new-laid track, with the runners cupping deep at every stride. In the jumping events we dug inch-deep holes in the soft dirt run to the take-off, and in the *triple-saute* our spiked shoes went two inches deep with each stride into the loose dirt of the runway to the take-off.

After the games the Greek Government and the citizens at large went all out to entertain the athletes. All the champions were heroes. For myself, I saw nothing of the violet wreaths of the ancient poets; but marbled Athens was there—many marble houses and many marble statues in the museums. And here was the city where Homer walked—

the thrice-wrecked sailorman, the far wanderer, blind Homer, landing in the port of Piraeus and making his way over the dusty road to Athens.

The American team stopped over in Rome, Paris, and London. When the Boston members arrived home, the city took high notice of their arrival. The railway station was mobbed, there was a public reception in historic Faneuil Hall, and a great dinner with many resounding speeches by important personages.

I wasn't among those present in the City of Boston celebration. I had stayed behind in Paris. I had read too much about Paris to be leaving it in a hurry now that I found myself there.

I had bought round-trip transportation before leaving New York, and a fellow could live cheap in Paris then. After four weeks in Paris, I had still enough left for a fortnight in London. A city worth while, London. Not a vibrant city like Paris, but things to be learned there too.

When I hit home, the citizenry of South Boston decided to do something about it. "In the ancient days of Greece," said a member of the Common Council, who happened to be a good neighbor, Jack Dunne, "mayors, or whatever they called them then, breached the walls of their cities for the entrance of their home-town boy returning a victor from the Olympic games. There's no wall to breach around our home town, but we can do other things."

And they did so. Caesar riding the Appian Way after knocking the Gaulesians end over end had nothing on me riding up Broadway on my return from Athens. Centurions in their brass hats lined the streets for Caesar; South Boston gave me cops with spiked helmets stretching from curb to curb before me. Caesar rode in his four-horse chariot—noble prancing steeds, without doubt; me in Tim Sullivan the hackman's new barouche with four not bad-looking plugs. The Romans strewed the roads with sheafs of bright blossoms for Caesar; for me the proletariat of South Boston set red and blue lights burning and flaring and sputtering all along Broadway; and the drugstores and barrooms were there with special light effects.

The Romans slipped Caesar a crown and then bumped him off. The citizenry of South Boston handed me a gold watch and let me live; which left me one up on Caesar.

It was swell hearing the old gang say: "Boy, were you good!" and having important citizens stepping out of their way to greet me. Swell,

and conducive to a fellow's chest development. But when I took time to look around, there I was—done with college and my money spent. I did not regret the college or the spending, but there was my living to make.

As a boy at school, teachers had it that I could write pretty well, and while in the South I wrote letters to the fellows home of things happening there that they said were pretty good.

I turned to at space writing for Boston papers, mostly articles having to do with athletes and athletics, and various aspects of life in the city, in the congested districts mostly. I preferred that sort of work to a steady job, because it left me master of my own time, gave me more leisure for track athletics. It was no great way to make a living, but it was interesting and healthy.

Boston had then the only municipal athletic park in America. Champion track athletes, amateur and professional, runners, jumpers, and weight throwers came there from all the country over, and from Canada and Ireland; and any fine afternoon in that summer of the first Olympic games, and for several years later, a spectator at that park could see in action a group of athletes who could have taken more first places in track competition than all the outside athletes of the world together. We were a lot of playboys—or loafers if you will—but we were surely a healthy lot.

I journeyed over to New York that summer and made a world's record in the *triple-saute,* ancient style—two hops and jump—of 49 feet ½ inch. A record that stood up for thirteen years that I know of. It may still be the record.

So for that year and the next year (1897).

I began to take notice of the newspaper dispatches of uprisings against Spanish rule in Cuba. Our press was all for the Cubans. In those years I believed almost everything I read in the newspapers. What right had Spain in Cuba? No right. What right had any nation to rule another nation? No right.

Cuba Libre became a popular cry in the United States. One day, a pal, Lewis Dowd, and I decided to do something about freeing Cuba. Dowd had been a former captain in our State Militia (National Guard later) and I had been in the Militia with him, though only as an eighteen-year-old private; and I stayed in only long enough to get in a trip with my regiment (Ninth Infantry) to New York. I still recall vividly our regimental march up lower Broadway between the packed

and cheering sidewalks and the monstrously high buildings, one being fourteen stories.

Dowd and I were agreed that whether our united efforts freed Cuba or not, it should be a fine place—a tropical country—to spend the winter.

We made inquiries how to go about it to fight for Cuba, and learned that a man in a tobacco office over town was enlisting men for the Cuban Army. We called there. We were received graciously, but no men were being enlisted in Boston. No? No. But The Junta in New York was enlisting men. We were given the address of The Junta.

We were both shy on cash. "What about our transportation to New York?" asked Lewie.

We would have to pay our own way to New York.

"And pay our own way to Cuba too?"

"Oh yes."

"Oh yes! The hell with Hoonta and Cooba Librer," said Lewie. "Men willing to fight and bleed and maybe die for Cuba, and they can't get even steamship tickets to there? The hell with that war."

That winter (February 1898) the *Maine* was blown up in Havana Harbor. It looked like war. I thought of enlisting in the State Militia again, but not wanting to be hooked in for a lot of dull drilling and no war maybe, I waited to see how the situation would develop.

While waiting, I was summoned as a witness in the court-martial of my former chief in the U. S. Engineer Corps, Captain Oberlin Carter. The court-martial was held in Savannah, and it stretched out. I was still in Savannah when war was declared against Spain.

I wired my friend Jack Dunne, who was then a captain in my old Ninth Regiment, to hold a place for me.

Dunne wired back that he was keeping a sergeancy open for me, but I must hurry, because it looked like every young fellow in Massachusetts was trying to get into the Ninth, knowing that if it should turn out to be a real war, the Old Ninth, the Fighting Ninth, the Irish Ninth of Civil War fame, would be sure to be in it early.

I was delayed in Savannah, and when I made Boston, the regiment had been mustered in. But there was still hope for me. Charlie Doherty of Jack Dunne's company had jumped camp. His mother, a widow, was against his going to war. The regiment was breaking camp, leaving Framingham for the front next day. Dunne rushed me to Dr. McGillicuddy at headquarters for examination.

I passed the exam; and next day I was about to be mustered into Dunne's company when back to camp came Doherty. He wasn't quitting—not if the regiment was going to war. No, sir.

Now what? I told Dunne I was going along with his company. Together we went to a mutual friend, Joe Kelley, who happened to be the regimental adjutant, and told Joe he would have to get me a khaki uniform. Joe got the uniform, and I changed clothes in the woods and boarded the train with Dunne's company.

The train pulled out, and soon the coach conductor was reporting to Captain Dunne that he had one more man in his company coach than the transportation allowed. Dunne said count 'em again. The conductor counted again. And again. Three times altogether. Said Dunne then: "I don't understand it. But hell, we're going to war. Forget it."

"Might's well mebbe," said the conductor.

Our train stopped at a station between Framingham and Worcester, and a mob of people, mostly young women, were crowding the tracks and reaching up to the car windows for souvenirs—a button, anything to remember us by. And our fellows were leaning out of the car windows to give them a handshake.

Charlie Doherty was leaning far out of a window to wave back to somebody as the train pulled out. The corner of a triangular brick structure came close to the track. The moving train brought Charlie's head against the outjutting corner.

He was taken off the train at Worcester and died on his way to the hospital. In all the railway stations in the state there wasn't another structure so close as the one that Charlie Doherty's head bumped into. He was, I think, the first soldier killed in the Spanish War.

That night I took over Charlie's rifle, canteen, and haversack, his cartridge belt and ammunition.

Where was the regiment headed for? We did not know. Cuba probably; but there was talk, mixed with hope, that we would be sent overseas, to Spain maybe.

A voyage to Spain! There was something! And getting paid for it.

Chapter IV

AFTER THAT DAY AND NIGHT and all next day in our day coaches we detrained at Camp Alger, in Virginia. There it was drilling and marching from early morning till late afternoon. There was also hiking across country with sixty-pound packs; usually on days it rained, with us doubting that the junction of the day and the rain was pure coincidence.

Camp drill was growing monotonous—when were we going to get into the war? Roosevelt's Rough Riders were reported as on the way to the front, what about us? What were they that we weren't? What about that statue to our Civil War colonel in the Boston Public Garden? Being in a hospital wounded, he had jumped his hospital cot, led his regiment onto the field, and was killed. His regiment was called the Irish Ninth, the Fighting Ninth, and what about us being sent to the front?

One day in June the word came. We broke camp, took a night train to Norfolk, and the next afternoon put to sea in the transport *Harvard*. We slept on deck, our rolls for pillows and the hardwood deck for beds, but we were the age and it was good sleeping. Even a bosun's mate and his gang washing down decks where we slept at five o'clock in the morning could not spoil it.

We were a week at sea; and a pleasant week it was—blue sky and blue water and flying fish playing along the way—and no drill, no guard duty, no having to answer roll call, no anything except eat our iron rations with hot coffee from the ship's galley and do as we pleased —almost—around deck.

One night of low dark clouds we arrived off Siboney on the southeast coast of Cuba. Next day we disembarked. It was slow work riding the surf to the beach in the ship's small boats.

We learned that the Spanish Army was intrenched on San Juan Hill in the rear of Santiago. Our army, what army we had in Cuba, was closing in on the enemy, and our outfit would be leaving soon to join them. The troubled ones among us were soon kneeling in a row on the

beach that afternoon, confessing their sins and receiving absolution from the chaplain.

At ten o'clock that night we fell in for the march to the front. It was to be an all-night march, and orders were to hurry. So we took only rifles and ammunition, a canteen of water, and a ration of canned meat and hardtack. Our march took us over a high mountain trail. It had rained that afternoon, a heavy tropic rain, and we went ankle-deep, sometimes deeper, in muck. The ground was uneven, and rolling stones aplenty were underfoot.

We were a regiment of notable physical condition back in Camp Alger and we were expected to make good time. We did so, never slacking our original speed and taking the mountain grade in high gear. We met with small adventures along the road, like squads turning out to shoot snipers from trees. It was a moonlit night—no clouds —this night. And there was the meeting with wagonloads of wounded men on the way to the hospital tent on Siboney beach.

The footing stayed tough, but always the pressure to get to the front was on us. We were like men in a marathon race, except that marathon runners didn't have to carry weight. Before that night was over we were letting go everything, some even their rations, everything except our ammunition—110 rounds of ammunition—and our Springfield rifles. No man let them go. In the early morning we met wounded men making their way to the rear afoot. These last to a man were shouting passionately: "Go on in, fuhlas! Give 'em hell!"

Presently came a long shriek, and an explosion just over our heads. Swarms of little "pings"—like big mosquitoes—arrived. There was the enemy shell and rifle fire from beyond San Juan Hill. Our fellows had taken the hill, and the crest of the hill held the enemy fire from getting us.

We were marched toward the left flank of the hill. In the open spaces between the ridges of the hill three of our fellows got hit, but not seriously enough to drop out of line.

All that afternoon we sat on the ground at the base of San Juan Hill waiting further orders. We hadn't stopped for breakfast or lunch; so now we decided to have a bite to eat. The fellows who had held to their rations during our night march shared with those who hadn't. We got one fair meal out of it.

We slept on the ground without cover that night. Along about midnight we came awake to a tremendous racket. It was a ceaseless crack-

ing of rifle fire from our trenches atop of the hill; and a steady buzzing of "pings" from the enemy beyond the hill. A barrage of screaming shells followed. The shells exploded over our heads; but not low enough to do harm, except for what shrapnel might drop from them. Two of our fellows were hit by the rifle fire, but not seriously enough to call for aid.

At daylight Jack Dunne's company—Company I—was marched to trenches at the extreme left of the firing line. Here the Spanish and the American lines of trenches were nearest to each other. Rising ground led to the Spanish trenches, and they were guarded by barbed wire crossed and recrossed. Being asked which of us would volunteer to take nippers and go ahead of a charge of our troops and cut those barbed-wire entanglements, volunteers aplenty spoke up, but it was an immense relief when we weren't called on to do it. That hill and those entangled wires and the Spaniolas right behind them—it was no pleasant prospect.

Advices were that the enemy attack, when it came, would come at night. Our orders were to hold the trench at the foot of the hill at any cost. No man must leave the trench at the foot of the hill. And we must keep quiet at night, so the enemy could not place us exactly. Half our company was placed in a trench at the top of the hill, and their orders were to assume that anybody coming up the hill in the dark was an enemy and to shoot without warning.

"There's what it is," said Captain Jack Dunne, "to be in a regiment with traditions. We got to be heroes whether we like it or not."

The Spaniards did not attack, except by rifle fire and intermittent shell attack.

And so for days without change.

Our fellows would forget at times that they were in a war. Daytimes during rifle fire they would stretch out in the bottom of the trench and fall asleep, or lean comfortably against the front bank and start hot arguments. We could do those two things safely, the front bank of the trench being loose earth and three feet high. Enemy bullets were going straight through an eight-inch tree trunk on the slope of the hill behind us, but not through that front bank of loose earth. When a lull would come in the rifle firing, voices would be heard in passionate debate: though never about anything that had to do with the war except, it might be, the question of rations, a serious matter always.

One afternoon from the trench atop of the hill came a loud hail

and: "How about some hardtack for us up here? We've had nothing to eat since this morning." Now we were holding the hardtack at the foot of the hill and not much else, but there was enough of that. It was in charge of Bill Roberts, our company cook, and I was next to Bill in the trench.

Bill and I agreed that it was tough on the fellows up top to have to pass the night with nothing to eat; so I sat up on the rear bank of the trench, and Bill loaded my budge, also my coat, of which I made a bag. Bill thought I ought to wait till dark when the Spaniolas wouldn't be seeing me. The answer to that was too easy: "You know what their orders are up there, Bill? Shoot anybody coming up the hill at night. It's bad enough being shot without being shot for a Spaniola."

"That would be a hell of a note, wouldn't it?" said Bill to that.

Major O'Connor, Capt. Jack Dunne, and private Tom Sullivan (present chief of police in Boston) stuck up their heads above the trench down the line, and the major shouted to me to get down into the trench and stay there. Three times, the major ordered me. The third time he goddamned me; and so did Jack Dunne. Each time I ducked down, but after patient watching I caught them less wide awake, and rushed the rations to the fellows atop of the hill. I came back under fire. Jack Dunne bawled me out when I got back; and next day he made me a corporal.

One morning at daybreak Major O'Connor sent me to locate our brigade commander, General Bates. It was a beautiful tropic morning —mud in the trenches, yes; but all beauty above. And there was a cool salt-laden breeze off the Caribbean Sea. I strode the crest of the hill whistling, but not for long when I heard a "pin-n-g!" A Mauser! And "pin-n-g!" and "ping!" That last was under my hatbrim. I ducked down onto the back side of the hill. A regular there was cooking flapjacks over a little fire. "You militiamen are sure slow to learn things!" yelled the regular at me.

One day firing ceased suddenly from the Spaniolas across the way. Peering over the top for what next, we saw a white flag showing above the roof of a long building beyond the Spanish trenches. There was no more firing that day; and next morning came the order for regiments front and center.

We went into battalion formation and marched to position with other outfits to midway of the line of trenches.

A gun boomed. Twenty more guns boomed. All along the line color-bearers held up their ensigns so that the light breeze would set them to waving. Bands broke into our National Hymn.

Santiago had surrendered. It was to be Cuba Libre from now on.

After the surrender we thought we were in for a bit of comfort, especially so in the things that had nothing to do with repelling an enemy attack. The matter of rations was the important item. For three days after taking position in the line all we had had to eat was what hardtack and "white meat" (sides of pork) we picked up on the field. The pork had been discarded by Regular Army outfits and gone rancid under the sun, but it went all right with us. We set a slice of it between two pieces of hardtack, and there we were with a life-saving sandwich. Having no coffee, we washed that ration down with the muddy water of the San Juan River.

For a week after the surrender we continued to live in the trenches. They were open trenches. It rained every afternoon and sometimes at night—heavy rain always and sometimes a deluge. Besides getting rain direct from above, we got the drainage from the hill slope behind us. Fellows who slept with their mouths open came awake nights with rainwater pouring down their throats.

The taking of San Juan Hill cost 250 men killed and about 1,000 wounded, a high percentage for the number engaged; but that was only a small part of that little army's losses.

From the trenches, whoever's bright idea it was, our regiment was moved to a stretch of swampland. We slept in tiny dog tents (two men to a tent) of canvas a bit heavier than cheesecloth. When it rained, if we so much as touched a finger to that thin cloth the rain would come seeping through. It was quite a trick to sit in the little tent when it rained and not have some part of us touch the side of the canvas. For light at night we would put two or three bits of candles on hardtack, and a pretty sight it was then to see the light shining through the thin cloth of those hundreds of little tents. And then a fellow would take notice of the blue vapor rising from the muck of the swamp against the lights, and forget the pretty sight.

Our fellows did not grumble against the mud or the rain, such things went with the tropic climate and rich sugar land, but sometimes we would ask each other why we were being kept in that swamp.

Some higher-up must have reported our being camped in that swamp. Result? We were one day shifted to higher land. By then,

malaria had set in, and some of us had to carry others of us up the hill on our backs.

Our new camp was called Snake Hill. We soon learned why. It was dry, which was fine, and the bustle we made moving in scared the snakes away. At least none of them bit us. But other creatures got chummy with us. When your tent mate let a yell out of him and leaped a foot high from lying flat on his back, it meant a centipede crawling across his face. Centipedes were repulsive-looking but not so awfully harmful. It was the scorpions that had us scared. One stabbed me in the small of the back one morning. I kept drinking hot coffee while a medico kept squeezing the blood from the wounded spot. After an hour or so the medico said, "No bad feeling yet? No? Maybe he's not the poisonous kind then." He wasn't.

Nobody was crying out loud, nor anything like it, but the troops in Cuba that summer would ask each other at times why a great country like ours couldn't furnish them with better grub.

The commissary issues of rations that summer in Cuba! More than half our issue of potatoes had to be cut away because of the rotten spots. When our first issue of canned tomatoes came, we said: "Ah-h! Something here!" and drove our bayonet points into the cans. And then? Tomato juice spurted two feet into the air. Tomatoes!

One commissary issue was all right—loaf sugar. We wet down hard-tack, put a layer of sugar atop of the wet 'tack, then with one hand holding the 'tack we would sweep away the swarming flies with the other hand. Sometimes the flies would beat us to it, but what the hell —what were a few flies!

Our first issue of coffee, being ground coffee, went fine with us. Then came coffee berries. We would take a handful of them, wrap them in cloth, usually a khaki coat, and beat them against a flat stone with the butts of our rifles. At times we would grow weary of beating them and put them to boil as they were—whole brown berries. We drank what coffee we made by the canteenful. A canteen held a pint and a half.

By and by came an issue of green coffee berries. Fine! Truly fine! Walk two miles—and back—to find wood to cut down with our trench knives, then make a fire under a tropic sun, try to roast green berries on our shallow mess plates, the berries hopping onto the ground on us; then pound the berries, then more wood and another fire to boil the coffee. Fine!

A change from the coffee was the San Juan River water. After the

fever hit in good, fellows would gulp down two full canteens of river water, first one and then the other, with only a breath in between. That river water was loaded with dead vegetation; and dipped from alongside where commissary mules were washing down decks. And that was our chief drink all that summer in Cuba. It was drink it or die of thirst.

Our issue of canned beef was a honey. It came in round two-pound brick-red cans. The talk was that the cans had been in storage since 1882—sixteen years—and when war came along, they were broken out of storage and sold to the War Department. What we expected from those cans of beef! And what we saw when we broke into them! We saw a layer of what looked like fat, blood-red worms! And then! Well, we had to eat! We smothered the fat worms in salt—and thank God for the salt—and swallowed the whatever-they-were in the can.

The prize issue was the "embalmed beef." It had been treated with some chemical fluid to keep it from rotting in the tropics. It should have been allowed to die naturally—less of our army would have died of it then. We knew nothing of the chemical treatment—we learned that later from our newspapers. After that canned stuff we thought it was swell. When, next day, the fellows began to get stomach trouble, we never blamed the beef. It was just that our stomachs weren't up to it after that long diet of hardtack and sowbelly.

It was after that issue of embalmed beef that dysentery struck in. Our latrines being some distance from company streets made it hard on the fellows with dysentery. The latrines were in the sun, and some fellows had to visit them as many as thirty times in twenty-four hours. After the second day fellows were camping alongside the latrines. Under the hot tropic sun, and it was hot—better than 100 in the shade, and a guess at what it was under the sun—it was tough on the dysentery cases.

Men began to die—die fast. From all over the field came the call of Taps. Back in Alger we would all go quiet when that long-drawn melodic call was sounded at night. But Taps in the daytime that summer in Cuba—that meant one more death. Eventually men were buried without sound of Taps or volleys above their graves. Fellows in the hospital would listen and say: "One more gone!" and turn over in their cots and try to shut out the long-drawn melancholy sound of it.

Dysentery, typhoid malaria, and yellow fever was the order of the day in Cuba. Yellow fever was the contagious disease. There was an

isolated tent for the yellow-fever cases. One night I was corporal of the guard that had been thrown around the brigade hospital tents. This was three weeks after the surrender. Major Mike O'Connor was in the yellow-fever tent, and along about one o'clock in the morning I went in to see him.

Eight cases were there on cots, with two Cuban immune nurses in attendance. Male nurses. The tent was dimly lit by half a dozen candles set in their own grease on hardtack. It looked like a wake on a large scale.

I was fond of Mike—we all were—and I started to hand him a cheer-up line. He shook his head, meaning: "Cut the hooey!" He hadn't long to live and he knew it, and I knew it.

He said: "Remember, Jim, the night before leaving Alger, you and I and Jack Dunne in my tent? We thought we were going to besiege Havana. I asked you what you thought, you having worked with civil engineers who had lived in the tropics. And you said: 'If we have to camp in one of those tropic swamps one third of us will be dead before the year is out.' "

I said I remembered, and he said: "Well, I'm the one third of us three."

At one o'clock of the next night I was shaken out of my sleep by my first sergeant and told to get a burial detail. Major O'Connor was dead. I hustled to the yellow-fever tent and wrapped his body, which was all yellow, in his army blanket, and the burial detail lifted him off his cot, and we dug his grave and placed green branches under him, and we knelt on his grave and said each of us a prayer for the repose of his soul. Our Major Grady had died in his tent a few days before him of yellow fever. Two good officers and fine men.

Our regimental surgeon, Dr. Magurn, met the burial party, gave us white tablets and said to dissolve the tablets in water and rinse our hands thoroughly. There being no water nearer than the San Juan River two hundred yards away, I put my tablets in my pants pocket. Four days later the tablets were still in my pants pocket. I'd forgot them. No harm came of the forgetfulness.

Yellow fever wasn't the deadliest disease in Cuba. No, nor dysentery. It was typhoid malaria. It wore the fellows down to skeletons. Big strong fellows weighing 180, 190, 200 pounds went down to 70, 80, 90 pounds. Fellows died who weighed even less. Fellows walked around looking like living skeletons. When they smiled we could see

clear back to their wisdom teeth. For medical supplies we had quinine. Oh, quinine! No matter what was wrong with men answering sick call, they got quinine. More quinine if they called for it. Sure. Fellows would take sixty grains of quinine a day and then wonder why they couldn't hear better.

Within a month after the surrender, our Colonel Bogan was dead, our Lieutenant Colonel Logan was dangerously sick, and of our three battalion commanders only Major Donovan was alive.

It was tough, seeing fellows you were brought up with, good comrades all, passing away like that. I knew something about men in good physical condition, and a better-conditioned regiment of men than the Massachusetts Ninth of that Cuban campaign I never saw. We had arrived at the front with not a man missing after that tough night march. Coming to a halt back of San Juan Hill, a Regular Army sergeant stopped to look us over. "What outfit?" he asked.

I spoke up: "The Massachusetts Ninth!"

"Not militia?"

"Militia, yes."

"My God, they're a magnificent-looking outfit."

They were that; and they had the morale to back up their physical appearance. General Guy Henry wanted us for his contemplated Porto Rico campaign. "Not too well-disciplined," was his comment, "but I'm taking them if I can get them." By not well-disciplined he meant we did not police our company streets like Regular Army outfits. Our reaction to that was: "Who wants to be picking up loose pieces of paper out of the mud in wartime?"

What was happening to our regiment was happening to other outfits; perhaps not quite so bad, the others not having had to camp in mucky land.

We grieved for the good men gone, usually adding the comment, What a pity in war, if men had to die, that it wasn't a Mauser bullet that got them. No long-drawn suffering then, and more like the way a soldier should go.

We had our hours of grief, but we had our diversions, and our diversions lay mostly in the line of breaking regulations. What else was there for us? It was forbidden to go into Santiago, the reason given being that yellow fever was running wild there. Guards of newly arrived regiments were posted outside the city, mounted provosts were on the alert inside the city.

Slipping past the guards outside the city and dodging the provosts inside the city became a regular adventure. Staying overnight in the city brought on the problem of eating. It was a starving city, but freshly arrived outfits were piling up commissaries two stories high under sheds on the water front. We looted the commissaries. We even looted the hospital commissary of an outfit that was taking a transport for home. Grub aplenty on transports, yes.

Childish tricks gave us pleasure, as: Two of us being detailed daily for orderly duty with a newly arrived brigadier general, who had his own cook, his own cook tent, and a goodly supply of canned fruit piled up outside the cook tent, it was a high adventure for one of us to divert the cook with pre-surrender tales while the other lightened the supply of canned fruit. We got joy of swimming in the same part of the river with the Spanish prisoners after a newly arrived major declared the prisoners incommunicado. What a crust he had, threatening us old veterans! Guardhouse duty on a battlefield? Huh!

It was understood that when the campaign in Cuba ended, the volunteer regiments would be sent home. On a September afternoon came the word that we were to break camp in the morning. The oldest enlisted man in the regiment, Irish-born Pop Quill, had carried his fiddle from Camp Alger to Cuba and never let go of it. The night before we broke camp he played jigs and reels for us under the moon, and he carried his fiddle under one arm and his rifle under the other when we took the high road to Santiago in the morning. My squad cook, Joe Puddister, had combined an issue of flour, a canteen of San Juan River water, and two handfuls of raisins which Tommy Deane and I had brought from Santiago and made a plum duff. It was still cooking when we broke camp. Joe took it off the fire as it was, wrapped his coat around it, and marched, rifle in one hand, plum duff in the other, over the road to Santiago.

The regiment was then under Major William Donovan; a good officer, who had never let on for an instant in Cuba that he wasn't feeling like a champion.

We trooped aboard our transports.

Two companies of us were quartered aboard a light cruiser. We were six days on the passage to Montauk. We slept in hammocks. Another fellow's hammock and mine used to knock together when the ship would take to rolling. On our second morning at sea I said hello

to him when I woke up to reveille. He did not answer. When mess gear sounded I sung out: "How about rolling out for breakfast?" Still no answer.

He was dead. Fellows were dying like that—with never a word going. Fourteen of our outfit died on one transport on the way to Montauk, Long Island.

We met with wonderful good people at Montauk. A big steam yacht came alongside us at the landing pier; and the people on her, men and women, looked at us, made as if to speak, and then said nothing. They passed us baskets of all kinds of fruit. That was the first time I ever ate Hamburg grapes. At two dollars a pound they had been beyond the Connolly budget.

Seven men in my company, no more, were able to march with rifles ashoulder from the landing pier to our camp at Montauk.

It was restful there. We didn't even have to set up our own tents. And rations! Ham, bacon, milk, eggs, coffee—real coffee. And bread! A man came along in a wagon, counted heads in our tent row—two, three, four—and threw two, three, or four bottles of champagne into a tent. He forgot the ice.

We were held for a week at Montauk, fattening us up for the homecoming. One morning we were taken across the Long Island Sound to New London. A train leaving then would have landed us in Boston by midafternoon; but we were held in New London for five hours. We did not know why then. Later we learned. The people in charge did not want our folks to see us by daylight.

Our train pulled into the Park Street Station after nine o'clock that night. The crowd waiting for hours to greet us broke down the gates to the train platform.

We stepped off the train. Mothers were there waiting to greet their sons; and seeing their sons, did not know them.

Chapter V

While in Cuba, I had written several letters of what was doing down there, and sent them to my friend Jim Murphy of the *Golfer*.

Jim turned the letters over to the Boston *Globe,* and the *Globe* people had played them up.

Only after the regiment arrived home did I see the letters in print. Timid souls had it then that I would surely be hauled through a court-martial for some of the things I wrote. I should have waited until after we were mustered out of the service, yes. Curious how fellows who had no fear of being killed in battle went shivery in their fear of a court-martial!

No court-martial followed.

Our sick had to look out for themselves after the regiment arrived home. Most of them continued to have it tough. To get on with the record of our grand regiment: One seventh of us were dead within the year. Yellow fever, typhoid malaria, and dysentery did for them. Typhoid malaria was the worst, because of its eating out our fellows' intestines. Our company bugler, Pete Bowler, died in a Boston hospital weighing sixty-five pounds. An eighteen-year-old lad in my company, Leo Brady, weighed fifty-six pounds when he died.

Our regiment was mustered out and paid off on the last Saturday in November. Our base pay was thirteen dollars a month for a private, plus twenty per cent for foreign service. My corporal's pay with foreign service was eighteen dollars a month. The back-home chaps responsible for the inadequate and poisonous food and the lack of medical attention in Cuba were probably drawing better pay than that.

I came back from Cuba in good shape. I had even gained weight—ten pounds. I had never been sick in my life. The Connollys never got sick. No. I thought I was immune. Then one day I began to feel not so good; and the next thing was me in bed at home with a 105½ degree of fever. It went higher before I was up again. I had typhoid malaria, though not the malignant type: at least, my intestines weren't being eaten out. But it was bad enough. I lost twenty-five pounds' weight, which I never did get back; and for a long, long time thereafter everything I ate tasted like sawdust.

I had to make my living. When I began to feel halfway lively I went back to the space writing.

The winter passed. Spring came peeking around the corner, and I began to feel pretty good again. And when the wind went into the east there was the salt air flowing in off the Atlantic. It smelled pretty good, and it was three years since I had crossed the Atlantic. That trip to Cuba was all right, a tropic voyage, and the flying fishes were wonder-

ful, but it wasn't crossing the Atlantic. Three years! The blood of the ancestor who sailed with Columbus—if he did, and if he didn't what of it?—he sailed somewheres—the ancestral blood was stirring in me again. Three years!

I was always a great one for loafing along the Boston water front; and every day steamers were putting out to foreign ports, and shipping agents were always looking for hands—stewards, kitchen helpers, stokers, and so on—for ocean steamers.

One early summer day, and a fine day, I'm strolling Atlantic Avenue and taking in the life along the harbor front. A railroad track of that day had a right of way along Atlantic Avenue, and this day a string of slat-sided boxcars was turning from the avenue onto a wharf. Horned cattle were poking their noses out between the car slats and blasting the morning air with their bellowings.

A steamer lay to the wharf; and a runway was fitted from her to the boxcar nearest the ship. Head on through the door of that car came the cattle. Down the runway and through the wide loading port of the steamer they went rampageous.

A cattle boat!

I knew about cattle boats.

I knew that they carried the messiest below decks of all steamer craft and their grub was terrible. I also knew that cattle hands had the name of being a rough, tough lot; but they did not have to leap to any passenger's beckoning finger like stewards, nor to stand on their feet twelve hours in twenty-four in a steamy galley, nor have to heave twenty-pound shovelloads of coal into a roaring fire pan deep down in the bottom of the ship in the hot summertime. No. The poor grub and the unclean quarters was a deterrent; but as an offset, a fellow did not have to be a qualified anything to ship as a cattle hand. A cattle hand had only to look after cattle between decks. He did not even have to show himself on a top deck, unless it pleased him to do so, for a breath of fresh air or any other reason.

I came back to the *Golfer* office from that water-front stroll and said to Jim Murphy: "I'm thinking of shipping on a cattle boat for the run to Liverpool."

"Forget it," said Jim. "I've seen you days when your face went all green and yellow."

Jim was one of those who thought I ought to stick around home more and not be always hunting alibis for making trips away from

home. "Cuba Libre my aunt Sarah, which I have none," said Jim. "All the Spanish War meant to you was another voyage somewheres. And no caring where."

"How about my face going all green and yellow?" I said to that. "You know what that means? That green-and-yellow color means that the east wind is bringing out the tropic malaria in me. Salt air is a great cure for malaria. Any doctor will tell you that. And where on land is there salt air like on the North Atlantic? Nowhere."

That same day I met up with a track-athletic chum, Eddie Hobbes. I gave Eddie an earful about cattle-boat life, which same I spun from hearsay.

"Me for a cattle-boat trip!" said Eddie. Five days later we looked in on the agent who specialized in shipping cattle hands, and signed on for a cattle-boat trip to Liverpool.

Chapter VI

OUR CATTLE BOAT was a 7,000-ton English ship, and Liverpool-bound. Two towboats nudged us out from our slip into the stream. No mob on the wharf waved us a bong voy-ahj! The best we got were the waving cotton hooks of a gang of longshoremen.

When we were well out into the stream, the ship's second officer lined us up on the top deck and called the roll.

We were thirty-two cattle hands; and two cattle foremen showed up, each representing a meat-packing house, one being Swift, the other Morris. They counted us off, one from each end of the line. They met midway, and the sixteen nearest the ship's bow were taken over by the Morris foreman, the sixteen toward the stern by the Swift man. Hobbes and I were among the Swifters.

Our foreman led his sixteen to our bunk room in the stern of the ship down below decks. The room was dark and smelly and without air ports. Two electric-light bulbs hung from a crossbeam. The bunks had an iron pipe at the inboard edge to keep a man from rolling out onto the iron deck.

We were given a blanket each. Eddie Hobbes and I chose bunks

near the passageway door for better air, in case such a thing should be stirring.

Our foreman next checked us off by name, looked us over, and divided us into groups of four by sweeps of his arm as we stood. We were told that each four would have a hundred steers to look after. Our first duty would be to see that the cattle were properly stalled. In the rush to get them aboard ship, the job had been hastily done by the wharf lumpers and the ship's crew. We had four hundred Swift cattle in our charge, and we would have to see to them right away.

Our cattle were on a deck above our bunk room. They were standing four in a stall, and the stalls were in two rows inboard and two outboard, with a narrow alley between the outboard and inboard rows. The cattle were standing head on to the alleys. A narrow board breast-high held them from crowding into the alleys, and a rope around their necks kept any wild ones from leaping over the breast board into the alleys. The cattle were all steers except for a few cows; and they had been two weeks coming by rail, and some of them were still bellowing. Some were unruly, plunging about in their stalls, which were close quarters for four. A flat plank stretched the length of the hold knee-high behind each row of cattle. We had to walk that plank to straighten out some of the tangles in the stalls. We expected trouble from the steers while on that job, but not from the cows. A mistake there. The cows were the great ones for kicking backward; but no experienced hand told us of that until after one green hand had been kicked in the knee. His knee showed yellow and blue and swollen, but he had to stay on his job. After that, Hobbes and I approached the rear of any cow with circumspection. It was seven o'clock when that job was done, and voices began to ask about supper.

"It's too late," said our foreman. "Supper for cattle hands is at half past four."

There were groans down the line. Then: "And when is breakfast?"

"Half past seven!"

"My gawd!" said a faint voice. Next came, "And how late can we sleep?"

"There'll be a watchman come around to rouse you out in the morning."

Down in our bunk room we sized each other up before turning in. We were anything but a seafaring outfit. Two of our Swift group were plain sea tramps. A stout raggedy 45-year-old chap proudly pro-

claimed himself a hobo, then said to an experienced hand: "Here we been workin' already, and that shipping agent told me I wouldn't have to work."

"He did?" was all the answer he got.

Three hands had been two years in the coal mines in Pennsylvania and were going back home, which was somewhere in southeastern Europe. Coming from Pennsylvania to Boston to get to Europe? Eddie and I agreed that somebody must have showed them a phony map.

There was a hearty-looking young fellow who was just back from the Klondike. He hauled half a dozen small gold nuggets from his vest pocket to show Hobbes and me. His folks lived in a suburb of Boston, and he was glad to be home again, but he was for a bit more of looking around before settling down. Paris ought to be something to look at this time of year. There was an honest-looking English-born mechanic, who was for paying a visit to his old home town. Three college lads were holding close to each other, obviously of the belief that the rest of us were not companionable people. The rest were plain loafers from the Boston water front.

Next morning we were roused out of our sleep by a loud, insistent voice. Those of us slow to come awake were brought up sitting by a rough shoulder-shaking. Yawnings, rumblings, and curses came from the bunks. There wasn't much dressing, most of us having only shoes and a coat to put back on, some not even their shoes.

Eight bells were striking—four o'clock—when we filed to where the cattle were.

Midway of the afterhold in each alleyway was an open hogshead of fresh water. A pipe inlet near the top of the hogshead kept it from going dry. There were two faucets low down in each hogshead. We were given wooden pails, told to fill them, and carry them to the cattle in their stalls. We were told to give the cattle all the water they would take.

After their two weeks in their railway boxcars the cattle were thirsty. Our hundred cattle averaged seven full pails each—and four of us having to lug seven hundred full pails of water from ten to a hundred feet, Eddie and I agreed that it was quite a morning workout on an empty stomach.

"No work to speak of," said Hobbes, quoting the shipping agent, and added a few descriptive words about him. The old-timer in our group being a leisurely worker, the other three of us each toted more

than our one fourth of those seven hundred pails of water to our lot of thirsty cattle.

After watering the cattle we were put at hoisting out bales of hay from the hold. The bales were cut free of their wire lashings, shaken loose in the alleyways, and pitchforked into the cattle troughs.

The cattle were fed all the hay they could take. They all took plenty; and we, watching them, decided that those cow hands on the cattle train must have held out on the beasties in the matter of feed as well as water. We next swept the alleyways clean.

Breakfast came with all hands on razor edge for it. For our appeasement we were handed a dipper of tea without sugar or milk, one good-sized biscuit, and a mess of the same old scouse that was known as mystery to the seafarers in the cheap boardinghouses on the Boston water front.

At half past ten we scraped the cattle troughs clean and before each bullock we dumped a pail of corn meal. The corn meal came in sacks of a hundred pounds, and they had to be hoisted out of the hold and then carried to the alleyways. We carried them on our backs—that is, about half of our sixteen did the carrying, the others not being able to even stagger along the deck under a hundred-pound load.

The corn meal was a tasty bit, an appetizer, for the next cattle meal. The whole idea of feeding the steers on a cattle boat was to fatten them up for the market on the other side.

At half past eleven we sat down to our lunch. No mess table being shown us, we made tables of the freight hatch covers on the after well deck. We got a something called pea soup and an item called beef. We took a peek and then a sniff of the soup and passed it up. Our old-timer told us that the pea soup was a staple cattle-boat dish and made of petrified beans that came from Java or maybe Borneo—from some queer place in the Far East.

The beef came in a big tin pot and was cut into lumps by the peg man—that is, the man named for the day to go to the galley. The old-timers met "Peggy" on the way back and had their pick of the grub. Eddie and I and the Klondiker played gentlemen at lunchtime on that first day, but never again. However, we did not miss much this day. The beef was corned beef, and according to the cook it was corned beef from one of the casks in the alleyway next to the galley. A crown and anchor (mark of the British Admiralty) was burned into the heads of the casks in the alleyway, and by that token it should have

been passable corned beef; but the corned beef this day never came from any Admiralty cask, unless it was a cask condemned. It had a grain like a hard rubber comb, and it smelled of days long past and gone.

At two o'clock we were at the job of watering the cattle again. This time they averaged only five pails apiece. At four o'clock we fed them hay, ten pounds to each. A pail of corn meal, twenty pounds of hay, and a dozen pails of water was their ration for that day.

That afternoon Eddie and I counted the allotment of cattle for our four. The count showed 112 cattle, which meant that our four had toted nearly eight hundred pails of water that morning. Eddie and I got sore, and we asked our old-timer if it wasn't the law that not more than a hundred head of cattle should be assigned to every four hands.

"That's right."

"Then how about speaking up for a little extra remuneration for the extra twelve cattle?" asked Eddie.

"Speak to who?" said the old-timer.

"Why, the captain."

The answer was: "A coupla stewards and a coupla more of what pass for seamen would grab you on the way to the cabin, and they'd ask you what you were doing where you didn't belong, and you'd tell them, and they'd throw you down a couple of deck ladders."

"Four of 'em? M-m, four of 'em might be able to." Eddie and I decided to lay the question on the table.

At half past four we had supper. It was bread and tea, still without milk or sugar; and nothing else, not even marmalade. "An English ship and no marmalade!" moaned our English mechanic. "When I lived 'ome we 'ad marmalade at meals alwyes." The tea, on the word of our old-timer, was the third brew; the first brew for the officers, the second for the ship's crew, and the third to us, the stiffs. Stiffs was the crew's name for the cattle hands.

For breakfast on our second morning we had corn-meal porridge with a dressing of treacle. It was an unholy mixture to look at. Burgoo was the seagoing name for it, and the name fitted. Burgoo, burgoo, burgoo, we kept saying, and got the taste of it before we even spooned it off our rusty tin plates. Said our old-timer: "Y' know, sometimes I think cattle-boat cooks get recreation out of concocting queer messes for us cattle hands."

On the fourth day a hot pot was served. Hot pot was the Liverpool

name for a meat stew. A gala dish, a hot pot. When the Peggy for that day hove into view, he was all but capsized in the rush. Ladling out a hot pot to a mob of hungry cattle hands was a job for a strong and resolute man; the Peggy this day was short of that, but he was lucky. The sea kicking up a bit had the college lads leaning over the rail. Their uncalled-for portions left a margin to stop the squawking of those who thought they hadn't been done right by.

Lunch for our fifth day started a mutiny among the old-timers. Their passionate protest had us green hands marching in their wake when they headed for the galley with the front man holding the dish of supposed-to-be-fresh beef well away from him. The spokesman used vigorous language to the cook, and the cook hurled strong words back. They had it back and forth till the cook gave in and substituted a less smelly mess.

We thought it was fine business, making the cook give up; but our old-timer said: "No ship's cook is standing for a bunch of stiffs calling him. He'll get back at us."

He did. For meat on the rest of the passage we were served the same old salt junk.

Our work wasn't hard. Some complained, but they were the complaining kind, and they were physically weak specimens. Our working hours footed up six hours, no more, in twenty-four. What we didn't like was the measly grub and the unholy meal hours—fifteen hours between supper and breakfast was a trial.

When Sunday came, plum duff was served us. The duff had most of us easing up on the cook, though there were those who stuck to it that Sunday duff must be according to law, or that blinking cook wouldn't be letting us have it. It was the same old duff that the crews of all the fleets of the world know about. It was made of dough and molasses, of a brownish color, decorated with a raisin here and there. Not too many raisins. It tasted pretty good. The squawkers, though, complained that it lay heavy in their stomachs.

After putting away the Sunday duff, our old-timer, name of Brophy, got to telling of the great old days on the cattle boats when cattle hands were Americans all, were paid $150 a month and had their own mess room, with linen and silver service on the table, and ham and eggs for breakfast, and meat meals twice a day.

"And there was fights regular with the Limie crews and our fuhlas beat hell out of 'em!" said Brophy.

Evenings after supper, if it was a fine evening, the cattle hands liked to sit out or stretch out on the fo'c'sle head, smoking and yarning or doing nothing but look up at the stars. From there we could turn in on the hay. After our first night in the bunk room most of us said no more sleeping there; and we left our blankets behind us. There were reasons. We broke out bales of hay, spread it all around for beds, and fine beds it made; and there we would lay chatting and some smoking. There was a ship's regulation against smoking in the hay; but that bothered nobody, not even the night watchman when he made his rounds. "Remember, you chaps, no smokin' in that hay," he would shout and hurry by. He could have seen the cigarette lights if he looked, or sniffed the smoke if he sniffed; but he never looked or sniffed in passing. He wasn't for creating trouble for himself.

A Boston water-front tradition had it that ships' crews and cattle hands never fraternized, and that had come about because of the cattle hands being almost entirely American and the ships' crews English. Our cattle hands were willing to be friendly with our ship's crew, and a few of the crew were pleasant as could be; but most of them had only contempt for us. We didn't hold them dearly either. One day some of us Swifties were washing up and shaving, when one of the crew came striding near and shouted: "I can lick any bloody stiff here!"

He kept right on striding after saying it. Eddie Hobbes stopped lathering himself, shouted: "Hey you! Wait awhile!" after the retreating crew man, who did not wait. Eddie was six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds under the showers; and besides being a good sprinter he was a good all-round athlete and in high condition. "When we land at Liverpool I'll be taking on that bird," said Eddie.

In mid-Atlantic we ran into a day of heavy weather. It was no real storm, a three-quarter gale and a rough sort of sea, but it was enough to toss the ship around. She was a light ship, the 800-odd head of cattle and their feed was pretty much all her freight; and so she bounced about and rolled down some. The lads from the hinterland were sure she was going to roll all the way over and sink. Also they went seasick, and all the sicker because they would not go up on deck and get some fresh air. The hatchways had been covered to keep the spray out, and with those hundreds of beasties breathing and rebreathing it, the air below was no cure for seasickness.

Our three college lads all but passed out; that is, so far as their work was concerned that day, they could have been dead. One of them must

have been a campus hero, judging by the admiring behavior of the other two towards him, and he accepting it as his due. He was heavy in the shoulders, so Eddie and I set him down as a football star who took his press notices seriously. The seasickness did them good. They went more sociable after it, were quicker to respond to greetings. They were even the first to say hello at times.

During the last two days we were told to encourage the cattle to eat and drink more. They would be sold by weight, and every pound added was to the good; so we kept placing pails of water in front of them, water being the most fattening. "They have us fattenin' up the old bullocks as we get near Liverpool, but who's fattenin' us up? Nobody. And we could stand a little fattenin'." The speaker got a heartening "You said it" from down the line.

One morning we were awakened before our regular quarter-to-four hour by the bellowings of the cattle. They were all at it. What did it mean? The old-timer told us. We were drawing near the southern Irish coast. We were still a long way off, but the wind was off the land, and the cattle were smelling the land.

The little green isle looked pretty good when we sighted it on a beautiful June morning. So did the high Welsh coast, as we went steaming past it. On a beautiful day we steamed up the Mersey River to Birkenhead, across the river from Liverpool.

The cattle were to be put ashore at Birkenhead. Our job was to let down the head planks from the stalls, prod the cattle into the alleys and onto the runways, and so into the pens on the wharf. We were given sharp-ended clubs to prod or wallop the cattle in the way they should go. Some of the beasties went rampageous and gave us plenty of dodging. One black Colorado steer went completely out of control. He took charge of his alley, kept us leaping from alley way to empty stalls for twenty minutes before we got him headed for the runway.

Eddie Hobbes and I were half sorry to see the last of the cattle. They'd been sort of shipmates, and we had got to knowing them one from the other. After the first two days, when we were bent over scraping the troughs clean they would stick out their tongues and lick our cheeks. The first time that was done to me I got a scare. The tongue felt like a coarse-cut file, and I thought the skin of my cheek was coming off.

A towboat was standing by to take us across the river to Liverpool. Eddie was late boarding the tug. He explained that he was hunting

below decks for the bozo who said he could lick any stiff in the ship.

We were paid off in Liverpool—a shilling per day—and there was a parting glass of ale and separation. They were selling an ale along the docks that had a great name among the cattle hands. Tenpenny ale it was called, and before a man could buy a second pint of it he had to go out and walk around the block. Hobbes and I passed two old-timers coming back for their second pint.

Hobbes left for Sheffield, famed throughout the athletic world for the professional handicap sprint races held there. The Klondiker went his way to Paris. I told him about passing up tourist hotels in Paris, especially hotels favored by American tourists, unless, of course, he had more money than he knew what to do with. I stuck around Liverpool for a look-in on the city at large, and the water-front aspects especially. Here was no natural harbor, but the Liverpool shipowners had certainly made a great port of it. Such docks and locks! And the biggest dray horses I had ever seen hauling their heavy loads to and from the ships in dock. Foreign commerce here!

I slept in sixpenny flop houses, and tried out the tuppenny hot pots and other locally favorite dishes in the water-front eating joints. I put in ten days in Liverpool, then took third-class to London.

Chapter VII

AFTER TWO WEEKS IN LONDON I moved on to Brighton, the beach resort on the English Channel. The Harvard-Yale track team were training there for a track meet with Oxford-Cambridge, and my old Olympic pal, Tom Burke, was competing for Harvard.

In Brighton I met up with Tom Keane. He had been the American amateur quarter-mile champion while living in South Boston, and at this time he was the professional sprint champion of England. We bunked together in an English boardinghouse on a side street, and frequented the lobbies of the splash hotels on the water front to soak in the high life. What with hotel life and beach life and watching the Harvard-Yale team in training, we spent a pleasant fortnight in Brighton.

That inter-college track match was held in London. I went to London with our team. It was a sad track meet for me. Tom Burke had been slipping and lost his race, which cost me a few bob. Atop of that I lost my train ticket to Liverpool which I had forehandedly bought.

Tom Keane reported a sad day for him also when we met at six o'clock under the lions in Trafalgar Square. Being England's champion sprinter made Tom a hero in the English sporting world, and as he liked to play the horses, stable chaps had been tipping him off to good things in the racing line. He had been given an extra-special good thing for a big race this day: and there he was, also broke.

For supper that evening we blew our last pennies for a Bath bun and a cup of cocoa at an A B C shop; and we left there with Tom wondering how he would get to Sheffield, his home then, and me wondering how I would get to Liverpool for a free cattle-boat passage home.

But before Sheffield and Liverpool was the matter of our night's lodging. We took our seats under the lions in Trafalgar Square, then dumped the lodging matter for talk of more interesting things.

It was a fine night, a midsummer night, and we continued to sit and talk under the lions. Hardly an American coming to London who did not have a look in on Trafalgar Square. True, mostly they came in the daytime, and they would stop and say: "Lookit! The lions!" And: "Lookit! Nelson's Monument!"—check those items off their lists and hurry away.

Quite a few Americans passed the lions this night, but among them not a single soul we knew.

Along toward midnight we were agreeing that on so fine a night a park bench wouldn't be too tough. We were debating what park when I happened to recall bumping into the track coach, John Graham, at the Harvard-Yale track meet that day. He had been the Boston Athletic Club track coach for the Olympic games three years before. John had told me he was stopping at a little hotel in a side street off the Strand.

Tom also had known John in Boston; and so we hunted out the little hotel, and there was friend John in bed. After easing his mind of what he thought of the foolish ways of fellows who were old enough to know better, John let us have a sovereign apiece. Tom and I went out and had a nourishing meal and turned in at a hotel where a good bed was had for two shillings and an adequate breakfast for another shilling.

Tom took the train for Sheffield, and I got my bag from the railway

station where I had left it after coming from Brighton, took it to the Euston Station, and stood by the third-class booking booth there until a man whose looks I liked called for a ticket to Liverpool. I asked him if he would take my bag with him and leave it at the left-over baggage room in the Liverpool railway station. He said he would. I took my shaving gear and toothbrush from the bag, stowed the shaving gear in my hip pocket, the toothbrush in my cap band, turned the bag over to my English stranger friend, and took the high road to Liverpool.

I knew the sailing dates of the cattle boats out of Liverpool. A cattle boat was due to sail for Boston in eight days. Fine! I had fifteen shillings left, and it was something over two hundred miles to Liverpool. That would call for sixpenny meals and sixpenny beds along the road, and thirty miles of walking a day. I could easily swing through that thirty miles in seven hours, leaving me nine hours for sleeping and cleaning up and eight hours for taking in the life of the countryside.

I kept to that walking schedule, and I saved money here and there on sixpenny meals by buying a bun for a penny in village shops and getting a mug of milk for a penny at farmhouses. And then I blew in the pennies saved on phonograph records in inns. Pleasant inns in England and mostly pleasant people running them. They aimed to please.

After doing my thirty miles one day, I decided I could do with a bath. I arrived at a village, Loughboro I think was the name, in the early evening, and I broached the matter of a bath at the first lodging-house I came to; and when I did I started something there. A bawth? A bawth!

There was a bar and a small dining room off it on the first floor of the rooming house. I was making my supper of a cheese sandwich and tea and marmalade when from the bar I heard: "A bawth! You should have been 'ere, Jock, when that bloomin' toff atravelin' for his bloody 'ealth was awskin' could he 'ave a bawth."

A toff? Me? Then I got it. I was wearing an expensive golf rig Jim Murphy had taken in exchange for a *Golfer* ad and given to me; and it was still looking like something a millionaire should be wearing.

The English countryside was mostly good to look at—well-kept roads, trim hedges, green fields—except in the industrial centers, as Manchester. There was a city that could have stood for having a hose played on it. The living quarters of the working people there were as squalid as the worst on the Liverpool water front; almost equal in squalor to similar quarters in London's Whitechapel.

Mixing in strange lands and mixing with new kinds of people does set a fellow thinking along new lines. Back in the village of Loughboro, when I was told there wasn't such a thing as a bathtub in the village, it set me to thinking: Why was it that the United States, a new country, was so far ahead of the people of the Old World in the matter of sanitary comforts? It was in Manchester I first took to serious thinking of economic slavery.

I arrived in Liverpool in midafternoon of my seventh day with not a penny in my pocket. I had come my usual thirty miles that day, I had had no lunch, and I was feeling hungry. Very hungry. I went down to the steamship office to sign on for my passage on next morning's cattle boat. A returning cattle hand looking for a free passage is supposed to return on the same boat on her next trip back. I had an argument about it in the office, but one of the head men there proved to be an American and a Harvard man. I told him that I too had been a Harvard man until I was tossed out. Being tossed out of Harvard made no difference with this Harvard man. Many a good fellow had been thrown out of Harvard. Yes, sir. He fixed me up for a passage on next morning's boat.

I left there, with supper, a night's lodging, and a breakfast coming to me—if I could get them. But how to get them? There was the American consul, yes; but I had heard too many tales from sea tramps on the Boston water front of American consuls in foreign ports. I wasn't for giving any consul a chance to call me a bum.

It was looking like rain, and I'm standing in the steamship office door gazing up at the sky and wondering if there was such a thing as a public park with covered benches, when along came the Klondike miner of the cattle boat. He was there to see about getting a free cattle-boat passage back by and by to Boston. "That chap there"—I pointed into the office—"is all right. Tell him you're a Harvard man. You were taking a mining engineer's course there, tell him, and went to the Klondike for some practical mining experience. Show him your gold nuggets."

The Klondiker came out saying everything was all right; but he wasn't sailing until after he had visited the lake country. He asked me how I was fixed, and I told him I could do with some vittles. We had supper together, and he left me with enough for a good bed and breakfast. He still had his vest-pocket load of little gold nuggets.

Next morning after breakfast I went to get my bag from the left-over

luggage place in the railway station. I had picked my Englishman in London for an honest man. My luggage should be there. And there it was. I paid the few pennies due on it for storage and went on down to the docks. I had three English pennies left. I handed them to a hobo on the pier and went aboard my cattle boat.

I came away from the English countryside with pleasant memories. They were suspicious of all strangers, and yet they would be friendly enough after they allowed themselves to become acquainted. I found them a pacific lot usually until their supremacy as a great nation was disputed. They were sublime in their belief that they were a superior race. An abysmal ignorance of the people of the outside world, including the United States of America and Americans, was a first aid to that belief. An offset to their smug self-assurance was a bedrock of kindliness.

Nothing happened on the cattle-boat trip back to Boston. The ship's first officer did try to bully the cattle hands into chipping rust from the inside of the ship's hull below decks for two shillings a day. Most of us couldn't see ourselves toiling for two shillings a day. Those who did take it on didn't do an honest job. They posted one man at the head of the deck ladder. Two or three fellows would keep up a great hammering while the others sat around and talked. When the lookout gave the alarm of an officer on an inspection round, all hands turned to until he passed on.

Chapter VIII

I CAME HOME from that cattle-boat voyage feeling pretty good; but also I was broke; so again I turned to at the space-rate things for the two Boston papers, the *Golfer,* and *Land and Water.* I did two two-column things for the New York *Sun.* They paid me eight dollars a column, but left my name off them; which I did not mind. It was enough for me then that people were reading what I thought about things. I tried my hand at a 3,000-word story for the *Youth's Companion,* then the most widely circulated boys' magazine (750,000) in the world. The *Companion* sent me a check for $50 and asked for more.

I did another story for them. They asked for yet more: Soft money there, I thought, but without following it up—writing being still a by-product of life for me.

At times I grew weary of having to write so much small stuff for a living. I liked to write, but also I liked to move around and get out in the open spaces when I felt like it. One day, a Dr. George Newell, of Gloucester, wrote to ask me if I would consider the position of physical director of the Gloucester Athletic Club.

I could not see myself as a gymnastic instructor. Fixed apparatus—parallel bars, rings, and so on—none of that for me as a steady thing; but there was a saving clause in his letter. Until after the Christmas holidays there was to be no gymnasium drill—only a football team to coach. He referred to my football playing in Savannah.

Now that Savannah team gave me a playing reputation above my merits. We had a good team there, a team made up for fellows who all worked, in responsible positions some. They were older than most college men, and in the lump I'd say smarter. We practiced for an hour at signal drill—no scrimmaging—three nights a week under the arc lights in the public park. We beat Mercer University 22 to 2, and played an 0 to 0 game with the University of Georgia. Looking back at it now I marvel how that team did it. I got a lot of credit, being the captain and ball-carrying back; but what we really had were a smarter-than-ordinary lot of fellows, and a quarterback, name of Banks—a Lehigh College man—who was the smartest football player I ever met with, besides being as smart a coach as ever I knew.

Would I play on his Athletic Club team and also coach it? asked Dr. Newell.

I agreed to go to Gloucester to play football for the fall, and after that I would see. I was to get $25 a week; but the money wasn't all the attraction for me. The place, the fishing port of Gloucester, stirred my imagination. My father and uncle were still at the fishing with the Boston fleet. My brother Pat, among his various activities, had been a skipper of a Boston fishing schooner. I had still a lively memory of my two trips as a boy to the offshore fishing banks with my uncle.

I met Dr. Newell, a genial soul and an incurable sports fan, which was fine for me. I organized the team, and with first aid from three ex-college stars I got down from Boston, we did pretty well, winning seven out of eight games with semiprofessional clubs, and we lost that one game by a 5 to 0 score.

Gloucester gave the eleven hearty support. Of a total population of twenty-five thousand, we would have three thousand turning out for a game. Fishermen ashore between trips would take in the games; and they thought it wonderful that we could stand up to the battering we got. Iron men we must be—this from big halibut catchers who could take the toughest man in our line out in a dory and make him into a general-debility case in a single day of rowing a heavy bank dory, and the heaving and hauling of heavy halibut gear. And what a dangerous game!—this from men who were making a living at the most dangerous industry in the world.

By the end of the football season I had come to know most of the great Gloucester skippers.

The football season ended. I stayed by Dr. Newell and weathered the winter in the gymnasium.

And then spring came to Gloucester.

People in most communities know that spring is with them when they see trees budding and hear birds chirping. Also, of course, if the communities be of the well-to-do, crocus bulbs will begin to bloom, and spacious lawns will be coming green again. In Gloucester, which is set on a bed of granite, and where green growing things never get a fair break, people know spring by other signs. Harbingers of spring in Gloucester are vessels arriving from the offshore banks with no ice clinging to their rails or rigging; the coming of men from the Maritime Provinces, seeking chances for the summer fishing. For further signs of spring there is the hauling of light canvas from sail lofts, the painting of seine boats, the fresh tarring of mackerel nets, the scraping of spars and bottom planks, the painting if need be of the hulls of the wonderful schooners.

All these things mean that the seining fleet is making ready for the southern cruise, and that is when spring truly comes to Gloucester.

Me, I wake up one morning in Gloucester, and it is a sunny morning, and I have breakfast; and walking down Main Street, I take in great gobs of the morning breeze, which is laden with the salt of the sea; and as I walk, whiffs of melting tar and fresh paint greet my by now wide-open nostrils; and there is Fishermen's Corner with a deckload of husky men in blue woolen shirts standing by for a chance to go seining.

I head for Chisholm's Wharf, a favorite morning resort of mine, and there are Charlie Vinot and Rannie McDonald slushing down the fore and main masts of the latest of the Chisholm fleet; and the six-foot,

wide-shouldered, black-bearded Hieland-born, the great Captain John Chisholm himself, is overlooking the operations. And riggers are overhauling her running gear, and lumpers are unrolling great bundles of canvas, and a dory and a seine boat are being painted—the immemorial yellow-brown for the dory, and white with blue trimmings for the shapely seine boat.

I journeyed on; and hove to at Parkhurst's railway, and hauled up there were two vessels; one having her bottom planks scrubbed, the other having her planks fresh-painted, the lower planks with the heavy copper paint to keep the sea worms out, the upper planks with the traditional Gloucester black and the yellow gold stripe to mark her lovely sheer. In the stream a score of schooners lay to anchor, waiting for their crews and the last of their stores; or perhaps their skippers are having a good-luck drink in their favorite bar on Main Street before putting out for the southern mackerel cruise.

I drew in deeper breaths of the salt air and the melting tar and the fresh paint; and I thought of looking up some of the skippers I had got to know during the winter months, men who used to tell me that they wouldn't play that dangerous game of football for a million dollars: No, sir, not that game. I thought of them, and of putting in for a chance to go the southern cruise myself. I had the eyes to stand a sharp lookout, and I was husky enough to pull an oar in a dory or seine boat, or haul on sheets and halyards.

The sea blood of the Connollys or the O'Donnells, back to the days of the Spanish trading and that one who sailed with Columbus—if he did—the sea trend of the Connollys or O'Donnells, whichever it was, and likely both, was stirring in me. Also my Athletic Club job was irking me. Playing football was fine, always interesting and sometimes exciting, but the gymnasium drill was something else. The work was light, an hour with a class of businessmen afternoons, two hours with a miscellaneous crew nights, and a boys' class Saturday morning; but it was indoor work, which I was never cut out for, nor for regular day-in-and-day-out drill. Spring found me fed up with it.

I dropped in on Dr. Newell and told him I was chucking my job. He was a dentist and he left a woman patient with a rubber dam in her wide-open mouth to argue with me. But I was through. I gave him two weeks' notice. At the end of the two weeks the seining captains I knew best had sailed on the southern cruise; but they had invited me to sail with them later on. I said I'd sure be on hand.

I left the Athletic Club and Gloucester, came back home and resumed my space writing for the sports magazines and daily papers. I also wrote another short story for the *Youth's Companion*. One day in June, having $75 cash in hand, I was all set for another voyage to Europe. Paris was my objective. I had been there once, yes, but I wanted to see it again: My alibi to my friends for going there again was the World's Exposition that was in the making there.

I had in mind to make a cattle-boat trip to England, so saving ocean passage money. I am pondering on my date of departure when I meet with Dick Grant. We had been classmates at Harvard and pals on the freshman track team. I had quit Harvard, but Dick had stayed on and got his degree. While at Harvard he had developed into one of the best distance runners in the college ranks.

Dick was also contemplating a trip to Paris. To the Exposition? No, no. To the Olympic games—the Second Olympiad. Didn't I know that the Olympics were being held in Paris that year? I knew about them; but I had quit athletic competition three years back, and that summer with our army in Cuba had dulled my passion for athletic competition.

I talked a cattle-boat trip to Dick—to save passage money—but he couldn't see going cattle hand. He was for a comfortable steerage passage to England, a stopover in London, then go on to Paris and compete in the games. Now Dick was always the good companion, and when he wouldn't go cattle I agreed to go steerage with him; and if he was for competing in the Olympic games, then I was for having a go at them too; so I dug out my old spiked shoes and track rig, gave myself a workout at the old Charlesbank track. I found I wasn't so bad after my three years' layoff.

We paid our $28 each for our steerage tickets; took a trolley to our steamer wharf. A thousand or two men and women were shouting bong voy-ahj on the pier; but they weren't bonging for any steerage people. We were hustled aboard to where nobody could see us from the pier.

Ours was a 7,000-ton English ship, and we were treated well enough aboard her. The grub wasn't varied, nor exactly plentiful; and our crowded sleeping quarters were below the water line, which meant smelly air of mornings; but as a steward said when I mentioned these items, what did Hi h'expect for third-clahss? The stewards were all English, and human enough, except when speaking of class and mass. They had a bit of contempt for us, steerage parsingers being no clahss.

Arrived in London, a bobby outside the railway station directed us to a little hotel on York Road. It was two shillin's there for a room back, and 'alf a crown for a room front. Every day for the ten days we were in London we walked the streets for miles and miles.

Meantime our money left us in surprising fashion. Settling our hotel bill and buying third-class transportation—train, boat, and train—to Paris left us with seven shillings between us. A meal aboard the Channel steamer left us with five shillings. A money-changer on the wharf in Havre offered us five francs for our five shillings. We knew we were being gypped, but we took the five francs.

The story of our Olympic days in Paris is the tale of a couple of tramps living in a room on the top floor of the tallest apartment house on the Rue de Rome; and no lift in the building. Our room included a breakfast of one egg, one roll, and coffee with milk. We ate fifteen-cent lunches in Montmartre restaurants, split a five-cent loaf of bread for supper. So for four days, meantime walking miles across Paris to the athletic park in the Bois de Boulogne for our exercise and placating our landlady for her advance money every morning before we set out for our hike to the Bois.

This regime was harder on Dick than on me. A jumper can do with little practice and still perform pretty well, but not so for a distance runner. Dick was entered in the marathon, and while walking the streets of Paris helped, it wasn't as good training for him as regular running practice.

A friend of my southern days had a machinery exhibit in the Exposition. A twenty-franc gold piece borrowed off him kept us alive for another week; but no more than that. When it came my day to compete in my old event, the *triple-saute,* I walked five miles to the Bois park for want of cab fare. Atop of that I had to go without lunch that day. However, I got second place, which wasn't bad, considering. "Now see what I can do in the marathon," said Dick.

The marathon race took place on one of the hottest days Paris ever saw. The runners dropped exhausted all along the route. Dick was offered first aid by commiserating autoists along the road. Half starved but still honest, Dick said no, he would make it on foot if it killed him. It came pretty near killing him. I waited at the finish line for him to arrive. He arrived eventually—three hours behind the winner. He walked across the finish line; but once across he took a running long

jump into a fountain—athletic rig and all—and there he sat, up to his neck in the fountain until he felt cooled off.

There we were, without money for even a meal. Now what? Bob Garrett, Olympic champion of four years before in Athens, was in Paris for the games. Garrett was always a good scout. I borrowed $50 off him, and Dick and I ate again. Also we paid off our landlady.

It came Dick's turn to dig up some money if we were to get back home. He cabled home for $50. Three times a day we looked in at the American Express office to inquire if the money had come. It got so that the clerks behind the grills would make faces and shake their heads violently at us before we were fairly through the street door.

Dick's money arrived eventually. Together we mustered enough to buy steerage passage to New York via a French line. French and English steerage grub was of about equal quantity and quality, not too much of either; but French sleeping quarters were even more crowded than the English. We slept well below the water line; after a night's sleep there—166 of us in one closed compartment—it was a rush for the open air topside.

Our French stewards were equally good-natured with the English, but they were less given to class and mass distinctions. The French spoke to us as one man to another—equals.

We arrived in New York with a dime between us.

Chapter IX

THERE I AM, back from my third European voyage and broke again. I stick around home for a while, doing some more space stuff for newspapers and sports magazines, then go to Gloucester to get in the seining cruise I had foregone in the spring.

The *Monarch,* of the Chisholm fleet, was ready to put to sea. She was a handsome vessel, and by all report fast and able. I knew her young captain, Albert Rose, and so I sailed in the *Monarch* for a mackerel trip.

We were a week out when one of the crew, a dory man, jammed his hand so that he could not handle an oar. I was invited to take his place

in the dory. It was a week of moonless nights, and mackerel were showing. This night the seine boat was dropped astern of the vessel to a long painter, and the dory was held to the stern of the seine by a short painter. The seine boat was thirty-eight feet long and had twelve men in her; the dory was fifteen feet, and we were two men in her. There was a fresh breeze, the sea was choppy, and the *Monarch* was tearing through the chop at a good eleven knots.

The seine boat was having a lively enough time being hauled through the vessel's tumbling wake, not to speak of the sea chop; but the little dory was having the real time. She was leaping, and the pair of us in the dory were left guessing would or wouldn't she capsize and fill and sink under the weight of loose water coming over her gunnel? We were kept busy bailing—my dory mate with his sou'wester and I with the wooden bailer.

Aboard the vessel was the man to the wheel, the lookout at the foremast head, and the cook in the galley. It was a black night, a night when the sea was firing—that is, gone phosphorescent—and the masthead man's job was to pick out the phosphorescent trail of any mackerel school and hail the whereaway and course of the school to the man at the wheel.

"Fish O!" shouted the masthead man. The seine boat was cast off from the vessel, and the dory's painter was cast off from the seine boat; for which we two in the dory offered up hosannas. We now had only to take the end of the long net when it was hove overboard from the seine boat and hang onto it until the seine-boat crew had encircled the school of fish with their quarter-mile or so of net.

We got a small school that night. That was off the Massachusetts coast and to the westward of Georges Shoals.

Gloucestermen speak of mackerel seining as a gentleman's life. When the fish aren't running, the crew have only to stand watch and eat and sleep. We were seventy or eighty schooners in the seining fleet, and I had myself called early mornings, to see the sails of the fleet emerging in the first light of the morning. The sea is then a slaty blue color; and the sails of the vessels would show chalk-white against the slate-colored sea; and from under the white sails the handsome hulls would take shape and go slipping like moving pictures across the flat seascape. A beautiful picture there! Also beautiful, and more eye-filling because of the action, was the picture of those seventy or eighty schooners matching tacks or free courses in the late afternoon. A great time then for

mackerel to show. Every vessel in the fleet would be watching every other vessel. And the way those men could handle their vessels! They made those big schooners look as if they were handling themselves. Two would swing close, then head toward each other. A green onlooker would be saying: "There they go crasho!" But not those vessels! At the last instant one would wear, or one would luff—never too soon and never too late—and clear of each other they would go.

There were times when a seining cruise was pure joy! We were cruising lazily in the twilight of a soft September day off the New England shore. Out toward where the shoals of Georges lay—easterly that was—the edge of a rising moon was showing. Westerly, where the sandy shore of Cape Cod should lie, a brick-red sun was falling into a gently rippling dark blue sea.

A full moon was emerging above the sea in the east while the sun was still above the sea in the west. There they were, two great round red-faced twins—the moon was red too—facing each other across the wide sea. It was the first time I had seen a full moon rising and a sun setting in full sight at sea—or anywhere else. All around and about, the sails of seventy or eighty seiners were fading, their red and green sidelights beginning to take point. Our own headsails were flowing to a new night breeze; and in the wake of our vessel the bubbles were bursting softly.

There is no night seining when a bright moon is shining. That evening all hands except the watch turned in early, expecting—or hoping—to be allowed to sleep undisturbed until the cook's call for breakfast, which would be at four o'clock.

That evening a breeze came up with the rising moon. As the moon rode higher the breeze grew in force. By midnight it was blowing half a gale and still making. Said the skipper then: "No mackerel will be showing tomorrow, that's sure. We might's well run into Provincetown and take it easy." He ordered the light sails taken in, and then, the vessel being now under her four lower sails, he laid the course for Cape Cod Light.

At this time the injured dory man was well again and I was once more a passenger; but I had myself called at three o'clock, meaning to see what was doing on deck. At three o'clock it was still dark, black overhead, and the vessel was still under her four lower sails, which meant she was off on her run to Provincetown Harbor. There was the usual man at the wheel, and two men were on forward lookout. They

were forward for whatever they might see, but particularly they were there to watch for the sailing lights—red and green sidelights—of the eighty sail of seiners that would be also making the run for Provincetown. Those others of the seining fleet would also be driving for harbor under their four lower sails; and they would have forward lookouts, with squinting eyes for red and green lights, and no telling when one of them would bob up under a vessel's bow.

"Sail ahead!" came from forward. "A point to wind'ard," came the added direction.

The cabin light was shining up the companionway onto the yellow oilskins of the man to our wheel. "A point to wind'ard," he repeated, and swung the vessel off a point—no more than that. No telling that another vessel wasn't handy to leeward.

I shifted to the waist of the vessel. It was still dark, still a black night. And soon I sighted a shadow off to weather of us. It was a vessel with her seine boat towing astern. I shouted a proud warning. The crew had accepted me as a reliable volunteer lookout, and hence my pride of voice. That seine boat would be better on deck, as was ours, instead of riding a vessel's wake on the end of her painter; but to every skipper his own way of doing things.

The shadows of more of the fleet were showing handy to us now; and every last one of them was laying a course for Cape Cod Light.

The sea had been making with the wind, and the *Monarch* was behaving accordingly. She was leaping to it, and being light in ballast after the fashion of seiners, she was riding the high seas like a rearing broncho. She rode up the slopes of the high boys, dove head first into the valleys between them.

The bow watch shouted another vessel looming, this one to leeward. I took a peek under our fore boom and made out the shadow of tall sails—half to the low clouds they were reaching. We held to windward of her, heaved slowly past her tumbling red light. Before long we had her safe astern, with her red light and her green light looking after us. This was the first test of the *Monarch* in a breeze of wind; and our young skipper was proud of her and saying so.

At four o'clock the cook slid back the fo'c'sle hatch just far enough to keep the loose deck water from pouring down on him; and through the slit he yelled: "Can't have no reg'lar sit-down this mawnin'. Have to leave the china in the becket till we make harbor. But all that wishes can mug-up."

A mug-up meant coffee or tea and whatever was in the grub locker, the same eaten standing.

At five o'clock the clouds to the eastward—astern—were lightening, but there was no abatement of wind and sea. If anything, wind and sea were still making. At six o'clock a full gale was blowing, the sea was still running high; but there was then some blessed light to work by. At that hour of a morning in September we had a right to expect more light than we were getting; but we were thankful for what there was.

We had been carrying a wet lee rail for long before this; but now our gangway between lee rail and cabin house was filling. Soon it was filled solid; and the lee coamings of both deck hatches—fore and main—were rolling under, and staying under. A man going forward or aft had to be careful. It was just as well our seine boat was snugly stowed in our windward waist, and our dory double-lashed in the vessel's waist inboard.

Morning light came, and soon we counted six near-by schooners making their plunging way toward Cape Cod. Gloucestermen all they were, no mistaking their lines and rig.

We pass a deep-laden three-masted coasting schooner. She would be a collier, of course. Her foretopmast was gone, and she was hove to under a bit of a jib and reefed mizzen sail. By now, half our crew are tucked under our windward rail; and of course they have to say something to the coasterman in passing.

"One way to house a topmast!"

"Broke your clothespole, old girl."

"Better take in the rest of your washin', hadn't yuh?"

We passed a big oceangoing towboat with two coal barges wallowing astern. The towboat was content to be holding steerageway.

In another half-hour our fellows weren't trying to have fun with any coasters or barges in tow. The wind was even heavier, the corner of the cabin house was driving under, the loose water in our waists was sloshing past our windward coamings. Gloucester vessels of that day ran more to long main booms than to great height of masts; and as a heavy wind holds close to the sea, our low-set whole mainsail was getting the full power of the low-blowing wind and driving the vessel down into the smother.

We had only to observe the Gloucestermen near us to know how our vessel was behaving. We could see almost clear to the keels of those to

leeward; while the decks of the vessels to windward approached the perpendicular.

The vessels nearest us, being under jib, foresail, and storm trysail, moved our skipper to say: "Hell! We ain't drivin' to market. Take in the mains'l." We were all willing to see less sail on the vessel. We come into the wind, double-reef the mainsail, swing her off on her course again. She's still taking plenty of loose water aboard, but she's a lively buoyant one, and what loose water she doesn't care to carry, she lets roll down her steep-sloping deck and over her lee rail. The skipper is watching her all the time. This is his first trip in her, and he's taking no foolish chances where nothing is to be gained.

Along about noontime we tack ship for the first time—Cape Cod Light is off our bow. The skipper takes the wheel himself—it's his first time of tacking his vessel in a breeze. He watches to see how she bids. She comes up nicely, and off she goes and down she rolls as her sails fill again. She rolls down. Oh, down! But up she comes, clears herself of forty or fifty tons of green-white water—the skipper's estimate—as up she heaves.

"There's a girl!" says the skipper, and gives over the wheel.

We were in close company now. Other seiners were closing in on us, plunging gloriously, all on a converging course for Cape Cod.

We pass the light on the high bluff—Cape Cod Light—and swing for Provincetown. Provincetown Harbor, as seen from a vessel coming in from sea, is an oval inlet set among low sand hills. The entrance is narrow. Not since I was eleven years old had I sailed into Provincetown Harbor. We came roaring up to a tiny lighthouse on the tip of a tongue of land making out from the sand hills. We were one of half a dozen vessels striving to work past that lighthouse at almost the same time. There was a great trying of tacks and some succinct criticism of seamanship and the weatherly qualities of contending vessels. There was an overambitious one who cut in prematurely; and a great roar from our crew and other crews when the ambitious one had to come about, put away from the harbor, and try it all over again.

It was smooth water, and the wind easier in the lee of the land. No trouble now to get safe in, but we had to do it in style. We had the vessel for it, she could eat into the wind with the best of them; and in the matter of speed, nothing had passed us on the road. And we had passed several.

A dozen or so of seiners were already to anchor as we drove in, past the bow of one, under the stern of another. They were all watching us—the habit of Gloucestermen—and our crew, very well knowing that, behaved as smartly as a crew might without trying to be over-smart.

Our skipper, once more to the wheel, was picking a berth to his liking. He gave the warning word to stand by halyards and make ready the anchor.

Then came: "Down jib! Down jumbo! Let go your fore halyards! Over with the anchor!"

It was rattle, whiz, whir, splash—cr-r-rk! and there she was, the *Monarch* of Gloucester, reefed mainsail shivering in the wind, and she safe to moorings in Provincetown Harbor.

Our skipper then, a much-pleased young man, put the wheel in the becket, slatted his spray-marked sou'wester across the wheelhouse, and eased his mind.

"A jeesly blow behind us. And now! Shake out her mains'l so it'll have a chance to dry afore we put to sea again."

A great sight then—the others of that fleet of eighty seiners driving in from sea. Roaring around the Point they came, had a look around, filled away, headed up, eased themselves into a snug berth.

That night Provincetown Harbor was brightened with the riding lights of eighty sail of seiners under the full moon. They were packed in so close that men could almost step from one to another. There was visiting of vessel to vessel, snug fo'c'sle and cabin gatherings, exchange of gossip, swapping of stories, and mug-ups while grub lockers and galley kettles held out.

It was a night of pure delight for me. The gale reminded this one and that one of other gales. Stories followed. True tales from some, invention from some; but whether fact or fiction, every story held the color and the pattern of men who knew their sea.

At four o'clock next morning the *Monarch* put to sea again; and I stayed that seining cruise with her, another after that one, and came home.

That fall, I wrote a short story, a story of athletes, for the *Youth's Companion,* to pay back the fifty dollars I had borrowed from Bob Garrett in Paris.

I then wrote two stories of Gloucester fishermen and sent them together to *Scribner's,* with return postage enclosed. *Scribner's* was then

tops in the magazine world. Two weeks later came a letter from Edward Burlingame, editor of *Scribner's*. He enclosed a check for the two stories and asked if I had written any others; and if so, where had they been published? Also, would I come in and see him in New York soon?

Those two Scribner stories were the outcome of my summer voyages in the *Monarch*. They were of hard-driving, sail-carrying Gloucester skippers; and for me, sail carrying was always a fascinating aspect of Gloucester fishing life; but those two stories were not of Gloucestermen at their best. Summer fishing was interesting, but my great admiration growing up at home—my father and my namesake uncle Jim shaping my judgments without their thinking about it—my admiration, my reverence, was for the men who faced the dangers and hardships off the winter offshore banks; men of heroic mold, who took their dangerous life in stride, who when they spoke of that life, did so always casually, as nothing for men to talk about. It was their way of making a living, and what was strange in a man's way of living?

I wanted no Gloucesterman saying of me, as I heard one say of the writer of a Gloucester story before me: "The fellow who wrote that was never a mile offshore in a bank fisherman." When next I wrote of Gloucestermen it was to be of their winter offshore life; and I meant to write from out of first-hand knowledge of that winter life. Now that called for a trip to the winter offshore banks; and so before calling on Editor Burlingame, I went to Gloucester to see about a trip to the winter offshore banks; and of all the winter fishing spots my choice was for Georges Bank.

Chapter X

GEORGES BANK! The shoals of Georges! Gloucestermen's wives would lower their voices when they spoke of Georges Shoals in wintertime. Fishermen's children learned to dread the news from Georges Shoals before they were old enough to know where the shoals were. A hundred and seventy fishermen were lost in a single night on Georges. Seventy Gloucester widows were made by that single night. Count the children clinging to their mothers' skirts when the news of that night was

brought home! Fourteen vessels gone in one night—and with all hands. When they go down on Georges they go with all hands.

So in a single bad night; and the shoals of Georges has known many bad nights. As a fisherman's son growing up to an age when I was beginning to understand the talk going on around me, when anybody—my father or uncle—mentioned Georges Bank, I would visualize battered hulls and frozen men being swept from ice-shrouded decks to their doom. I used to picture Judgment Day, when the seas would dry up and men arise and stand before the Lord. What a mighty host would be there from Georges Bank!

On a winter's day after I had heard from Editor Burlingame, I went down to Gloucester. One of the Chisholm fleet, the *Horace B. Parker,* was ready to put out. Her skipper was Bill McDonald, frequently spoken of as Red Jacket Bill, because of his unstinted praise of a vessel of that name, of which he had once been skipper. Another nickname for him was Bejeezes Bill.

Bill stood to the wheel of the *Parker* until she was clear of the harbor, then set her stern to Eastern Point Light, laid her course, gave over the wheel to the first on watch with the words: "East-s'utheast she is and keep her so." East-southeast is the immemorial course from Gloucester to a safe clearing of the North Shoal of Georges. And so:

"East-s'utheast," repeated that first helmsman, and east-s'utheast was the word from helmsman to helmsman all that afternoon and night.

East-southeast it still was when I made the deck in the morning. It had been a mild day and night for wind, and eight to nine knots was the best the *Parker* could log. She was no big sailer for a Gloucesterman. She was more on the able kind. As Bill put it: "She's no *Red Jacket* for loggin' the knots, but she's able, boy, able."

Bill gave safe clearance to the Georges North Shoal, then headed southwesterly for the good fishing in the shoal water there.

It is in the shoal water of Georges that so many fishermen had been lost, and would be lost—Bill McDonald himself and all his crew were lost there later, though not in the *Parker.* Easterly gales pinned vessels in on the shoal water to the westward, and then they had to beat their way out against the gale. I am speaking of the all-sail *Parker's* day, before the advent of power in the fishing fleet. Let the gale blow hard and long enough, and vessels of the fleet would be pinned in the shoal water for good.

There are spots on Georges so shoal that in a high gale they show only white water; which means that a vessel caught in such a shoal spot usually batters herself to pieces on bottom. The shoal bottom of Georges is floored with the planks and frames of battered fishing vessels.

And don't fishermen see the gale coming? Or are they poor judges of weather? As to that, they know weather, nobody better; but the good fishing is in there in shoal water, and they are out there to catch fish. When they can't bring home the fish, there's no living for them and their families. And so they hang on.

The *Parker* wasn't long on her southerly tack when the wind hauled into the east. Also the barometer was falling.

Bill held on to twenty-five fathoms of water—a good fishing spot, though a dangerous depth of water for a vessel in an easterly gale. Bill, however, did not stay overlong in twenty-five fathoms. When he felt a strong wind coming he worked the *Parker* off the bank, held her to it until she found herself on the edge of the warm Gulf Stream.

The strong wind increased to a gale. It was a gale for a time, and then roared into what Gloucestermen call a living gale. Wind aplenty, that means. Our mainsail was taken off before it would be blown off. Next her jib was triced up; and then her foresail double-reefed; and there she lay, head to the sea, and pitching to it. Pitching plenty, but no great harm in that. As Old Bill said: "She mayn't be a *Red Jacket* for sailing, but she's cert'nly an able little vessel!"

That word "little" meant that she was of lesser tonnage than the *Red Jacket,* though actually she wasn't a little vessel by Gloucester standards. She was of medium tonnage and carried ten dories, which meant a crew of twenty-two all told—twenty dory men, the skipper, and the cook. He was a good cook, Quinn by name, and a great one for pies, and fishermen at sea do love pie. They love any kind of sweets, but especially pie—any kind of pie.

That easterly went three days without slacking. I spent the first day of it being seasick—my first seasickness since I was seven years of age, that time of my first fishing trip in my school vacation. The Gloucester way to lick seasickness is to get up on deck where the fresh air is, keep walking the deck, and chewing a hard biscuit. Downing a mug or two of sea water also helps. I knew all that, and I tried walking the deck until I grew weary of running for the weather rigging to save being swept overboard, which would mean being lost. Even if a dory

could be launched, no man could live long enough in that sea for a dory to reach him. "Why the hell don't you go below?" said Captain Bill. "You ain't havin' to stand a watch, and I ain't for askin' men to go in a dory this day."

So I stowed myself for the next few hours in a wide cabin bunk, which I shared with "Scotty"—whose real name I never learned. Aft and forward, the men not standing watch were taking it easy in their bunks, fishermen being great ones for storing away sleep against the heavy heaving and hauling of trawls and rowing of dories always ahead of them.

Lying in a bunk allowed me only a smothered conception of what was going on outside; but the picture wasn't all lost. By snugging up to the vessel's outside planking I could get my shoulder within three inches of the whirling waters under her hull. I could feel the premonitory heavings of oncoming seas. I had a windward bunk. In advance of a sea, the side of the vessel at my shoulder would sag away. I would feel her hull beneath me lifting. It was lift, lift, lift! And then she would poise herself, waiting like for what next, with her timbers groaning under the strain of it: then to leeward she would sag before the oncoming sea. Below decks we would hear and feel it coming. She being head to wind, the sea would board her forward quarter, and then over our heads we would hear a rumbling and a thumping, a swashing the length of her deck.

The seas were coming on so fast that by the time someone would finish saying: "Here's another jeesly one coming!" that other one would be roaring over our heads and gone by way of our lee quarter rail. The vessel would resist—fight to stay where she was. We could hear her groaning—her beam frames that would be, battling to hold her hull intact; we could feel her battling against it, but after the roaring sea she would be drawn. She was an able vessel, yes; but after all she was a little thing—eighty tons. She would be tossed before it, rolled down before it, and then—suddenly—she would come rushing back, and we would see her inclined cabin floor go level again—almost level—and we in our bunks would roll back to where we had been.

Regularly in my cabin bunk at night I would roll to leeward against Scotty, and he would roll too; but not to roll out onto the cabin floor. The bunk board would keep him from doing that.

All that day and all that night the boarding seas kept the *Parker* busy and her crew saying: "Well, if we ain't fishin', we're restin' up."

Seasickness, when a man has it beaten, leaves him feeling wonderfully fit. Next morning, after trying to make up for the two meals I had missed, I took to the deck, meaning to see the difference between seeing and listening to the way of wind and sea with a vessel.

It was still blowing, though not a high gale; but the seas, as often after the wind dies down, were running higher than before. And looking at the high seas rolling down on the vessel left a man—left me, at least—marveling that nothing was happening to the vessel. The seas looked to be masthead high, some of them. I have read the judgments of men—shoregoing men—who have it that no seas ever ran as high as the masthead of a vessel. They may know whereof they speak. All I know is that after climbing the fore rigging to the masthead, I still couldn't see over the crests of the oncoming seas.

The seas came at us with deceptive speed. The men on watch would see one coming, gauge the time of its arrival aboard, and govern themselves accordingly. My bunkmate Scotty watched one coming, a little one it looked, and in his contempt of it he let go his two-handed grip of the weather fore rigging. The little one broke at our windward rail, and only the white collar of it came aboard; but there was weight enough and speed enough in that white edge to pick up Scotty and sweep him across the deck and lay him across the gunnel of the top windward dory. The dories had been nested bottom up and hauled inboard to the fore hatch. When Scotty had his breath back and spat out the salt water and found himself still aboard, he turned to me, saying: "Let that be a lesson to you. There's no trusting a single one of them!"—as if he had let himself get caught for my benefit.

The *Parker* was a buoyant craft—she had to be to withstand that battering; and because she was the buoyant kind she was being tossed about like an empty soapbox in the surf of a beach when a high wind is driving in from sea. She rode the seas—she'd better, of course—rode them high and rode them low. When high riding up the steep slopes she went, her bowsprit would be pointing—well, not straight up, but almost; and when she went roller-coasting down the slopes, she would plunge her knightheads well under. At times she would bury her windlass in the white smother.

The reefed foresail was to keep the vessel's head to wind; and mostly it was making a good job of it; but there were times when a sea would sideswipe the vessel and her head would fall off. Never for long, but for a little while. And then? Instead of coming aboard forward, a sea

would strike her abeam. And when they were big seas, they filled her rail to rail from her fo'c'sle hatch to her wheel almost. Then it was the *Parker* would show what she was made of. We on deck—the two on watch and myself—would be into the rigging before an especially wicked-looking sea would strike aboard, and looking down from our perch could see the struggling to free herself of the immense weight on her back; and we would be rooting for her, hunching our shoulders to help her out. When up she would come, one of the watch was sure to shout: "What a great little one! An able vessel!" I was shouting it too before the day was out.

Along about midday we got rain, a heavy rain which beat the seas down some. When the watch thought it safe to stay down on deck, they rigged a square of canvas to the windward fore rigging just above the rail. Johnny LeCost they called it, and they stood their watches for the rest of the day in the lee of Johnny.

The men standing watch were bulky figures, with heavy flannels and outer clothing and a thick sweater under oilskins. They were wearing rubber boots, or knee-high leather boots called redjacks. Sou'westers were buttoned under their chins, and woolen mitts were keeping their hands warm.

The seas let down some; but some able-looking fellows were still rolling down, lads with deep white collars. The watch kept a special lookout for the white-collar boys. When they saw one on the way, they hooked both elbows into the fore rigging, laid their shoulders snug up to Johnny LeCost, and hung on so till the high roller had passed on.

Through all this the heavy rain was sweeping the *Parker;* and between the rain and the seas and spray coming aboard, the deck and the cabin house and the rails of the *Parker* were shining clean and bright and beautiful.

When it isn't too cold, a winter northeaster on the banks usually brings snow. That night the cold air softened, and next morning came in with snow. It was a heavy damp snow which stuck like wet white plaster where it fell. The weight of it was doing the vessel no good, she was going logy, no longer lifting buoyantly to the seas, so the skipper added two men to every watch to keep the snow shoveled off.

We weren't the only vessel that had edged away from the bank—we sighted the lights of three others in the night—and so while the snow fell the foghorn was sounded once a minute.

The snow ceased falling, the gale blew itself out, and we ran back

to the fishing spot the skipper had picked out for himself. It had gone colder again, and the men had to bait their trawls in a hold that was cold enough of itself on a winter morning; and twenty tons of ice to keep the fish fresh was making it colder. The men worked by candlelight, and the bait being frozen, and their hands half frozen, they beginning the day by the baiting of twelve hundred hooks for every two dory men—well, it took offshore bank fishermen to crack jokes while at the labor of it.

At the first peep of dawn the dories were put over the side. The vessel was under sail, the ten dories went one after another sliding past her quarter, with the skipper telling them where to set their trawls and how long to let them set before hauling.

A wind was blowing and the sea was choppy; what bank fishermen called choppy, though almost any other people would have called it a rough sea. The dories rode the sea, now high, now low, with one man rowing the dory, the other heaving the trawl, and neither paying any attention, apparently, to what might happen the dory. From the deck of the vessel, a dory—any dory I spotted—would ride a sea, drop out of sight beyond it, and stay out of sight for just about long enough to set me thinking she wasn't coming up again. It was my first winter trawling trip, and a lot about winter fishing I still had to learn.

The wind wasn't heavy, but it was cold. The vessel was sailing in and out among the dories, the skipper to the wheel, and spray was splashing over our rail—no great amount of spray by now, but enough to allow some of it to stay aboard; and where it stayed it froze, making the deck like a skating rink to me whenever I went forward to cast away the jumbo sheet—my job when the vessel was under sail, the dories out, and the skipper tacking ship.

There was a long row to the vessel for some of the dories after they had hauled their trawls; and then came pitching the fish aboard, with the dories rolling high and low to the seaway. Out went the dories again, and so for four sets of the trawls that day. It was dark when the last dory was aboard for the night. It was dress fish and wash fish then, chop ice in the hold, and stow the fish in the pens. Those who hadn't a watch to stand were now free to turn in. That was the usual routine on the winter trawlers on the offshore banks. A hard and dangerous way to make a living, but never a sign from these men that they thought so. All they asked for was good fishing; and it was thank God with them when they got the good fishing.

Tough men, those dory men on the winter offshore banks; and before that first trip of mine ended, I was approving my intention of writing my next Gloucester stories around a sterner way of fishing life than pleasant summer seining.

We got in three days of fair fishing, and then came a thick fog. Fog on Georges when so many vessels are fishing neighborly is a bad business. Let two vessels with any sort of headway on them come together, and down they go. And down with all hands! There won't be time to launch a single dory before they go under.

Riding lights or sailing lights are dim things in a thick o' fog on the offshore banks. It's a sharp lookout then, with a patent flare handy to stick in the hot fire of the cabin stove if another vessel is heard or seen bearing down.

Coasting steamers, and ocean liners too, would sometimes go off their course and bear in on the easterly edge of Georges. We were jogging clear of the bank on one of the foggy nights when the watch caught the sound of a horn. It was no fisherman's horn. It was a siren, which meant a steamer of some tonnage. The man on forward watch shouted a warning. The watch in the vessel's waist came scrambling aft and shouted it down the cabin companionway, so that the skipper would be sure to know. Again the siren. Wo-o-o-gh! One of the watch shouted: "She's headed our way." There was another Wo-o-o-gh!—this one much nearer. The skipper grabbed a flare, always handy in the cabin, held it in the hot coals of the cabin stove till it blazed. It also smoked. He hustled up to the deck and held the blazing flare aloft. "If they have an eye in their heads they'll soon see this light. And if they're blind they'll be smellin' it."

Whatever it was made of, it smelled. And it smoked and blazed, and beneath it stood the skipper, Liberty in yellow oilskins.

The siren went Woo-gh!—a short one, meaning close at hand. A matter to worry about now. The Woo-gh! was to our windward. Four men hurried to stand by the lee dories, to hoist them over the side if the steamer crashed us.

It was a quiet sea and wind, the usual thing in a thick o' fog. Now came the thrashing of the steamer's propellers. Not far off now. We got a glimpse of a red light. A pale light—a ship's port light—and to see it in a fog meant that the steamer was quite close.

Wh-gh! she went now—a short blast. All this time half our crew were yelling at her to sheer off. Her red light showed again—she was

coming for us. Her red light sheered off a bit. So she was seeing our light. Well, about time, with us on deck yelling without a let-up and our foghorn sounding without stop! And there were our sailing lights for her watch to see, if a watch she was keeping. There being no wind, we had to lay there and take what might come.

She passed close to our stern—a long shadow of a hulk—so close that our skipper felt he could talk to her bridge without his talk going astray. And he did so talk, still holding the blazing torch high over his head. It was Bill Bejeezes talking now. And he talked and shouted and blasphemed—a six-foot, 220-pound figure in yellow oilskins under the blazing torch. He blasted and double-blasted and double-double-blasted steamer people who didn't have navigation enough to find their way to north or south or east or west, to wherever the blasted hell they were bound, without running down honest fishermen. And so on and so on. Even when the steamer must have been a mile astern, the skipper was still sounding off

Two days of a northwester followed. A safe wind, a northwester on Georges; no danger of being driven into the shoal water before it, but a cold wind always in winter; frequently a terribly cold wind, with spray freezing when it comes aboard, and in no thin film, but thickly on deck and rail and up the rigging if the sea is rough; and the spray freezing in the nests of the dories overnight so that they have to be pounded apart in the bitter morning. And filling the gangway between cabin house and rail solid with ice. And always it was dangerous footing on deck—men were liable to go sliding across the sloping deck before a boarding sea and over the lee rail before they knew what was happening.

But even on Georges in wintertime good days come along. We got in two more days of fishing, and the skipper said: "Dories inboard, bottom up, and double-gripe 'em!"

And after that was done, and while the crew were starting to dress the day's catch, the skipper was at the wheel and laying her course to clear the North Shoal and so to the Boston market.

That night the crew could relax, that night they took time to gossip. "Along about this time," said John Houghton—it was then ten o'clock—"we got our last sight of the *Commonwealth.*"

I'd read about the *Commonwealth,* but here was a first-hand account of her.

The *Parker* and the *Commonwealth* left Georges together. The

Parker's watchers could see the *Commonwealth's* sailing light for three hours after they left the bank. That midnight a northeaster set in. By morning it was a hurricane. The *Parker* took a beating before weathering the North Shoal and heading to the westward. The wind hauled ahead, and she took another beating. It was tack, tack, tack for every cable length she made. After four days she sighted Cape Cod Light. It took her another two days to make that last fifty miles home. The *Commonwealth* never got home. She was gone and all hands with her. She was undoubtedly driven back into the shoal water by the easterly hurricane. Driven there and smothered and battered to death.

And as she went, so did scores of fine vessels before her; and hundreds upon hundreds of gallant men with the fine vessels. The ablest schooners in the world they are, and the smartest schooner men in the world handling them, but so they go.

We made good going of it to clear the North Shoal in my trip with the *Parker*. And then came a strong head wind. It was all head wind to Cape Cod. Then we caught a beam wind—no strong wind, but a fair enough sailing breeze. Awesterly we went then, scuppers well under. It was lovely sailing. A clear sky, a smooth sea, and into the setting sun we sailed.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we were off Boston Harbor. The loom of Boston lay ahead; and up the harbor went the *Parker* as though she owned it. Steamers were anchored in the harbor, which meant having to dodge many riding lights and avoid the hulls beneath them.

The skipper ran her close to the end of T Wharf before he jibed her. Around she came and into the slip she shot, with her sails fluttering in the wind. It was dark then, but we could make out a man standing aft on a vessel already tied up. He caught our bowline and buttoned it to a cleat. The *Parker* ran ahead a bit, settled back, and there she was in port again, with 95,000 pounds of fresh fish.

It was seven o'clock when we slid into the T Wharf slip, and John Houghton and Scotty were already shaved and dressed to go ashore.

"Where bound, John?"

"There's a play—*Ben Hur*—and Scotty and me been told there's a chariot race in it with the drivers lashin' the chariot horses till you think they're going leaping through the side of the house. Man, they say it's the excitingest thing to watch!"

There was my kind of a bank fisherman to write about—the man who could see excitement, even danger, in what other men were doing ashore, but who took his own sea danger as a matter of course.

I went to New York to see Editor Burlingame. He was for my writing more Gloucester stories. What I did write for him then was a fact article on Gloucester fishing life.

After that, Burlingame asked me if there was any other kind of sea life I cared to write up. I said yes to that. There were English fishermen of the North Sea, the Germans in the Baltic Sea, and the Norwegians in the Arctic Ocean.

Burlingame said all right, go ahead; and he would send an artist with me to do the illustrations.

And so one June day M. J. Burns, a notable artist of that day, and I took an American liner to Southampton, a train to London, put in a week there, and then it was on to the fishing port of Grimsby on the English east coast.

Our job now was to find a fishing captain who would take us on a North Sea fishing trip. We left our hotel for the fishing docks. Grimsby was the greatest fishing port in all Europe; and handy to the fishing docks was one of the longest, and perhaps the longest, bar in the world. Two minutes after looking in on that bar, I sighted my North Sea fishing skipper.

Chapter XI

He wore a hand-knit blue guernsey, with a black silk handkerchief tucked into the neck, and oily-looking black trousers of navy cut tucked into short black boots. His black curly hair stuck out from under a black cloth cap; and a black beard curled out and up from what could only be a strong jaw under the beard.

He had a bold nose, a bold mouth, and bold eyes—a bold-looking man altogether. He was a throwback to Elizabethan days. Earl Howard of Armada days would have ordered him shanghaied on sight, and trusted him to lead a boarding party in his first engagement.

"I'm looking no further. Here's my skipper for my North Sea cruise," I said to Burns.

My bold-looking man was leaning sideways against the bar and gulping down the last of a pewter mug of ale. I moved in and tendered a greeting. He glanced at me as he might have glanced at a cloud to windward, not as something to be dreaded, or even avoided, but as a thing to be allowed for. Only a glance it was, a quick one; and he followed it with a responsive hail, and two fingers held up to the nearest barmaid. There were eight solid-looking barmaids, and all were working beer pumps busily behind what was reputed to be the longest bar in the world.

Two pints of bitter ale came: "Good ale, this 'ere. 'Ee'll like it, lad," he said.

He was a Yorkshireman and the skipper of the smack *Venus,* out of Scarborough but running at this time to the Grimsby market. Frank was his name—Auld Frank—and he was putting to sea in the morning early. A shipmate had joined us, name of Jim. Auld Jim.

"In the marnin' at fower o'clock thou'll be to the dock," said Auld Frank. "Ice an' bait's aboord a'ready, but the bit bacon, an' butther, an' bread an' bit baccy will ha' to be looked arter. There'll be brither Jarje—teetotaler Jarje—and Jarje's two lads, yan comin' twenty an' t'ither eighteen—an' Jim. Aye, an' Auld Jim. Nine-an'-twenty year come Whitsuntide us ha' sailed t'gither, an' nine-an'-twenty year mair us'll sail, an' the Lord pleases. Shan't us, Auld Jim?"

"Aye, Frankie, an' us keeps off bottom."

"Aye, Jim, an' us keeps off bottom. Aye, an' the Lord says aye. An' noo, lad—thou'll no mind ma callin' thee lad?—Ah'm above fifty masel' an' Aw've a lad at hame will be aulder than thee by looks. An' thou'll coom aboord i' th' marnin', lad. Us'll put th' friend aboord anither smack, an' thou shall gae wi' us. An' gude night to thee now, lad—to thee an' th' friend, gude night."

Four o'clock of a June morning is high light in mid-England latitudes. I found the *Venus,* and friendly Frank arranged with the skipper of another smack, the *Charity,* to take Burns along for a trip.

In the crowded cabin of the *Venus* I was made known to brither George, who gave me what I took for a sly look until I saw that it was a cast in his eye. George's two lads were there. Wholesome-looking boys, Bill and Howie. A breakfast was mentioned, and then forgotten, because of the lock gate opening up and the skippers of a score of

smacks and steam trawlers in the basin in a hurry to get out to sea.

The smacks *Charity, Good Intent,* and *Mary Campbell* were tiered inside of us, all ready to warp out, and their skippers were shouting to Auld Frank to bestir himself.

"Aye," said Auld Frank; but before he could get the *Venus* to move, a brute of a steam trawler shouldered her out of line. Another steam trawler, a perfect lady, then pushed us forward with a gentle bump on our taffrail. The *Venus* was warped through the gate by lines made fast to one cleat and another on the long pier. All hands on the *Venus* except me bore a hand at heaving in on the warping lines. I was at the tiller.

Before we could pass through the gate, a man with rows of silver coat buttons reached out from the pier and took from the skipper the ticket that allowed the *Venus* to go to sea. Seven shillings and sixpence the skipper had paid for the ticket.

A group of loiterers on the pierhead hailed the *Venus* as she slid past. "What ho, old skipper!" one called.

"What ho!" hailed back Auld Frank.

"Where bound this time?"

"Aw d'know, but Aw'm considerin' o' Silver Pit."

"Aye, a good 'ole for whitin's an' the like."

"Aye, whitin's, an' so be a few boxes of 'addicks, an' a cod or a sole, wi' some skates an' the like."

Grimsby sits up the Humber River a piece, and sailing down the sandy reaches of that river—easy sailin' and boy Howie now at the tiller—gave chance for making our breakfast of tea and bread in the cabin.

There was an open fireplace in the cabin, and Auld Jim heaped it up with the usual soft coal of England. Soon the cabin was filling with smoke.

"It's nae th' lak o' draft," explained Auld Frank. "It's th' main sheet jibin' ower an' knockin' off top o' stovepipe, an' Howie afeard to leave tiller lang enou' to put un back. Gae on oop, Bill, an' set on stovepipe."

"Oh, aye, Bill, an' set on stovepipe," said George. He had hauled a bottle of brandy from his bunk and was pouring a good hooker of it into his mug of tea. "For ma appetite," said George.

"Aye, Jarje's appetite," said Frank. "Jarje is teetotal."

"Teetotal?" I put in, eying the bottle of brandy.

"Aye, lad. Teetotal on pubs. Ar'n't been inside pub for twenty year," explained George.

"An' that time t' fetch me hame, war'n't it, Jarje?"

"Aye"—reflectively—"ane time tha stopped owerlang."

"Ane time?" said Auld Jim. "Ane time?"

"Ane time iss," rejoined Auld Frank. "An' let tha not stop owerlang noo wi' th' tea kettle an' twenty year frae noo Aw won't hae it to speak on."

The *Venus* was one of a half-dozen of her kind beating down the Humber together. They were all dandy-rigged—that is, a forward mast much taller than her aftermast—and they all carried jib, forward and after sails for lower, and a club topsail to each mast. She had a straight stem and an almost up-and-down stern. She was sixty feet long with fifteen-foot beam, and she was black-tarred from stem to stern—her planking still smelled of the last coat of hot tar.

She had a hold in the peak for the storage of anchor, extra sails, and miscellaneous gear. Her main hold, amidships, was for fish and ice; and a smaller afterhold was for water casks, bait tubs, and so on. Clear aft was the cabin; and here all hands bunked and cooked and kept their personal belongings, which were mostly oil smocks, sea boots, and sou'westers.

She had a sliding bowsprit, her sails were tanned a brick red, and she steered with a long wooden tiller whose handle was carved into a rope's end.

She was an ancient lady, the *Venus*. The skipper had known her for forty years, and she was no young one then. Nae. A sound hull still. Iss. A strong-built smack—iss. For forty years, to the skipper's knowledge, auld *Venus* had been finding her way out to Dogger Bank, "an' as tha sees for thasel', lad, she ar'n't found bottom yet."

Auld Frank had a deep affection for the *Venus*. As she rolled into the open sea, and in the increasing breeze began to throw off her harbor sloth, he was for making great talk of her. "Eleven knots yince—aye. But she had fine breeze an' smooth bottom then."

Watching her slug her hard way offshore, my thought was that that fine breeze must have been at least a hurricane. Yet she had her great qualities. She rose gallantly to every little sea in the tide rips off the mouth of the Humber, and she kept her deck as dry as any man had a right to expect of her tonnage when offshore the little seas grew into bigger seas. She was of a passing era; only a few of her kind were left.

It was steam trawlers now, aye. How many steam trawlers now? Seven hundred out o' Grimsby, iss. The steam trawlers were rolling past us as he said it sadly, one after another on their rolling way to Dogger Bank.

There was a sailing vessel off to our lee, one of the new kind—built to hold their end up with the steam trawlers. She was straight-stemmed and dandy-rigged too—her big sail forward; and she was painted—not tarred, painted—a shining black with a yellow stripe to mark her run. She had gold decorations on her bow and quarter planking.

"She'll be the *Boy Percy* or th' *Girl Muriel* oot o' Lowestoft—the same model they be. Wi' an injine in her. See her mak' into the wind noo. Like awny steam trawler. She'll be stoppin' at the coper—the Dootchman yan wi' th' wee mizzen oot ower th' stern an' th' signal flyin'. Aw'm thinkin' oorsel's will stop by there too. Iss."

The coper was a rum ship out of Holland, and she was there to sell spirits—brandy mostly—and tobacco to the smacks and steam trawlers out of Grimsby and Hull. England's duties on brandy and tobacco were stiff. We headed for the coper, and Auld Jim sounded his foghorn. The coper's boat, which had been lingering at the side of the handsome Lowestoft craft, cast clear her line and came for us. Auld Frank and Auld Jim bought two pounds of tobacco each and Jarje a bottle of schnapps for half what they would have cost in Grimsby.

There was another coper hard by; both under sail, and both keeping carefully outside the three-mile limit.

We left the coper astern, and Howie was given the tiller with instructions from Auld Frank. "Coorse east by nowthe, an' see that 'ee keep her so. Gie us a call if so be we ar'n't astirrin' by half arter twelve."

Frank, Jim, George, and the boy Bill turned in then for a nap against the later labors of the voyage. The lad Howie, a degenerate youth by his father's standards—he smoked cigarettes—now asked me to take the tiller while he lit a cigarette in the protection of the cabin companionway.

At half after twelve by my watch and Howie's orders I shook out the sleepers. They stopped for a helping of toast and tea and came on deck refreshed, and set to at assembling the gear for the fishing. Fifteen coils of lines were passed up from the afterhold, each coil laid carefully in a large wicker market basket. Each coil held 125 fathoms of ground

line, the same "snoojed" every half-fathom with a hook at the end of the short line.

All hands except whoever held the tiller turned to at overhauling gear and baiting up. At three o'clock in the morning, our log and soundings marking the edge of Silver Pit, the *Venus* was hove to. All hands then dropped into the little cabin, hauled their tin boxes from their dark bunks, and each drew forth whatever was needed for his meal. There was no sentimental interchange of food. It was assumed that each had brought aboard whatever he liked best for his eating out to sea. Only the tea for the kettle and the grease for the frying pan was held in common. Auld Frank looked after me, by reason of a private arrangement between us.

Having breakfast in the smoky cabin was not for untried stomachs. Besides being pitched "within and without," the *Venus* was also like the Ark of Scripture in having "little rooms," and this little cabin room was now jammed with six people crowding one another in their all-together work of toasting bread and boiling water for their tea.

The cabin bunks were shut-in affairs, with sliding doors of an eighteen-inch width. George was a bulky man—fourteen stone, iss—and it was a bit of doing for George to ease himself in and out of his bunk. Beneath the bunks and jutting out on the cabin floor were lockers which took up floor space without being wide enough to sit on comfortably; and hanging from hooks and stuffed behind and around the companion ladder were spare oil smocks, sea boots, sou'westers, and guernseys. And to restrict the cabin quarters still further, there was the butt of the aftermast midway of the cabin floor.

For the air we breathed, there was a thick o' smoke and fumes from the soft-coal fire, the fumes from grease on the frying pan—Auld Frank was frying a bit bacon for me. And always there was a whiff of the last coat of tar applied to the old *Venus*. There was also the salt-herring bait in the afterhold—a missing plank in the bulkhead let the evidence sift through to the cabin. And it was years, as Auld Frank admitted casually, and as if nothing to make note of, years since auld *Venus* had had her bilge pumped out. Take it altogether, the air in the cabin could be fairly called stuffy.

Auld Skipper and Auld Jim, both short men, never tried to stand erect without bumping their heads against the cabin roof! As for big Jarje, he never tried to stand erect. He moved with circumspection, his body arched over always.

After we had our fill of eating, all hands sat around for a bit of a smoke. It was pipes for all, except for young Bill, who did not smoke, and for Howie, who lit a cigarette. It had been raining, and all hands were still in oil smocks and sou'westers and thick leather knee-high sea boots. Now all except Auld Jim got out of these habiliments and climbed into their dark bunks.

Auld Jim took a fresh coal to his pipe, cast a glance around to see that all was shipshape, caught sight of the greasy frying pan lying flat in front of the fireplace. "Drat Howie!" murmured Auld Jim, set the frying-pan handle up beside the fireplace, and went up on deck.

The foregoing may sound like the primitive living of primitive men. Maybe so; but there was nothing mean or sordid to it. They were as hospitable as men could be to the stranger in their midst, attending to my wants before their own. I was given the choice of the skipper's bunk, or Auld Frank's or George's, whenever I chose to turn in. Weary and wet they might be, coming from their shooting and hauling of fishing lines and dressing and stowing of fish, and overhauling of their gear and baiting up, but they were never too weary to have a thought for their passenger.

On the third day out I began to get the feeling that all wasn't going to be well with me. I had been seasick on that winter trip to Georges, and the cure for seasickness there had been to drink a mug of sea water, munch a hard biscuit, get up into the fresh air, keep walking the deck. There was no hard biscuit in the stores of the *Venus,* but sea water was handy, and there was the deck. But now I had hung on too long. My meal went overside. Auld Jim noticed me leaning dejectedly against the lee fore rigging. He said nothing to me, but he spoke to Auld Frank; and by and by Auld Frank came on deck with a portion of nicely browned fish, two slices of toast, and a mug of hot tea.

"Aw had a thought tha might like a taste o' whitin', lad. A sweet little whitin' as ever was. Like silver, lad. An' fat. Aye, rare fat, an' Aw fried him with th' littlest bit o' grease. Didn't Aw, Jim?"

"Tha did," affirmed Jim. "A be-yoo-tiful sweet whitin'."

I forced myself some and ate part of the whiting, the mug of tea, and a slice of the toast. That was in the morning. In the afternoon Auld Frank came to me again: "For supper, lad, Aw'll hae the sweetest bit o' skate for 'ee. Hooked him last evenin', Jarje did, an' Aw cuts him up an' tows him astarn. An' arter fower-an'-twenty hoors o' tow-

in' astarn an' then fryin' him on hot coals, he'll mak' rare eatin'—a tidbit for 'ee, lad."

A skate! Whenever a skate showed his nose to a Gloucester dory man, an immediate sputtering of strong language would ensue, with a wallop on the nose for the skate and a heave back into the sea. Skate! I was still holding the deck when the skipper brought me the fried skate. He had also two slices of toast and a mug of hot tea. After that, I had to eat the skate. And it went all right.

Gloucester schooner men and Grimsby smack men fished alike in that both fished with long baited ground lines. Gloucester called it trawling, and the North Sea men long-lining. Gloucestermen hove their trawls from dories; Grimsby men shot their long lines from the deck of the smack. Gloucestermen of my knowing worked at a faster, a much faster, pace than the North Sea men; but the Englishmen brought their fish to market in better condition. Where our fellows used pitchforks in handing, the Grimsby men did not. I was told that I wouldn't find a pitchfork in the entire North Sea fleet.

We had sailed from Grimsby on a Tuesday morning. On the Sunday afternoon following, the last of the bait had been used up, the last line hauled. With the fish dressed and stowed, it was time to put for home. There was now the question of our position and the course for home.

Auld Frank navigated by dead reckoning. But after five days on the grounds—what with tides and winds setting them this way and that—it called for a bit of thinking to lay a proper course to port.

"Where be we noo?" asked George.

"On Silver Pit," answered Auld Frank.

"Aye, na doot," snorted George. "But whereaboots on Silver Pit?"

"Let be noo whiles Aw reckons. Us coom eight-an'-saxty mile east by nowthe frae Spurn Light on Tuesday, an' us got shut o' first lines Wednesday. Thursday, Friday, Sattyday, an' this be Soonday. Five days an' nights us been driftin'—tide, wind, an' sea to reckon on. Us been makin' east an' sooth all th' whiles. Us'll be noo eighty or ma'be five-an'-eighty mile frae Spurn Lightship."

"Five-an'-eighty miles!" repeated George. "How far dost thou say, Jim?"

Jim was sitting comfortably on the coaming of the main hatch. "How far? That be the care o' Francis. If Frankie says five-an'-eighty, let it be. Frankie knaws, don't 'ee, Auld Frank? But 'tis soon settled.

'Ere be a steam trawler coomin' frae th' sooth. Hail yan, Jarje, thou hast th' lungs for it."

"Yan will be a Dootchman," said Jim presently, he having the eyes of the crew.

"Na doot, na doot, but what kind of Dootchman?"

"Belgian like—oot o' Ostend."

"Na Belgian yan. Belgians be clean like. Yan's a roosty lad. But hail, Jarje, hail, wi' tha great lungs."

"What ho!" roared George.

From the steamer's bow, now almost to our stern, a voice shouted something that we could make nothing of.

The skipper turned to me. "Ma'be 'ee knaws some foreign speech to try on yan."

I recalled what I could of my brief German course at Harvard. Nothing came of it, nor of my equally spare French.

"What foreign speech was that last, lad?" asked George.

"I meant it for French."

"Aye, Aw thought like. Dom all foreigners that can speak nowt but their own queer speech. What say, Auld Jim?"

"Let un gae his way, Jarje, for obstinate foreigner. But lookee—yan's a trawler frae th' west. He'll be oot o' Hull, an' trust trawlers to hae bearin's. They hae saxtants an' th' like. Hail yan, Jarje."

The skipper waved his sou'wester, the steamer swerved toward us, and "What ho!" roared George. "Thou'll be oot o' th' Humber?"

"Aye, out of Hull."

"Gude. Will tha gie us oor coorse to Spurn Light?"

A man on the bridge took a look at his rail compass and shouted: "West half south and eighty-three miles to Spurn Lightship."

"Thou heard, Jarje?" said Auld Frank. "West half sooth an' three-an'-eighty mile to Spurn."

"As Frankie told 'ee," said Jim. "Thou'rt the strongest hand aboord in releegious matters, but if thou'll leave th' management o' the smack to tha brither Frankie, tha hope o' heaven will be high as ever an' tha missis will be nae so certain to die a widdy."

"Auld Jim," broke in the skipper, "Let Jarje be. We'll pint th' auld *Venus* to th' west'ard noo. Billy, lad, tak' tiller an' lay coompass coorse west half sooth, an' put log oot. Jarje will take tiller in twa hoors' watch. An' us'll gae below an' hae bite to eat."

We went below and had our tea and marmalade. Then: "Howie, tak' tha brither at tiller a mug o' hot tea. 'Tis rare guid, a mug o' hot tea, ar'n't it, Jim?"

"Aye," said Jim. "But gaes better in cabin. 'Tis discomposin' summat to tak' tea when there's no comfort in the takin'."

"Aye," said Auld Frank. "Howie, lad, go tak' tiller frae Billy whiles he cooms to cabin an' tak's tea in comfort."

It was a calm night, smooth sea and light air, when George came on deck for his two-hours' watch. After some thoughtful gazing above and about him he filled his pipe.

George, the heavy man—fourteen stun, lad—shifted his weight from one foot to the other till he thought to have me get him two bait boxes from the afterhold. He placed one atop of the other and thereafter sat at his ease.

"She do steer gentle like in light breeze, th' auld *Venus*. But in a blaw, lad, she's like wild horse like. Iss."

George was then taking note of the vessel's sailing. "A bit closer to wind'll be better. Mun haul sheets. Francis iss aye owerloose wi' sheets. He's owérloose in mony things—in money, an' his baccy, an' his ale. Aye, 'tis the character o' Francis, as tha may hae noticed, to sail wi' free sheet. Main an' mizzen sails haul, lad. Jib an' forestay let be."

I trimmed the main and mizzen sails to his liking, and he resumed talk of brither Francis. "Free sheets allus wi' Francis. Aw was yince a wild blade like Francis. Aw'd drink in pubs an' crack on awfu'—iss. Five pund, aye an' five guineas like ony master o' big steam trawler for suit o' clothes—coat an' weskit an' trousers. Th' boony trousers!"

It was a lovely night, a night for intimate talk; and sitting on the bait boxes beside the tiller, glancing now to the compass, again to the luff of the mainsail, George worked clear of his tempestuous young days. "Aw met a lass an' Aw took releegion, an' Aw marrit. They don't allus gae togither, releegion an' bein' marrit, but let a man choose gude wife, an' Aw was auld enou'—two-an'-thirty for gude sense in ma choosin'. Iss. My missis noo! Feel, lad." He pulled out the breast of his knitted guernsey to prove the fine texture. "Th' missis knitted it, lad. Eleven bob fo' th' yarn. Summat to last years. Tha couldna get ane like it for thirty shillin' in shop. Nae. An' oor home allus ready for ma return frae sea. An' th' bairns! On Soonday nights when Aw'm hame—Awn't been hame two trips noo, but please Lord, Aw'll be hame this night fortnit. On Soondays when I stroll in th'

fields wi' th' missis an' th' bairns, 'tis grand, lad, grand. Tha might ease th' main sheet, lad, a wee bit."

I eased the main sheet.

" 'Tis rare, lad, rare, bein' hame on Soondays wi' th' missis an' th' bairns in th' soomertime. Iss. The hedges by th' roadside, th' medders, th' coos, th' little brooks—tha couldna imagine, lad. An' coomin' hame in th' evenin's wi' th' church bells ringin'. Tha mun hae church bells in hame place too? Aye. An' this verra Soonday evenin' they'll be chimin' at hame. If tha'll take tiller noo whiles Aw fill pipe yince mair."

I held the tiller while he filled and lit his pipe in the cabin companionway. He took back the tiller.

"Lad, there's nowt like coomin' hame to th' missis an' th' bairns arter trip to sea. Th' bairns'll be pullin' ma beard an' climbin' all ower me, an' th' missis knittin' summat for me to wear to sea. Iss. An' th' moon! What think th' bairns say of the moon? 'Whatiever becomes o' the moon, Mither, when un gaes awa', Mither?' An' th' missis says they cuts it into little shiny stars. Aye, th' missis says, an' they believe it, th' puir bairns. Same moon yan. An' ma'be her's tellin' th' same to th' bairns this verra minute."

"And telling them something about you too, won't she?"

"Ah-h, lad. She'll be saying Feyther is oot on Dogger, makin' livin' for them an' herself. An' she'll tell them o' th' terrible tempests when ma'be 'tis fine weather like noo. But, lad, the black nights in th' Nowthe Sea when Aw thought niver to see missis and bairns. Like last Octowber when three-an'-thirty men o' Fylie never coom hame. Aw was born in Fylie. Three-an'-thirty Fylie men went to bottom in single gale. Iss."

"Where was the *Venus* in the gale?"

"On Dogger. Francis an' James be two gran' hands to sea for all their free ways ashore. Th' three of us an' th' twa lads were on Dogger, an' for three nights arter. 'Twas fair frightful, lad. For three days niver a mug o' hot tea. An' no sleep. Nae. An' three-an'-thirty men o' Fylie gone to bottom, they told us when we coom hame. Aw tell 'ee, lad, on fine night like this, wi' risin' moon an' all star like owerhead, we shouldna' forget th' bad nights. Nae. An' allus be ready. Iss."

When George's two hours were up, I broke Jim out of his bunk. He came on deck and took over. His first act was to kick the bait boxes to one side. He checked up on the compass course—west half nowthe—and studied the luff of the main and mizzen sails.

"Drat Jarje!" muttered Jim. "Will tha slack th' main sheet, lad, a wee bit? Aye, so. An' slack th' mizzen a bit. A gude mon, Jarje, but wi' th' savin' ways of a mon wi' his bower anchor to hame an' not aboard smack. Tell he to get marrit, Ah'll wager. No? Anither watch wi' Jarje an' tha'll hear it. He's been tellin' me for ten years noo. Marrit? Aw mind Auld Frank afore Jarje. 'Auld Jim,' says Frank, 'get marrit if it pleases 'ee, but tak' heed o' this. Tha'll niver be own master arter it, onless tha leaves the hame astarn an' holds thasel' to sea.' "

He stood there, a short stout figure with one hand gripping the carved rope's end of the tiller, the other hand inside the waist of his guernsey. He rarely looked away from the lighted compass box. Now and then I could hear him murmuring little bits of some kind—sea ballads they would be, of course; bits to lighten the solemn hours of the night while he held the *Venus* to her homebound course.

It stayed a fine night, with little clouds drifting southerly, shutting out the moon now, and again letting her shine through in full splendor. The sea was making just a bit, splashes of spray were coming aboard over the bow—little splashes only. Down to leeward a red light was showing, and up to windward a green light. Only those lights were visible on all the surrounding waters. A slim attendance for a vast auditorium.

"Tell Frankie to put on oil smock when tha wakes him," was Jim's order to me when his watch was up. "It be coomin' to breeze. Wind enou' afore auld *Venus* butts her nose past Spurn, tell Auld Frank."

Auld Frank took a whiff of the breeze and a look above and about when he emerged from the cabin. "Aye, Jim, thou'rt right. Fresh breeze comin'. Get 'ee below, Jim, an' hae mug o' tea arter tha watch an' bit sleep agen th' market day to coom. An' thou too, lad, get 'ee below an' hae mug o' tea wi' Jim, an' bit sleep."

I had a mug of tea and came back on deck. The wind was freshening and hauling. "Will tha slack a bit o' the main sheet, lad?" came the order then. "An' watch out, lad, watch out. Loose foot will slat thee if tha doon't watch out. A bit mair. Aye, gude. Mak' fast."

The wind stayed steady and Auld Frank stayed silent until a half-turn of his head showed him the sun coming up from under low clouds.

"Red sun, lad. Red like th' fire o' the cabin grate, iss. An' wind

coomin' wi' th' risin' of it. Fine breeze soon, lad. Take in log, will 'ee, lad, and see what says?"

I hauled the log. It said forty-three miles from where we had swung off for Grimsby.

"Three-an'-fowerty mile. That will mak'—let be noo—fowerty mile to Spurn Light. Coomin' down th' Humber, tha smiled—Aw saw thee—when Aw said auld *Venus* yince made eleven knots. What time noo by th' watch? Arter fower o'clock? Mak' note noo. Fower o'clock an' fowerty mile to Spurn."

The wind kept making. By five o'clock it was a fine fresh breeze, and by six a strong breeze, half a gale, but a pleasant half-gale. And there it stayed.

A touch of coolness was in it, and the sea was tossing spray over our windward bow. At times the skipper at the tiller was taking splashes of spray over his beard and smock, his sou'wester and sea boots. He would wring out his beard with his free hand. The old smack acted as if it were all to her liking. Any high-shouldered, white-collared gentleman who cared to come avisiting could come aboard and welcome. She was an ancient lady, no denying the marks of age on her, but in her time she had known some Nowthe Sea gentlemen who were really able, but these summertime gentry—poof!

Holding a sailing vessel tiller in a breeze is not so soft a job as holding a wheel. The skipper held the tiller hard against his thigh with never a slack grip, and all the while he was ducking his head to the flying spray, keeping a watchful eye to the compass and the luff of the sails.

Land showed ahead. Low land. "Haul log noo an' see what says, lad."

The log read seventy-seven miles.

"Seven-an'-seventy mile. That be seven-an'-thirty mile since tha hauled log afore. What time, lad, what time, since we hauled log afore?"

"Not quite four hours. A nine-and-a-half-knot clip. She can step some for her tonnage."

Auld Frank now took to reckoning the value of his catch.

"Sax-an'-twenty boxes o' whitin' an' ten of 'addicks. Twa-an'-twenty shillin's for whitin's, an' gude price for 'addicks too. An' a score o' fine cod. Did tha note the cod, lad? Grand-lookin' cod, iss. An' there be twa boxes o' sole an' plaice an' miscellaneous. An' th' great

turbot. A grand v'yage. There'll be summat gude to send hame to missis. An' Howie an' Bill will hae summat to add to their savin's. Jarje'll have gude news for the missis too."

"And Jim?"

"Auld Jim? Dost tha know Auld Jim's quarrel wi' me? Aw should be giein' auld *Venus* mair time in basin afore sailin'. Iss. It's so he will hae leisure to spend his share o' v'yage in pleasure ashore. Iss. But thirty year coom next Whitsuntide us been fishin' th' Nowthe Sea t'gither, an' grand hand Jim be to sea."

The half-gale was holding, and from knightheads to taffrail the *Venus* was soaking in brine. It was collecting in little pools in the hollow places of the worn old deck, draining off the hatch coaming, the fo'c'sle hatch, the cabin companionway. The foot of the mainsail was dripping with it.

The ancient ones were there on the pierhead to greet the *Venus* as Auld Frank shot her through the basin gate. "What cheer, old skipper?" came the salutation.

"What cheer, Tammie, what cheer!"

"Had good trip?"

"Middlin', Tammie, middlin'. Coom aroond arter th' fish be sold."

"Allus a thirsty soul, Tammie." That was from Auld Jim.

At the outer end of the pier, a silver-buttoned man called out: "Any sick?"

"Nae sick."

The skipper had eyes out for a man in high authority on the pontoon. "You'll hawl in alongside the *Drake,*" said that one.

The skipper laid the *Venus* to where she could rub her low, black-tarred wooden sides against the high iron sides of the steamer trawler *Drake.*

"All's well, mak' fast," said the skipper.

He let go the tiller, removed his black sou'wester, squeezed the brine from his black beard, and after a moment said—a bit wearily: "To port agen, auld *Venus.*"

I stood by while the crew of the *Venus* landed their fish on the stone quay. They had a better-than-average cargo, and the market prices were fair enough. A good trip, aye lad, a good trip.

I parted with Auld Frank and Jim in the pub of the long bar with the eight hefty-looking barmaids pumping ale behind it. They reviewed experiences of their early days in Fylie.

"Oh, aye, lad, Fylie!" Jim looked like a man about to ease his soul in song. But no song came from him. It was a sigh from deep down. "Fylie! Lasses and kisses. Ah-h-h!" He drained his fourth mug of ale.

I had garnished my descriptions of Gloucester fishing life for *Scribner's* with bits of verse. Why not do the same for my North Sea fishermen? After a night's sleep I sat down and essayed to write the song that Auld Jim might have sung thirty year next come Whitsuntide:

Aw kissed ma lass an' Aw said, "Gude-by,"
Aw kissed her fair—"Gude-by—gude-by."
An' says, "Sweetheart, Aw'm garn awye,"
Aw says to her, "Gude-by, gude-by."

On ma breast she cried, while Aw hove to,
"Whativer," says she, "is a lass to do
When her lad's awye? Aw've nowt but 'oo,
An' Aw've nae ither lad but 'oo."

An' she sets oot again to cry,
An' Aw 'gins again to kiss gude-by.
"Gude-by, gude-by, an' mind 'ee, sweet,
While Aw'm awye wi' th' Nowthe Sea fleet."
An' Aw kissed ma lass, a Fylie lass,
Aw kissed ma lass a sweet gude-by.

Chapter XII

THE STEAM TRAWLERS of Grimsby and Hull on the Humber River outnumbered the steam trawlers of all the other ports in the world together. Steam trawlers were strange craft to me, we having none sailing out of Gloucester or Boston, and I thought it a shame to be in Grimsby and not make a steam-trawler trip.

The *Venus* was still tied up to the steam trawler *Drake* in the basin. Auld Frank said good words of me to Johnny Douglass, skipper of the *Drake*. He was thirty-two years, slim, black-haired, soft-spoken, and friendly. He said he would be glad to take me for a fishing trip.

I told Burns I was doing no writing on the steamer-trawler trip, so he stayed ashore.

The *Drake* fished in shoaler water than the *Venus*. She arrived on a favorite spot, her crew dropped overboard a great wide open-mouthed bag which they called a trawl, dragged it along the bottom for three hours, hauled it aboard, emptied it on the deck, dropped it back overboard, and turned to at dressing the fish.

The men of the trawler weren't so chummy as the crew on the *Venus;* but they were a good-natured lot, and Captain Johnny Douglass was a genial soul. I spent most of my nights in the wheelhouse with him. His great hope was to save up enough money to buy out a shop—he knew just the shop in Birmingham—quit the sea, and wait on good paying customers ashore for the rest of his life.

I'd met hosts of mariners before him who were of that same mind about quitting the sea, only they were mostly for buying farms (and never buying them) when they quit the sea. Even Gloucestermen got that way. In later years, while the guest of a U. S. Navy captain, he never turned in of a night without giving me an earful of his intention to buy a farm the day after he retired. He knew just the farm.

A steamer crew did not have to work so hard as the crew of an all-sail vessel. Dressing fish and standing deck watch was pretty much all there was to the work of a steam trawler. There was, of course, the standing by in heavy weather; but in that heavy weather, there was the engine power to help out the ship. Put a steamer head or stern to sea, give her open water and steerage room, then let her lay—and there she should lay till the seas ran dry. Aboard that North Sea steam trawler I was learning—my inherited love for all-sail craft left me slow to admit, but there it was—sail was going, good as gone; and steam was coming. Soon our fishing fleets at home would have to be accepting England's lead in the matter.

Before leaving Grimsby I stayed with the family of a workman on the fish pier to see how they lived.

For our Arctic trip Burns and I took a steamer across the North Sea to Bergen in southern Norway. Here was a well-protected harbor, good anchorage, pleasant people, and rain aplenty. We were bound for the fishing port of Vardö, on the far northeastern coast of Norway, to the Siberian coast almost; but we were not racing to get there. We took a summer-tourist steamer out of Bergen, and her leisurely progress

suited us perfectly. It was in and out of fiords, with hamlets setting hard by the water's edge and high mountains reaching down to the back doors of the hamlets. Aalesund, Christiansund, Bodö, Trondhjem, Tromsö, Namsos, Narvik—we got to know them all, and where we felt like staying over, we stayed.

We stopped over at the Lofoten Islands, which were mostly patches of rock with a thin overlay of soil. Off here were Norway's principal fishing grounds; and here were men who knew what danger was: I was told of a hundred men of the Lofotens being lost in a single gale.

We put into Trondhjem, at the edge of the Arctic Circle, and stayed four days there. Our next stop was at Tromsö. It was the Fourth of July, and I celebrated the day by deciding to lunch ashore. Seeing no restaurant handy, I sat on the steps of a grocery store and made my lunch off a tin of English sweet biscuits and a half-kilo of raisins.

Out in the fiord were the three ships and four hundred dogs of an American North Pole hunter. The dogs could be heard a mile to leeward. The grocery store was to leeward.

I was still munching my biscuits and raisins when along came the American head of that North Pole expedition. We talked and parted. Burns asked me later what I thought of the Pole hunter. I answered: "I dunno, yet. I'd like to see more of him."

A fellow bumps into things if he keeps moving around. A year later, being again in Tromsö—I met my Pole hunter again. He had left the expedition and turned it over to the second in command, Anthony Fiala.

Fiala had been a bank clerk in Brooklyn before that. He carried on the expedition with credit, and after his return from the Arctic I came to know him. It was at a midnight lunch in New York, Fiala, Joshua Slocum, and myself sitting in together over a glass of beer and a cheese sandwich. Josh had put in three years sailing alone around the world in the sloop *Spray* and had then written a book about it. Old Josh was putting out to sea the morning after that midnight lunch with Fiala and me, and in that same sloop *Spray*. And where bound? Josh wasn't sure—he might stop off somewhere in the Caribbean.

Josh put out, again all alone, and was never heard of again.

In Norway I picked up quite a bit of first-hand information about North Pole hunters. With some of them it was a racket.

Burns was a cheery traveling companion. He had knocked about in his day, and he didn't mind roughing it; but the eternal midnight sun

was straining his patience. In hotels we usually drew a two-bedded room; and turning in nights he would look out, and always it was: "That blasted midnight sun!" He would then lower the double shades to the sill and roll into bed. The first thing in the morning he would hoist the shades, take a peek out, and then would come his roar: "That blasted, double-blasted midnight sun!" Euphemism there, Burns having no inhibitions concerning profanity. When it wasn't the sun it was the gray arctic weather.

After a week in Hammerfest, we took a local steamer that put passengers ashore at wherever they pleased on the northeastern coast. A ship's officer who spoke English made casual mention of a place that not even the guidebook tourists could name. No tourist place! Here was a break for us, a place worth looking into. We got off there.

Always before this, when a steamer pulled into a Norwegian port, there would be people aplenty down to the landing. Here there wasn't a soul. There was what looked like a little hotel atop of a hill. We shouldered our luggage and started up the hill.

A man stood up on the veranda of the little hotel and said—in English: "Welcome, gentlemen! Enter!"

It's a ten-room house, and we are the only guests. The other persons there are the man's wife and a robust maid-of-all-work.

We arrive in time for lunch. It is a good lunch; and at four o'clock our host serves tea and toast. There is a good dinner; and later, along about nine o'clock, the host breaks out a quart bottle of Copenhagen beer and begins playing a violin.

He plays for about an hour, and then we sit and talk until it is time to turn in. He is a Dane, he tells us, and he hopes we will enjoy our stay. Turning in that night, Burns and I agree that guests must be scarce at this place and we would be charged plenty for staying there.

At seven o'clock next morning the stout maid brings us coffee in bed. At eight we have breakfast—a good breakfast. And lunch, afternoon tea, dinner, the Copenhagen beer and the violin—we get it all over again. There are no trees, no gardens, no green grass to look at—only solid bare rocks and an unimpeded view of the Arctic Ocean. Now I could always stand looking at an ocean and Burns could always find something to sketch; but an eastbound local steamer was due in three days, and it was time we were getting along to Vardö. We ask for our bill. Our host makes out no bill, saying only: "It will be eight kroner each."

Eight kroner? Two dollars and sixteen cents a day for three meals and morning afternoon and evening extras, not to speak of the violin playing! Cheap enough, was our thought. But when we came to pay we were told that the two dollars and sixteen cents was for the entire three days. Seventy-two cents a day? Wasn't that a mistake? No, gentlemen, no.

"And looking like he's sorry to see us go! What kind of a hotel-keeper is he?" said Burns aboard the steamer. Hours later, the bright idea occurred to us that it might have been a man's home and not a hotel we had blundered into, and the Dane was too good a sportsman to undeceive us.

Vardö is away up in the northeast corner of Norway. It was the great fishing port of the Arctic Ocean, next to Grimsby in England of European ports. At this time—July—it was all midnight fishing; and every evening seven thousand men sailed into the Arctic for the fishing. They spoke of themselves as Finns, and the country thereabout as Finmarken. They were a husky lot, gentle-spoken and kindly. They used a long line like the North Sea English smacksmen: but the lines were stouter and the hooks were much larger.

The Salvation Army in Vardö kept a yawl-rigged sailing craft, the *Catherine Booth,* as a first-aid boat for fishermen in distress. Burns and I tried to charter her for a day. The Army people would not charter her, but they would let us have the use of her for a day, and there would be nothing to pay.

She was a roly-poly model, a solid block of wood, non-capsizable and unsinkable, practically a lifeboat. "Me for her," said Burns and went aboard. I chose to go in one of the usual fishing craft, one of the open models that date back a thousand years. They carried a single mast with a square sail amidships, loose stones in the bottom for ballast, and a high-reaching stem. The stems were carved in the shape of various creatures. Mine was a sea serpent.

My Viking boat with her crew of four men put out at nine o'clock. Hundreds of other boats were putting out at the same time. At twenty miles offshore we hove to and the crew paid out their baited long lines. For miles and miles on all sides the sea was close-marked with their yellow hulls—mostly yellow—and square sails of other Viking boats. Not a single power boat did I see among them. They caught mostly cod, and they were of a bigger sort than the North Sea cod.

Along about midnight the smooth sea began to roughen; and in that

open boat, and she no oversize, I had a trying time of it. I had let them know that I had fished out of Gloucester. They had heard of Gloucester? Oh yes, they had heard. And so for me to allow myself to go seasick now would be to lower the prestige of Gloucester. I had a tough time of it living up to the seagoing reputation I had talked of myself.

We fished all night under the midnight sun and headed back for Vardö in the late morning. Our crew sold their fish, then turned into bunks on the wharf. The young and old of the fishermen's families then came down to the wharf, overhauled the fishing gear, and baited the hooks.

Burns turned up with a report of his night in his Salvation Army boat. Of all the damn boats for pitching and rolling she was the champion! Did I notice the round shape of her! She couldn't capsize and she couldn't sink; but she could've capsized and sunk for all he cared. He had put in most of that night on his back in the cabin. He was passing her up for any further cruising; but it was a fine cause she was for—we contributed five sovereigns to the cause.

There was an ancient fort in Vardö, and two armed sentries were posted outside of it. They were half asleep when we came along to look it over. I had a pocket camera with me, given me by *Scribner's,* with rolls and rolls of films, and I had been snapshotting people and things along the way. An embrasure in the old fort fascinated Burns, and he asked me to snapshot it, meaning to use the print later for a study.

I shot the embrasure, and I was snapping an ancient-looking cannon on my own account, when in rushed the armed sentries, who, we thought, were taking a nap outside. They seized the camera, placed me between them, and marched me to their headquarters. Nobody there could talk English, and all I knew of Norwegian was what I had been gouging out of one of those Norwegian-as-she-is-spoke books for the tourist trade. Most of the words I knew so far had to do with hotel room rates and names of things to eat. So there I was under arrest, and wondering what next, when Burns said, "I got it. Wait!" and out he ran. He came back with a man we had picked up in Hammerfest and hired as our interpreter and paid him three dollars a day until we left him for that little port where that good Dane lived.

He was a Norwegian who had lived fifteen years in the United States, and made his living peddling the Bible and *The Life of William*

J. Bryan. He lived in Vardö and he explained who we were to the topside military officer and what we were doing in the Arctic. I was released, but my camera roll was confiscated. I asked for the reason of my arrest—surely that ancient fort contained no military secrets.

The officer said no military secrets, no, but Russia had long coveted seaports open to the Atlantic Ocean in wintertime. She had greedy eyes for the Scandinavian peninsula, her spies had been traveling through Finmarken regularly. "You are red-haired and of fair complexion like the Russians of the north. The sentries mistook you for a Russian spy."

"Taken for a Russian!" said Burns. "What a something to tell your Irish forebears!"

We had a look-in on Laplanders, the reindeer Lapps inland. They were living in sod houses. The families were sleeping at one end of the big room, the reindeer at the other end. In wintertime, they told us, the reindeer moved in to the family end. The heat of their bodies kept the family warm on winter nights.

We came back by steamer to Trondhjem. Here Burns was for taking a steamer to Bergen, crossing over to England, meeting me in Hamburg for our look into the German fishing in the Baltic Sea. We named a day to meet in Hamburg.

I bought transportation and a sleeper ticket to Christiania (Oslo now). The train pulled out, and the conductor came along to collect tickets. I had my sleeper ticket, but I couldn't find my transportation ticket. All along the road I had been meeting friendly souls; the conductor was another such, and he spoke English. He told me not to worry over the lost ticket.

Arrived at a railway junction in the morning, my conductor escorted me to the conductor of the connecting train. That conductor delivered me in Christiania without my having to pay out another penny; nor did I have to give him, or the first conductor, so much as a cigar. I liked the Norwegians for their independent ways and a wish to please without servility.

What I clearly remember of Christiania was having to pay for a bath that I never had. The hotel custom—Grand Hotel—was to charge a bath against the number of the room, not the name of the occupant; and the last thing the occupant of my room before me did was to take a bath. Somebody had to pay for that bath, and I was the somebody.

Another memory of Christiania is of Henrik Ibsen seated in a spacious chair in the lobby of the hotel. I looked him over with interest, having read several of his plays. There he sat with a whisky and soda and discoursing of things to a half-circle of admirers. He disappointed me. For a man who wrote such pessimistic plays he should have been sadder-looking.

I passed through Gothenburg while the residents were in a dither over a municipal regulation limiting their intake of liquor. I could have told them not to worry about that. When I lived in Savannah the authorities were limiting the inhabitants to a quota of two quarts of hard liquor per person per month. The capacious drinkers there found no fault; not while they were also allowed the unused quotas of the neighborly ones of lesser capacity to draw on.

I moved on to Copenhagen. I liked the city and the people. A clean, handsome city; and harbor and the ships to anchor there was a noble prospect. I stayed a week there and wandered all over the place. I noticed again what I had noticed in European cities before this—i.e., purveyors to people's pleasure were more enterprising than in the United States.

There was an amusement park in Copenhagen, the Tivoli, that had everything a decent populace could require for an evening's entertainment. It was a wonder of a place. I spent a hatful of kroner there. And there were the theaters with the shelves on the backs of the seats next in front. The ushers would bring a fellow a cup of coffee or a glass of beer and a sandwich, and there was the shelf to rest it on and drink and eat at leisure.

I moved on to Hamburg. There was a surprise. On my school map Hamburg was marked by a little black dot, indicating a small port. London and Liverpool were dots with a circle around them, which meant they were important; and I had seen for myself what great ports they were. Copenhagen, Marseilles, Genoa were also important ports in my school geographies.

I was now seeing for myself that Hamburg had grown to be a great port. Here was no spacious natural harbor. The city was miles up the Elbe River, and it was no great river, but the Germans had made that river to serve their commerce even as the English shippers had made the not large Mersey and the Thames to serve their commerce.

Rows of piles had been driven in the Elbe River and made use of as piers. Rows and rows of ships, great steamers some, were tied up

to those piers. Capacious warehouses were holding the bonded goods of merchants in foreign commerce.

I put in two weeks knocking about Hamburg. On my second day I took a metered taxi, which was also something new to me, for a look through the residential quarters of the city. We passed many expensive residences. I drew on what I could summon of my German to question the cabman. Who lived in that fine residence? The Herr So-and-so lived there. And his business? A shipping merchant. And in this grand house? Herr So-and-so. And his business? He has to do with foreign commerce. And this one? And that one? So many big house owners having to do with shipping and foreign commerce was a revelation to me. I recalled gossip on the water fronts of London and Liverpool. The English and German battle for foreign commerce gave me something to think about.

The great steamship man of Germany, the steamship man of all the world, was Herr Albert Ballin, leader, among other activities, in shipping Continental emigrants to the United States. I asked the linguistic field marshal at the front door of my hotel for Herr Ballin's address. He gave me the address, added that he was the most difficult man in Germany to see. So great a man was he? Oh! He was the friend and companion of the Kaiser; and so on and so on. An unapproachable man, yes.

I went to Herr Ballin's office address, gave my name to a young fellow in an outer office, added that I was an American magazine writer and one of my reasons for being in Hamburg was to see Herr Ballin. He repeated my name, disappeared, returned—all within half a minute—and said: "Herr Ballin will see you."

Ballin stood up from his bare flat desk, motioned me to a chair, and waited for me to talk. I presented my *Scribner's* credentials and told him that I would like to be allowed to visit his company's control station at Eydtkuhnen on the Russian frontier and observe how the American-bound emigrants were handled by his company.

"It can be arranged," he said almost immediately, then shifted the talk to other things. He asked me about London and Liverpool shipping. I told him what I thought. He also told me of things when I questioned him. On leaving him, he assured me that everything at Eydtkuhnen would be thrown wide open to me.

Chapter XIII

EYDTKUHNEN was on the Russian border up towards St. Petersburg (Leningrad) way. I took a night train for Berlin, put in two days there, took a night train from Berlin for Eydtkuhnen. I had sent no word ahead, but when I stepped off the train in Eydtkuhnen next morning there was the manager of the steamship company, Herr Greunman, to meet me. He offered to put me up, for which I thanked him, and added that I would be putting up at a hotel.

That afternoon a boxcar train of emigrants pulled into Eydtkuhnen from Russia. Men and women, most of them troubled-looking, peered out of the little windows of the boxcars.

The car doors are unlocked, a guttural guard herauses them out, and they scramble down onto the platform with boxes, bundles, and babies dragged below and carried aloft. Holding onto their goods and babies, they wait for further orders. It has been so since boarding the train back in their homeland—always they must wait until one in authority tells them what next to do.

A man in a green coat with epaulets and many buttons, red stripes down the seams of his pants, and a cap with his official rating in white metal letters, shouts, *"Auswanderer, Auswanderer!"*—and leads them to Herr Greunman, a large man of kindly aspect, goes among them, asks a question here, another there, and finally gives them in charge of a little old chap with a crabapple face, who leads them to the steamship company's lodginghouse. It is a two-story house with well-scrubbed floors, separate rooms for men and women. The bunks are two-high and stretched along in rows and divided one from the other by iron piping. The mattresses and blankets look clean.

In the yard is a pump where the women may draw fresh water and wash the babies' clothes—and the babies too; and against the yard walls are benches where the men may sit and smoke and talk of things to come in the pleasant sunlight.

Next day, at mid-forenoon, comes again the little old man with the crabapple face. He counts the emigrants, marches them with their

bags and bundles and babies through the streets of Eydtkuhnen to the control station, which is made up of several buildings with a surrounding high wooden fence. Some of the emigrants look fearfully back at the fence gate when it closes behind them.

They file down a long boardwalk and into the last building of all. Here they meet a Herr Doktor, who will examine them for any forbidden infirmities and say which of them may go on to Hamburg and which must go back to Russia.

The Herr Doktor looks them over collectively, orders them to remove their caps and open up their shirts. Suddenly he points his finger at a young man on his right.

The young fellow is obviously frightened; and no surprise that he is. He is on his way, he hopes, to a country where he can breathe freer air or make a better living—one or the other it has to be—and here now is this severe-looking strange official who may find something wrong with his hair, his eyes, or with some inside part of him. He has never before been examined by a doctor, and for himself he cannot say about these things. The money for his passage (Herr Greunman is whispering this to me) has come from America. Possibly all the relatives for whom he cares are already there.

And so he faces the Herr Doktor, while thirty-nine others fix distressful eyes upon him. As he is served, so too will they be served. The young fellow moves forward, draws a deep breath, and stands rigid before the Herr Doktor.

The doctor draws the young fellow's head to him, rolls back the lids of his eyes, rolls the head right and left to the strong light. The young fellow trembles. The doctor lets go, steps back, purses his lips, frowns. The young fellow's shoulders droop, his chest flattens, but he squares his shoulders again, rounds out his chest when the doctor's hand reaches for him, now to tap him over the breast, again to lay the ears of an instrument to his breast and listen to what is going on inside of him. The doctor examines his hair, motions him to move on. The room ripples with freer breathing. As it has been with him, so it may be with them.

There were rejections that morning. Tragic rejections. There was the old woman who had come with her married daughter and the daughter's two children. The daughter's husband had sent their passage money from America, and they had been ecstatically happy in the

lodginghouse. Three more days would see them on the great steamship. And then? It would be only a few days to America then!

But the old woman had a disease of the eyes. Did she not know it? Know? How should she know? In her village there was no doctor—how should she know? Sickness of the eyes? She put the tips of her fingers to the sick eyes. Her eyes? She had seen to sew with them all her life. She had seen to make all the clothes for all the babies with those eyes. Only the last night at home she had finished the dress the littlest baby was even now wearing. Oh, the little baby! So Herr Greunman was interpreting to me.

The Herr Doktor wasn't feeling too good while she so talked to him; but there it was, no changing the law for her. The rejection had to hold.

There were a young man and a girl, she talking bravely to him as they sat by each other, she atop of a green box and he on a bundle of bedding. They cared greatly for each other, but that day was to see their parting.

There was a middle-aged man sitting in a corner by himself with a bundle and a boy beside him. He was a strong one, he had been saving for years from his own earnings to get enough to pay his passage to America. But the long-time savings were of no use now. He would have to go back and live out his life in hard Russia, not in beautiful America. What for now the nights and days of pleasure he had put aside to save the money for his passage to America? Why hadn't somebody told him? He and the boy sat there alone, except for their thoughts, and they might as well have spoken their thoughts, they showed so plainly. Soon now a train would be leaving for Russia, and he would be shouldering his bundles and taking that train back to the harsh life he had been planning, for oh so long, to leave behind him.

A little river, not much more than a creek, separated Russia and Germany at Eydtkuhnen, and across the little river stretched a wooden bridge, with a sentry and a black-and-white-striped sentry box on the German side of the bridge. Armed soldiers patrolled the Russian side of the little river. They were there to see that no fellow countrymen escaped into Germany. No guards patrolled the German side of the river, because in that day nobody in Germany was wanting to escape into Russia. Despite the frontier guards, Russian men and women were entering Eydtkuhnen and taking passage to Hamburg.

An interpreter in the control station was a Russian, and four times

each day, morning, evening, and coming and going in his lunch hour, he crossed the little frontier bridge and had his passport stamped by the soldier at the sentry box. He had been crossing that bridge for years, and when there was no more white space on his passport he would be given a new one. The Russian clerk had lived several years in New York and spoke good English, which made him useful to the steamship people. I got to know this clerk pretty well; likewise the soldiers posted in the sentry box on the German side of the bridge, so they allowed me to cross over into Russia regularly, and after the second day they did not bother to stamp my passport.

I did not go deep into Russia, only just across the border; but I got to know something of Russian people. I had learned something of Russian people while in Athens for the Olympic games; that is, the members of the nobility, high-ranking officers of the Army and Navy, people of station socially. They were all fine people. The people on this Russian border were of no rank or station, but they were good people too. The high-placed people I met in Athens weren't much for religion. They were not anti-religious, no—they were rather indifferent in the practice of it. But the Christians living across the border from Eydtkuhnen were strong for their religion. I learned in Eydtkuhnen that multitudes of Christian Russians of every generation for centuries back never considered they had lived a complete life unless they had journeyed to Bethlehem. Tens of thousands of Russians annually made the long trek from the steppes, through the Caucasus country, around the Caspian Sea, and through Persia and on to the shrine that marked where the Christ Child was born. They died content after that.

Meeting those Russian border people of forty years ago taught me something that has to do with the Russian fighting of this World War II of today; but that is for a postwar record.

After the Herr Doktor's inspection, the emigrants were given a hot bath and their clothes a thorough steaming. Bodies and clothes had full need of what was given them.

After two weeks in Eydtkuhnen, I decided to shove off for Hamburg with a trainload of emigrants. I bought a first-class ticket in case the emigrant cars were shunted to one side somewhere along the road and I would feel like speeding up my journey.

We left Eydtkuhnen in the early evening, but it was summertime and good light till up to ten o'clock. We stopped at pretty nearly every station along the road, but nobody was allowed to leave our little box-

cars during that first night. We were locked in, although not forgotten. Whenever the train would stop for longer than three minutes our car door would be unlocked, a man in uniform would stick his head in, look around as if counting us, lock the door and leave us. When dark night came on he held a lantern high to look us over.

For seats we had two narrow benches lengthwise against the sides of the car. Men, women, and babies were in the car, and when one could no longer stay awake, he—or she—would curl up on the benches —if he or she could find room—and try to sleep. Those who could find no bench space turned in on the floor. There was little sleeping among them. They had all had a long sleep in the control station the night before, and they were now truly on their way to America and too excited to sleep soundly. The babies slept, and mostly quietly.

Standing up and holding my feet while the train rolled around the turns in the track was like balancing myself on the deck of a sailing vessel at sea. There was a fat-bellied stove in the middle of the car with a wide flange around it midway. There was no fire in the stove, and when I grew weary of standing, I sat on the flange of the stove, what part of me could find room on it.

It was good to see the morning light, and a relief when at the next station the emigrants were allowed to leave the car and make use of the toilet facilities in the station. There were none such in the boxcars. It was good, too, to be allowed to get under the station pump. It had been a warm night, and no water in their cars; so now they washed hands and faces, let the cool clean water stream over neck and chest; and they drank it till they could hold no more. Oh, but it was good, they shouted to each other, and those who had empty bottles held them under the pump until the water spouted from the necks with the fullness.

Back in the cars, came breakfast, but no fine breakfast as in the control station. No. A breakfast of what they carried in their packs. No samovar now, no hot water for the fine hot tea. And no coffee. Some men consoled themselves with a swallow of brandy.

There were two small windows in each side of the boxcars, and later in the day station boys came to the windows with trays of foaming beer. And it was very fine beer, that beer, said those who could afford it.

It was a long hot day on the road through the fertile fields of North Germany. Women were working side by side with the men in the fields.

At one station our boxcars were hooked on behind a string of first- and second-class coaches. At every station thereafter men and women would rush from the train to the platform to greet and be greeted by other men and women. There would be laughter, loud shouts, embracings; and sometimes a baby was held up to be kissed. But that wasn't for the far wanderers in the little boxcars. They stayed locked in; which did not mean that no notice at all was taken of us. No, no. People did come to our end of the train and stand and stare; and read and reread the placards on the side of the boxcars. *Russische Auswanderer* it said in big black letters on the placards. People spelled out the two words and repeated them, sometimes shouted them to each other, and then stared curiously up at the faces looking out from the boxcar windows. And some smiled in a friendly way, and some broke into jeering laughter.

In the late afternoon the train entered the outskirts of Berlin. Our emigrants had heard of Berlin. It was the great city of the great German Empire, as St. Petersburg was of mighty Russia. Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Moscow, London, Paris—they knew them for the great cities of the world. And the New York City they were going to! One who spoke German asked me if it was true that it was even larger than Berlin or St. Petersburg or Moscow.

The boxcars were shunted to one side in Berlin and held there to wait for a load of emigrants from Poland, from Austria, from southern Russia. After several hours there was much bumping of our cars. The other far wanderers had arrived, the train was now on its way, and there were to be no more stops or opening of car doors until we reached Hamburg.

Again they slept, or tried to sleep, curled up on the benches or under the benches or sprawling on the open spaces of the floor. Two had their heads under the stove. To stay asleep on the benches was quite a trick. As wide as a man's hand spread the benches were, no wider; and there were the marvelous ones who, having commandeered a three-foot section of a bench, managed to stay aboard. That is, for a time. The great test was the train's turning a sharp curve. The lurching train always hove two or three onto the floor.

Some stayed awake all night, inquiring of the American what time now, and reckoning how much longer to morning after each inquiry. Yet it was only—they were so weary—only when the guard stuck his head in the door and shouted Hamburg, Hamburg! that they stirred

themselves. It was only when they came into sight of the water front that they all came wide awake. And when the train stopped for the last time, and they found themselves marching to the Auswanderer Hallen—ahh!

It was another collection of buildings, this Hallen, with a high fence all around as at Eydtkuhnen, but so many more buildings here! And larger buildings! And so much attention paid to them here! Stout young porters were standing by to aid those who could not carry all their bundles in one load. There were many such among the overwearied elderly women.

In the waiting room of the Hallen were many benches, comfortable benches with backs to lean against; and the notices on the walls were in Russian as well as German, and truly that was a great convenience, because of the many strange things to do here.

A sharp-eyed and surprisingly agile little old man came hopping in and out among the emigrants, asking questions of everybody and taking trouble to put them in the right way of what to do. Like a clicking mill wheel he was, so snappy and quick, but he was kind to the women and children, taking much trouble to put them in the right way of things. He it was who led them to the room with many desks, behind which were men who asked so many questions and wrote the answers on large sheets of paper. Such foolish questions, so many of them! But of course one had to answer.

More hot baths were here, though not for those who had come from Eydtkuhnen. No, not for them, God be praised; also no disinfecting steam for their clothes and bundles. But for those who came from where no control station was—yes. And a Herr Doktor again for the examination of the hair and eyes of such ones.

There was comfort in this great Hallen. Such high rooms with clean cement floors, and porcelain basins to wash the face in—surely, the great people in the grand homes in Russia could have no better! And for those who had money, there was Hotel Nord and Hotel Sud, one for the men and the other for the women. And for two marks—one ruble—there was a bed in a room where only three other beds were, and they could sit in a wide hall, where hot faces could be cooled by the pleasant breezes that came through the wide-open windows on one side and out the wide-open windows on the other side.

And there were the shops where things could be bought cheaply; a shop for women's things, a shop for men's things, and outside each

shop was a tall board which said what goods could be bought inside—shirts, shoes, stockings, corsets, gloves, bonnets, parasols, and other things, such things as a woman would need to be looking her best when the long travel would be ended and she would be meeting her friends in America. If she had the money, of course. For the men, it was the tall board with paintings of shirts, waistcoats, suspenders, shoes, hats—such fine round hard hats—black and white hats.

And when it was time to eat, there was the kitchen for Jews, and the kitchen for Christians, and separate eating places for each. And for worship, there was the synagogue for the Jew, for the Catholic the chapel with the cross, and for the Protestants also a church. In the Protestant church there was a special place for the German Emperor when it pleased him to visit and say a prayer here.

For the outdoor ones there was a garden, where benches with the comforting backs were set along the paths, where the men might sit and smoke and talk of the Russia they had left behind. Also of the America they were to see soon, God willing. And there the women could sit and talk and sew, or watch the children at their play, or fold their hands and close their eyes and pay attention to nothing whatever if it so pleased them.

That night they slept in rooms, and not in bunks that were side by side in rows and tiers and one bunk above another as in Eydtkuhnen. No, no. Here was space enough around each bed for undressing in comfort, if one wished to undress and not sleep in clothes again. And for all this, one mark and sixty pennies—less than one ruble. And if one had not the money? Well, if he was a Jew, there was a committee of rich Jews in Hamburg who paid it for him. And for those who were not Jews and wanted all the comforts—well, it was paid for in some mysterious way.

Next morning the emigrants were told to get ready to leave for the steamer. There was the announcement that set them buzzing! Hurriedly, feverishly they assembled their bundles and their babies. The Hallen band played all lively music while they gathered their belongings. The music was a kind that had the old ones, even the lame ones, marching in quick time. There was a wagon with two strong horses to take along the heavier bundles. It was good of the company, but some there were who preferred to hold their bundles safe on their own backs, taking no chances of losing them now when they were so near to the steamer.

They were marched over a bridge and aboard what they thought was a great ship, until they were told it was only a little ship, the tender that would take them to the real big ship farther down the river. Among them were many who had never seen a ship of any kind before; and hardly one among them had ever seen an ocean-going steamer. They had seen pictures of them, yes. And when they saw them now! Such monsters! As high as the roof of a high synagogue or a church steeple; and long as a village street at home. And such chimneys out of them! Surely no waves of the ocean could sink such ships! But some had been sunk! So? What storms there must be on the ocean!

They passed many great ships in the river; but arriving alongside their own ship, they were pleased to see that no ship was larger than theirs. They had to look straight up in the air to see all of her from the tender.

There was much shouting now and churning of the tender propellers, and throwing of ropes, and marching over a gangplank to the deck of their great ship. Two men were counting them like jumping sheep as they made the great ship's deck. It was down an iron ladder next, and another iron ladder, and into great rooms, the men into one, the women into another, where were tiers and rows of bunks set close together.

They dropped their bundles and boxes and sat thankfully on them and heaved sighs all around. And soon they gave ear to the music that was floating down to them from above. A melody that came to them was one that they were to hear often enough later. It was "The Star-Spangled Banner." They did not know what it was then. Later, they would know.

And there I left them and took the tender back to Hamburg to pick up Burns and go on to the Baltic Sea fishing.

Chapter XIV

I WAS STOPPING at the Hotel Streit on the Jungfernstieg in Hamburg. Across the street from the hotel, and overlooking the Alster

Basin, was a little eating pavilion. Burns and I had agreed to meet in that pavilion at nine o'clock in the morning of such a day. A German tourist we met in Hammerfest had told us about the pavilion.

At one minute to nine of the such a day I am sitting in that little pavilion, ordering breakfast and practicing what German I recalled from my time at Harvard. I *am having zwei* eggen, drei minuten gecooked mit bacon, bitte. Kennen sie der bacon, kellner? Ja! Ja? Goot! Also I am for klasse mit sugar-crusted rolls.

There I am and the clock in the pavilion tower is striking. Ein, zwei, drei . . . At the ninth stroke of the bell, comrade Burns—Phineas Fogg himself—is stepping from a cab at the curb. "Order the same for me, whatever it is," says Burns. "And what next?"

We took a train for Berlin, changed to a train for the shipbuilding city of Stettin on the Oder River, boarded a steamer for Swinemünde on the Baltic Sea.

I had heard of Swinemünde as a fishing port; but arriving there we find that here is also a summer resort for highborn people. At dinner in our hotel Burns nudges me. "Class here. Look! They use two forks to eat fish. No knife." We slyly observed how the highborn ones handled their two forks, and we did likewise, and finished our fish portion without disgrace to our country.

The dark water of the Oder River was mingling with the white surf of the beach midway of the water front of Swinemünde. On the west side of the river mouth was a medieval-looking lighthouse, and on the east side was a long stone jetty.

It was still July, and while the light of the long evening held, the summer guests promenaded the beach and the jetty pier in opposite columns, and shouted "Wie gehts" to each other in passing.

Burns and I spent our next day getting oriented and talking to fishermen. Sixty sloop-rigged craft comprised the fishing fleet, and at this time the fishermen were going in mostly for flounder fishing. On our second morning, a perfect summer morning with the sun just rising, we sailed into the Baltic with the flounder fleet. We took separate sloops. From the river as we sailed out, reveille was sounding for the barracks up the river. On a tree-lined road near the jetty, a platoon of soldiers were swinging along in column of fours; and each soldier was hugging a long loaf of bread to his side, and giving lusty voice to one of those lyrics that were indubitably written to be sung only by bodies of marching men; and by soldiers particularly, and more par-

ticularly by soldiers with guttural voices—that is, by German soldiers.

From my sloop I took notice of a tall magnificent lighthouse at Ost-Haven upriver, the finest lighthouse in all Germany, I had been told. Why the half-masted flag I asked my skipper, and he answered indifferently that the flag was for the death of the Empress Dowager. Der Kaiser's mutter, ja. Her death was patently of no concern to him. Minute guns were booming from the barracks up the river; but my skipper wasn't even cocking his ear to them. The best I got from him was: she was an old woman who now was gone, and why talk about her now?

Now by all the history I had read, Germany and England had been two most friendly nations, and here was a German fisherman gone cold to the death of a daughter of Queen Victoria. I now recalled rumblings here and there in England against Germany. The minute guns gave me something to think about, sailing into the Baltic Sea on that July morning.

My sloop had won first place in the last regatta of the Swinemünde fishing fleet, which was one reason why I chose her for my trip into the Baltic; but nowhere out of the Baltic Sea would she have been marked for her racing lines. She was after flounders, and she was shaped like a flounder—that is, a flounder swimming flat, being broad and shoal, and carrying her greatest beam well forward. For her sailing rig, she sported mainsail, club topsail, stem staysail, and jib; and all sails were tanned a dull gold-brown. Viewed from our own deck, our sails were brown sails—no more; but those same sails on our distant consorts were well worth looking at. Like sails of gold they were where they got between us and the sun. Picturesque, yes, and even beautiful.

In a cubbyhole in the bow were two bunks, a small stove, and space on the floor for two men to sit down. Aft was a galley with a midget cooking stove, sitting room for three men, and locker room for stores and sea clothes. A 30-by-18-inch hatch opened into the galley from the deck; and the skipper stood to his hips in this hatchway while he steered the sloop.

Minna was the sloop's name, and a buxom *Minna* she was, fourteen feet beam to thirty-six feet of length. Her entire midship section was a well wherein the fish were to be placed and kept alive until brought to market.

After standing leisurely abreast of the land for an hour, we wore

offshore. Sixty other fishing sloops were doing the same thing; and even as the *Minna,* no other was in a hurry. The sloops fished in pairs. We took the topsail off the *Minna,* and so slowed her down, and with a luff every now and then we held within hail of the slow-sailing *Friedrich,* our consort. Burns was on the *Friedrich.*

The fishing scheme of the flounder fleet was to stretch a net between two boats and drag the net along the bottom while the two boats sailed on parallel courses.

Our crew consisted of the skipper and a boy August—pronounced Owgust. At eleven o'clock the skipper ordered Owgust to stand by to haul the net. The two sloops closed in, and the two crews pursed in the net. The net was now a bag with the fish inside the bag.

The fish were bailed into our well; and there they swam contentedly. Only the midship deck strip between the well and the rail was wetted in the transfer of the fish. We drop the net back overboard. It is the most leisurely fishing, probably, in all the world. There is time aplenty for chatter between net haulings.

Our skipper, name of Charlie, pronounced Sharlie, had made numerous trips to England in his teens and a few voyages to America in his early twenties; and he hadn't forgotten all his English. For two summers he had been mate of the fastest schooner yacht in all North Europe. An English yacht. "I was mate," said Sharlie. "We win at Kiel ten races. At Copenhagen we win seven races, at Christiania three races, five races in Stockholm. I get for prize money 500 marks one time, 400 marks, 200 marks, and so like that. Eferywhere we go we haff goot times. Like you say in New York we haff hellufatime. Racing is ofer for year, I come to Homburg for good time one day and one night I say, unt den I will go home to fader and mudder in Stettin. I haff 2500 marks when I arrife in Homburg. I stay one week in Homburg. I haff 300 marks when I am home. I say to my fader how I haf behafe in Homburg. He say: 'Give up racing—not goot for you. Go fishing, safe money, buy boat, get married and stay here in Stettin.' I say who will I marry, and he say there is much goot girls. I say, 'Fader, in England I know goot girl. She is the dockship man's daughter. She look out from window and say, "Hello, young sailorman." I say, "Hello, English girl." I like dat girl, Fader. I haf letter here from dat girl.' My fader say nefer mind English girl. She forget you. I say, 'No, Fader.' He say, 'Yes, Sharlie.' "

Sharlie looked across to his consort, waved a steering order. Then:

"My brudder iss married unt I go to my brudder's wedding. My brudder's bride haf pretty sister. One more month we marry."

Sharlie was fair-haired, twenty-eight, compact, muscular, and quick-moving when need be. Owgust was short and stocky, slow to get an order, but a sure executive after he caught the idea. At a sign from Sharlie, Owgust disappeared into the galley, emerged with a big pot of coffee and a long loaf of dark bread. I had brought along a round cheese and a good ration of sliced ham. Owgust was no chef, and the coffee was so-so; but the bread and cheese and ham were what such things should be; and in that setting—smooth sea, clear blue sky, and a gently fanning breeze—sailing the placid Baltic on that tranquil summer morning, that meal was a meal to relish.

And what a change, I thought, from the American offshore bank trawling with decks running brine and gurry; or the long-line fishing in the choppy North Sea in smacks that smelt of tar and bilge water; or the cod fishing off Norway's Arctic coast in open boats with sea water slushing to our shoetops in the bottom of the boat!

"It was goot luck for me, my marriage," continued Sharlie. "I buy this fishing sloop, and name her after my wife Minna. I pay Owgust fifteen marks a month. Next year I will be giffing Owgust twenty marks. I give Owgust also his meals and he sleeps on the *Minna.* Owgust haff no expenses only his sea boots. He is foolish about sea boots. Fourteen marks he pays for his sea boots. They are goot boots, yes. Fine boots. No boy in the flounder fleet has such sea boots. Nein."

Sharlie paused to wave the *Friedrich* to swing off a bit. "I make some weeks 200 marks, some weeks 100 marks, some weeks noddings," said Sharlie. "We do not fish in bad weather, and so it is not often we loose men in the flounder fleet. This year we loose one man. He steps from boat to shore one night, but he step not far enough and fall oferboard. He iss yoost come from a wedding.

"Never any storms in the Baltic Sea? Oh ja! But not like in the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. No, no." Sharlie continued: "In the whole year I do ferry well. Better than racing, ja, but not so much money at one time. It iss bad, racing. Men forget home sometimes. And my wife? She iss a good woman, my Minna. Unt my boy? Ach, my boy! In summertime Minna and the boy stay on my fader's farm in Usedom. Efery Saturday night I go home to Usedom."

That first meal of cheese, cold meat, and coffee was our breakfast.

Three hours later—two o'clock—it was time for dinner. Sharlie

selected six large fat flounders—the fattest—from the first haul. Three of these he passed to the *Friedrich*. Our three he dressed amidship, holding the flounders over the side so that the deck would be kept clean and dry. I was given the tiller, and Owgust stoked the galley fire while Sharlie dressed the fish.

In good time the flounders were fried a warm brown, and there was bread and butter and sausages! Also boiled potatoes from Sharlie's father's farm, a large bottle of some yellow wine. German wine, ja. Two marks a liter it cost, and a good bargain, said Sharlie, filling two coffee mugs for himself and me and half a mug for Owgust.

All this while, we were sailing to a light breeze on a placid sea. It was a warm caressing breeze, and there wasn't so much as a hand-sized cloud between us and the blue sky. There was the usual hazy horizon of a warm summer day; and against that horizon shoreward, when we bothered to look, a surf was rolling up on the level bathing beach. What we couldn't see, but which we knew to be there, were the afternoon promenaders on the jetties; also at that time of day, if the wind was in the south, which it wasn't, we would be hearing a band pounding out tuneful music. But we couldn't have everything; the wind was in the west.

Sharlie sat up and had a look around. He stood up, took the tiller from Owgust, motioned him to go forward and stand by the anchor; which meant that it was time to haul the net once more.

This haul was not so good—only four tubs, and they were mostly small fish, and it was then five o'clock by the sun. Sharlie and the *Friedrich's* skipper then decided to head for home, and take a quick drag for eels on the way in

Eels are no sluggish fish. Dragging for them called for more speed than for flounders; so we shook out the reef in the *Minna's* mainsails, put the yard topsail on her—the *Friedrich* the same—and let go the net when Sharlie picked what he thought was a good spot.

In an hour and a half we hauled the net. A single eel was in the net, and half a tub of flounders; the flounders were so small that Sharlie dumped them back into the sea.

It was still early evening. The *Minna* and her consort sailed past the white froth of the beach into the dark scum of the river mouth, past the ancient little lighthouse, the stone jetty, past the brick walls of the fort, past the half-masted flag of the tall lighthouse and the merry-go-round just beyond.

The *Minna* tied up; and the fish buyers arrived. There was a man who produced a long bottle of schnapps, from which Sharlie and old Fred, the *Friedrich's* skipper, took a good pull. There was a woman buyer, a shrewd-looking woman, who proffered a smile and a joke to offset the influence of the schnapps.

The man offered three marks fifty pfennigs per tub, the woman three seventy-five, the man four marks. Sharlie, a gallant man, looked at the woman, but she shook her head. We bailed out fourteen tubs of salable-sized flounders to the four-mark bidder.

Twenty-eight marks—seven American dollars in that day—were paid over to Sharlie and old Fred. It was a good day's fishing; and Sharlie and old Fred were in the mood for a promenade on the jetty.

But Owgust and Fred's boy stayed aboard the *Minna* to mend her torn net. They kept at it, working fast, till they completed their mending. By that time it was too late to join the parade on the jetty. It was also dark by then, the merry-go-round was silent, the soldiers tucked away in barracks, the river steamers no longer lit up, the promenaders gone; so the two boys stretched out on the after deck of the *Minna* until Sharlie and old Fred returned. Sharlie inspected the repaired net by the light of a lantern. "Goot," said Sharlie, and shooed the boys to bed, explaining to Burns and myself that even before that bugler in the fort blew first morning call they would all have to be up again.

Chapter XV

An editor I came to know and like was F. A. Duneka of *Harper's Magazine*. He had been reading my fiction and European articles in *Scribner's* and asked me if I would care to make a trip somewhere for *Harper's*.

He suggested Port Said. When I said no to that, he suggested the rivers of Europe, then the harbors. Again I said no. Later perhaps, but not then; and then I told him that I would like to go to the Arctic again. And a place I'd never been to but would like to see in full flower was Kiel during Kieler Woche—its great yachting week in July.

Duneka said: "What's there about that yachting week at Kiel?" I

told him: My home town, South Boston, was a great yachting center: When I was a boy, Lawley's yard in South Boston was turning out America's Cup defenders. They would anchor off South Boston and we would spend summer evenings rowing out to them in hired or borrowed boats, and admire them. America's Cup Races were well worth taking in, but the world's yachting spectacle was that of Kieler Woche in Germany.

Duneka said Kiel and the Arctic was all right with him and he would send along Reuterdahl (famous marine painter of that day) to do the illustrations.

Reuterdahl and I hurried to take an American Line steamer to Southampton, meaning to be in time to see King Edward VII's coronation parade in London; but there was no parade, Edward having to undergo an operation. We spent a few days in London, took a train to Hull, a steamer to Hamburg, stayed there two days for me to see if the port was still going big in commerce. From there we took a train to Kiel.

As Reuterdahl and I saw it now, Kiel was a combination of medieval town and modern port. Centuries back, the old women of Kiel sold their gooseberries in the Stadthaus Square. On the tablets tacked up here and there for the information of visitors was mention of the gooseberries; and the gooseberry women were still there in the queer shoes and dress of long ago, with smiles and sweet old-fashioned greetings in the Stadthaus Square.

Soaked in ancient traditions, Kiel was content to be guided by them when along came hordes of busy people with disturbing notions of modern progress. A navy yard was established, Germany's Baltic Fleet began to rendezvous there, the Krupps installed an immense steel works, a canal was cut through to the German Ocean (the North Sea, the English call it), commerce picked up; and beside the old Kiel a new Kiel grew.

Much of old Kiel was still there, with streets that a man could leap with a twenty-foot run—if he could find the run—and houses that gave out whiffs of those old Hanseatic League days, when pirates hovered in the offing, and people shut themselves up in cabinets for their night's sleep, and no bürgermeister stowed himself in his cabinet without first calling the roll of the men of the watch, and seeing to it that all were present, or accounted for, and in possession of the pass word, and generally putting the port under lock and key for the night.

Old Kiel and new Kiel together it was that went to make up that midsummer night's dream of a setting where annually the yachting men of a dozen nations, with their most pretentious steamers and their most ambitious sail craft gathered to compete for the expensive trophies and enjoy, under the favor of the Emperor, a purple social time. Cowes, Newport, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Cannes, all the great yachting centers could throw all the yachting parties they pleased, but when they were all through they would be remembered as weak attempts to equal the gorgeous spectacle of Kiel in her July week of yachting.

My first thought on arriving in Kiel was that it must be a military show being staged. The streets were lit up with bright uniforms of soldiery, of officers and men who were forever saluting or being saluted. Black-and-white-striped sentry boxes are set up all over the place, and the winding streets were wiggling with the marching columns doing escort for some Highborn One; and in every column was at least one mounted officer who could have posed for the Emperor himself ahorseback—head high and hand on hip. And preceding every column was always one of those crashing battle-ax and wash-boiler military bands. And how they did scatter the honest cart drivers and whoever else might be awheel in the crowded thoroughfares before them!

A pair of black-and-white-striped sentry boxes at a hotel entrance marked the presence of a Highborn One. When a new Highborn One registered at a hotel the manager would dispatch a courier to Headquarters, and presently a pair of sentry boxes would arrive on a push-cart that looked like a twin brother to John the Orangeman's cart over at Harvard. A corporal of the guard would be in charge of the cart, and with him would be a squad of warriors in white trousers, blue tunics, and gay-looking pompons riding their brass hats. Arriving at the entrance to the hotel, the two sentry boxes would be disembarked, and set up as per regulations on each side of the entrance to the hotel. Two soldiers of the guard would then be posted at the sentry boxes, and thereafter whenever the Highborn One appeared the sentries would freeze to saluting attention and stay frozen until the Highborn One had entered the hotel or his cab had rolled out of sight.

Reuterdahl and I put up at one such hotel, and on several occasions we were blessed by the sight of the Highborn One departing. The presence of the Exalted One in our hotel gave what the English call class

to every other guest. When Reut and I called for our bills we found them made out to the Highborn Herr Reuterdahl and the Highborn Herr Connolly.

All this splash life ashore was serving merely as a backstage drop to the marine spectacle in the harbor. Thirty men-of-war to anchor caught the eye first—battleships, cruisers, destroyers, training ships, and so on. In my eyes, congenitally committed to the superiority of sailing-ship days, the noblest sight of all was a 5,000-ton full-rigged sailing ship for the drilling of cadets. To see several hundred young fellows manning the yards, clear to the royals, of that great sailing ship of a sunny morning was a picture to gladden a man's eyes.

Magnificent steam yachts were there—the black *Corsair* of Morgan inshore, the all-white *Nahma* of Goelet farther out. Scores of others were there, famous in their own home ports, but counting for just one more yacht here. The magnificent *Hohenzollern* was there, of course, with the Kaiser aboard.

For sailing craft; hundreds of chipper little knockabouts lay in rows between the piers, and out in the open water were scores of larger craft—big sloops, able-looking cutters, handsome yawls, and shapely schooners. Craft from every nation in northern Europe were there; and a few from our own country too.

Every German man-of-war was flying an impressive battle ensign, and the *Hohenzollern* was flying the imperial standard that only she could fly—black and gold it was, gold eagle and gold-lettered "Gott Mit Uns" flaming out against the dead-black field. And strung from stem to truck and from truck to stern of sail and steam, were what looked like every last signal flag every craft there could dig out of her locker. Five hundred steam and sail were lying to moorings in the stream, and a great brave show they made.

Lending lively movement to this harbor scene—to the paint and enamel of varied colors, to the gold hull stripes, the polished brass, oiled decks, varnished yellow spars, and sails of white and tan—were little steam launches, messenger boys beyond counting. All warships and steam yachts rated a power launch, the big warships had several in commission, some of the big yachts had two, and there were scores of others in commission. All were tooting for a clear road and steaming full speed ahead always, it seemed, with churned-up water astern and signal flags streaming in the breeze. Where there wasn't a breeze their speed made one.

There were sailing races, of course, and the story of that racing was pretty much the same as for the less renowned affairs, pleasant for the most part and now and then mildly exciting. It was bright sunshine and light winds, yet race meet at Kiel Week had it on any other yacht-race meet in that here was truly international competition. Here were competing yachts from eleven nations, and even though the yachts might as well have been sailing the waters of any sequestered harbor for what real seagoing test they were put to, Kieler Woche was still a great show.

Every day was a holiday at Kiel, always something doing to please the outer senses. One morning early I am walking the water front when I catch a flash, then hear the boom of a saluting gun from a German battleship. More guns! One, two—twenty-one guns! Fine! A national salute. For whom is it? Then I wake up and say: Why, it's our Fourth of July, our Independence Day. There is cheering ashore, and crew after crew are manning ships' yards and cheering in turn. It is a pleasing bit of international courtesy. A group of American girls at a pier landing stop wigwagging their varicolored parasols to a yacht in the stream, and one remarks that it is real nice of the Germans. And then, only a minute later, we are left in doubt. The twenty-one guns may have been for us, but there is the Emperor leaving the *Hohenzollern* to board his sailing yacht, the *Meteor*. If the salute was for our Fourth of July, His Imperial Majesty should have waited a bit longer before leaving the *Hohenzollern*.

It is the big race day of the week, and the Emperor's yacht, the *Meteor,* is in it; and the stooges of the press had written that the Emperor himself would be sailing her. Cynical seat players in the coffeehouses read that and said: If the Emperor is sailing the *Meteor,* then what is the English sailing master, Captain Parker, doing aboard her?

The *Meteor* crossed the starting line, with the Emperor on her quarter. Other yachts also started, but it was the *Meteor* that held the eyes of the water front. Close astern of the *Meteor* came the *Hohenzollern,* she all cream and gold and long as an ocean liner. As escort was also the cruiser *Nymphe,* 350 feet long, and 400 in crew. With her was the *Slipper,* a navy errand boy 200 feet long. A dispatch boat, the *Alice Roosevelt* (Theodore Roosevelt was our President then), was also in line, and to tail out the procession were four long low black-hulled torpedo boats. These were for the guard of honor to the Emperor's

yacht *Meteor* while she would be sailing a sixty-mile course on the placid inshore waters on a calm summer day. Said the seat players in the coffeehouses to that: Even if the *Meteor* should carry away her spinnaker boom or incur some equally grave peril, the seven navy ships and the *Hohenzollern* would be there to see to it that the Emperor came safe away.

In the wake of the *Meteor's* naval escort were the big steam yachts. The people aboard them were enjoying the day in the customary fashion of big-steam-yacht guests on international yacht-racing days. In white flannel trousers, blue coats of pea-jacket model, in white shoes and visored caps, they lounged on upper decks and peered through their binoculars to note how the *Meteor* was doing. No better-equipped fleet of steam yachts in the line of bright varnish, shining brass, fat upholstery, and good things in the pantry ever before left port.

Reut and I watched the departing sail and steam merge with the Baltic haze on the road to Travemünde. We then boarded a train to Travemünde. The long-enduring twilight of a summer day at 50 north was hanging over Travemünde when we arrived there. It was a holiday there; visitors and residents were dressed in their best and parading the jetty. Flags were flying from the balconies of the cottages, the cafés were doing a great business, and every fisherman's boat in the harbor had been chartered by patriots who desired to sail out and be in good position to cheer the *Meteor* when—and if—she crossed the finish line a winner.

By and by a trail of smoke was seen floating up from the horizon. The trail of smoke broke into three trails. Black hulls with white water at bow showed under the smoke. Three torpedo boats they proved to be, and all three coming on like all possessed. Here was the real race of the day, those three long slim navy ships coming in from sea at thirty knots. Or better. They tore on past the sea wall and to the inner harbor, leaving three long trails of smoke hanging low astern, and setting all the little fishing craft dancing in the swell of the waves that came rolling up and away from their black sides.

The *Nymphe* arrives next, and after her the *Hohenzollern*. Twilight passes, the dusk deepens; but the air being still warm, the sky overhead still clear, people remain promenading the jetty. Colored lanterns replace the flags at the cottage balconies, the restaurant bunting gives place to strings of electric lights. Anchored in the stream is the judges' boat, and she flashes a searchlight seaward, but nothing shows.

Reut and I drop anchor in a restaurant of good eating reputation and sit into a liter of Munich beer and a ham sandwich. We are there when the crew of the winning yacht enter. They are from Stockholm.

"And the *Meteor*—where is she?" a voice inquires.

The Swedish skipper shrugs his shoulders. Reut and I, being interested in the race as a spectacle, go to our hotel and turn in.

By next morning sixty of the smaller yachts are tied up to the jetties in tiers of three, four, and five. The big sail and steam yachts are to moorings in the stream. The Emperor is already up and about. He is standing at the quarter-deck rail of the *Meteor,* touching a finger to the visor of his yachting cap as people in the passing boats salute him. Reut and I have chartered a rowboat and join the parade. It is in oars with our boatman and a bareheaded salaam to the gunnel when our boat comes abreast of the *Meteor.* Our boatman gets a finger to the visor of the imperial yachting cap; which makes it a great day for our boatman. He resumes his oars in flustered silence.

We take a train back to Kiel. The end of the yachting week is in sight. The land troops have been departing, the sentry boxes thinning out. The marching columns are gone altogether. The Navy is taking over. What look like full crews of German bluejackets are making shore liberty. They march decorously from the landing pier, and not with the whooping run of American bluejackets when they make a liberty. They are a fine-looking lot, clean, neatly uniformed, and well behaved, and mostly they leave the water front for the quieter resorts of the back streets.

The citizenry of Kiel and the visitors stick to where the bright lights are thickest. They crowd the restaurants, the coffee rooms, and the hotel dining rooms, or sit out under the trees to smoke and chat, or idle on the benches of the marine park and listen to the bands, which are mostly good bands.

That is for the day. Night comes, and people stroll the wide sea wall to take in the night life of the harbor. The ships look all jumbled now, with the ensigns and signal flags replaced by electric lights and strings of Japanese lanterns. The flagship of the German Navy is the standout of the war craft. The cognoscenti on the sea wall know her because of the particular truck light which only the Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet may show. The unversed ones know her because of the row of electric lights that mark her water line from stem to stern. Other rows of lights are at her armor belt, her deck line, her turrets, and her fight-

ing tops. Above all, a dazzling crown of immense size surmounts a great letter W. The crown is suspended high up between the masts, and it is a dazzling design in purple and white and it is all for His Majesty, Wilhelm II. The *Hohenzollern* is also there, and she is also lit from stem to stern with rows of electric lights; but her distinguishing mark is a light to every truck—her royal prerogative, those truck lights. Spread across the water space are the lesser craft, and they are also brightened up with electric lights fore and aft, below and aloft.

There are seats at little tables under the trees where a man may sit and view the harbor show and at the same time keep an alert eye and an ear for the life ashore; and to sit so, with lights above and about, and a tuneful orchestra just far enough away, the noise of street life not close enough to be disturbing; to sit so and watch the lights on the ships and their reflections in the dark water; to catch the hail of a boatman, the melody of a song, the echo of a cheer, the cadence of softened music from cushioned cabins—well, the mass of people along the Kiel water front, Reut and I, and the vaters and mutters and the kinder at the next table were there for that. The music, the play of the wind in the trees, the echoing voices over the water, the lights from five hundred steam and sail make an enchanting spectacle; what the visitors from near and far came to Kieler Woche for; and the hoi polloi from the democracies, me 'n' Reut and half a million others, despite what doubts any of us held of the benefits of monarchical rule, were agreeing that perhaps it was the sort of beautiful show that only a monarchy could stage.

But that yachting week was not staged for yachtsmen's competition and the pleasure of the hoi polloi only. Multimillionaires, international financiers, business tycoons, admirals from five navies, diplomatic chiefs from a dozen nations, two visiting kings—maybe three—were among those present; and they were all being royally entertained by royalty; and mostly they were armor-proofed against carefully organized flattery and deference; but not all. And most of the not all were those present from young republics, they having no long-inherited diplomatic traditions for their guidance. It was interesting to watch the maneuvering of the multimillionaire yachtowners to secure the Emperor as a guest. If only he came aboard for five minutes, which he did on one steam yacht, it was a triumphal achievement, and the press men had it on the cable within an hour.

An American admiral of later acquaintance told me of his visit to a

Kieler Woche one time. He had been ordered there with his squadron, and he found himself the chief guest aboard the *Hohenzollern* one night. After the other guests had gone, our admiral and Wilhelm discussed naval affairs. Drinks meantime were being served at regular intervals. At two o'clock Wilhelm saw our admiral to his ship. At six o'clock next morning, our admiral was waked out of a very sound sleep by a visit from Wilhelm.

"I was still a bit woozy," said our admiral, "but he was fresh as new paint. And the effect on me was all in his favor. All those royalties play the game in the way they know best. They go after any person who may be of use to them someday, and this country of ours is decks awash with suckers who fall for their game."

A prime minister of England has written that World War I might have been averted if he had paid a visit to Kiel as a high-placed German had planned for him for a certain yachting week there.

The *Hohenzollern* departed with the Emperor aboard; and with her gone, all the big and little visiting yachts, sail and steam, hurried to up anchor and get out. The bright shore lights went dim, the military bands folded up. No more parades. Kieler Woche was ended. Reut and I paid our highborn bill, took a train to Berlin that I might look that city over again.

The two things I remember best in Berlin were the Unter den Linden and the outdoor beer gardens. A fine broad thoroughfare, Unter den Linden, though not too well kept down the middle; but one beer garden there was something to visit—seats for 5,000 people, with a fifty-piece band and a fifty-five-piece orchestra alternating in full-powered melody; and never a sign of a drunk the whole evening long. From Berlin we moved to Hamburg, took time out for me there, and then it was across the North Sea to Christiania and so on our way to the Arctic.

Chapter XVI

By way of experience Reuterdahl and I chucked the usual tourist routes out of Hamburg and took a cargo steamer to Christiania. She

was a small steamer and smelled all over of pickled herring and a bilge that needed pumping out. The sea soon went choppy, and only four of the twelve passengers showed up for twelve-o'clock lunch. Reut and I were of the four, and a bit swelled up because we were. At two o'clock one of the other two passengers disappeared. The other passenger was a greasy-looking fat person, and he walked the deck smoking thick black cigars. Reut and I agreed that he wasn't a seafaring man to look at; and so he couldn't walk a pitching deck and smoke fat cigars and not show the effects. We waited for him to pass out. At four o'clock Reut went below. When I went below, which was at five o'clock, the fat passenger was still walking the deck and still smoking his thick black cigars. Later, we learned that he was a herring buyer and spent most of his time sailing between Hamburg and Christiania on herring freighters.

From Christiania we journeyed by steamer to Bergen. My plan was to go an Arctic whaling trip; and our consul in Bergen, name of Nelson, gave us letters of introduction to Capt. Morgan Ingrebrystken, who was the killer of all the Arctic whale hunters and lived in Tromsö when he was home. And when he wasn't home? Oh, he would be somewhere in the Arctic Ocean.

In Tromsö we learned that Captain Ingrebrystken had a whaling station in a little harbor east of North Cape. We moved on to Hammerfest, and there we got a break. We learned there that a tourist steamer with two hundred students from the University of Christiania was making an educational tour of the coast; and her itinerary called for a stop at Ingrebrystken's whaling station. He had invited the students to stop there. She was due in Hammerfest in six days.

While waiting in Hammerfest for the steamer with the students, I became acquainted with the Sea Lapps fishing out of there. The men and women dressed alike, tunics and trousers of reindeer skin, and it was hard to say which were men and which women at any distance. The tunics were edged with strips of bright cloth, of red cloth usually.

They were all short people, and good-natured. Many cognac and coffee shops were doing business on the water-front street, the one street of any commercial account; and the Sea Lapps were constantly wandering in and out of these shops, the women presumably for coffee and the men for cognac; or so it looked to me, the men always showing livelier action coming out, and the women acting as when they went in—that is, soberly and sedately. The men would usually be carrying a flat bottle of cognac on the hip. They were hospitable folk. Even

before they knew me, who I was or what I was, they were giving me the high sign to join them in a drink around the corner of a house.

Even when I refused the cognac, they stayed friendly; and when after two days' acquaintance with them I bespoke a fishing trip for myself to two of them, two who were obviously chums, they signed that it would be all right with them. What language they spoke I did not learn, they paying no attention to my words and phrases from my Norwegian-at-a-Glance book.

The Sea Lapps fished by the light of the midnight sun and slept by day—when they slept. Their boats were the old Viking models—a single mast with a square sail amidships, a curved and carved prow rearing high, and loose stones in the bottom of the boat for ballast.

My boat and three other boats put out together, and held together until they arrived off a rocky island somewhere to the eastward of Hammerfest. They rowed the last few miles to the island, the wind being ahead. There was a built-up stand of stones on the high spot of the island, and two men took station on the stand as lookouts for schools of what they called sei fish.

By and by, the lookouts shouted and pointed and came down the slope of the rocky isle on the run. The four boats put out together, and when the school of sei, they swimming slowly, were within two hundred yards or so, the boat crews lowered a big square-shaped net, a corner of the net from each boat. The sei came on, and when they were above the net, the four boats closed in, the corners of the net were drawn together; and there were the sei—trapped. It was as simple as that.

The sei were divided into four parts, divided roughly, with no boat crew seeming to care whether they got less or more than their share. It was a good haul of fish, and the four boats put back for Hammerfest without further fishing. Arrived in Hammerfest, my boat's crew presented me with a fat sei that must have weighed twenty pounds. I turned it over to my hotel manager, who seemed glad to have it.

The steamer with the students arrived, and Reut and I took passage on her, and during the passage we learned about Captain Ingrebrysten. He had a great house in Tromsö, but in the summertime his wife and children lived with him at the whaling station. There was a seventeen-year-old son, and the captain wanted him to enter the university that fall. The boy was for sticking to the whaling with his father. The visit of the university students to the whaling station would so

impress the boy, so his father hoped, that he would give up the notion of whaling and enter the university.

Now this whaling captain could barely read and write—if at all—but he was the Number One whale killer of the world, and the sole owner of his steamer and his whaling station and the trying-out plant there. He was making $40,000 a year, and he was for spending some of it on occasions. Here was to be an occasion. He was for entertaining the university professors and students properly. And what was good for such important guests? Champagne, of course. And how much champagne? Well, there would be two hundred students and six or seven professors; so he sent to Trondhjem for 250 quarts of champagne. Iron hills surrounded his little harbor; and cold streams poured down the sides of the hills. He set the 250 quarts in a hill stream to cool. And then? He set up long boards on trestles for tables; and he loaded the tables with pickled fish, cheese, and crackers. When the students piled off the steamer, there was the cold champagne and the cheese and crackers and pickled fish waiting for them.

Reut and I piled off the steamer with the students and presented Consul Nelson's letter of introduction to Ingrebrystken. Nelson had never met Ingrebrystken, but he was a Norwegian and Nelson was a Norwegian; and so everything would be all right.

Ingrebrystken took the letter, looked us both over, fumbled as if looking for his glasses, then motioned one of us to read it.

Reut was Swedish-born and could shoulder his way through a letter in Norwegian. He read the letter, which was loaded to the scuppers with compliments to both of us. The big captain listened, nodded, said to Reut in Norwegian that he would be glad to take us on a whaling trip, then hustled us over to the deep-loaded tables.

The pickled fish and cheese went all right. It was a sunny but not a warm July day—we were 71 degrees north—the students and the professors absorbed 210 quarts of champagne, went back aboard the steamer cheering lustily for Captain Ingrebrystken.

When the celebration was all over, the captain's son was still for staying with his father at the whaling.

Staying with Ingrebrystken and his family at the whaling station was the keeper of the Fruholmen lighthouse, the most northerly lighthouse in the world. The lightkeeper had been a master of an English merchantman, and his assistant, Anderson, had been mate of the Viking ship that had been sailed across the Atlantic to the World's Fair in

Chicago. Because of the midnight sun, the Fruholmen lighthouse crew were getting a three-months' vacation, and the assistant Anderson was present for the university students' party.

It was from Fruholmen that the Belgian explorer André had set out for his North Pole run. He had a balloon; and he told Anderson that he did not expect to come back. He never did come back. What happened to him was a mystery until a Russian trading schooner out of Archangel picked up his balloon adrift off the Siberian coast within two weeks after he left Fruholmen.

Forty quarts of champagne and a boatload of pickled fish and cheese remained of the feast after that tourist steamer departed. That night in the kitchen of his house, the whaling captain was washing down mouthfuls of fish and cheese with goblets of champagne. His wife, Anderson and his wife, and Reut and I had to keep pushing away the bottles of champagne the big man was proffering us. He was a big man —six feet high and 265 pounds and none of it fat—and that night he put away five quarts of champagne and was still clearheaded when he led the way to his whaling steamer.

She was a little thing, eighty feet over all with three feet of freeboard amidships. There was a deck passage less than three feet wide between her house and her open chain rail; and for lack of bunker space within, this passage to the port side was piled high with extra steaming coal. No place, the Arctic Ocean, to be caught short of fuel. No.

It was two o'clock in the morning, dark and drizzly, and thick clouds were hiding the midnight sun when we put out. The skipper laid a northerly course for just where he did not say except that if necessary he would go on to Spitsbergen. It was 79 degrees north to the coast of Spitsbergen.

After two days and two nights of zigzag patrolling, we sighted two whales, rolling along in company. Before we could get near enough for a shot, they took a head dive, waved their enormous flukes at us, and stayed under.

The skipper and the engineer bunked and ate aft, the crew in a poky little fo'c'sle away forward; which I recalled as the way of it too—officers aft, crew forward—with the English steam trawlers out of Grimsby. Now in our fishing vessels at home there is no fore-and-aft sleeping distinction between a captain and his crew. Reut and I debated whether the distinction was owing to a monarchical form of government.

Mounted on a round platform in our bow was a three-inch green-painted bomb lance gun. The bomb was six inches long, and had four prongs held in place by a thin cord. When the bomb was driven into the whale, the tendency of the prongs was to spring apart and explode the bomb. The skipper aimed always to hit the whale at a spot near his lungs. When the blood spouted from his lungs, a whale was good as dead.

We were off Bear Island, about 76 degrees north, when our next whales were sighted. They were moving leisurely along in pairs. The skipper explained that it was a custom of whales to play along in pairs. And these were the blue whales of the Arctic, the largest whales of all in the sea.

Our steamer speed was ten miles an hour, fast enough to overhaul the whales now ahead of us. Our engines were smothered in oil to deaden their noise, and so allow us to creep up close without scaring the whales.

The skipper mounted the gun platform in the bow. An ordinary-size pistol grip was fitted to the gun, and it was fired with an ordinary pistol trigger.

The pair of whales were side by side off our port bow, and they were half rolling and half plunging their easy way along. We crept closer. Our bow was within a hundred feet of the flukes of the near whale when the skipper pulled the trigger; and with that he let out a great yell. He yelled every time he shot at a whale—he couldn't help yelling, he told us later.

The bomb entered the whale's side forward of his midsection. He turned sharply to the right, the stricken side, drove on for a hundred feet or so across our bow.

A tightly woven 200-foot length of half-inch silk line was attached to the bomb; and that line was spliced onto a five-inch hemp rope (five inches in circumference). Away went the whale under water; and the steamer of course was hauled along in his wake. He was taking us along at perhaps a fifteen-knot speed, this with our engine power shut off. He took us to for—oh, two miles before he checked his speed. Our hemp hawser all this while was unreeling off a great spool on our forward deck. Close to eight hundred fathoms of five-inch line was unreeled before the whale slacked his pace. The skipper then ordered the engines reversed, and the line winched in.

The whale was still under water, which did not worry the skipper. He had been whaling thirty-five years, and a half-hour was as long as

any whale stayed under water. This fellow would have to come up to blow before too long.

He came up, and from his blowholes came a stream of white vapor with a touch of pink. The pink meant blood from his lungs. By then we had him winched to our bow almost. He was dead when we got him alongside. He was a bull whale, and two feet longer than the steamer, his nose sticking out just beyond our bow and his flukes just beyond our stern.

The skipper now drilled an inch hole through the whale's topside and made the hole airtight with a wooden plug. A steamer much bigger than we were—a high-sided steamer with a bridge and 130 feet of length—had been holding to our wake since we left port. The dead whale was turned over to her, her crew put a line to him and dropped him astern.

Next day the dead whale was swelling up. That was from the gas making in him. On the second day his swollen body was twelve feet out of water, and thousands of gulls were perched atop of him.

That steamer was our freight carrier. Every whale killed was turned over to her; and her job was to tow the killed whales to the skipper's trying-out plant in that snug harbor of his.

Early on the fourth morning we saw what the skipper said was a rare spectacle; that is, a battle between a big blue whale and what he called the little fighting whales. The little whales were about twenty feet long, and their jaws were armed with big teeth—like horse's teeth. The big blue whale had his flukes to fight with. He had also a jawful of baleen (whalebone), but the baleen was a poor offset to the big teeth of the little fighting whales. Schools of the little fighting whales were known at times—probably when they were more than ordinarily hungry—to gang up on a big blue fellow. And why not? What a temptation that big lump of blubber was—all solid meat! The plan of attack was for a school of them to form in close order under the big whale, and then rush him. They would take turns, two, three, or four at a time, at darting in under the big whale and biting chunks of that solid meat out of his belly.

The fight always ended with the death of the big whale, the skipper said. The big whale of this morning was every now and then leaping clear of water, so that we could see under him, and then, we being down the wind from him, we heard him scream. It was new to us that a whale ever screamed, and also something to sadden a man—nobody

hates a whale, the great harmless creature he is. After a time, the whale sank into the sea.

"And there is one whale," commented the skipper—Reut interpreting—"that won't come up to blow again." To Reut and me when it was all over it still was like something we dreamed.

We cruised in and around 76 degrees north on that whale hunt, and for weather we had a succession of what my year-before Arctic pal Burns would have called "blasted and double-double-blasted gray days." But it wasn't at all unpleasant, the gray skies holding no rain and the thermometer never going below 38 degrees Fahrenheit.

Meantime, Reut and I were sleeping on a bench attached to the bulkhead in the cabin passageway. The bench was five feet long and a foot wide, and we tried lying sideways on it, with one foot on the floor. It took some managing to stay asleep on the bench when the little steamer wasn't quiet, which she usually wasn't. During our sleeps of the first two days our muscles would relax, and then when the ship pitched or rolled we would go bumpo onto the floor. We slept watch and watch on the bench, four-hour watches, throughout the whale hunt. By the third day we got so we could hang onto the bench in our sleep; but our bodies were aching all over when we came awake. It was harder on Reut than on me, he being taller and bulkier; but he was a good campaigner—making faces but never squawking overloud.

Killing one whale was much like killing every other whale. One whale parted one of our five-inch warps. And seven hundred fathoms of it out at the time! An able whale, that one. We never did get him or the fine hawser he took with him. We wondered what other whales made of him, he swimming around the Arctic with four thousand feet of a stout hemp rope trailing him.

We were a week out from port, and had turned seven whales over to our carrier steamer: and what a sight she was then with seven bloated whales floating high in her wake! And the smell when we found ourselves to leeward! We go home, said the skipper, and headed south. Seven whales was a good week's hunting; and also there was a breeze of wind making.

The breeze caught us on the way. And quite a breeze it was! Our little steamer was bounced around aplenty. She was like an empty box in a beach surf; but except for a ton or so of the deckload of coal being washed overboard, no harm came to her. Hatches battened fore and aft made her watertight, and while the hatch covers held, and she

cork light—why, she danced her way along. Or she was tossed along her road, say. Either way, she rode into Hammerfest with only the loss of that ton or so of loose coal to mourn for; and with seven whales to bring home, the big skipper wasn't minding that ton of coal.

The carrier steamer went on to the whaling station with the haul. The skipper said he meant to put into Hammerfest anyway, though Reut and I believed, and I still believe, he put into Hammerfest on our account, we having told him that after leaving him we were heading south.

A friendly soul, Capt. Morgan Ingrebrystken, whaler out of Norway. All the people we met in Norway were friendly.

Chapter XVII

ON A WINTER DAY after that Arctic whaling cruise I felt an urge to get back to something in the all-sail line again. I went down to the Boston fish pier—then T Wharf—to see what I could do about it. My hope was to catch a sail-carrying skipper in from a trip.

Some years before this, Gloucester came awake to the fact that, 250 years back, she had set up a town government for herself; wherefore the citizenry deemed it an occasion for a special celebration; and the port of Gloucester being what it was, what better form could that celebration take than a Fishermen's Race?

The race was held, and by Gloucestermen's accounts, there was the greatest race ever sailed. Most of them persisted in speaking of it as the only race ever sailed, because of the test it was for able vessels under rough weather conditions. On that day, by weather bureau records, the wind was blowing fifty-four miles an hour ashore, which meant more than that out to sea; yet that day the racing captains put out with all sail set, and four among them pledged each other to take no sail off that day, "except what the Lord took off."

The Lord took off plenty, and two of the able vessels were disabled, though not lost. It was rough water sailing all the way, even by Gloucestermen's standards; and a Gloucester oldster, viewing the finish of the winner of that race, painted a vocal picture that I like to recall.

The old-timer was at the finish line when the leading vessel came roaring up with hardly more than her windward rail showing. Said the old-timer, shouted it against the gale: "The *Harry Belden* wins! The able *Harry Belden* sailin' across the line on her side, and her crew sittin' out on her keel."

The skipper of the *Belden* was Maurice Whalen. Someday, I said to myself, you'll have to make a trip with Maurice, and preferably a winter trip; and this day on T Wharf here was Maurice making ready for sea the schooner *Arthur Binney.*

Some time before this, Maurice had lost the *Harry Belden,* she having gone ashore when he was cutting corners in a thick o' snow on a passage home. His crew came safe away in a new patent breeches buoy, the first time, according to Gloucester, that the crew of a wrecked vessel had been saved by a breeches buoy.

Maurice was now master of the *Arthur Binney,* and she was an able vessel too. "A horse of a vessel," said Maurice. "Great quarters under her, boy, great quarters! You should see her in a breeze o' wind and a seaway. Sure, come along, boy." He was a great friend of my father's. "We're sailing for Georges as soon as we take ice and stores aboard."

We left Boston in a fresh fair wind for our run-off to Georges. Once clear of Boston Harbor, Maurice eased the *Binney's* sheets and away she went, logging a good twelve knots till she cleared the easterly end of Georges in North Shoal.

A three-day northeaster was waiting for the *Binney* on the good fishing spot Maurice chose for her. A day of moderate weather followed, and after that five days of a hard northwester kept the dories aboard. It is usually dry and always cold, a North Atlantic winter no'wester. And the howl of it through the *Binney's* rigging reminded Paddy Kane, our Irish-born oldster, of a deckload of banshees mourning for their dead. He had never heard a banshee, but he'd been told about them by those who should know.

We got two more days of a northeaster, one more day of fishing, then two days more of another hard no'wester. It was blowing some at other times, of course; but these were the days when it really blew.

The spray from the cold northwesters made ice aplenty on our deck. Maurice meditated whether to run off into the Gulf Stream to melt it off, or turn the crew to at chopping it off. He decided on the crew turning to at the chopping and shoveling, they being by then well rested up, and the exercise nothing to weary them.

On these rough days Maurice jogged the vessel on end off the good fishing spot, usually under a jumbo (a thick canvas fore staysail) and trysail. When it blew too hard for comfortable jogging (as when it blew seventy miles an hour for three days on end one time), he put the vessel head to wind under a two-reefed foresail and let her lay.

He had no log out, nor did he shoot the sun once while jogging on and off the bank; yet after two days, three days, or five days, he would spread a chart on the cabin floor, stick one end of his dividers into the map and say: "Here we are back again! Twenty-six fathom and rough bottom!" And twenty-six fathom and rough bottom we would get when we hove the lead.

The *Binney* was an able vessel, but not a new vessel at this time, and Maurice had never spared her on his drives to market. Things were coming loose in her. One day when the dories were out he decided to overhaul her steering gear. He removed the wheelbox cover, unscrewed nuts and bolts from inside the box. Eventually he had everything inside of the box spread out on the deck.

It was a cloud-cast day with a hint of snow, and the dories were well away from the vessel, miles away some. "Suppose it comes on to blow —and maybe snow—before you can put all those gadgets back in place again?" I said.

"It won't," he said calmly. And it didn't—not that day; but that night it came a howler.

We got in four days of fishing in two weeks—sixty-five thousand pounds, a record haul, on one day. In the midafternoon of the fourth day of that good fishing, Maurice decided to swing her off for market as soon as the dories had hauled their trawls and were back aboard.

The dories began to come aboard, but one dory was still out when snow set in. Maurice swore a bit, because that dory hadn't followed his directions exactly after leaving the vessel. The tides on Georges were powerful tides. A dory going astray could be carried miles away from the vessel in thick weather by the tides of Georges Shoals.

The snow set in thick, and men went into the rigging to hail the missing dory and hearken to any hail from her. They knew voices would not carry far, because a falling snow muffles a man's voice, but it eased them to be doing it.

Maurice all this time was jogging the vessel around the spot where the dory was most likely to turn up. Finding an anchored hand-liner, the *Arthur Story,* close aboard him one time, he hailed her to keep her

fog horn going. Our fog horn was going without a letup, that job being given to me.

At eight o'clock, black night by then overlaying the falling snow, the missing dory popped up under our bow, the two in her cheerful as could be, their fish stowed amidship, tubs and buoy, anchor and trawling gear astern—all as should be. Real dory men they were. One hailed blithely for someone to take their painter.

Their painter was taken, and the attention they next got was a fine bawling out from Maurice. The bawling out was an easement to himself and a warning to them to follow instructions hereafter. Maurice had been a Gloucester skipper at nineteen years. He'd been studying the tides of Georges for forty years. And now? "Do you two damn fools think you know the tides of Georges better than me?"

The dory men's alibi was that they set where they did to save time, and who'd aguessed there would be a fall of snow so soon?

"Who'd guessed it?" roared Maurice. "I guessed it. And now stop your damn gossipin' and pitch your fish aboard."

Maurice was also vexed because he had seen the sailing lights of Jim Carney's vessel, the *Juniata* of the iron keel, moving off the bank just at dark. Maurice had been wanting to have it out with Carney on a market passage, and now she would be twenty miles or more on her way home.

We had a big deck of fish to dress when Maurice pointed the *Binney* northeasterly to clear Georges North Shoal. The pens on both sides of our waist and in the after gangway were rail high with fish. After swinging through the fleet on the grounds, past the green and red sailing lights of jogging trawlers, past the white lights of the anchored hand-liners, Maurice turned the wheel over to our oldster, Paddy, saying: "Have a care, Paddy. You get careless and you might wash a few thousand o' fish overboard. Maybe a man or two."

Maurice went into the cabin and spread a chart on the cabin floor. He needed no chart to take a vessel off Georges, but he wanted to show me the course she was sailing and why.

By midnight the crew had the last of the fish dressed and stowed under ice in the hold; all hands except the helmsman and two men on forward watch then turned in. A fresh breeze—no more—was blowing then, and the vessel was under a bank fisherman's usual winter rig—jib, jumbo, foresail, and mainsail. She had the name of a vessel who knew how to ease herself in a seaway, and she was now swinging

smoothly through the seas like the great heavy weather vessel her crew said she was. Every now and then she was taking an extra little hop, but except for the flying spray, which no vessel ever built could avoid, she was carrying a dry rail through the seaway. No solid water as yet was finding its way aboard.

At one o'clock I turned into my bunk, which was the after port bunk in the cabin. The vessel being the port tack made my bunk a windward one. When I woke up, it was to find myself in the open space between the companionway and the lazaretto clear aft.

I'd been hove out of my bunk, and when I crawled out from behind the companionway there was Oscar—the Swede, the crew called him—picking himself up from the cabin floor. He had been hove out of his bunk, which was the next one forward of mine, and laid across the top of the cabin stove. There was a coal fire in the stove, but Oscar had been bounced off the stove before the fire could harm him.

"I tank I broke two-three rib," said Oscar, and began feeling of his right side. The man in the bunk forward of Oscar, name of Burke, was sprawled on the lee side of the cabin floor and looking surprised.

"When I come off watch at two o'clock, she was barely wettin' her rail. I guess the sea's been makin' and a bad one must've struck aboard," said Burke. He spared a sympathetic glance for Oscar, crawled up the steep cabin floor and back into his bunk.

The *Binney* had a little cabin stateroom for the skipper. Maurice came out of the room. He was wide awake and he was filling his pipe coming out of the room. He kept a swivel chair for himself in the cabin, and the swivel chair had rolled into the lee corner formed by the cabin bulkhead and the side of his room. Maurice eased himself in the swivel chair and calmly lit his pipe.

The cabin companionway on the *Binney* was set well over to the port side; that is, the windward side, the high side of the vessel now. The lower companion board, fifteen inches or so high, had been set up and was now serving to keep the loose water on her after deck from piling down into the cabin. The covering top board had been drawn over the companionway early.

I slipped onto the deck, laid myself across the after windward corner of the cabin house, the safest place on deck, to see what was doing outside. It was now six o'clock, and what I saw all around the vessel were high hills, moving mountains of dirty gray water. The vessel, sailing pretty well on her side, was like in a valley set down among the

high-rolling hills. She was the long, narrow deep model; and now, with 150,000 pounds of fish and what was left of thirty tons of ice below decks, and 120 tons of ballast next her keel, she was deep in the water. It was blowing hard, sixty miles an hour probably; and she the kind that liked to lay right down to her work in a breeze; so now, laying herself almost flat on her side, and with hardly a lift to her head, she was sifting through the high tumbling seas with a steady hissing sort of a roar. To leeward of her, for twenty feet or so, was a white belt of boiling white suds; an endless belt, beginning at her bow, coming over her rail at the lee cathead, rushing aft over the nested lee dories in her waist, over the gurry kids forward of the cabin house, over the cabin house, over her wheelbox and over her stern with a never-ceasing roar.

The cabin roof was half a foot higher than her quarter rail, and the pipe of the cabin stove stuck up midway of the cabin roof. A piece of tarpaulin had been spread over the stovepipe vent to keep the loose water from pouring down and flooding the cabin. The open binnacle box being midway athwartship, there was no way to keep the loose water from pouring through it and down into the cabin in a steady stream.

Tom White had the wheel. He was to his waist in solid water, with a life line around him, and the bight of the line running to the bitt to weather of the wheelbox. Tom's original name was Le Blanc, and now he was singing little French songs to himself. The other two men on watch were one with his arm firmly gripping the weather fore rigging, the other gripping the after lashings of the windward nest of dories in the waist of the vessel.

We were then headed west northwest, a fair course for the Boston lightship.

I pulled back the cabin top slide and slid back into the cabin, taking my place with my back against the windward lockers and one foot braced against the knot of rope which was used to lift the hatch to the cabin run. Oscar and Burke were stretched out in their windward bunks. Maurice was wedged in the lee forward corner of the cabin in his swivel chair. He was smoking calmly, but his ears were obviously alert to what was going on the deck above him.

Both up and down cabin slides were now in place, to keep out of the cabin the increasing loose water from her after deck.

We heard boot heels pounding aft on the deck above us. It was two men from the fo'c'sle to tell us that there was a mug-up—no sit-down

meal—but whoever went to get it had better be damn careful he wasn't washed overboard going forward.

I was pretty hungry by this time, and decided to have a mug-up for myself. Pidso Flaherty had the wheel, and he was a gaunt dark giant of a man, and he too was a great one for singing little songs to himself in heavy weather at the wheel:

Oh westerly she goes, boy,
Awesterly she goes

Pidso was singing—he standing to his waistline in water.

I caught no more than that above the roar of wind and water as I slipped out of the cabin and into the windward after passageway. I made my careful way to the main rigging, stopped there for a look around, clinging to the weather rigging while I looked.

The air was choked with spray, and the gale—now a living gale—was picking that spray up to windward and carrying it across the steep deck in almost solid masses; also breaking regularly over her, forward and in her waist, came little seas off the moving mountains of water to windward. Nothing in all this was worrying me; and that isn't to say I had any more courage than the next fellow. It was in my blood to have faith in competent seamanship; and always with me was the comforting picture of that superb seaman sitting calmly smoking his pipe in his easy chair in the cabin. My namesake uncle, and he no timid soul, had said: "Trust Maurice Whalen to handle a vessel. A daring sail carrier, Maurice, but never a damn fool."

I slid down the inclined deck to the saddle of the mainmast, scooted from there to the after gripes of the nested dories to windward, from there to the forward dory gripes, joined hands with the man on watch there, stopped with him to watch my chance, leaped to the fo'c'sle hatchway when I saw the chance, slid back and closed the hatch cover, dropped down the ladder and into the fo'c'sle.

Here were men, some in oilskins and sea boots, standing by for a quick call to the deck; here were men helping themselves to slices of bread and meat, and pie and cake from the grub locker, pouring themselves mugs of tea and coffee from the kettles, which had been lashed to the galley stove while boiling, but were now suspended from hooks in a beam above the stove; and swinging to the roll of the vessel they were, and rolling she was at times despite her great name for steadiness in a seaway.

Some were gripping their mugs of tea and coffee with one hand, bunkboards with the other hand, swaying to the roll of the fo'c'sle floor while they gulped down their drink; some stood with their backs against the butt of the foremast, two sat on the lockers with their feet braced against the foremast, others lay in their bunks with their legs braced to keep from being tumbled out.

Most of them were talking—shouting. They had to shout to make themselves heard above the roar of the wind and seas outside. The vessel was making another of Maurice Whalen's hard winter market passages, and the thought of it was stirring his crew to memories of other hard winter passages.

There was Harry Bluhm, a great Dane of a man, gulping his hot coffee and between gulps shouting: "I was halibuting with Tommy Bohlen one time. We left Flemish Cap on a Tuesday morning, Friday morning we . . ."

"Were you ever a winter passage with Big Bat in the *Mary Whalen?* Man, man, what a one to carry sail, and what a vessel drivin' herself to wind'ard in a gale! Man, man!"

"The *Sarah Prior,* boy, when Tom McLaughlin had her. A solid ledge of water ahead of her, and no seein' her hatch coamings for four days on end!"

The last speaker was a new man in the *Binney's* crew, and to him Paddy Kane said: "Stick with Maurice Whalen and you'll have something new to say of carryin' sail on a winter market passage."

The lamp, in gimbals at the foremast butt, was still lit; by its light their heated faces shone, their eyes glittered, they yelled into each other's ears, as excited as if another able vessel and a desperate sail-carrying captain was even then alongside with her challenge to a hard-weather market passage.

Maurice had been driving the *Binney* hard since he had gone master of her, and by now her forward end was well loosened up. A steady stream of water from the deck was pouring down by the windlass pawl post and sloshing around the fo'c'sle floor. Men in the lower windward bunks were going a bit peevish. The pull of the windward rigging was opening up the vessel's forward planking, and the sea was seeping through her seams. The outboard part of their mattresses was being wet. No attention was paid them, except one voice saying: "What you expecting on a winter bank trip—shore hotel quarters?"

I finished my mug-up, made my careful way aft to the cabin. A

moment later, Maurice went up on deck. Soon came his order to take in a bit of the foresheet.

The gang in the cabin hurried on deck. There was no heaving to of the vessel. Pidso at the wheel luffed her long enough for the group of men in the waist to take in a few feet of slack and make the foresheet fast again.

A sea boarded the waist of the vessel while they were at the foresheet. It wasn't much of a sea to look at it, but it was sea enough to pick up three men and sweep them down to leeward. One grabbed the foresheet and hung on, the other two got hold of the after lashings of the nest of lee dories. And they hung on. When the sea passed on, they resumed hauling in the foresheet. No talk was made of it except when Uncley Foley, back in the cabin again, found his lip cut. He curled his tongue around his cut lip, and asked to know who hit him. Somebody's fist must have hit his lip—in passing of course—when he was rolled to loo'ard afore that little sea.

The oldster of the crew dropped into the cabin with a word to say. He was an old-time shipmate of Maurice's and never hesitated to speak his mind to him. "It's wicked up there now, Maurice. You oughta take that ungodly mains'l off the vessel afore something happens her."

Maurice removed his pipe to say: "You in no hurry to get home? I am, but if you're not, all right. Pass the word for'ard—all hands on deck to take in the mains'l."

The cabin gang got into oilskins, sou'westers, and sea boots and went up on deck. The fo'c'sle gang came aft to join them. Everybody gripped what they could—weather halyards, mainmast pipe rail—for further orders. Maurice called out: "Hang on till I lay her on the other tack."

He was then at the wheel and he executed a sweet maneuver in that gale and the high-running seas. He laid the vessel so that the big sail bellied to them long enough for his twenty-four men to get a running start on gathering in the sail. They could now work without fear, knowing that a boarding sea would wash them into the belly of the sail and not over the lee rail. Tall Pidso Flaherty though, who went out on the foot rope over her taffrail, had to watch out for himself.

The mainsail was furled, the boom set in the crotch, the crotch triced to the deck. The storm trysail was bent on, the vessel was put back on the port tack, and away she went. By and by—not long later—we caught a report—it was like a cannon shot above the wind.

It was her jib blown out. Maurice was vexed: "Whoever has the wheel—it's not Pidso, I'll bet. He'd see any extra-hard squall comin' and he'd have her luffed in time to save that jib."

Maurice went on deck, himself took the wheel, and laid the vessel stern to the running seas, and held her so while half a dozen men raced out on the bowsprit to put what was left of the jib in stops.

There was a change of watch. And a new hand took the wheel. The top cabin hatch cover had been drawn back to leave a space of two inches or so for communication with the skipper. Soon the new helmsman was roaring: "From west to no'west her compass is jumping, Skipper—no knowin' how she'd headed half the time. The stuff that floats around under the card in the compass box—it's all flowed out of her."

"I know it, and I've been passing the word to whoever has the wheel, and whoever you relieved should've told you," roared back Maurice. "The wind's been holdin' fair from west sou'west. Keep the wind fair abeam, and you'll be holding our proper course—west no'west for Boston."

He settled back in his swivel chair and explained that somebody tried to steal the compass the night before the vessel left Boston. The wharf watchman scared him away before he could steal it—but he left the compass in a mess.

A man came from forward to announce that the planks in the forward windward bunks were almost wide enough apart to let a good-sized flounder float in. "Two men washed out of their bunks already," he added.

"I guess she is maybe a little bit loose for'ard," admitted Maurice.

The man lingered. The cabin gang maneuvered him into standing under the binnacle box. A barrel or so of cold sea water dumped itself onto his unsuspecting head, whereat everybody except the victim shrieked with glee.

While on the fishing grounds one of the crew had shaped a model of a little boat and was saving it to give to his boy at home. He had put it under the cabin stove to keep dry. The loose water on the cabin floor was now floating the boat from under the stove. She went sailing across the cabin floor and into Maurice's stateroom. "Fair wind—drive her, boy!" shouted Maurice after her.

Slipshods that men had trusted to stay in place against the windward lockers now went floating across the cabin floor to the lee lockers.

Owners rescued them, wiped them off, and laid them in their bunks for safer stowage.

It was growing even wilder outside. We heard a scraping of boot heels hurrying aft over our heads. The fo'c'sle gang had given up making visits to the cabin. What now?

The hatch cover was slid all the way back. The two men on forward watch set foot, first one, then the other, dropped below. The second one pulled the hatch cover over, leaving the same two inches of open space. The voice of Eddie Bligh came to us from the wheel:

"Here's the jeesliest sea comin', fuhlas. A Christer! Clear white an' high as the masthead!"

"Hang on, Eddie," yelled somebody.

"Yeh, hang on, Eddie," yelled three or four others.

We felt the advance lift of the big sea, and braced our feet against it; but when it came, so suddenly and powerfully did it come, we weren't properly set for it. Over she went—fair over. Our cabin floor stood straight up and down; well, practically so. Those of us with backs against the wind'ard lockers were sent flying to the lee lockers. Two in the windward bunks were tossed across the cabin floor and piled atop of us on the lee lockers. Only the skipper, his swivel chair jammed into the lee corner, remained where he was.

The vessel was hove down. We needed no vivid imagination to visualize her, she on her side, her masts all but flat out on the water, the white seas rolling over her mastheads. She hung so for no saying now just how long; but long enough for us to disentangle ourselves from each other.

There was a quiet outside, as if the giant sea had lost his breath in that prodigious effort. Then from out of the melee came the calm voice of our skipper: "Never fear," said Maurice. "She'll come back!"

She came back; slowly at first, like the able vessel she was, heaving the great weight of water off her. Then up she came with a rush.

All hands in the cabin made for the deck. Eddie Bligh was gone from the wheel, but he wasn't lost. The high sea had washed him from the wheel and laid him across the main boom. That main boom, set in the crotch after the furling of the mainsail, was seven feet above the deck and it was twelve inches in diameter, which meant that Eddie had been lifted to eight feet above the deck by that sea. Loose water aplenty must have come aboard for that to happen.

Eddie had been lashed to the wheel, which doesn't mean lashed

tight. Fishermen do not lash a helmsman tight. If they did that, he would be too often crushed against the wheel. They loop the life line from shoulders to waist, then make the long bight of it fast to the weather bitt.

We hauled Eddie down to the deck. For half a minute or so he spat and coughed salt water out of himself. When he was able to speak he looked from one to the other of us, then shouted his profane condemnation of whoever it was that advised him to hang on. "What he think I was goin' to do—jump overboard?" shouted Eddie.

He was the typical offshore fisherman, the sort that never allows danger to take his mind off his job. The last thing he did, before that great sea struck aboard, was to bring the vessel into the wind. She so lay now, head to sea, her sails slatting, threatening to slat to ribbons.

Eddie took the wheel again, swung the vessel off. Her sails filled, she was away on her course again, and all hands except the watch went below again.

Away back, when Maurice Whalen had been a new young skipper, our oldster, Paddy Kane, had been one of his crew. Long association as shipmate gave the old-timer the privilege to speak his mind to Maurice. He now took to muttering. Eventually he spoke aloud, saying: "Y' know, Maurice, next time one o' those big seas'll maybe ketch us fair abeam and over she'll maybe go, keel up and all hands with her."

"No fear," said Maurice. "Not this one. She's got seventy tons o' fresh fish, and 120 tons of pig-iron ballast under the fish to give her a grip of the sea. The spars will come out of her before she'll capsize."

The retort to that was: "A hell of a place for the spars to come out of a vessel, and the shoals off Cape Cod close under our lee! A fine chance she'd have!"

Said Maurice to that, not even bothering to remove his pipe to say it: "We could get under jury rig on her afore she'd go ashore."

The oldster muttered that it was thick and drizzly outside, and s'posin' she drifted in her jury rig onto the Cape Cod shore?

Maurice whoofed a mouthful of smoke at him and said: "I know where we are, but I s'pose you won't feel easy till we heave her to and sound. All right. Tell whoever's to the wheel I said to heave her to, then you heave the lead. And when you do I'm betting you get seventy fathom of water and hard gray sand."

Eddie put the vessel into the wind, the old lad hove the lead. He

reported seventy fathom of water and hard gray sand, and brought the lead below to show Maurice.

Maurice glanced at the lead and said: "Put her back on her course, and if she ain't checked"—he gave a glance to the cabin clock—"at half past five she'll be drivin' her bowsprit through Minot's Light."

We saw nothing of Cape Cod in passing—the drizzle was too thick for that. Crossing Massachusetts Bay, the wind increased if anything. It must've been blowing eighty miles an hour, but Maurice kept the vessel to her sail—jumbo, foresail, and storm trysail.

At five twenty-five we breasted Minot's Light. A fast passage to there, but not so fast to Boston. The wind suddenly went dry and hauled into the northwest. It blew hard, right into our teeth as we drove on for Boston Harbor. It was then dark.

The lower harbor was crowded with big steamers waiting for the weather to moderate before putting to sea. Their riding lights hung high above our low hull, their hulls loomed between us and the stars. Before this Maurice had quit his swivel chair in the cabin, and now he was laying out on the knightheads picking a safe course for the vessel through the crowded shipping. He shouted his orders to two men in the waist, who passed them on to the two men now at the wheel of the vessel. Quick action was the need now.

Across the harbor channel the vessel would tear, and Maurice would yell his "Hard-a-lee!" to tack her. On the other tack she would go, and so tack, tack; back and forth, back and forth, she was kept going to Maurice's hard-a-lee from her bow.

Voices yelled down to us from the high rails of anchored steamers, shadowy arms waved us off. Were we trying to sink them or what? Hard-a-lee! Maurice would call without even bothering to answer them; and the *Binney* would come around on her heel, the end of her bowsprit would all but scrape the high side of a black hull, and off on the new tack she would go.

Maurice would have liked to tie up to the fish pier that night, but the upper harbor was even more crowded with hulls to anchor; and they were laying closer to the narrow channel. And it being Saturday and no market in the morning, he came to anchor behind Castle Island. I went home; and read in the Sunday morning papers of many wrecks strewn along the Atlantic coast.

Jim Carney's vessel, the *Juniata* of the iron keel, did not get home until Sunday morning. Some of her crew, meeting some of the *Binney's*

crew, and not knowing when she got home, began to brag of having carried a two-reefed foresail throughout the living gale. Jumbo, trysail, and reefed foresail. Reefed foresail? Huh! We hurried to tell them that the *Binney* had carried a whole foresail.

Chapter XVIII

THAT WINTER PASSAGE from Georges Bank with Maurice Whalen was in February 1903. On a December day of the same year, I sailed from Norfolk for the Isthmus of Panama in the cruiser *Olympia,* Dewey's old flagship in the Battle of Manila Bay.

A telegram from Secretary of the Navy William H. Moody informing me of a revolution in the making on the Isthmus had hurried me to Norfolk. Moody had also given me a letter of authority to go aboard any American warship anywhere and stay aboard her as long as I saw fit.

Secretary Moody's telegram and letter and my boarding the *Olympia* was owing to President Theodore Roosevelt's wish that I cruise with our navy ships with the idea of writing up our navy personnel as I had written up the fishermen of our offshore banks.

Voyaging to the tropics in wintertime aboard a man-o'-war was a delightful experience. Hugging the lee side of the deckhouse to keep clear of the cold winter wind one day, and next day courting the balmy trade winds; getting out of heavy clothing to turn in of a night, and getting into tropic whites next morning—it was something to write about to friends back home.

The *Olympia* rolled her deck well down to an oily black sea in the Caribbean. Her plunging bow made white water of the black sea, swashed the white water back to the top of her forward turret.

We steamed into Cartagena Harbor with our deck battery at a ready. For all we knew—no radio then—Colombia could have declared war since we left Norfolk.

Nothing happened there; and we proceeded to Colón. Here I went ashore pronto to look into the revolution. A short distance from the landing pier I sighted a brown-faced man sitting in a chair and smok-

ing a long cheroot. The chair was tilted back against a wall that was painted red, white, and blue in broad stripes. In large black letters against the stripes was

FOURTH
OF
JULY
SALOON

My thought was: Here is a cantina keeper who foresees American customers piling in on him. A smart ombray. I'll speak him. I hove to abreast of him and in my Spanish War Spanish and my most sonorous voice I hailed him a: "Buay-nohs dee-ahz, sain-yore."

The brown-faced man's chair legs hit the sidewalk, he whooshed a mouthful of smoke to the sky and said: "Glory be, an American! Sit down, boy, sit down!"

He was Irish-born, name of Martin Higgins, he had lived for a few years in Brooklyn and left there twenty years ago for the pleasant tropic climes he had been hearing about from seafarers on the East River front.

"What about the revolution?" I asked.

"It's over—what there was of it."

The story of the revolution was that foresighted President Roosevelt saw the necessity—for war, even as for commerce—of cutting a canal through the Isthmus. A gang of politicians in Bogotá, with a New York lawyer holding their brief, wanted $40,000,000 from the United States for the necessary strip of canal territory. Roosevelt refused to be highjacked, saying: "I'll take the strip of land now. We'll talk of the price later."

I hung around the Isthmus for a month or so, enjoying life aboard the *Olympia* and small adventures ashore. It being a sure thing by then that the revolution wouldn't come to life again, I took a Pacific mail steamer to Kingston, Jamaica, stopped there for a week, took a United Fruit steamer to Boston. A blizzard there had me wishing I had stayed the winter aboard the *Olympia* in the tropics.

My judgment after that *Olympia* tropic cruise was that being a passenger on a big warship had ocean-liner travel beat seven ways. I put in the next winter after the Christmas holidays in the wardroom of the battleship *Missouri* in Caribbean waters. She was the crack ship of our navy, which meant of the world, and she had a personnel,

officers and men, to match her reputation. It is the personnel, even more than weight of metal, that makes an efficient fighting machine of a warship. The wardroom of the *Missouri* was a delight. Here were fellows who among them had been to every port in the world, who had had forty varieties of adventure; and some among them had come away with interesting tales to tell. I could have taken notes and written a book of what the wardroom officers of the *Missouri* had to say in evenings off duty, but I was never a note taker; but I did listen and absorb, and let what would stay by me. What usually stayed by me was the atmosphere of a scene, the perspective and philosophy of the storyteller.

That winter on the *Missouri* coming atop of my *Olympia* cruise brought the peacetime Navy alive to me. I saw it now for what it was —a collection of earnest officers and men, steadily preparing themselves and their ships to be the first line of defense when and if war should come. An efficient Navy in peacetime could very well serve to prevent war.

So far I had been seeing navy life from the cabin end of the ship. I was now for seeing it from the fo'c'sle end, the enlisted men's end. And how to do that? Betweentimes I had met the President again, and we had become good friends.

I wrote the President, saying that, as I saw it, my best way to carry out my plan was to enlist. He said: "Whatever you say," and invited me to come and stay with him at Oyster Bay. He was having the battle fleet there for review, he wrote.

Joe Cannon, then Speaker of the House and bitterly opposed to any Roosevelt policy, being asked by a reporter what he thought of the Navy, snapped out: "All I know of the Navy is when the President orders it to his back door for his friend Jim Connolly to review!"

While at Oyster Bay the President brought me to Admiral Evans, C.-in-C. of the battle fleet, and Admiral Davis to arrange with them for my billet on Davis' staff. Davis was then flying his flag as division commander on the battleship *Alabama*.

The battle fleet was shoving off for Guantánamo after the New Year. On December 30 I had lunch with the President in the White House, told him I was ready to enlist; but I would like to have my discharge made out and filed before I enlisted. He answered that he had never heard of such a thing being done before, but he knew of no law against it. But why the discharge beforehand? I explained why:

An enlistment term in the Navy was for four years. I wasn't for staying in that long—no. This earth was spinning around too fast for me to stay in one place for four years. Also to stay too long at a time with an experience was to flatten its saliencies—at least, it would be so for me. I might not want to stay more than two weeks. Certainly not more than a month. I wasn't long married then, and I had told my wife I'd be back home for the Boston College ball, which was then less than six weeks away.

His answer to that was I could stay two weeks or two months or two anything—suit myself.

My discharge was made out and filed. I checked up on it, went on to the navy yard to be sworn in. Secretary Moody insisted on giving me a letter exempting me from examination; and I felt that I had to present it at the recruiting office. A senior lieutenant had the rank there, but an old time chief bosun's mate was patently the directing influence. The old-timer read the letter, glared at me, turned to the ranking Mister, saying: "Those Cabinet members have days when they sign strings of letters they don't stop to read. Some friend of this fuhla's slipped this letter over on the Secretary. You! You go on and report to the examining doctor."

The doctor let a moan out of him, he having a theater engagement at 2 o'clock and now he knew he'd never make it, because twelve o'clock of that day made it January 1 officially, and beginning January 1 all recruits had to have their fingerprints taken. And, damn it, he had never taken any fingerprints.

He ordered me to peel off, he took my height, weighed me and looked for blemishes. Hah! He pounced on a scar on my left leg—the mark of an ancient battle.

"And now for the damn fingerprints!"

He produced a white marble slab and a bottle of black ink and started in. The first set of prints were smudges. I offered advice. He took my advice, and we went to it again. All this time I'm naked as a Greek statue, and the doctor's orderly has moved in from his station at the door and is breathing heavily over our shoulders. My advice wasn't so good, and neither were the second set of prints what they should be. He sighed, glanced up at the clock, said: "Hell! I got to get along. I'm putting your enlistment back a day. And that means no damn fingerprints. But you've passed your physical. Get along."

Next morning I reported aboard the battleship *Alabama*. Mr.

Bricker, flag lieutenant to Admiral Davis, placed me with Chief Yeoman Donohoe in the flag office.

Only Bricker, Donohoe, and Admiral Davis knew I was aboard, which was what I wanted; but the New York papers of that afternoon made a front-page news item of the fact that the President's friend, the sea-story writer Connolly, had enlisted in the Navy, and was even then with the battle fleet.

The ship's Marine captain read that aloud to Bricker just outside the flag office. "What ship d' y' s'pose he's on?" said the Marine. "He might be on this one, hah?"

"He might," said Bricker, winking at me over the Marine's shoulder.

Bricker brought me wires from the New York *Times* and the Hearst New York paper, each with an offer for my written experiences as a bluejacket. I replied that I wasn't writing them up.

Later papers had cartoons of me aboard ship. Mostly they depicted me as a stoop-shouldered figure with huge horn spectacles questioning grinning bluejackets, and pencil poised to record their answers in a notebook.

Quite a few bits of verse were written about my probable experiences in the Navy. Some were clever. The one I enjoyed most had everybody from the galley cook to the skipper paying me much covert attention because he (each one in turn) was to be "the hero of the book" that I was going to write.

After New Year's the battle fleet sailed for Guantánamo Bay. Ten days or so after our arrival there our chief wireless operator Gallagher picked up word that a disastrous earthquake had overtaken Kingston, Jamaica. Help was needed immediately—food and so on.

Admiral Evans ordered Admiral Davis to take two ships of his division and proceed to Kingston with the necessities for a city in distress. The *Alabama's* boilers were cold, so Davis transferred his flag to the *Missouri,* ordered the *Indiana* to load the needful stores and accompany him to Kingston. The destroyer *Whipple* went along with a corps of surgeons. Admiral Davis took along Lieutenant Bricker, Donohoe, and myself of his staff.

We made Kingston overnight. Admiral Davis took Bricker and myself with him ashore, then ordered me to locate the governor general and report his arrival in Kingston. I located the governor general's secretary, reported the arrival of Admiral Davis of the United States Navy at the Pacific Mail Wharf, and went for a look over the city.

Davis had told me to look around, take notice of things, and report to him in his cabin each evening.

The city was pretty much in ruins. The Royal Engineers were already stacking up bodies taken from the ruins and burning them.

A wall of the penitentiary with several hundred Negro convicts in it was partly blown out. The *Indiana* trained her guns on the penitentiary. Our ships landed bluejackets, who went right at the job of setting things right ashore. The *Indiana* landed her relief stores. Our corps of surgeons landed, set up an operating station at Jesuit Park, and took over the cases that the city surgeons could not attend to.

The people of Kingston were grateful for the first aid our navy personnel was giving. A committee of merchants sent Admiral Davis a testimonial to that effect; but the governor general of Jamaica was of another mind. He sent Admiral Davis a letter, which read—substantially—among other things: If while a Royal Navy ship were at anchor in your North River, a riot were to break out in Harlem, would you consider the commander of that ship justified in landing an armed guard of British bluejackets to end that riot?

Bricker read the letter to me in the flag office and asked me what I thought of it. I said:

"That pinhead hasn't learned yet that England's game today is to placate America. That's a rotten letter."

"I think it's a damn rotten letter," said Bricker. "There's hate of Americans in every line of it."

He looked at me. I looked at him and suggested that he leave the letter in the office for filing.

Bricker left the letter with me. I had Donohoe make carbon copies of it and asked Bricker if I could have the use of the admiral's barge. I left the ship in the barge, located an Associated Press man, name of Caldwell, gave him a copy of the letter, under the pledge that he would put it on the cable immediately.

The publication of that letter by the A.P. started international complications. An Assistant Secretary of State in Washington denied all knowledge of the letter. Diplomatic King Edward was smarter than that. He saw to it that the governor general of Jamaica was given an early change of residence. Admiral Davis presented me with his original handwritten report of the Kingston expedition. He mentioned me favorably in that report for my "care of the archives," and let who would guess at just what that phrase meant.

After a month on the *Alabama,* I passed the word to Bricker that I was ready to be discharged. He spoke to Admiral Davis, who signaled to the C.-in-C., Admiral Evans. Evans signaled Davis to have me report to him on the fleet dispatch boat, the *Yankton,* his favorite retreat when he wanted to get away from the flagship ritual.

I had had several talks with him prior to this on the *Yankton.* He attended to my discharge, arranged for my passage on the first ship going north, a service collier.

I was several days home before the press got the word. And then? A deluge! Why had I got out of the Navy so soon? There could be only one reason. I hadn't got on well with my shipmates. Those salty men had resented the literary person who had been thrust on them, and so on—yap, yap, yap.

The salty stuff was to laugh. I'd seen the salt sea close to; whereas most of those salty ones had viewed it from the high deck of a big warship; which wasn't their fault, of course. But there it was. As for their resenting me, only half a dozen of the *Alabama* crew knew me: two officers and four enlisted men, and they became pals of mine early.

The press stuff bewildered me for a time. Then I got it. Powerful enemies of President Roosevelt were out to put him in bad with the public, and editorial stooges were to be had to do their bidding. He had broadcasted his friendship for me; hence, a wallop at me was a wallop at him—there was the sort of a person he picked for a friend.

Theodore Roosevelt, with a weather eye to a warring future, was for a big navy. For my little self, I was taking an increasing interest in international affairs, and I was seeing where even in peacetime, a navy had its immense protective value to a nation. I began to forelay for further navy cruising.

One midsummer day in 1907 the press had it that our North Atlantic Fleet—our battle fleet—would soon be making a cruise to our west coast. A few days later our papers were printing a Tokyo dispatch protesting that cruise. Japan took it as a threat against her.

Around South America to our west coast? And the insolent protest of Japan? There would be a cruise! I got in touch with the President. He was about to leave Oyster Bay to lay the cornerstone of the Pilgrims' Monument at Provincetown. He sent word to meet him aboard the *Mayflower* in Provincetown Harbor.

My first word, after our greeting, was to ask him if the battle fleet was surely going around to the west coast. His answer: "You can be

sure it is going around now. And isn't it a fine thing, by George, that we can't send our fleet from one home port to another but a foreign nation must intervene?"

The fleet, sixteen battleships and attendant craft, sailed from Hampton Roads on December 16. The C.-in-C. was Rear Admiral Robley D. (Fighting Bob) Evans. On the eve of sailing, the President said: "What of the fleet, Evans?" And Evans answered: "The fleet, sir, is ready for a feast, a fight, or a frolic."

The day before Evans' happy phrase, my wife and I had lunched at the White House with a lot of notables. I wasn't yet any old married man and I whispered to the President that my wife wasn't too happy about my going on the cruise. During lunch, my wife being at his right hand, the President gave her a little cheering-up talk pertaining to women having to stay home while their men went off to war, or wherever duty called. A man in my position was like a man in the service and so on.

Except for a pampero off the River Plata, that passage down the Atlantic coast was a succession of night-and-day smooth blue water sailing. It was a cruise of all pure delight down the Atlantic coast, north and south; and there were little adventures in the ports of call along the road.

At Punta Arenas in Magellan Straits, Lieutenant (now Rear Admiral) Harry Brinser invited me to sail with him and a volunteer crew across the Straits to Pouvenir Bay—eighteen miles or so. The natives said the Straits could not be crossed in an open sailboat—the williewaws were known to capsize vessels at anchor, and so on. With Brinser in command and the main sheet off to the knot, we made the passage in the ship's sailing launch.

Lieutenant Leigh Palmer, Lieutenant Andy Drum, U. S. Marine Corps, and Ensign Bruce Canager took me along on a hunt for mountain lions in the wilds of Patagonia.

Both these stunts were written up as perilous adventures by correspondents with the fleet.

Magellan Straits is a passage of three hundred miles from where a ship turns in from the Atlantic to where it turns out on the Pacific end. The usual atlas has the Straits looking like an almost straight line. It is nothing like that. It is a twisting body of water. It ranges in width from fifteen miles at Punta Arenas to a half-mile farther west. Strong tides possess it, and those much-publicized willie-waws blow hard.

One night at eleven o'clock, the sixteen big ships and five destroyers weighed anchor. The destroyers, with warheads on their torpedoes, capped the fleet. The night went foggy.

Now the passage of the Straits in clear weather is no great feat for a single steamer. In foggy weather the passage is so difficult that it is rarely attempted, yet this foggy night the sixteen ships steamed on in regular formation, one ship directly behind the other and at regular cruising speed—ten knots; and there being only two hundreds yards of open water between ships, towing spars were dropped astern of each ship for the guidance of the next in line.

The fog went thicker on us; so thick that the towing spars were difficult to see. Stern and bow searchlights were then brought to bear on the towing spars. Even the lights were not always adequate; and so the ships took to locating themselves in the thick o' fog by short sharp siren whistle signals—one one two—two one one—two two two —and so on.

All this while, wardrooms were guessing at where the Japanese fleet was. They could be lying in wait for us in one of the glacier bays farther west.

Cape Pillar at the westerly outlet of the Straits has a record of not a single man shipwrecked there escaping alive. Our sixteen battle wagons carried that thick o' fog past Cape Pillar and well into the Pacific before turning north; and when the fog lifted there were the sixteen huskies in perfect formation. In all maritime history, man-o'-war or merchant fleet, there is nothing to match that passage of Magellan Straits by our battle fleet in that fog.

The fleet had put in along the road at Port-of-Spain in Trinidad, at Rio de Janeiro, at Punta Arenas, and Callao (Lima). The Brazilian and Peruvian governments had entertained our officers and men as no naval personnel had been entertained before us.

The enlisted men had been given big liberty in Rio de Janeiro and Lima; and they had conducted themselves as Admiral Evans had predicted they would when the matter of good conduct in foreign ports was put to them. Clean-looking, upstanding, well behaved—they served to herald what our many millions back home were like.

Theodore Roosevelt's enemies liked to tab him as an emotional, unsafe leader. A backward look shows his leadership in foreign affairs to be a foresighted one. There was his Panama Canal stroke; and that sending the battle fleet around South America was another good stroke.

Until we go abroad and mix with people, most of us do not learn that foreigners at large do not allow us our own valuation of our military power. South Americans I met with on that cruise to the west coast told me that before the visit of our battle fleet they had no conception of the naval power of the United States.

The visit of those sixteen big battleships to South American ports, the quality of their personnel on shore liberty, did much to convince the doubters down there that their big neighbor of the North had the naval force to back up, if need be, the tenets of the Monroe Doctrine.

The fleet continued up the west coast and came to anchor at Callao, the port of entry to Lima. After eleven days there, the fleet steamed on to Magdalena Bay in the Gulf of California for a month at target practice.

Now before leaving home I had planned to go to Europe the following summer; a part pleasure voyage, yes; but also the Olympic games would be there for my writing—a *Collier's* job—and Burlingame of *Scribner's* was always after me to write up anything I thought interesting for him. I hadn't written a line for any editor on the cruise, and now it was come time for me to do some stories by way of providing the home necessities.

By this time Tokyo had assured Washington of the Imperial good will, and no war was now in sight. Time now that I got along to working for a living again. I told my *Vermont* shipmates that I was on my way.

Throughout that passage around South America, the *Vermont's* wardroom crowd had treated me as one of themselves. They had invited me to buy a share in their mess, a privilege rarely extended to a passenger.

The night before my leaving the ship, my *Vermont* wardroom messmates threw me a dinner. It was quite a dinner. The mess broke out champagne, and the dinner lasted till four o'clock in the morning, with me being called upon every hour or so to rise and make a speech. With every speech, the ship's band, which had been stationed on the quarter-deck overhead, crashed into bars of melody from "Honey Boy," which was the ship's song, varied with selections from Irish song, in tribute—as the messmates vociferously explained—to the ancient blood of the Connollys. I have bragged since that after that all-night dinner I was able to write a coherent letter of appreciation to Admiral Evans for courtesies extended.

After Colors in the morning, I shook hands all around and went on deck to go over the side. I then got a real surprise. When a navy captain goes over the side of his ship, four side boys stand to attention at the gangway, and the bosun's mate of the watch gives him two pipes on his whistle. An admiral gets six side boys and three pipes. A president or king gets eight side boys, four pipes. In the case of those very high ones the drummers add ruffles to the bosun's pipes.

Now the regulations do not allow side boys or pipes or ruffles for a man not holding naval rank or high official position; but as Executive Officer Bertolette put it: The regulations do not say that officers cannot act as side boys if so be it pleases them. What I saw as I crossed the quarter-deck that morning were eight commissioned officers, wardroom messmates all, standing to attention at the gangway. I marched between them, they with eyes set front and hand in salute; and with that the bosun's mate of the watch was giving me four long whistles, and the drummers were rolling out four ruffles. A final thrill was the enlisted men crowding the after superstructure and giving me three cheers as I stepped into the waiting boat.

Chapter XIX

EARLY in the summer of 1908 I sailed for London to cover the Olympic games for *Collier's,* and with a commission from Editor Burlingame of *Scribner's* to write up anything I might deem of interest to his magazine readers.

My sea voyages were always good fun, and sometimes real adventure; but by now I was getting more than fun or adventure out of them. Always I had been interested in the doings of foreign countries and foreign peoples. I was also now making a living out of my voyages, yes; but there was more than that in them for me. With my increasing years I was seeing more clearly that foreign travel was the best of all ways to arrive at an understanding of international policies.

In that year (1908) England was staging a World's Exposition in London. France, Russia, and England had signed an offensive and defensive treaty, and the exposition was by way of celebrating the

Entente Cordiale, as the London papers termed it. The Entente was by way of preparing for a war that was even then in the offing.

That visit of 1908 was my eighth visit to London, and by then I was well acquainted with many people in the city. My first book, *Out of Gloucester* (1902) had been reprinted in England; and so for my three books between that and 1908. *Scribner's* and *Harper's* magazines, for whom I frequently wrote, were on file in London clubs of consequence.

Back in 1902, going to and returning from my second Arctic trip, American newspapermen stationed in London had seen to it that I made the Savage Club my headquarters. The Savage was a gathering place for newspaper editors and correspondents who knew international politics, who were at home in Paris, Rome, Berlin, and Moscow even as in London. Among them all, not much took place in the world of diplomacy, or intrigue, that they had not forecasted, though not in print except when it was in their own country's interest.

I had sniffed the fierce trade war between England and Germany while estimating the growth of Hamburg's foreign commerce back in 1901. Later on I sat in to discussions of the European war to come with wardroom shipmates in their off-duty hours at sea. The only points at issue were: Just when will it break, and what will the line-up be?

England's diplomats, taken collectively, are surely the most thoroughly trained of all. Yet every now and then they overlook a bet. They did so when they did not look more closely into the management of the Olympic meet of that year of 1908. England had taken over the games and insisted that only British officials be allowed on the field.

The result? Decisions that, by American judgments, were outrageously unfair. One such was in the marathon race; and not only unfair, it was so stupid—and impotent. The Italian runner, Dorando, was in a state of collapse three hundred yards from the finish, which was in the stadium. Three times he had collapsed and fallen, and each time he had been lifted to his feet by Olympic officials, and with 90,000 stadium spectators looking on. The American Johnny Hayes meantime had entered the stadium and was running strong. A marathon runner helped to his feet is by the rules of the race automatically disqualified. Despite that athletic law, the English judges awarded the race to the Italian.

At sight of the Italian flag going up for a victory, I bounced down from the press coop to the American dressing room to get after our ranking American Amateur Union official there to enter a protest.

King Edward was present in the royal box that day; and to properly honor the occasion all the officials were wearing red coats. Our little man peered fearfully out at all the red coats in the arena, at King Edward in the royal box, and drew back affrighted. He was that sort, a little man who went servile in the presence of the great.

"Look here you!" I yelled. "You're the official representative of our athletes. Now, you bum, go out onto that field and tell those redbacks that the American Johnny Hayes won that race."

I pushed him into the arena, all but put the toe of my shoe to his stern sheets. He moved out and falteringly entered our protest. The officials reconsidered their decision. They had to. They ended up by awarding the race to Hayes, hauling down the Italian flag and hoisting ours in its place; but they did not do that until the 90,000 people in the stadium had gone home.

Next day at lunch I put it bluntly to Savage friends that it looked to Americans in London as if those Olympic judges were for any country before the United States. I added that there was a frame of mind that needed correction if they were for developing good will for England in the United States. I pointed out that for one American reader (or English) who gives even casual attention to international politics, there are ten who pay close attention to championship sporting news; and there was where, as I had told my Savage friends, English diplomats had committed a tactical error when they insisted on all-English judges for the Olympic games.

Before going to Europe that year of 1908, and after returning from it, I had delivered many dozens of public and semipublic talks on naval affairs. I emphasized what our navy would mean in any war to come. I said nothing of the inevitable war to come in Europe, but I did speak strongly of the Japanese slogan of Asia for the Asiatics. Japan's naval victory over the Russian fleet at Tsushima Straits was the prelude to its drive against the white empires in Asia. That Asia-for-the-Asiatics slogan was more than political campaign oratory. Japan meant it.

Someday, I pointed out in my talks, the United States would be drawn into a war with Japan. That might be fifty years away, but come it would. (It was actually thirty-five years to Pearl Harbor.)

I also spoke of a war far more portentous than a war with Japan. The war of all time would be a war of the yellows and browns against the whites to settle the question of who would be masters of all the world. I placed that war at two hundred years away. (That is still my guess.)

Most papers commenting on my prediction of a war with Japan marked me for an alarmist. In my own town, which is Boston, two editorial writers slapped me on the wrist for daring to predict such a war. Such silly talk! Hadn't the Japanese of late years been showing full approval of the work of our missionaries there? Why, of course. And so on. Editors in general are timid as politicians to take a stand on a matter for which a strong public current hasn't already set in. No paper that I read commented on my prediction of that racial war of all time.

After my return from Europe in 1908 I began to get mail from my old *Vermont* shipmates. Letters came from various ports in Eastern waters, and they all spoke of the gorgeous receptions in foreign ports—Brazil and Peru had done them no prouder than China and Japan. Why not join them somewhere on the road home? They enclosed the fleet itinerary. They would be putting into such and such ports on such and such days—why not board the *Vermont* again and come home with her?

By and by, when the proper time served, I arranged, through the President, to join the *Vermont* and come home with her.

Chapter XX

To go back: Between that first Gloucester seining trip and my 1908 voyage to Europe, I got in quite a few trips between Newfoundland and the tropics in freight and passenger ships.

There was a Gulf of Mexico trip on a big oil tanker with a captain who, before we were fairly past the Hook, informed me that he knew seventy-eight ways to play solitaire; which left me hoping he had taken time out from his solitaire to keep up with his navigation. He fooled me. He turned out to be a first-class navigator, plotting the ship's posi-

tion by Sumner lines every hour of the day, and shooting the stars by night. He was also grafting off the ship's supplies. I was on the bridge with him one day when two of the crew came up to protest the grub, submitting for his inspection the lunch for that day on their plates. His reaction was a threat to put them in irons. Then: "What do you two know of good grub? Get the hell back to the hovels you came from."

Now those two men never came from any hovels. They were German-born adventurers who got into top hats and frock coats when they went ashore, and weren't depending on their ship's pay to settle their shore bills.

The tanker ran into a "norther" in the Gulf, and being a long wall-sided model and empty at the time, she took to rolling. She rolled and she rolled. She rolled half as far down again as the rolling cruiser *Olympia* under the same conditions. I looked down from the flying bridge and watched the slab-sided lady roll, wishing to myself while I watched that I was aboard one of my able Gloucester vessels. The Gloucestermen rolled low down at times, yes; but man, they were only rolling down to their heavy weather lines; and there they held, steady as could be. And safe, yes. However, nothing happened to the oil tanker.

There was a seven-day run out of New Orleans on a Mississippi River steamer. One night, 4,000 sacks of cotton seed were piled on the riverbank for the crew of roustabouts to carry aboard. There was a long stage—a gangplank—from the riverbank to the loading deck. The sacks of seed weighed 160 pounds. The roustabouts—all Negroes —would heave a sack onto their backs and, with body bent under the load, would take the stage on the trot. The stage would spring up and down under the weight of the roustabout and his load, giving the roustabout the appearance of a man bounding along. Some of the roustabouts were powerful men, in a class for size and muscular power with Gloucester fresh-halibut catchers. A phrase often heard in Gloucester is: "A big man, big enough to go fresh-halibuting."

There was a bar on the boat, and a man standing by always with a glass of whisky ready for whatever roustabout called for a drink. The weary rousters were calling for it frequently long, long before those sacks were loaded. The rousters were paid three dollars a day, and some of them had paid out most of their pay for whisky before they were back in New Orleans. The steamer was named the *Natchez*

Belle, a famous name on the Mississippi River; and she was the usual river type, shoal draft and stern paddle wheels, and she could make good speed. At times on her downstream run to New Orleans she was making seventeen miles an hour.

There was a fishing trip out of Boston with Capt. Bat Whalen—Big Bat—to the South Channel, which is westerly of Georges Shoals, and where crews fished night and day in clear weather and thick until they had the vessel loaded. Four days and four nights Big Bat's crew fished without once turning into their bunks. Big Bat himself stayed on his feet for six days and nights. It was bait up, heave and haul trawls, dress and stow fish, with never a letup until the vessel had a cargo fit to take to market. And then it was west nor'west and drive her, boy, drive her for the Boston market.

Capt. Jerry Shea was as big as Big Bat, but of different notions about drinking. Bat believed that liquor taken in moderation was good for a man. His understanding of moderation was broad and generous. Jerry was a teetotaler for himself, though not for others. No. Every man to his own way of going to heaven or wherever else he preferred to go. Yes. Jerry would go into Anderson's barroom at the head of T Wharf after a trip, order drinks for everybody in the place, then order a glass of milk for himself.

"A nourishing drink, milk," Jerry would proclaim to the wondering strangers. His pink cheeks, clear blue eyes, and 220 pounds of hard flesh made a good argument for his claim.

When I sailed with Jerry, his vessel, the *Regina,* was already almost a legend, so fast and able had she proved herself on market passages. Her crew held her as the fastest two-masted schooner ever launched. In my trip with him Jerry gave me a sample of what she could do in a drive from the South Channel grounds to Cape Cod in a gale of wind. She certainly could step along, and I so said. "But nothing, boy, like what she could before she parted her spring stay," said Jerry. "That spring stay she's got now did something evil to her. Destroyed the set of her mastheads toward each other—or something. She's not the same vessel at all now," said Jerry.

Before ever I boarded the *Regina* I could testify to her speed. I was coming home from Jamaica in the *Admiral Dewey* of the United Fruit White Line. The *Dewey* carried passengers, and her schedule called for at least thirteen knots. And she was making her schedule as she headed in for Cape Cod in the tail of a winter northeaster. It was

a strong wind, but far from a gale of wind. As we breasted Cape Cod, a schooner swung in from the eastward astern of us. She looked a small thing to our big steamer.

I knew her for the *Regina,* and she was in her winter rig; that is, she was carrying no topmasts. Vessels would roll their topmasts off on those winter offshore banks, and so Boston and Gloucester offshore vessels put their topmasts ashore when winter set in. The *Regina* came from astern and abreast of the *Dewey's* windward quarter. And then? She eased herself past us, with Jerry Shea standing in her waist, his left foot resting on her lee rail, his left elbow on his raised knee, and his chin resting in his left palm. The *Regina* was swinging along as easily and smoothly as that, with Jerry having never a fear that she would pitch him over the rail. No, no, not the *Regina.* She wasn't even wetting her lee rail as she swept past us.

Said Jerry, speaking of sailing past that fruit liner: "Give *Regina* her full sail in that strong fair wind and she'd been tied up to the fish pier in Boston afore your fruit liner saw us off Cape Cod. Yes."

I made several mackerel cruises, one being with Capt. Reuben Cameron to the southward. Reub had sailed in that famous Anniversary Race. Reub had finished third; but to carry sail and finish that race that day was an achievement.

Reub's vessel had no spare bunk, so I turned in with Reub. Now bunking with him was all right, except that he being a big man—six feet and 210 pounds—he was no eel slipping in and out of a bunk. Every time he was called on deck in the middle of the night, which was frequent, I had to turn out with him. Otherwise my being on that cruise was like being a guest aboard a yacht.

I've had some lucky escapes from disaster at sea. There was that time after that Georges winter trip with Bejeezes Bill McDonald when I met him again on T Wharf. He was unloading a trip of fish from his new vessel, the *Alva.* "Come on out with me this next trip—I'm sailin' in the mornin'," said Bill.

I would have gone with him but I had an engagement that week in New York. "When you are back again, Bill," I said, and Bill said, "That's a go now, remember."

"It's a go," I said, and arranged with a friend on the fish wharf to telephone me when the *Alva* was back from Georges.

The *Alva* never came back. On that very trip, she was lost with all hands, battered to her death in one of those hard winter storms on

Georges. Bill had told me that the *Alva* wasn't a strong-built vessel. And there was the story. She should never have fished on Georges in wintertime, the weak-built one she was; but Bill was no longer a great fish killer, and he had to make a living, take what he could get in the way of a living.

There was that transatlantic race for the German Emperor's Cup from Sandy Hook to the Lizards in the English Channel, 3,150 miles. The race was for sailing yachts of one hundred tons and over; and there was to be no time allowance. Twelve yachts of various rigs and sizes—several schooners, a big yawl, a 600-ton bark, a 900-ton barkentine, a full rigged 1200-ton ship—assembled for the race.

Dr. Lewis Stimson of the New York Yacht Club entered his ninety-ton schooner, the *Fleur de Lys*. The club had said that yachts of less than a hundred tons would not be allowed in, but they lowered the tonnage to allow the *Fleur de Lys* in. Dr. Stimson asked me if I could get him a Gloucester sail carrier to race his little schooner for the cup.

Any of a dozen Gloucester and Boston fishing captains I knew would suit him perfectly. I looked around for Maurice Whalen, but Maurice was away on a four-weeks' shacking trip. Then in from a halibut trip came the Scandinavian-born Tommy Bohlen, a favorite of mine—a daring sail carrier, but as my uncle Jim would have said, "No damn fool either out to sea."

Tommy listened to my story of the little *Fleur de Lys* wanting to race all those big fellows for that 3,150-mile Atlantic crossing and without any time allowance. The no-time-allowance proviso appealed to Tommy. It was so fishermen raced home from the offshore banks, every vessel on her own bottom. Tommy had the name for never reefing his mainsail. "When it's time to reef a mainsail, it's time to take it in," was a saying of his. He sailed the *Fleur de Lys* in the race. He did not win. The fastest-sailing vessel ever launched—probably—the 187-foot three-masted schooner, the *Atlantic,* won the race. She had a smart sailing master, the ex-Scottish fisherman, Charlie Barr, and he made a record that wiped out all the old clipper-ship records for the Atlantic crossing.

The *Fleur de Lys* beat five of the big fellows in that race. Incidentally, she broke all speed records for a vessel of anywhere near her tonnage for one hour, one day, one week, two weeks. She logged fourteen knots in her midwatch one night—a four-hour watch. She logged just short of thirteen knots for two days and two nights.

The racing vessels met with a gale of wind midway of the crossing. A summer gale, nothing to worry about, said Tommy; and let the little *Fleur de Lys* swing a whole mainsail to it—the only vessel in the race to carry a whole mainsail in that gale.

A Gloucester skipper who captured my imagination was Saul Jacobs. He was Newfoundland-born of English stock and had seen deep-sea service before he ever saw Gloucester. He wasn't sailing long out of Gloucester when he was made master of a vessel; and soon he was making a name as a great fish killer.

He was of a restless mind and enterprising in action. He sent a vessel around South America to our northwest coast to look into the halibut fishing there. His vessel hooked halibut aplenty, but found no market for it. To see what might be done to offset the vessel's overhead, which was heavy, Saul went to the west coast himself.

Chinamen were being then smuggled from Canada by land and by sea, and adventurous souls willing to risk the law were being paid $200 for every Chinaman they brought in. Soft money there, said Saul, and went in for it; and he was doing well at it until American steam cutters got after him. His all-sail schooner was fast, but not fast enough to get away from a steam cutter when there wasn't any wind. No. He gave up the smuggling for sealing operations off the Aleutian Islands.

Interested people had it that his operations were mostly illegal; and so it came about for a time that Saul had British, Russian, Japanese, and American cutters and cruisers hunting his vessel. They caught up with him eventually, and Saul was given a month in jail and his vessel confiscated. He returned to Gloucester, still restless in mind and all set for fresh enterprises.

He took a leaf from the English power-boat fishing out of Grimsby. His *Helen Miller Gould* was the first auxiliary offshore fishing schooner out of Gloucester, also the most expensive American fishing vessel built up to her time. But she didn't live long. I sailed a mackerel trip in her while she was still new. She caught fire while she was laying to anchor in Louisburg Harbor. "And the hard luck o' me havin' $187 hanging up in my pants pocket in her cabin and not gettin' time to salvage it!" said Saul. "It must've been the awful fire," said Gloucestermen who knew Saul, "when Saul didn't go into that cabin for that hundred and eighty-seven dollars."

Saul had had his all-sail schooner, the *Ethel Jacobs,* wrecked on him before that. The insurance on the *Ethel* enabled him to build the *Gould*. He now took his *Gould* insurance, added something to it, and built the *Alice Jacobs,* the first all-power fisherman out of Gloucester. She didn't live long either. One winter's night off the Newfoundland coast she piled herself ashore and stayed there. That being the third vessel Saul lost in a dozen years, the insurance people said he was too unlucky—or something—for them to be risking their money on any more vessels he had to do with.

So Saul took a vessel, not his own now, the all-sail schooner *Tatler,* and fitted her out for a winter herring trip to Newfoundland. Now I had been to Newfoundland already and was for going there again. Even as much as going to Newfoundland again I wanted to go a winter trip with the great Saul Jacobs. That trip in the *Gould* was in summer weather.

Said Saul: "Sure, come along, and don't forget your oilskins and sea boots. We're liable to be carryin' a wet deck weatherin' Cape Sable."

We carried the predicted wet deck before we breasted Cape Sable. We ran into a thick o' snow—a wet snow—and the wind being easterly, it was tack, tack, tack to weather Cape Sable. It was a strong wind, and there were the Brazils—a cluster of rocks a few miles offshore from Cape Sable.

Saul did not worry about the Brazils—he was placing them in his mind, he said, and he probably was; but tacking back and forth between them and the Nova Scotia shore in a snowstorm and at night gave his crew something to think about. Also we had to turn to at intervals to shovel the wet, heavy snow off her deck and rails.

We weathered the Cape; and the snowstorm passing on, we sighted the Canadian revenue sailing schooner, the *Kingfisher.* She stayed with us as long as she could to see what Saul would be up to; but not for too long. The *Tatler* was no big sailer, but Saul was carrying a main topsail, and he kept it on her, driving her to a deep lee rail to get away from the Canadian.

We left her astern, and drove for and into St. Pierre Harbor in the Miquelon Islands in a gale wind. Saul thumbed his nose at a pilot waiting to pick him up outside the harbor.

That was Christmas Eve. The *Tatler* left there next afternoon in a fifty-mile breeze, with all the harbor watching to see what might hap-

pen her. Saul drove across to St. Jacques in Newfoundland with four ten-gallon kegs of rum aboard—one tied up in the bag of our main topsail, and one lashed to our chain cable when he let go his anchor in St. Jacques.

Rum that cost a dollar a gallon in St. Pierre had to pay $2.80 duty in Newfoundland. Saul wasn't selling the rum, it was for native fishermen he was signing up to help him net a cargo of herring: and so he wasn't for paying any duty on any rum. No, sir.

He was caught with some of the rum, and brought to court, where the judge pondered whether to confiscate the *Tatler* or fine Saul. The fine would be cash on hand, so Saul was fined. There was much other detail to that winter voyage with Saul; some of it all comedy, and some of it comedy mixed with adventure; but it would take two or three chapters to tell it all; and I have to be getting along.

There was another cattle-boat trip to Liverpool, with me having a fist fight with a chap called Big Bill, which merely meant he was big for that ship's crew. Actually he was no bigger than I was—160 pounds at the time. We fought on the well hatch of the cattle deck with rain pouring down on us at five o'clock in the morning, and the captain looking down on us from the deck above. Bill was no fellow with his fists—few English are—and after twenty minutes he quit.

A later swordfishing trip is worth a mention perhaps for a special reason. Gloucestermen view swordfishing as the next thing to yachting —light work, clean decks, and all in the pleasant summertime. It was so I thought of it, when I put out with Capt. George Peeples of Gloucester and his schooner *Lafayette* on a fine July day; and yet there was my only time while out to sea that I thought I might not see home again.

Peeples came from the old French-settled section of Nova Scotia. He looked like a Breton, being a tall, dark-haired man, and a powerful, rangy 200-pound six-footer. He was of a thoughtful cast. He had just finished reading Herbert Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy,* and he asked me what I thought of the book. He was disappointed when I told him I had started it but never finished it.

"And you write books?" said Peeples.

I said yes to that, but reading that book made me feel like a 90-pound man trying to throw a 56-pound weight. Maybe later, when my mind would be more mature, say at eighty or ninety years, I might tackle it again.

The fish got to running into Georges South Shoal, the most dangerous Georges spot in bad weather. We had a sunset one evening which forecasted bad weather on the way, and not too far away; but Peeples was never a one to allow stormy threats to drive him off fish. Where the fish went he went. There we were in the shoal water of South Georges when a memorable hurricane struck the New England coast.

For hours on end the wind blew eighty miles an hour and then hauled—zing!—like that; and then it really blew—a hundred miles an hour certainly. The second breath of that hurricane drove us farther into the shoal water.

Peeples battened hatches and put the vessel under a two-reefed foresail, a fisherman's shortest sail, hove her into the wind, put the wheel in the becket, and let her lay. He hoped she would hold her place; but the little thing she was—forty-six feet on the water line—could not hold her place. Not in that wind and sea. Running masthead-high the seas were, and they would overwhelm us if we did not get out of there soon.

Peeples hove the lead. Ten fathoms! Zowie! Less than twenty fathoms in a bad storm on Georges was to be in dangerous water. And now? Ten fathoms and growing shoaler! The *Lafayette* had a small power auxiliary engine, but it was out of order, a frequent complaint with auxiliary fishing vessels of that day. Peeples went to the wheel, took the becket off, and waited for his chance. He waited there, his eyes, all our eyes, on the straight up and down masthead-high seas rolling down from windward. Would one come aboard and smother us? For—oh, five minutes, he waited before he gave her the wheel. What would she do now? I was standing on the main hatch, and I recall saying to myself: "They look tough. This may be the time when we won't be going back home any more," a thing I had never said to myself in the wildest winter nights on Georges.

Peeples gave her the wheel. And all hands watched her. And how we watched her!

Over went the foreboom. Slowly it started, held still for a moment —what a moment!—and then to leeward the boom swung with a rush. And now what? Down onto her side she rolled, rail under, hatches under, and then away on her ear she went, the gallant little lady—forty-six feet on the water line, mind. Peeples let her go till she was in safe water—fifty fathoms. He put her under a sea anchor there; and all night she lay there, head to the seas pounding over her bows.

"She'll take the pounding," said Peeples. "She's built solid enough for a boat twice her tonnage—I drove every trenail into her myself."

That same day, a 750-foot New York-bound ocean liner found herself in the same fifty fathoms of water with the *Lafayette,* and her saloon passengers petitioned a bishop who was aboard to hold a prayer meeting. The prayer meeting wasn't held. The weather was too rough.

We put into Newport after the blow, and on the first page of the New York Sunday *Sun* was an account of that ocean liner's perilous experience. The *Lafayette's* crew chuckled when I read that to them. "Seven hundred foot long an' worryin'? Huh!"

On that same first page of the Sunday *Sun* was a column story of the wreck of the swordfisherman *Nokomis* of Gloucester. The *Nokomis* was our sister ship, ton for ton with us, and she was in that same shoal water with us, though the high-running seas hid her from us in the height of the storm.

As the *Nokomis* went, so would the *Lafayette* have gone, and all of us with her, only for the seamanship and resourcefulness of Capt. George Peeples. During the height of the hurricane, the seas rolling over our fore weather bow had our fo'c'sle hatch cover lifting from the deck. Now that hatch cover being carried away meant that our whole forward end would fill up, and—oh, five minutes would do for her—and she would be on the bottom of Georges South Shoal and all hands with her.

But Peeples saw to the remedy in time. He took a maul, drove the loosening hatch cover back onto the deck, jammed two gasoline barrels between the forerigging and the fo'c'sle, laid planks across the barrels, lashed planks and barrels so that no seas could wash them loose. "There's for that," said George; and that it was; and safe home we came. The seas that came over the lee rail kept right on going, over the fo'c'sle hatch, over the lee rail safe away.

Chapter XXI

ABOUT THAT MAIL from my *Vermont* shipmates awaiting me on my return from Europe in 1908: They would be putting in to such and

such a port on such and such a day, why not pick my port and come aboard my old ship?

There was something pretty good, making the run home with the big fleet from somewhere in the Middle East—at Alexandria, say, and having a peek at Egypt and the Nile and the pyramids, and maybe a look-in on Port Said and writing it up as Editor Duneka of *Harper's* was still for having me do.

But there was my wife to consider, so I decided to postpone my departure until after the Christmas holidays and join my old messmates at the fleet's last port of call, which would be Gibraltar.

One January night I hopped a train for Washington, lunched at the White House next day, and came away with the President's authority to board the *Vermont* at Gibraltar and stay with her for the passage home.

I took a night train from Washington for New York, and next morning I signed up with *Collier's* to do an article on the homecoming of the fleet and drew advance money from the cashier on the way out.

No American liner was leaving in time to catch the fleet at Gibraltar; but the White Star steamer *Republic* was due to sail that very afternoon, so I bought a passage on her and went aboard. At three o'clock she pulled into the stream. She went at easy speed down the harbor, but after passing Sandy Hook Lightship she was speeded up. She was rated a sixteen-knot ship, and she was doing close to that before she was ten minutes past the Hook.

After dinner I walked the promenade deck. A thin vapor was settling down on us. By two bells—nine o'clock—the vapor had thickened, but the ship was still stepping along.

I met two friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lynch, in the lounge room. Mrs. Lynch had never been to sea before, and she was worried.

Lynch asked me if we were making full speed. And then: "Why the full speed in all this fog? We are all pleasure-bound here, none of us in a great hurry. Why the full speed?"

I explained that tourist steamers had schedules to keep. This one was due in Gibraltar in nine days, in Naples in twelve days; and so on. If tourist steamers fail to arrive in scheduled ports on advertised dates, passengers waiting in those ports would be complaining.

Mrs. Lynch then said: "Aren't we in danger of collision, going so

fast on a foggy night where so many steamers are coming and going?"

To calm her, I said—and it was a true thing to say: "I wouldn't worry, Mrs. Lynch. In steamer collisions, the fastest-moving and heaviest ship has all the best of it, and this ship is without doubt the fastest and heaviest ship between Sandy Hook and Nantucket Light tonight."

I walked the promenade deck till eleven o'clock. A look overside showed a smooth black sea below the rail, a thick o' fog around and about, and the ship slipping through the sea and fog at full speed.

I went inside, mulled over a pint of Guinness's stout, smoked a slow cigar, and listened to the ship's siren, which was giving out a long wo-oogh! at two-minute or so intervals.

I went out on deck and again studied the black water sliding past the ship's side. We were still going along at full speed, and I wasn't liking it.

I had been on ocean steamers before going full speed on foggy nights; but that was on the open ocean, where ships bound east and west to and from Europe had regular lanes laid out for them; and the lanes were miles apart. The law said that ships must slow down always in fog, but ocean-liner captains were thinking more of making time than of laws; and actually the danger of collision on those widely separated lanes was slim. But here was a ship traveling no wide lane. It was a narrow line for the two hundred miles between Sandy Hook and Nantucket Lightship.

At midnight the fog was still thick, and the steamer was still swinging through the black water at full speed. I went inside and below. I hadn't yet seen my roommate. He was there in his bunk, staying awake, to say how do you do before going to sleep.

We exchanged names. His was Gilmartin—or Gilfallon—and he was from Minneapolis, or it may have been St. Paul—thirty-five years ago this was. It was a two-bunk room, one above the other, and there was a wardrobe at the foot of the bunks; atop of the wardrobe were two life preservers. While undressing, I said: "In case we need those life preservers, there they are." Why I said that I don't know, but I said it.

I had the top bunk. I climbed in, switched off the electric light, which was at the head of my bunk. I was soon asleep.

A touch on the shoulder or a whisper in my ear would wake me in those days from the soundest sleep. It was so Gloucestermen out to

sea called the next on watch; but once asleep, foghorns could blow their iron lungs out, and gales of wind could roar and seas roll high without waking me. It was the unusual noise that would wake me up.

This night there was no whisper in my ear or a hand on my shoulder, but I came suddenly awake. It was a bump against the ship's side.

Our room was an outside one, two decks below the promenade deck on the port side of the ship, and the noise of the bump came from not far away and on our side of the ship. I spent perhaps three seconds thinking that out, then I switched on the electric light with one hand, threw off the bunk covers with the other, and slid to the floor. That was Gloucester fashion—out of your bunk and on deck when anything happens. Ask questions later. I hauled my trousers on over my pajamas, slipped my feet into my low-cut shoes, hesitated between my two topcoats, one a new expensive black one to go over my evening clothes, the other a London-made tan colored raincoat. I decided on the raincoat—it would be foggy and greasy around deck. I stuffed my socks into a pocket of the raincoat, put on my steamer cap.

That took me perhaps half a minute. By then my roommate was awake. He said: "What was that noise?"

"A bump against the side of the ship."

"Not a rock?"

"No rock. It's a sandy shore all along here. Better get dressed and on deck."

My watch said 5:42.

I hurried to the next deck, and from there up the grand staircase to the port side of the promenade deck. The fog was even thicker than when I had turned in. I could barely make out the rail stanchions across the width of the promenade deck. It was a dry black fog, what Gloucester fishermen would call a black vapor.

A ship's man came running from the after part of the ship. "What's happened?" I called to him. "We've been 'it!" he answered and kept on running forward.

I then saw a dim red light in the fog.

I walked aft, and came on two crew men looking down over the side of the ship. "It was 'ere she 'it us," said one.

The dim red light in the fog faded out. That, of course, would be the port sailing light of the ship that struck us.

I walked forward on the promenade deck. I kept rising to my toes as I walked, by way of testing the buoyancy of the ship. If the blow

to the ship was a bad one she would be taking in water fast, and she would soon be going dead under foot. It was so Gloucestermen would test the buoyancy of their vessel with a full cargo below decks. A load of salt fish—fish in pickle, which meant mostly in water—left a vessel dead. She was then like a half-tide rock, with never a lift to her when a sea came aboard! But give her, say, a cargo of frozen herring! A proper ballast there for an able vessel! Up she would lift to the foot of a coming sea; up she would come, ride her bows to the top of the sea—to the top and over, the gallant girl! So Gloucestermen talked—and so I was measuring the bouyancy of this ship.

The deck under me was lively. She'll be all right, I said then; and allowed myself to meditate sadly on having to forego that joyous home passage with the battle fleet. Another sad thought was that I would now have to do an article on this happening to make good the advance money I had drawn from *Collier's*. And here I was not feeling steamed up enough to make a good job of it.

I now noticed that several promenade-deck stanchions were gone, and six, maybe seven, staterooms lay in ruins; and they should have been the safest of all the rooms in the ship in a collision. Why was that? I gave it up. Later I learned that the other ship—her name was the *Florida*—was an obsolete model of a steamer with a clipper bow and a projecting bowsprit. The bowsprit had reached across our promenade deck, and when the ship backed away, that bowsprit had swept down the line of the promenade-deck rooms and laid them flat. My friends, the Lynches, were berthed in one of those ruined rooms, but I did not know that then. As the *Florida* backed to get clear, her anchor had carried away and dropped into a room under the promenade deck.

I took my station at the deck door nearest the grand staircase. Up to this time I was the only passenger on deck, so far as I could see. Soon passengers were coming arunning, women mostly, and most of them in scant clothing. Several spied me, standing there, and asked: "What's happened? What's happened?" To which I had one answer: "Nothing to worry about. Everything's going to be all right."

One heavy-jawed woman came rushing along with two other women in tow. She was a major-domo of a creature, the sort that loom big in small-town women's clubs. She yelled a "What's happened?" at me, and I answered: "Nothing's happened to worry about. Better get more clothes on."

She bent for a closer look at me. My pajama legs were showing below my raincoat, and there was that steamer cap topside. She shouted: "Why, he's not an officer. Don't pay any attention to him."

Two obviously worried young women in night clothes, sisters by their looks, asked me what happened. To them I said: "Nothing's happened. By and by, you may have to go in a small boat and be rowed to another ship. You may get your feet wet, but no more than that."

Later I was told that they were the two girls who were berthed in the stateroom next to the room that the other ship's anchor had dropped into. The anchor must have weighed two tons. They had good reason to look worried.

I took a thought then for our position. We had been steaming for more than twelve and a half hours from Sandy Hook at better than fifteen knots. It was roughly two hundred miles from Sandy Hook to Nantucket Lightship. We had steamed close to two hundred miles, placing us handy to Nantucket Lightship and still in the line of heavy ship traffic. When the fog lifted, which it would before too long at that time of year, steamers would be showing up and taking us off, or taking our ship in tow.

My concern was still for something of interest to write about: Two ships colliding at sea, and neither ship badly damaged—where was the special interest there?

Chapter XXII

I BEGAN TO MOOCH around decks. The demolished staterooms were mostly heaps of twisted steel and broken wood. Among the debris I noticed a woman's hat, a broken washbowl, a steamer trunk with not a dent in it, an unbroken hand mirror face up.

The ship's electric plant had gone out of commission early; and now two stewards with lighted candles showed up on the grand staircase. Two other stewards were dumping life preservers at the foot of the staircase. I gathered up two life preservers and looked around on deck to see who might like to have them. I sighted Mr. and Mrs. William Prendergast, friends of mine and my wife's back in Boston. They

weren't long married, and this was their first sea trip. I tied a preserver around Mrs. Prendergast and she said: "Haven't you one for Bill?" So I tied the other one around Bill. He asked me why I didn't put one on myself. I told him why. The ship wasn't going to sink, and at that time of the year—January—and 42 degrees north latitude, it wasn't a case of staying afloat in the water, it was a case of not freezing to death, and a life preserver wasn't a heat container.

I gathered another two life preservers from the foot of the staircase.

Two white-haired women, holding hands and looking like twin sisters, were wandering forlornly about. After I had tied life preservers on them, one said: "But you haven't one yourself." To which I said I'd have one if I thought it would save my life. She then said: "You don't think a life preserver will do us any good?"

"Of course it will. It's like Christian Science—it will do you good if you believe in it."

It was the custom of thoughtless folk of that day to make fun of Christian Science. I had never done so before; that remark to the old ladies was purely by way of cheering them up. Right away I saw that I had slipped. And two such nice old ladies! I hurried to add: "Christian Science is something like—y' see, I'm a Catholic, and faith is a great part of my religion too." And I meant that; and they, sensing my meaning, brightened up.

I passed out more life preservers, then headed for my room, two decks down. Except for a candle here and there I found the passageways inside the ship all dark. A steward held me up at the foot of the grand staircase, saying: "You cannot go below, sir." I said why not. He said: "Orders!" I kept on going. I wanted to get into more clothes.

I dressed, even to a collar and tie, and came back topside. The fog was still holding, but a bit of morning light was now glimmering through it, and the saloon passengers were gathering on the top deck, the boat deck. They were in various stages of undress. The women were mostly in wadded robes, or tea gowns, or whatever they were. One woman had an enormous "rat" around her neck and was explaining that she had mistaken it for her fur piece in the dark. There were some dazzling samples of men's pajamas; and there was one dignified old party with silk hat atop of pajamas and an overcoat, and bedroom slippers without stockings. Dozens of men and women were without stockings. One middle-aged stout woman had a fluffy dog in her arms, the dog somewhat disheveled.

A middle-aged woman who won my admiration was Miss Frances Morse of Worcester. I had heard of her as a world traveler; and she was now sitting on the forward freight hatch with her mouth and the spaces between her fingers loaded with hairpins. She was doing up her hair and saying calmly: "Well, wherever we have to go from here we might's well go looking our best." Another calm stout woman was distributing sticks of chewing gum.

Three stewards arrived on the boat deck with trays of black coffee. Two were of good service. The third was taking time off to bark at two third-clahss passengers who had found their way topside and were putting in for a cup of coffee. "The idea! Would ya believe they would come up 'ere!" shouted the steward. It was true. There they were, the presuming ones, knowing no more than to be cold and hungry and miserable and reaching for a cup of coffee as if they were first-class!

I noticed several steerage passengers who were completely dressed; but fully dressed saloon passengers were scarce. Some were offering stewards five pounds, ten pounds, to go to their rooms for a particular bag. The curious idea they held, that the ship might sink while they stepped down a deck to get their own bags!

By and by, the captain showed himself on the bridge. He rolled a new-lit cigar between his lips, stared down upon us, and after a time assured us that there was no danger, that we would soon be transferred to another ship.

By and by, the fog lifted a bit; and the ship that hit us emerged and hailed that she would take our passengers off. A lifeboat was then lowered over the side of our ship. A steward was killed in the lowering of the boat. The poor fellow knew nothing about lowering boats, and a boat block fell on his head.

A ladder was next let down the side of the ship. It was a pilot's ladder; that is, a rope ladder with narrow wooden treads. The order came for first-class passengers to be ready to leave the ship. Descending that pilot's ladder made awkward going for even the slim passengers. For the stout ones with a life preserver wrapped around their midship sections, it was a disturbing experience. By and by, an hour later, say, the wide port ladder was rigged, and the going over the side made easier and safer.

The boats were rowed over to the other ship, which was fading into and emerging from the fog. The mishandling of the *Republic's* boats that morning had me almost turning inside out. Gloucester fishermen

and navy bluejackets had set up my standards of boat handling, and perhaps I should have made allowances; but these men were passing for seamen.

I tried to stay aboard the *Republic,* but a crew man told me it wasn't allowed. Why not? Orders! The *Republic's* last boat was then at the foot of the wide ladder, and at the gangway was a ship's officer. I asked him if he could tell me how the nearest land bore and how far off it was. He answered that he couldn't tell me. I then said: "Look here! That other ship is fading into the fog again and your men don't look to be at home in small boats. This last boat may go adrift, and then it will be up to somebody in that boat, probably me, to make sail on her and set out for the nearest land. This ship came for nearly thirteen hours at about a fifteen-knot clip from Sandy Hook Lightship. I have a fair idea of where we are, but I'd like to know exactly."

He pursed his lips, as if considering telling me; but what he said was: "I'm not allowed to tell you."

He was merely living up to his orders. The orders to all railway and steamer employees in case of a wreck are: "Keep your mouth shut. Let the office do the talking."

There were four of us men passengers in that last boat for the other ship. When we got aboard her, we saw that scores of her passengers had their heads in bandages. She was an Italian steamer, the *Florida,* and the bandaged ones had been through that terrible Messina quake; and here they were now aboard a badly smashed ship in a wreck at sea! They must have thought it a tough world.

The *Florida* was a hard-looking sight. Her forward end had been sheered off for thirty feet. What was now her forward bulkhead was open in places to the sea and sky; and that sea was now pouring into her forward end. Her auxiliary engines had been put to work early, and so she was held from filling up and going down. Smart work there! Four seamen, off watch and asleep in their fo'c'sle bunks, had been killed instantly. A fifth man had been pinned in. He was still alive, and two men with a saw were now cutting him clear of a mess of tangled steel plates. He was bloody but not bowed. He was cheerfully directing the operations of the men with the saw, and hailing at intervals for another cigarette.

The *Florida's* officers did all that people could do for our comfort. They served us a lunch with red and white wine; and also did well by us for dinner. I saw only one jittery passenger aboard her, and he was

a saloon passenger off the *Republic*. He had got himself drunk and was going around deck telling everybody that we would all be drowned. He was a little man, and I was wondering why he of all aboard got that way until I learned that he was the husband of that bossy woman who had shouted not to pay any attention to me, that I was not an officer. A fifty-fifty sentence, was my thought, those two married to each other.

The fog stayed with us all that day, and all that day the *Florida* was taking water into that forward compartment through that smashed-in bulkhead; and all that day her auxiliary engines were keeping her pumped out.

Throughout that foggy day the *Florida* signaled with rockets and sounded her siren at regular intervals.

At six that evening the fog lifted. First we noticed stars overhead. Beautiful stars! And then the hulls of steamers showed through melting fog. Five steamers were in sight. The first to draw near was a big oil tanker, the *City of Everett,* Captain Moran. He hailed that he would take off the shipwrecked passengers. He was waved away by a *Republic* officer. A White Star steamer was to be given the right to take off her passengers.

The White Star steamer *Baltic* was given the right of way. She came almost alongside of us, and we thought she would begin taking us off; but not so. She hailed to say she would be back, then left us, and stood down to the *Republic,* which lay about half a mile from us and was still as high out of water as in the early morning.

Passengers murmured: "Why didn't she take us off?"

I could guess why. In those days our navy crews in foreign ports were paid off in gold. The *Republic* was reported to have taken on a quarter of a million dollars in gold for delivery to our fleet at Gibraltar. That gold was to be first taken care of.

The *Florida* officers were taking the wreck calmly. Several could talk good English, and from them I learned that the *Florida* had been going at slow speed, keeping the lead going, feeling her way, crawling through the fog as she drew near to the land. It had to be so with her, and lucky for the *Republic* that it was so. If she had been going full speed she'd have gone right through the *Republic,* and most of us aboard the *Republic* would have gone down with her in fifty fathoms of water. Many of us would have drowned in our bunks. And so for the *Florida's* passengers too. A maritime tragedy then!

During the evening I learned that Mrs. Lynch and a Mr. Mooney had been killed in their staterooms; and that Mrs. Mooney and Mr. Lynch were both terribly injured.

At eleven-thirty that night the *Baltic* finished her business with the *Republic* and hailed that she was ready to receive passengers. She would send her boats over. The *Florida's* officers had made ready their wide port ladder; and the badly injured Mrs. Mooney was brought up from below. She had been taken down the narrow iron ladder to the sick bay; and now she was brought up that same narrow ladder to the deck for transportation to the *Baltic*. Her shrieks as her bearers carried her up the ladder were heard the length of the deck. And then? Word came that the *Baltic's* wide port gangway, which should have been rigged early for the transfer of passengers, wasn't yet ready. The *Baltic* had only a pilot's ladder ready for the passengers; and no injured person could be carried up the side of a high ship via a pilot's ladder. So back down to the *Florida's* sick bay the mangled Mrs. Mooney had to be carried.

Eugene Lynch, who had both legs broken and was otherwise smashed up, was also in the *Florida's* sick bay. He listened to Mrs. Mooney's agonized shrieks and said: "Don't try to shift me. I can't live anyway, and I want no extra torture while I'm still alive." He died in that sick bay.

The *Republic's* first-class women passengers went first into the boats with *Republic* officers overlooking the operation. That was all right, but why the first-class men passengers before the steerage women and children? That question, when I put it to a *Republic* officer, stayed unanswered.

At one o'clock I lay down and got in an hour's nap on a bench in the *Florida* officers' mess room. My roommate, Gilfallon, had stuck close to me all evening, in the belief that I knew ship's ways and would know what to do if an emergency should arise. He now told me that only steerage passengers were left on the *Florida*.

Gilfallon and I were ushered through the remaining steerage passengers to the gangway. At the gangway I sounded off with a loud: "Will somebody tell me why saloon should be given preference over steerage in a case like this?" To that I only got a rather nasty look from a *Republic* officer at the head of the gangway.

Our boat shoved off. There was a good tide running and our boat was swept toward the stern of the *Florida*. Now the *Florida* was deep

down by the head and her stern cocked up. Her single propeller stuck high out of water. Our boat looked likely to drift onto the propeller, which meant that we might be overturned, and in the strong tide on a winter night that would be bad. The coxun shouted, "Port oars pull hard," which was wrong. I shouted, "You mean starboard oars!" "Oh, aye," he said. "Starboard oars!"

We cleared the propeller. I wouldn't have dared to open my mouth if that boat had been handled by a navy or fishermen crew.

The *Baltic's* wide port ladder was in place, but a pilot's ladder was still hanging down her side. I stepped from the gunnel of the boat to a low rung of the narrow-treaded pilot's ladder and climbed to the promenade rail. Several *Baltic* passengers were grouped there. "Quite a climb to here from the water's edge," I said. "It is thirty-six feet," said one of the men at the rail. I asked if any passengers from the *Florida* had climbed that narrow ladder. The answer was yes, the first two boatloads—all women—and one woman, Mrs. Coates, the poet, had been let fall into the sea between her boat and that pilot's ladder. She was lucky not to be drowned.

We were given hot coffee and berths aboard the *Baltic*. I shared a four-berth room with two of the four men who had been in that last boat to leave the *Republic*. After a four-hour sleep we turned out for breakfast. The *Baltic* was then on her way to New York.

After lunch I decided that an account of the wreck was in order for *Collier's* by way of squaring the advance money; so I commandeered a table and many sheets of paper in the writing room and turned to. I wrote a brief first report—a thousand words or so—for a preliminary news article.

My *Collier's* article stretched out to four thousand words before I finished. I had only a single lead pencil on me, and the frequent sharpenings were a trial.

While at the writing I was named one of a passenger committee of five to confer with the steamship officials in the matter of lost property when we got to New York.

I finished my newspaper and *Collier's* articles by dinnertime. Together they ran to five thousand words, and considering that I had to be sure of every fact, I thought it a fair day's work. In both articles I mentioned the steamer's illegal full speed, the crew men's poor boat handling, and the *Baltic's* five-hour delay in taking the passengers from that so badly damaged *Florida*. I wasn't for bearing down on anybody,

and I did not bear down; but as an honest reporter I had to mention these things.

I had stayed awake most of the two nights to and from Washington on sleeper trains, settling the affairs of the world with casual acquaintances in the sleeper smoking room; and the two nights since owed me some sleep. I was thinking of turning in early and catching up on my sleep, when a steward came to me with a wireless message. Within the next hour I was handed thirty-seven more wireless messages from leading press associations and metropolitan newspapers. One was from London. Some of the messages were repeated four times. They all reported a terrible anxiety among people on land, and they all pleaded for an immediate story of the wreck.

Chapter XXIII

UNTIL THOSE WIRELESS MESSAGES came pouring in on me, I hadn't thought of the ramming of the *Republic* as a calamity. It might have been a tragedy, but thanks to the skillful handling of the *Florida* no tragedy came of it. Seven lives were lost, yes; but there was no great tragedy of the sea in that. Yet why all those wireless messages?

My guess was that the *Baltic* officers had played the usual hush-hush game of railway and steamer corporation officers after a wreck; and newspaper editors, knowing how that game was played, were having their doubts of the truth of the company's report. So? Well, I had the story of what had happened, and my job now was to get it to the press.

I went to the purser, asked permission to put my story on the ship's wireless. He said no—pos-i-tive-ly no; and added that he himself had wirelessed to the company's office a report of what had happened. I insisted that he put it up to the captain. He did so and brought back the word that the captain said no—ab-so-lute-ly no. I then wrote a brief message explaining that I had been refused the use of the ship's wireless, addressed it to the Associated Press, and handed it in to the wireless steward. He read it, read it again, glared at me, and hurried off. He returned with the purser, and the purser said: "I refuse ab-so-lute-ly to send any such message."

Fog was on us again. If it held I saw the *Baltic* would surely have to anchor outside New York Harbor. I visualized newshounds trying to find the *Baltic* in the fog. Some smart one would surely find her; but would he be allowed to come aboard? If I knew English maritime procedure he would not. And then? It would then be up to me to get my news message to that smart one.

I mooched around deck until I spotted a crew hand who looked like an obliging sort. I slipped him half a dollar, asked him if he could get me a bit of tarpaulin and four or five fathoms of marlin. Oh, aye, he could that; and he did. I slipped him another half-dollar and asked him if he could also get me a bit of board—oh, say a foot long and an inch thick. He gave me another "Oh, aye" and came back with the bit of board.

I went to the writing room and wrote: "I am asking of whoever picks up this news dispatch that in all fairness he wire a copy of it to every newspaper and press association named on the list herewith." I wrapped the tarpaulin (stout tarred canvas) around the thousand-word news story and a list of the senders of the wireless messages, tied them tight with part of the marlin, lashed the whole thing to the wood. There, that would float and stay dry when I hove it overboard, as I probably would have to later.

The fog held, and along about midnight we came to anchor off Sandy Hook. New York pilots keep a steamer off Sandy Hook. Before long a pilot came aboard. He was met by a ship's officer. The pilot asked for me, saying he had two letters for me.

"I'll take the letters," said the officer.

The pilot handed the letters to him with an apology to me, and went on to the bridge. I never saw those letters again.

A whistle came from out of the fog. It was the long-drawn woogh! of a steamer at some distance. Again a whistle. Nearer now. Once more a whistle; and now she wasn't far away. And now the sound of propellers turning slowly—a steamer making her safe way through the fog. The propellers went quiet—they must be seeing our lights by now. A voice hailed to ask if James B. Connolly was aboard. I yelled, "Here!" The voice said, "I'm Smith of the New York *Herald*."

The *Herald* of that day specialized in shipping news, and Smith was the *Herald's* water-front man. He had hunted me up on the *Republic* while she lay into her slip in New York to ask me what I was going to Europe for.

"You can't come aboard here. Sheer off!" shouted the same officer who had taken my letters from the pilot.

"Your brother Michael in New York," continued Smith, "arranged with our managing editor to let the *Herald* have a story from you. We'll pay you whatever you say."

"Never mind the money part. Stand by!" I yelled, and hauled the press message from under my raincoat.

"Sheer off!" yelled the ship's officer, and moved to within a step of me. We were on the promenade deck amidships and close by the ship's open chain rail.

I yelled again for Smith to stand by. I was holding the board of my news package by one end, and the ship's rail was to my left hand. It was perfect for me. I yelled again for Smith to stand by.

"No you don't!" said the ship's officer, and stepped toward me.

He was heavy on his feet. I stepped back from him and scaled my news package between the two top chains of the ship's open rail. I heard the board go bam! against the press boat's iron house. A Boston *Post* man, Johnny Troy, who was with Smith, told me later that the board almost took his head off as it whizzed by.

"I got it!" yelled Smith. The towboat steamed off with her whistle splitting the fog.

I moved around deck for another hour or so, with a steward trailing me wherever I went.

I turned in feeling pretty good, got in a fine three hours' sleep, put away a nourishing breakfast and went on deck. It was a lovely sunny morning and the ship was steaming up New York Harbor.

At quarantine a bunch of newsmen came swarming over the side, each one with a copy of the *Herald* in hand. It was a special edition of the *Herald* with my story in bold type on the front page. A photo of me was on the same front page.

Two newspapermen passed their copies of the *Herald* to two ship's officers. They glanced quickly at the front page. One hurried toward the bridge, the other hurried inside the house.

I stayed leaning against the promenade deck rail listening to a *Republic* passenger near me being interviewed. He carefully spelled his name to the reporter, then went on to relate how calmly he had behaved throughout the terrible danger. He emphasized the word "terrible." I remembered him as a passenger who had paid a steward five pounds to go inside and below—one deck below—and bring him

a certain bag from his room. And here he was now, still in his pajamas and bedroom slippers and reciting his courageous behavior to the newspaperman. And that reporter ran his story in his paper—I read it later—without mentioning the passenger's undress.

My brother Mike was in business in New York at this time, and he had come aboard with the newspapermen. A bunch of the ship's crew now came from within the house. Hearing a newspaperman call my brother by name, the ship's gang bore down on him. "That's 'im," shouted one. "That's 'im as wrote we was steamin' full speed in the fog. That's 'im."

Now my brother was black-haired and I was a redhead, but: "That's 'im. That's Connolly!" shouted a voice. "That's 'im as trampled on the necks of wimmin 'n' children to get in the first boat," and the ship's mob closed in on Mike.

"Put 'im in irons!" shouted a voice.

I stayed where I was, having no worry for brother Mike, who was never a pacifist, in either peace or war. He seized the nearest shouting one by the collar. "Put me in irons, will you?" he yelled and started tearing the collar off his man.

Two newspapermen came running up. One shouted: "That's not Connolly. That's his brother."

The ship's gang sheered away from Mike. They passed close by me without a sign of recognition.

A tall, thin one of the newspaper group spotted me, checked up with my photo in the *Herald,* and said: "What have you to say to the charge against you?"

"What charge?"

"That you crowded ahead of the women and children to get in the first boat?"

"Who made the charge?"

"Why-y—a barber and a steward."

"That so? Where are they?"

"Why, I don't know. But what have you to say to that charge?"

I felt like poking him in the eye; but I restrained myself. He was a dill pickle of a fellow, with the sour puss of a Watch and Ward investigator.

"Look me over," I said, "and tell me what you think."

He moved off; and he was the only one of all the newspapermen to question me.

The *Baltic* tied up to her pier. I told brother Mike I'd see him on the wharf. I had stowed my *Collier's* article under my mattress in my bunk. I went below, hauled the *Collier's* article from under my mattress, wrapped a newspaper around it, tied it to the rear strap of my trousers, put on my raincoat and went back up topside.

Close by the head of the grand staircase a gang of twenty-five or thirty of the ship's company—stewards, deck hands, and so on—were gathered. One shouted: " 'Ere 'e comes. Rush 'im, m' lads." Now I had only to step out onto the promenade deck, from there to the near-by gangplank, and so onto the pier. I figured that they wanted me to do just that. They would then have rushed after me, with much pack yelping. And what a fine front-page caption then: "Author flees from outraged seamen!" in six-inch type.

They crowded closer, those behind pushing those in front; but nobody was for leading the rush. I stayed where I was and waited. Again a voice said: "Rush 'im, lads."

They did not rush me. I knew them for what they were from my cattle-boat days—a bunch of Liverpool wharf rats with not one fighting man in a deckload of them, and I told them so.

I faced that yelping gang alone for all of twenty minutes at the head of the ship's grand staircase without a single ship's officer showing up. They faded out, and I stepped ashore. And so ended the only excitement for me on that voyage.

Charles Belmont Davis of *Collier's* editorial staff was waiting on the wharf. Said Davis: "Mark said [Mark Sullivan, *Collier's* editor] we could count on you to have a story ready for us. What are you grinning at?"

I told him what. Suppose those steamer bums had rushed me and torn the raincoat off me? What a figure I'd cut rolling around deck and with that *Collier's* package dangling from my rear!

I turned my back to Davis, lifted the tail of my raincoat. "Here's your story. Unlash it."

The *Herald* paid me $400 for the news story. I could have held up that news story until I landed, bargained all around, and got quite a lump of money from it, besides making a good fellow of myself with the press associations and newspapers who had wirelessed me, but my concern had been to get the story to the public early.

Three New York papers published the barber's and steward's story that I had tried to crowd into the first boat ahead of the women and

children. According to them, they had to beat me back with a rope's end. Aye. All three papers were among those who had appealed to me —twelve wireless messages altogether from the three—appealed for a story of the wreck. (The *Herald* man had paid no attention to my request that the other papers be given a copy of my report.)

Charles Belmont Davis was a brother to the internationally known writer, Richard Harding Davis. Charles B. knew his newspaper world, and in the *Collier's* office later he said: "You're not unknown to New York newspaper editors. They know better than to believe what that barber and steward said; but they stand for the vested interests. Look at their pages of corporation advertising. And you know what your friend Teddy Roosevelt said of those Wall Street malefactors of great wealth. And obviously you don't give a damn for the Wall Street corporations. And neither are those reporters taking stock in that barber and steward. But the *Herald* is the lone wolf of the New York papers. One hundred water craft and three thousand people were busy on the job of getting the first story of that wreck. It is the first time wireless was used to signal a ship in distress at sea. It was one of the great scoops of American newspaper history. You let the *Herald* have the scoop, and the other paper men went sour on you."

Mark Sullivan said: "They're out to spike your guns." He was pointing to a New York *Sun* editorial with the caption:

CONNOLLY, CONNOLLY, CONNOLLY

The editorial had me down for worrying the *Republic* captain; wanting to take charge of the ship and so on, and going sore when no attention was paid me. Now I never spoke to the *Republic's* captain, nor to any other *Republic* officer except that one at the head of her gangway when I was leaving her.

The *Evening Sun* outfit were vicious. *Collier's* advertised my wreck article to appear on the Thursday afternoon after the wreck. In the first edition of the *Evening Sun* on that same day was an editorial forecasting the sort of story I would write. I would speak of seething maelstroms, of many loud commands, of myself playing the dominating figure and so on.

Now in my *Collier's* story, as in my news dispatch, I had soft-pedaled my part in the wreck. I tried to be the impersonal reporter viewing matters from the side lines. *Collier's* came out, and it was not at all what the *Sun* predicted. There I was depreciating the danger

throughout, even as here. Then? The *Sun* cut out their forecasting editorial from that early edition and replaced it in the later editions with an editorial that had nothing to say of the wreck.

Looking in on Editor McLeod of the *Evening Sun* at a later day, I said: "How about doing me a little justice in that *Republic* wreck matter?" His answer: "I'll publish any letter you write." To that I said: "I'm not writing letters about myself in the public press."

While the heat was still on me, *Republic* passengers were writing to President Roosevelt to say good things about me; and he came out with a public letter of praise for me. Only a few papers printed his letter.

I developed a peeve, as did some other *Republic* passengers, when we read that we owed our lives to the happy arrival of the White Star steamer *Baltic*. The *Republic* was wrecked in a well-traveled ship lane, and it was a certainty that, when the fog lifted, other ships would sight us and take us off or give us a tow.

When that oil tanker hailed the *Florida* to take us off, the sea was so smooth at the time that she could have tied up to us, run a gangplank aboard, and in a few minutes we would all have been aboard her. She could then, as she surely would have, landed us on the Massachusetts shore in two hours. Some of us would then have been home that same night. Instead of that, we were held on the badly damaged ship *Florida* for five hours longer than was needful while the favored *Baltic* put in five hours taking gold off the *Republic*.

To go back: After the *Baltic* left her, the *Republic* was taken in tow by a revenue cutter (Coast Guard now) for Boston. She was allowed to sink on the way, a 600-foot ship in shoal water. Negligence, or something more, there. The press published a story of how her captain clung to a floating spar while she was sinking. They failed to explain how the iron spars and cargo booms on an iron ship could float. Actually, he came away in a lifeboat without even wetting his feet, but the floating spar made a good story for shoregoing readers. The sinking of the *Republic* was a great break for the owners. She had had an accident under another name before this. Two accidents made her a hoodoo ship for further passenger traffic, and she was oversize—15,000 tons—for a profitable freight ship.

Friends urged me to go after the barber and steward. I said, "Why bother? Who believes them?" They continued to urge me. After a time I got Roosevelt to give me a letter of introduction to District Attorney

Whitman of New York. Roosevelt seized the occasion to introduce me as "the author of the best sea stories ever written." But the barber and steward had been jumped to Canada. Friends in the U. S. Custom Service located them. Said Whitman then: "You're out of luck. Criminal libel not being extradictable, there they are, safe away."

Well, I was learning things all the time. A fellow crossing powerful commercial interests should be ready to accept the fact beforehand that his reputation is in for a fine smearing. I did not think of that at the time. If I had thought of it, I hope I would have turned in the same honest story. And I think I would have.

Chapter XXIV

My SPANISH WAR CAPTAIN, Jack Dunne, had been commissioned a captain in the Regular Army, fought in the Philippines, been breveted major, and gone back into the Massachusetts National Guard after the war. He hooked me into coming back as a mounted officer in his battalion in our Old Massachusetts Ninth Infantry.

One of my jobs was to get the horses of the regiment safe in their stalls when we entrained for maneuvers. Now there's no cavalry blood in my ancestry, and every time a thousand pounds of horse leaned on me and pinned me against the side of the stall I had to use restraint not to yell for first aid.

As a mounted officer during maneuvers, it took all my energies to stay aboard my hired steed whenever duty called me to go galloping cross-country. In my second annual fall campaign I was mounted on a broncho who stood up on his hind legs whenever he heard a trolley car coming, and went off at a full gallop when the regimental band broke into a marching tune.

Two years did for me as an officer in the State National Guard.

To go back: In 1906 I felt the urge to take another voyage to Athens and Greece. It was the old urge to revisit where I had already been. Also, I wasn't long married, and my wife never having been to Europe, I thought she should be given a break in the foreign-travel line.

The Greek Government was staging what they called the Pan-Hellenic games, a sort of sub-Olympic games. So why not have a wallop at them? I hadn't had a spiked shoe on since the Olympic games of 1900 in Paris, but no matter about that. Physically, I was feeling as well as before the Spanish War, even better, I thought; so I dug out the old spiked shoes and took a workout with the Harvard track team. And lo and behold, on the first day there I was going as good as when I left off at Paris six years before.

We took a steamer out of New York, and I, who knew better, cut loose in a sprint down the promenade deck with the steamer rolling. I caught the roll of the steamer wrong, and pulled a muscle in my right thigh, my jumping leg. I wrapped my thigh in three yards of a rubber bandage; but it was no go. I was through.

However, our voyage was to have its good aspects. I said to my wife: "When we get to Naples you take a look out of our air port and see the most beautiful seascape on this round globe. The Bay of Naples is even more beautiful than the Bay of Rio de Janeiro."

We arrived in Naples of a morning, and my wife looked out of our air port and asked where the beauty was. I had a look then, and what I saw was no purple and white and golden glory; it was a layer of red dust over the sea and on the rails of the steamer and the spars and canvas of the sailing vessels in the harbor. There was no wireless on our ship then—1906—and we had to learn from people ashore that an earthquake had shaken Vesuvius into action. The red dust was lava from the insides of Vesuvius.

We were met on the wharf by a slender ascetic priest, Canon O'Kelley. He had come from Rome with a cable for me from Mr. Ed Flynn in London. Flynn was Hearst's head man in Europe. I knew him from previous days in London.

The cable was a request that I stop over in Naples and write up the earthquake. I said no to that, the earthquake being three days gone, and myself anxious to hurry along to Athens; further, a man who talked as well as Father O'Kelley and was also the editor of a weekly journal that circulated throughout the Catholic world was a good enough writer to do the earthquake job for Ed Flynn. I left it so, and my wife and I hurried on to Brindisi, to Corfu, to Patras, to Athens.

We put up at a pension presided over by a woman with an unpronounceable Greek name. She wasn't a Greek herself, she spoke too good English for that.

King Edward VII's aide-de-camp was stopping at the same pension; and our landlady surely did kotow to that representative of high authority. The aide-de-camp had first cut of every roast and everything else in the eating line. The Australian and Canadian athletic teams were stopping at the same pension, and they were hearty eaters all. There was a table waiter named Aristophanes, and at our first breakfast he brought in a plateful of oranges, juicy-looking ones; and the landlady stood in the doorway and said: "Aristo, give the boys all the oranges they want!" holding up one finger as she said it, and one orange was what we all got.

After breakfast I led the way up the slope of the Acropolis and started giving my wife a guidebook lecture on the Parthenon and the sculptor Phydias. I am interrupted by a powerful voice shouting, "Kennelly, Kennelly!"—which was how the Greeks pronounced my name. It was a big man in an admiral's uniform calling me, Prince George of Greece, the King's second son, six feet five inches and 111 kilos—245 pounds—and he and I had been pals back in 1896. We had put in two hours one afternoon discussing affairs at large, the pair of us leaning against the street wall of the velodrome while bicycle races were going on inside.

Three other men were with Prince George, one being a younger brother, who as a boy had been delighted to be allowed to eat at the table of our Boston crowd in the Hotel D'Angleterre during the Olympic games back in 1896. The lad would sometimes become so engrossed with our table chatter that he would forget to eat.

One of the two others was the King of Servia, and the third was a man of middle height and wearing a beard and a hard black hat. Prince George of Greece said to him: "This is Kennelly. He was the first Olympic victor here ten years ago."

"Indeed!" said the bearded one. I sized him up for one of those wealthy ones who liked to play host to royalties, willing to go to any expense to entertain them in exchange for the prestige, social and otherwise, accruing to the playmates of royal personages.

"When Kennelly arrived home," went on Prince George, "he made a world's record in the *triple-saute*. How far was it, Kennelly?"

"Forty-nine feet one half inch," I said.

"Forty-nine feet! It is enormous, enormous!" said the bearded chap. I gave him another look and said: "I know you now!"

He said: "Indeed!" but without animation, like a man resigned to being again discovered by a passing stranger.

He was the Prince of Wales, later King George the Fifth. And an unassuming sort he was. In later years, I said to my wife: "In your first close-up of royalties you certainly got an eyeful. In that Acropolis group that day there was a king and three princes, and two of those princes became kings later." It was Prince George's younger brother who became the other king.

Prince George might have become a king, too, but he wasn't for that; no being king for him. No, no. He married a granddaughter of the Prince of Monaco, and her dowry was 37,000,000 francs; and a franc was then a franc.

On our way back from Greece, we stopped over in Rome to see Father O'Kelley again. He was a scholarly sort and in receipt of an income from a bequest that called for research work. He lived outside the Vatican, in an apartment looking out on a pebbled court where a willow tree drooped over a pretty pool of water. Nightingales would perch sometimes in the tree, usually at twilight, and cut loose in song. O'Kelley's mother and sister lived with him. His sister was the Rome correspondent for a New York paper.

They made a charming group, Irish-born and cultured. O'Kelley had been a classmate of Cardinal Merry del Val's in an English school, and at this time Merry del Val was the Vatican Secretary of State and the cardinal directing the world affairs of the Church under Pope Pius X. He could do that, Pius X being the most unworldly man who had sat in the papal chair for many a long year. O'Kelley was in close touch with pretty much everything going on inside the Vatican walls and much going on in the Catholic world outside of it.

My wife and I put in most of our time in Rome with the O'Kelleys. During that time I became fairly well posted on Vatican affairs.

Before I left home on that voyage, a Secret Service man close to Theodore Roosevelt (he was then President) said: "I'm dropping a line to a man high up in the Secret Service in Italy. With the President behind you, that man will get you any information you want if you look in on him."

I looked in on him, and when I left Rome three weeks later, I was a fairly well posted man on the doings of some Americans who had lived for some years in Rome. And there was one of the things that I

was making voyages for—to find out about things that would be secret to me if I stayed home.

That was in 1906. In 1911 I was in Rome again, alone now, to renew friendships with the O'Kelleys and others there; and to take in a great Consistory—eleven new cardinals were to be made.

Through the good offices of a Polish prelate I met on the trans-atlantic steamer, I was installed in a pension in charge of Austrian nuns, in the shadow of the basilica of Maria Maggiore. An Austrian cardinal and several Austrian scholars of high standing were stopping there. Herr Lange, the Christus of the Oberammergau play, and Frau Lange were there also. There was a sunken garden with a fountain; also marble benches against a surrounding high wall. Lizards romped in the sun spots.

Italy was troubled with cholera that year, and she had a war in Tripoli on her hands; but people were there from all the world over to take in the Consistory. There were the days of the preliminary exercises, interesting occasions; but the great day was when Pope Pius was to invest the new cardinals with their red hats. The investiture was to take place in the Hall of the Beatification, one of the splendid Vatican chambers.

A multitude of people were massed outside St. Peter's. Ticketholders waded through them, left the great bronze doors and the all-time famous Raphael murals behind, and started up the long broad flights of marble stairs, past guards and guards and guards. By and by the great procession would come by way of those stairs. The B ticketholders took their stand behind the guards who lined those stairs, elbow to elbow, from the first step to the last before the great hall.

When the Vatican deems the occasion a fitting one, she can certainly stage an imposing spectacle. Take the procession on the day of the Consistory: Preliminarily, came hundreds of important dignitaries in the uniforms of a hundred cleric and lay orders. These marched through the lines of guards. And what a variety of uniformed guards! Uniforms! There were the Noble Guards in the shiny black boots to above the knee, the white trousers, the epauletted shoulders, the high busby atop, the sword swinging from the wrist by a white cord. Not one of these men stood under six feet two, and the busbies made them look like giants. And they had breadth to match their height. Whoever stood behind one of those lads might get a view of the ceiling but not much else.

The Noble Guards and the neighboring Swiss Guards in their Raphael-designed yellow, black, and red zouave uniforms were but two of scores of bright uniforms, some even brighter than these but on less famous corps.

On the stairs, as spectators in the rear of the guards, were friars of scores of religious orders in humble garb. On my way up I passed the head of the Franciscans in England. I had met him on an ocean liner in a well-tailored layman's suit of clothes. He was now in the coarse brown habit of his order, his bare feet in sandals, his head tonsured, and a cord knotted about his waist; and he was only one of hundreds of distinguished people playing here an undistinguished role.

There had been chattering on the stairs. Suddenly there was silence. The Pope was coming! The guards on the stairs and in the halls along the processional route went stiff and soldierly. The Knights of St. John, the Knights of Jerusalem, the Palatine Guards—twenty, forty organizations with traditions and uniforms dating back to the early middle centuries—were in the procession. Some, by their dress, might have been warriors returning from the walls of Constantinople or the plains of Palestine centuries agone.

I had an A ticket, admitting me to the Hall of the Beatification. I took station at the head of the stairs leading to the Beatification entrance. The head of the procession arrived at the foot of the last flight of marble stairs. Rows of monsignori, bishops, archbishops, cardinals were in line. Four world-famous cardinals—Ferrata, Vanutelli, Rampolla, and Merry del Val—were marching abreast. The murmur of the Italian spectators along the stairs mounted to audible speech as that four showed up. The murmur started low with the name Ferrata, rose to the name Rampolla, yet higher to Vanutelli, and then dropped down, clear down, at the name of Merry del Val. In that order did the Italian laity there assess the merit of those four cardinals. Three well thought of, one not so well thought of.

Now came a deep silence. It was Pope Pius turning into the last gallery before the last stairs. He was being borne aloft in his great chair by sixteen members of a privileged order. They came on with slow, careful tread. The guards along the line of procession went stiff as iron posts. A low-voiced order was heard. Swords, muskets, and halberds snapped to a frozen Present!

Pius X was the cardinal in Venice who did not want to be a pope. Through the good offices of O'Kelley I had had an audience with

Pope Pius in 1906. He had changed much in those five years. He was then a physically powerful man, a solid block of a man, the "peasant Pope." Now? The strain of his high station had told greatly on him. He was still a benignant, but also a worn and weary, figure. His sad eyes looked out on his children, now to his right and now to his left. The hand of benediction went with his glance, murmured words of blessing followed: The people standing behind the guards knelt to take the blessing.

The great chair came slowly up the last wide stairs. As the first pair of the bearers placed a foot within the entrance to the great Hall, the waiting choir, a superb choir, broke into a Gregorian chant. That tremendous volume of sound rolling out had me thinking of a surging mast-high wave rolling down on a vessel on the shoals of Georges Bank.

Pope Pius was borne through the center aisle of the Hall. The chair was lowered slowly, almost imperceptibly, to the platform at the further end of the Hall. A high throne had been set up there. Pope Pius stepped from his chair to the throne.

A red biretta had been borne on a silver tray in the procession, a man of rank holding the tray before him, two other men of rank walking guard on either side. That biretta was the same red hat that had been used to crown newly elected cardinals of the Church for three hundred years now. That red hat now rested on the tray beside the throne.

Old cardinals now escorted the newly named cardinals into the Hall. The new cardinals were in the garb of whatever rank they held before being named a cardinal. Each in turn marched down the center aisle to the throne, genuflected there; and Pope Pius let the red hat rest on the head of the new cardinal, then invested him with the cowl. Followed then the ceremony of "closing the mouth," symbolic of silence.

Preceding and following that day of the Consistory were lesser though also interesting ceremonies. I sat and stood through them with Ford Maddox Ford (Hueffer then), the internationally known littérateur. I had known him for years before this in America and England. We agreed that we were learning things away from home. We swapped information and matched perspectives; and we both mourned that we could not write of some things we knew—that is, we could write them but editors would not dare to print them. Possibly later, yes. Ford, a Catholic, was covering the Consistory for *Collier's,* and he did take

a wallop at one high prelate. "I wouldn't care to be a curate in his diocese," wrote Ford.

A planned voyage to Europe for the next year—1912—had to be given up because of my interest in the Republican Progressive movement of that year. I was teamed with Richard Washburn Child as a literary gent at our Massachusetts headquarters. The real work, the carthorse work, was done by a real newspaperman, Eddie Dunne, now city editor of the Boston *Post*.

Two weeks before election I was drafted as a congressional candidate. I made speeches on windy corners nights; also I got out a pamphlet in which I whaled away at my principal opponent, the redoubtable James Michael Curley. I wasn't elected, but I ran 2,500 votes ahead of our gubernatorial ticket in the district, 2,100 votes ahead of Roosevelt, and 4,000 votes ahead of my Republican opponent. A fine run and a moral victory, said our headquarters staff. No voyage here, but I learned that in running for political offices a fellow learns quite a bit about human nature. Good friends turn up, but oh—the boys that drive the knife in! Are they on the job!

Chapter XXV

In February 1914, with Mark Sullivan, editor of *Collier's*, I agreed that it looked like trouble in Mexico soon. So I stood by, and on an April day, with the permission of Secretary of the Navy Daniels in my pocket, I was looking about me for a near-by navy ship to take me to Mexican waters. The trouble was under way.

I learned of a light cruiser being ready to sail from Newport. I hopped a train to there, boarded my cruiser in the middle of the night, presented my credentials to the officer of the deck. He, being only an ensign, sent a messenger to the captain, who okayed the credentials and passed the word to an officer in dungaree trousers and a seagoing blouse with a lieutenant's bars. That one broke out a couple of mess boys and roused out the doctor; and the doctor broke out a hospital steward from his snug bunk; and from the sick bay came blankets and sheets, and there was I installed in a room for the run to Mexican waters.

The officer in the dungarees was the ship's executive, and he apologized that the room was not as dry as it might be; but they were just in from a gale of wind and a high-running sea; and there was also a thick black fog, and so no time yet to overhaul the ship. I had found naval officers aboard ship like that before—weary and worn but always good-natured to a troublesome visitor.

I turned in and was soon asleep.

Some hours later I came awake to a commotion just outside my air port. The ship was at anchor in the stream; and through the air port a cheerful sun was streaming, and the sky was what a sky should be to go with that sun—a lovely blue, with little white clouds racing before a dry west wind. And the green surface of the sea was marked with little leaping whitecaps. A fine day.

The commotion was from a stream of bluejackets rushing up the ship's wide side ladder from a tender alongside. They were a young draft from the Newport reservation; and every last one had his hammock roll ashoulder; and every one was alert and eager, and behind every pair of eyes lay the hope of high adventure somewhere ahead.

To a bosun's shrill piping they lay aft in the port gangway, and the officer of the deck inspected them, and the captain appeared and inspected them; and the bosun's mate of the watch looked them over on his own account; and he blew his high piping whistle and roared his commands, and below decks they trooped and stowed their long rolls in the hammock nettings; and then they all stood by for mess call—breakfast; and when the call came they leaped to it like a pack of wolves.

They were a draft for the ship, but they hadn't been drafted into the Navy. They were all volunteers, lads who wanted to see navy service, and battle action when it came to that. I've gone into this detail about them because they were the sort who of a later generation—that is, of this present generation (1944)—were early on the way to man our navy ships for the South Pacific; they were the sort of lads who have come up for war in every generation; who will have to come up for us in every generation if we are to win wars.

The permission to sail signal had come and gone; and to the bosun's piping our anchor came in, and a flag fluttered from the ramparts of a fort near by, and fluttering down from our jackstaff astern came our ensign. Our ship swung on her heel and proceeded to sea.

Our young draft had never before stood on the deck of a ship at sea,

but no matter that now; not long now when they would be standing their deck watch, or pointing their deck or turret guns; or slushing engines, or tossing coal into the blinding fire pans, deep down in the ship.

The young draft enjoyed themselves on the run down the coast. Even the cleaning-ship period wasn't too bad; nor the ship-rolling-down period—and she was quite a little roller when she took a sea under her quarter; not too bad, though, after they learned to roll with her.

Our light cruiser made good progress down the coast until off the Florida Reefs. There she broke a blade off a propeller; thumpety-thump and athump went that propeller; and back to Charleston, South Carolina, she headed for dry-dock service. It was an indefinite wait in Charleston for service, so I took a train to Washington, got Department permission to board the battleship *New York,* that day commissioned in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and on the eve of putting to sea.

The *New York* was the most powerful battleship of that day afloat, and the speediest in the battleship class; and down the coast and across the Gulf of Mexico she went tearing; but for all our hurry we were one day late for the landing of marines, bluejackets, and soldiers at Vera Cruz.

Headquarters report ashore said we had twenty men killed and sixty-odd wounded in the landing. It cost the Mexicans, by our accounts, several hundred killed and wounded. Our fellows behaved as we expected them to behave, calm, cool, and efficient under fire. Young signal boys standing on the roof of the railway terminal and calmly wigwagging under fire was the colorful episode for my first *Collier's* story; but the heroic episode above all others was the Mexican cadets who refused to vacate the War College building on the water front. A light cruiser of ours, the *Prairie,* made a shambles of that building with her five-inch battery at 3,500 yards.

It was fine shooting, and the demonstration confirmed my belief from Theodore Roosevelt's day that American navy gunners were the best in the world; and the cleaning out of those cadets, they staying to the last man, confirmed me in my ancient belief that in no one people was all the heroism of the world. That's a banal-reading statement, of course; but no harmful one to repeat in a world where it seems to be so often forgotten when estimating the quality of war enemies. Other people have morale, can also take it; and not allowing for that quality has led self-assured strategists far astray in their estimate of a war's

duration; which means in turn the needless sacrifice of many many lives.

Collier's had quite a staff at Vera Cruz—Jack London for the Army, Arthur Ruhl for liaison, Jimmy Hare for the photography, myself for the Navy, and Reuterdahl to illustrate the navy stuff. Two famous pressmen there were Fred Palmer and Richard Harding Davis. They had a tough job, because of having to send stuff back daily; but they were doing it capably. We of the *Collier's* staff did not have to worry with news items.

Jimmy Hare had red whiskers, and he talked like a cockney out of London. He was the first photographer ever to take a photo from an airplane, and he was one without fear of anything to come. Reuterdahl was the first man, to my knowledge, who ever made a sketch in an airplane, which he made to illustrate an article of mine.

Our airplanes of 1914, and all planes of that day, were flimsily built crates. They were biplanes, single-engined, and their extreme speed was sixty-five miles an hour. Being up in the air with Lt. Cmdr. Patrick N. L. Bellinger (a shipmate of Big Fleet days and rear admiral now), I yelled: "How slow can this bus go and stay up?" We were sitting side by side in the open, the plane's rail knee high, and we were strapped in. He yelled back, and grinned saying it, "If she slows down to forty-five miles we check in." He cross-waved his hands in front of his face to illustrate. Finis!

Pat had flown over Huerta's trenches the day before and got bullets through his plane; which made him the first aviator ever to have his plane hit by an enemy bullet. We were headed for Huerta's trenches this day again. We made over the trenches. Shots were fired, but none hit our plane. Pat made little of the danger from Huerta's troops. There was a real danger if his single engine went bad and he had to come down on the land. Having to land a navy plane with pontoons under it anywhere else than on the sea meant a crash-o! And such a crash-o! Pontoons! Bam!

We were at war with the Mexican Huerta but not with the Mexican Carranza. Word came that Carranza's troops had captured Tampico, the center spot of the rich oil country.

Tampico is 210 miles up the coast from Vera Cruz. I hopped a destroyer running the mail between Vera Cruz and New Orleans, and which was stopping over to collect mail from our battleship, the *Minnesota,* she stationed at the mouth of the Pánuco River. I got transporta-

tion from our battleship to Tampico, which is nine miles up the Pánuco River. We had a monitor, the *Ozark,* at anchor in front of the city, but despite her presence, American plantation and mine owners were still in hiding in cellars in Tampico.

Americans who felt free to move about were mostly quartered in the new Imperial Hotel. Daytimes they gave the Imperial bar a great play. I took a room with bath in the Imperial. The bathroom plumbing did not function, but I got nothing off my bill because of that. The proprietor explained that that bathroom plumbing never had functioned.

I visited around among American refugees and Mexican troops—Carranza's troops. They were not unfriendly; allowing me to move about as I pleased, until one day I was stepping into a headquarters room where what looked like a million pesos in new printed paper money lay stacked up on a table. Two soldiers in pajama uniforms came suddenly to life and crossed their rifles against my chest. "No pair-mish-e-one, sain-yore!" said one; but they did admit me to the presence of Carranza's local general. His name sounded like Caballero, and he was a pleasant man with regular features, a long shining black mustache, and olive skin—a handsome man.

He talked pretty good English, and he answered my questions without quibbling, told me I could go where I pleased in the city or the country thereabout, but—he eyed my pocket camera—I must not take photographs of any fortifications. A fellow could have written a bookful of little happenings in Tampico, but I felt I was keeping myself busy enough sticking to Vera Cruz doings. I went back there.

There were seventy or more correspondents in Vera Cruz at this time, many of them on their own, and most of them referring to themselves as war correspondents with the accent on that name. "War correspondent" was beginning to take on glamor.

The center of social life in Vera Cruz after Huerta's men ceased from troubling was the big plaza. The Americans and the well-to-do native residents would commandeer dinner tables under the *portales* of the plaza hotel and sit and eat and smoke and gossip and gaze out on the plaza life and listen to our marine band. The señors and señoras would seat themselves on the plaza benches and keep an eye on the young people, the *muchachos* and the *muchachas*—they marching around and around the plaza, the girls headed one way, and the boys

headed the other, which scheme afforded chances aplenty to be passing each other the glad eye.

Spies were in evidence, several men and at least one woman. The woman we had spotted should be for our country—if spy she was—but none of us was betting that she was for our country. She looked to us more like one who would be out for the most money. There was all the background for one of those Riviera novels of spies and king's messengers, and so on. But I wasn't writing novels, I was merely a reporter of things I thought interesting.

In the harbor of Vera Cruz at this time was a German cruiser, an English cruiser, a French cruiser. What were they doing there? We had battleships, cruisers, destroyers there, yes; but all the world knew why we were there. We were at war, or a sort of war, with Mexico; but what were those foreign warships sticking around for? They certainly weren't there on a sight-seeing tour. The question of the cognoscenti was: When will that war in Europe break out?

Even as at Tampico, incidents of interest to us on the ground were happening regularly in Vera Cruz, but they were interesting in perspective rather than for the day; and so, having used up what I thought was interesting navy doings to *Collier's* readers, I made ready to leave for home.

The battleship *New Hampshire* was about to sail for Norfolk. On my last night I threw a dinner party for naval officer friends and my *Collier's* colleagues, and also Fred Palmer, under the plaza hotel portales. I shipped the major-domo of the hotel to look after the eating and decorative part. He banked the table with solid-looking blossoms that made it look like something at a wake; but the grub was all right —four O, said the naval gang.

The *New Hampshire's* last boat was leaving at eight bells—midnight. So at seven bells naval officer friends commandeered a two-horse barouche at the plaza curbstone. They picked the driver off his seat, set him on the sidewalk, and one took over the driver's seat and one sat beside him with arms folded tight. The others of us were disposed where we could find place inside or outside the barouche, on seats or running board; and so, to much loud chatter from the onlookers, we steamed around the plaza, laid a course from there to the landing pier.

There was another civilian passenger on the ship. He was a commissioner who had said in the press that two weeks after our landing in Mexico the Mexican trouble would be all over. At this time, it was

eleven weeks since our Vera Cruz landing, and most of our navy and army landing forces were still in Mexican waters. The gentleman made what has been a frequent error of diplomats when they set out to estimate the duration of a war.

Exactly why our troops landed in Mexico most of us down there did not know, nor could anybody tell us. We couldn't write that then; that is, some of us were ready to write it, but who would print it? Timid souls used to say that good Americans shouldn't talk like that; which would be worth while listening to if hush-hushing would have settled the Mexican trouble sooner.

One month after I landed back in the United States the war in Europe was on. And it wasn't on long when the German U-boats were doing a full-time job on British shipping; so good a job that *Collier's* had me looking into how a submarine was operated.

The Fore River Shipbuilding Company of Quincy, Massachusetts, was building submarines for somebody or other and trying them out of Cape Cod. I arranged to go down with a newly built submarine on an under-water trial trip. Reuterdahl came along to do the illustrations. As I saw it then, submarine cruising in peacetime, if the mechanical agencies were not faulty, should be a fairly safe business. Wartime submarine duty would, of course, be something else.

An interesting aspect of that trial trip to me was the easy play our submarine made of heavy weather. We crossed Massachusetts Bay from Cape Cod to Quincy in a fifty-mile gale and a high-running sea. An outboard-bound offshore Gloucester fisherman was under her four lowers and rolling down to her lee hatch coamings. In the conning tower on the submarine all we were getting was a few drops of spray on our topcoats. So little of our submarine was atop of water that the high seas could not get a fair wallop at her.

I saw then that submarines making light of the heaviest weather would be in position night or day to carry on their operations under rough weather conditions in wartime. In a white-water sea a periscope is difficult to see even by sharp lookouts, but there is nothing in such a sea to prevent a submarine from launching a torpedo.

Chapter XXVI

WEEKS BEFORE WE DECLARED WAR on Germany in 1917, Editor Mark Sullivan had signed me up as *Collier's* naval correspondent in European waters. My job was to be as of old, to decide for myself where to go and what to write about. So:

I wasn't for fighting the Battle of Headquarters somewhere, nor was I for any news assignment. I'd seen news correspondents in Mexico assembled at headquarters every morning and told what they could and couldn't write.

After war was declared I waited to see where there was the best promise of something doing. Word came of a group of our destroyers sailing. And where would they be going? Hardly a need to bother the Navy Department to guess where. German submarines were sinking close to a million tons a month of shipping, most of it off the south coast of Ireland and in the Bay of Biscay.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels gave me an order to go cruising with navy ships wherever I might find them. I got a War Department permission to board an army transport for my passage to Europe. Besides my *Collier's* commission, I had a commission from *Scribner's* to write for them. Theodore Roosevelt gave me a two-page letter of recommendation in his own handwriting.

I was sounded out about taking a commision in our Navy. My old painter pal Reuterdahl was given a lieutenant commander's commission to paint posters and do some talking around. There was a commander's commission in Intelligence, if I cared to take it. I might, possibly, be allowed to carry on my *Collier's* job with my commission. I passed it up, fearful of being stationed where I would have to stay put. Also I thought my telling a few million readers of the good work our fellows might be doing across the ocean would be as worth-while a job as anything I could do for Intelligence.

We were a dozen cargo and troop ships slipping out of New York harbor of a night. We zigzagged our way along until we arrived in the war zone, so called; that is, westerly of the Bay of Biscay. We there

shifted to column ahead. Early in our first night of column ahead, wind and sea began to make. By midnight wind aplenty and a good sea was on us. In that wind and sea and blackness and close column ahead, and only a dim blue screened light in the stern of the ship ahead, there was a real danger of collision, and a collision under such conditions would mean a disaster. As for holding formation, that was out. When morning light came our convoy was scattered all over the ocean. However, wireless communication had been progressing since the days of the *Republic* wreck. Before the day was out our wandering ships were back in column again.

On our last day at sea, Belle Isle being just ahead, and the port of St. Nazaire beyond the Isle, we had a U-boat alarm. A group of our destroyers had picked us up, when a gun crew along our column somewhere let go. That opening shell went skipping across the fo'c'sle head of the nearest destroyer; whereat she promptly wheeled out of the line of further fire from that gun crew.

Other gun crews opened up, and French planes came flying out from land. White cotton balls—shrapnel—were soon bursting above and around; and shells were ricocheting here and there. On our ship we went glue-eyed trying to catch sight of a U-boat. We saw none; but there were those from other ships who declared they saw several. Three U-boats sunk was the last report I got. I still doubt a single U-boat sunk; but could I, or anybody else, say for certain? No. And so one stirring war bulletin came into being.

From St. Nazaire I went on to Paris, stayed ten days. It was a dull Paris, a city of shaded blue street lights and café customers being tossed out at half past nine.

The road to Queenstown lay through Havre and London. A midnight channel steamer ran from Havre to Southampton. She was scheduled to leave every night, but the night I hurried down to take her, she did not leave. Why not? U-boats were operating outside the harbor. Possibly, though my guess was crew trouble. That channel ship was a fast ship, a 21-knot ship; and she should have been safe in a night run of little more than a hundred miles. German submarines weren't wasting time trying to get fast ships steaming alone.

We crossed the channel on the following night.

The French passport inspectors at Havre were an easygoing lot, but the English inspectors at Southampton gave all foreigners a complete grilling. Seven of them sat in a row behind a long table; and each one

asked a series of questions and recorded the answers. They were jittery about spies. Anybody with a name not savoring of an English ancestry was suspect.

Admiral Sims was then at the head of our Admiralty Headquarters in London. I reported to him, expecting to be allowed to proceed to Queenstown immediately. Sims told me I would have to wait awhile. I asked why I had to wait. Well-l, I was the first American correspondent for destroyer service, and Admiral Bayley had all the say in the matter. Bayley was the English admiral in command at Queenstown.

I looked in on Sir Douglas Brownrigg, chief censor for the British Admiralty. A sign on his door in Whitehall read:

Don't Knock
Come In

He waved away my passport and credentials, saying: "I don't have to read those. And, Mr. Connolly, you'll find us easy as an old shoe to get along with."

To which I said with a grin—at least I think I grinned, "Yes, Sir Douglas, until we cross you."

I think he got my thought, which was: Where was the easy getting along with and me already being forbidden to get along to Queenstown and telling several million readers of *Collier's* what our destroyer fleet was doing there?

Being held up in London gave me chances to have a look around. German planes were then raiding the city nights. The bombs dropped were small things, weighing eighty pounds; and only eight or ten of them were being dropped of a night. There were nine night bombings while I was in London, and ninety per cent of the bombs were dropped in a triangle formed by Trafalgar Square, the Mansion House, and Russell Square. I was on the streets during or immediately after eight air raids; which isn't to hint that I played the hero. Planes weren't traveling at three hundred miles an hour then; and there was no great danger in bombs that served warning of where they were dropping by a long bo-o-m or short—boom!—like that. A long bo-o-om was no harm, but a short boom!—meaning they were getting handy—sent me to cover in a hurry. A danger that a fellow couldn't spot exactly was the shrapnel falling from the barrage (anti-aircraft) guns.

During those eight raids the only people I saw on the streets of

London were two Australian soldiers with two girls. I was in a music hall with a Savage Club friend in the air raid I missed. There were five of us in the front orchestra row, and of the five I was the only American. There came a long boo-o-o-m!—which meant that the bomb had struck some distance away; yet before the sound of that boo-o-o-m died out, half the audience were on their way to exits. At intermission my Savage friend suggested going outside for a breath of fresh air. Once outside, he kept right on going for the Savage Club. I said: "You're not going back to the show?" He said: "No. And if you'd been living in London you wouldn't be wanting to go back."

My friend, name of Reginald, hurried to the Savage Club bar. Almost everybody at the club was in the bar. A Major Stewart came in, a staff officer back from France. He looked around, said: "What the hell's the matter? It looks like a morgue here. I've been two years in Paris, and it's nothing like this there!"

Several present were having a double scotch and soda instead of their usual single scotch and soda. A stout member entered. The bartender said: "The usual double scotch, sir?" The stout member said: "Make it a triple."

After a while a member said to my music-hall companion: "How did they behave where you were, Reggie?" And Reggie said: "Why, splendidly, splendidly. Didn't you think so, Connolly?"

Now I didn't think so, but how could I say that, he having bought me the drink that I was still nursing? So I said: "Why, they behaved all right."

In a London daily next morning I read of a Yank who was in a music hall during the previous night's bombing with an English journalist. The piece concluded with: " 'Gosh darn all hemlock,' said the Yank, 'but you Britishers certainly do take your bombings coolly.' "

One Sunday afternoon I took a walk through Hyde Park. A great place that for fellows to blow off steam, fellows with a grouch, or a mission, or anything else. There were the usual shouters this day—one for better wages, one for better housing conditions, one for a new religion, and so on. These were all standing on soapboxes or on the ground, and they all were speaking to small audiences—all except one. That one had a good-sized audience, and he was mounted on a three-step platform with wall maps on a high perpendicular board back of the platform. And what was he talking about? He was discoursing of British foreign commerce after the war.

That was in 1917, and not long before that English military officials had given up the war as lost. Our first group of destroyers arrived in Queenstown in May 1917. Admiral Sims, arriving in London to prepare the way for them, was met by—for one—Admiral Jellicoe, who had been put ashore after the Jutland fight. Said Jellicoe to Sims: "We are beaten. The U-boats are too much for us!" Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was believed to be of the same opinion, though not so openly admitting it.

Savage Club friends were bitter against Churchill. It was words, words from him without intelligent administration of admiralty affairs. They rated him the completest blunderer that ever headed the British Admiralty. He was hardly in office when he squeezed out Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, the best brain in the British Navy. Against all service advices he insisted on the Gallipoli campaign, which turned out such a terrible tragedy. It was blunder, blunder, blunder. War with Germany had been looming for years, Churchill had been calling for, and obtaining, enormous appropriations for the Royal Navy, yet for all his enormous expenditures his fleet was without explosive shells in the Battle of Jutland.

Admiral Callaghan was the ranking seagoing officer when Churchill took over the Admiralty. Admiral Jellicoe, Churchill's favorite, was thirteen numbers under Callaghan. Churchill retired the twelve admirals between Callaghan and Jellicoe. That left Jellicoe second in rank. Churchill then retired Callaghan and put Jellicoe in command of the Grand Fleet. A great roar of protest went up from the naval rankers, but Churchill kept Jellicoe in first place.

Jellicoe and Churchill cherished the belief that the tradition of Nelson would scare the German High Fleet from ever emerging from their anchorage and attacking the British Grand Fleet. The Grand Fleet had also a better than three-to-two superiority in ship tonnage and weight of gunfire, items that weighed heavily with Churchill, always enamored of a superiority in matériel.

The German High Fleet emerged from its anchorage, met the British Grand Fleet off Jutland, and gave it a sound beating; the score in loss of lives and tonnage being three to one in favor of the German Fleet. Worse than that beating, the unforgivable thing in a naval commander in war was Jellicoe's unwillingness to fight. At one stage in the Jutland battle he had his choice of turning toward the German fleet and forcing a fight at close quarters or turning from it and evading a

fight. He chose to turn from it. The commander of the far inferior German fleet, being well content with the battle results, proceeded leisurely to his home base. Jellicoe hurried back to his safe anchorage in Scapa Flow.

After an elapse of a few months for face saving, Jellicoe was put ashore; but the damage had been done. British naval prestige dropped away below par. London pressmen were keeping quiet in print—they had to—but they weren't hush-hushing in their two-o'clock-in-the-morning sessions over highballs in the Savage Club. The blunders of Churchill was a favorite theme with them while I was being held in London in 1917.

Those pressmen were also admitting, away from the printed pages, that the English people at large had not wanted to go to war. They were also pretty well fed up on royalty. I learned something of that last item while knocking around the city. I was in a Fleet Street bus one morning. Eight or ten passengers were reading their morning paper. Suddenly one looked up and shouted: "And why should I worry about what 'appens King George?"

" 'Ear, 'ear," shouted half a dozen voices.

Factory owners were assembling employees at lunch hour for loyalty-to-the-crown addresses. An English friend of mine told me of one such meeting in his home town. The factory owner hadn't gone far when a voice shouted: "What difference to us whether it's King Billie or King George over us!" A resounding cheer followed that.

Savage Club friends told me of English tommies in training at Aldershot parading the camp with a red flag and smashing property as they paraded.

What got Americans in London peeved was to hear: "Now that we've won the war the Yankees are coming!" when they knew what every military officer at the front knew, i.e., that Allied trenches on the western front would be empty before another spring came around if the United States hadn't come into the war.

I could have written several articles for *Collier's* on these matters; but the writing order of the day then was not to jar English sensitivities. After the war a fellow might cut loose—perhaps.

I knew that Sims was not for my writing up our destroyer fleet. He suggested one day that I write up Admiral Bayley. "He's an interesting character," said Sims.

My answer to that was: "I'm over here to write up my own navy people."

I haunted our Admiralty Headquarters in London, saying over and over: When do I start for Queenstown?

After eleven days, Sims informed me that Admiral Bayley had said I could leave for Queenstown.

I asked London friends what sort Admiral Bayley was. They told me he was a good executive, but a man utterly without vision. On being asked in conference one time to pass judgment on the U-boat problem, he had said—this was early in the war: "It is child's talk to say the German U-boats will ever amount to anything. Disregard them utterly."

A few days later, the German submarine *U-9* sank three 12,000-ton British cruisers in thirty minutes off Dover.

Down went Bayley's bonnet. He was sent to Queenstown; and there he was now.

Chapter XXVII

ADMIRAL BAYLEY'S AIDE-DE-CAMP met me, as I registered at the Queen's Hotel in Queenstown, with the word that I was to report at Admiralty Headquarters at ten o'clock next morning. The Queen's Hotel was the favorite lounging place for destroyer officers between sea cruises.

At the prescribed hour next morning I reported to Admiralty Headquarters. By and by I was ushered to the doorway of a room where a man in civilian clothes was writing at a small bare table in the center of the room. His chair and the table were the only furniture in the room. I stood in the doorway and said: "Good morning, sir."

I got no "good morning" from him. Without looking up from his writing he said: "I understand that you wish to make a cruise on an American destroyer?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, you cannot."

"No?" Politely.

"No!" Sternly.

"And why not?" Truculently.

He ceased his writing and gave me a looking over. Then: "Do I have to give a reason for what I do?"

"Aren't you a bit arrogant?"

"We have to be arrogant in wartime."

"Not necessarily." By now I was barking at him. "And furthermore —I have come four thousand miles at considerable expense to my publishers and some expenditure of time and energy to myself to write up the doings of the American destroyers here. The American public doesn't know whether they have been doing good work—which I happen to know they have been—or are tied up to the dock and roistering ashore. I'm here to report on what they've been doing."

He slid around on the seat of his pants and faced me squarely. I now had a full front look at him. He was a small-sized, cold-faced gray man—of no distinguished appearance, but if cold glances counted, I should be appreciating by now that here was a vice-admiral of the British Royal Navy, with the nine letters tacked onto the name that was signed to the proclamations posted on the walls of Queenstown, which proclamations I must have seen. I'd seen them, and noted the nine letters—K. C. B., C. V. O., and three other letters, which stood for Knight Commander of the Bath, Commander of the Victorian Order, and some other resounding order. My first thought after noting them was that merit had little to do with the acquisition of British orders, if the man who said to disregard the German U-boats had been awarded three highly rated ones.

I will say here that my father, and his old cronies, came from an island where a man was rated as a man, or no man, by his everyday doings; where a King's Order too often meant that here was one who was of use in perpetuating a system of government that was not for the great body of free men; so I was bred, hedged in or left to fly free, whichever way one cares to interpret it, by ancestral influence without my realizing it until I was a matured man and had moved around in the world.

There I was now, facing this hell of an important personage, and if my radiation was right, and right now I was trusting to it—to this man I was just another pressman, a reporter, pleading for a favor. Editors and publishers of great journals were somebody. But mere pressmen? Of no consequence whatever.

After a minute or so of further scrutiny he said—more mildly: "You must know, Mr. Connolly, that we have not allowed English pressmen to go out with our naval ships."

"You'll pardon me, sir, but you allowed Mr. Kipling to go."

"Ah, but he did not go far."

I knew that, Kipling's trouble being chronic seasickness. I said: "How far Kipling went doesn't matter. The fact remains that he is a writing man, and he did have permission to see the doings of your warships at sea; so there is the precedent. And even if you did not give him or anybody else permission, the fact also is that you do not need pressmen with your fleet to inform your home people of what your navy is doing."

"No?"

"No. You haven't a hamlet in the British Isles more than forty miles from tidewater, and your officers and men are regularly ashore on leave and liberty and telling by word of mouth what your navy is doing."

"But what they may say is not published in our press."

He went overboard then, and I was for throwing him no buoy. "No? You'll pardon me again, sir, but in a large fat manila envelope in my suitcase in my room in the Queen's Hotel I have more than one hundred press clippings of the late doings of your naval personnel at sea. I clipped them from London papers while being held in London by your orders. And now what's wrong with my telling American people what their little ships are doing over here? My country's nearest port is three thousand miles from here, and all the American public know of their destroyers is that some time ago the first of them disappeared into the mists of the Atlantic. And that public is now waiting to be told of their doings. And let me say again I have come four thousand miles . . ." I again poured onto his head the peroration of publisher's expense and my own time and energy and so on. "I want something other than that I cannot go to sea with American destroyers."

He turned to his desk, saying: "I will think the matter over and let you know in the morning."

"At what hour, sir?"

"At ten o'clock—if that hour will suit you."

"Ten o'clock will suit me perfectly." Without a further word and

without a "good morning"—he gave me none and I gave him none—I skipped along.

The admiral's aide-de-camp was keeping me in signal distance since he first sighted me. He got hold of me for a session in his quarters. His first question there, after breaking out a bottle of scotch, was: "Do you know anything of my admiral?"

"Only what I was told by London press friends."

"And may I awsk what they told you?"

"I was told that he eats pressmen alive."

"And may I awsk what you think of that?"

"You may. If he tries to eat me I hope he chokes."

Whether the leftenant reported that talk to his admiral, I never heard. I doubt that he did, naval staff officers preferring to bring in only praiseful words for their superiors to ponder. I thought he might, possibly; and if he did, Bayley's immediate reaction would be to order the patrol to pick me up and escort me to the next train out of Queenstown. Yet if he did that, he might have to face a squawk from *Collier's,* which would be bad propaganda; and British officialdom is always for heading off propaganda that may be used against them.

Next morning at ten o'clock I stood in Bayley's doorway without a "good morning" or any other word for him, and waited. Presently, he turned and said he had decided to allow me to make a cruise with an American destroyer.

I said, "Thanks," and turned to leave.

"Wait, wait!" he shouted. "That is, if you have time for me."

"I have all the time in the world for you, sir."

He then laboriously penned a letter of instructions to the commander of our station ship. Our station ship commander, who regularly took afternoon tea at Admiralty Headquarters, was for rushing me to sea, and—my guess—getting rid of me in Queenstown; but I waited for the destroyer *Nicholson* and her commander, Frank Berrien (rear admiral, retired, now), to return to port. Berrien was a Missouri shipmate of ten years earlier.

The *Nicholson* put to sea, and we had a lucky cruise; that is, we got action. With seven other destroyers, we picked up a convoy of nineteen ships well offshore in the Bay of Biscay. Our job was to see them into Liverpool.

The U-boats at that time were still going strong. We were getting S O S's aplenty from all around. Our first duty was to our convoy, but

an S O S from the *J. L. Luckenbach,* a 6,000-ton cotton ship out of New York, she then eighty miles to the north of us and on the road to Liverpool, stirred our group senior officer, Commander (now Vice-Admiral) Johnson, to order the *Nicholson* to hurry to the aid of the *Luckenbach.*

The *Nicholson* went to it ahiking, swinging through a rolling but also a smooth sea at better than the builder's trial speed. We were getting wireless advices every few minutes from the *Luckenbach.* She was being shelled, her cargo was on fire, several of her crew were already wounded. Berrien replied with heartening messages.

By and by we raised the *Luckenbach's* smoke; then her hull, and then the hull of a low setting U-boat. She was one of the new big subs —275 feet long and a 5.9-inch gun forward and aft, and she was shelling the *Luckenbach.* We had 4-inch guns. Great little guns. We let go a shell at 7,500 yards. It was in line, but short. Our next shell went beyond the sub. Our third shell was in line and almost aboard. Tough lads, those U-boat fellows. Not till then did the U-boat cease shelling and submerge.

We sent our doctor, name of Rice, a signal quartermaster, name of Shea, our Lieutenant Harlow, and a boat crew to the *Luckenbach.* She was pretty well shot up, and nine of her crew of twelve had been wounded by shrapnel. Our fellows put out the fire in her cotton below decks. Our doctor stayed aboard to render medical aid. The signal quartermaster stayed with him to receive and transmit directing messages.

We headed, with the *Luckenbach* in escort, for our convoy. Almost immediately the U-boat emerged, for no reason that we could see except to thumb her nose at us. We could do nothing about that, the intervening cotton ship cutting off our gunfire.

We tucked the *Luckenbach* in the rear of the convoy and resumed our place with the *Conyngham* at the head of the column. It was two destroyers ahead, two astern, and two to each side of the convoy. Some big ships were among them. Biggest of all was a P. and O. liner, the 16,000-ton *Orama.* She was four hundred yards out in front of the head of the convoy. Commander Johnson had tried to get her to dress back that very morning; but she would not. And why not? Our guess was that the British commodore in command wasn't for taking any orders from a Yankee three-striper.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when we ushered the *Lucken-*

back to her place in the convoy. At five minutes to six I'm standing beside the bridge ladder when a mess boy comes out of the wardroom to tell me that dinner is served. I take another look around and about, at the sky and sea and ships, the way a fellow does before leaving the deck to go inside.

I happen to be looking at the *Orama* when up out of her comes a column of white, a column of black, a column of white.

Mister U-boat got her. We were handy to the *Orama,* but not quite so handy as the *Conyngham,* which wheeled and dropped a pattern of ash cans (300-pound cans of TNT) to the side of the *Orama* where the torpedo had got her. Oil bubbles came up.

The *Orama* started to settle. Four hours later she went down with a rush. By then two of our destroyer group had taken off the survivors—593 in all.

We're still at dinner in the *Nicholson's* wardroom when a messenger comes from the bridge with an S O S from one of the convoy, the *Clan Lindsay.* She was reporting herself torpedoed.

Berrien whistled. Lieutenant Knight said: "Well, we got to hand it to Fritz. He's on the job." My contribution was: "They've got two in an hour. What will they be batting by morning?"

Next came the code order to disperse the convoy; whereat eighteen merchant ships and eight destroyers went darting every which way in a choppy sea on a dark night. Battle lights were flashing all around—just the flash—big hulls looming against the night sky, then sheering off—happily sheering off.

There is just one day's doings with a convoy off the south Irish coast. Our fellows held no hard feelings for U-boat operations. Our Navy had submarines, the British Navy had submarines; and they weren't there for decorative purposes. Our destroyer officers and men had only a high respect for U-boat crews, referring to them always as either Fritz or Heinie. That respect for the enemy marked our fellows in Cuba during the war with Spain; it was so with our fellows on the western front when I looked in on them later in that same year—1917.

Tough, smart lads, those U-boat crews; but our fellows could be just as tough. And as smart. Our fellows showed them a new technique. Previous destroyer practice, on sighting a periscope, was to open fire on it. A periscope then was about as thick as a man's wrist. If by a miracle a periscope was hit, the U-boat simply ran up her spare one; or submerged. Our fellows changed that. At sight of a periscope, it

was get to the target, ring up four bells and the jingle, full speed for the spot where the periscope had showed, and dump a pattern of ash cans all around.

From the time they took on the job, our destroyers out of Queenstown got results, gradually and steadily decreased the U-boat sinkings.

That destroyer service out of Queenstown was the most dangerous of that last war. Every officer and man in that service rated a decoration, even if he never saw a U-boat. Actually, an American had to be an officer and in command of a destroyer that sank a German sub to get a decoration; and then his name got no mention in the press of the day. Admiral Sims, fighting the war from his office chair in London, got all the American press mention.

They do things differently in this war (1944). Correspondents at the front, and at headquarters far from the front, not only mention names; they even give the name of the town and the street and number where a mentioned man lives. They leave a reader wondering when the telephone number will be coming along.

In correspondents' stories of the present war we read of the terrific strain, mounting to the jitters in some cases, on men before a battle. I do not understand that. Are the correspondents substituting imagination for actuality? Every day or night aboard a destroyer in that U-boat-ridden area of the last war was a day or night of impending danger. Any minute a fellow might find himself blown sky-high, but I never noticed any sign of heavy strain on officers and men aboard the *Nicholson*. That leaves a fellow wondering if there's something in a life at sea that breeds a calmer bearing in the face of death. It is true that officers and men of the destroyer force out of Queenstown knew they were facing a dangerous duty when they put in for that service. And there is a difference between volunteering for a service and being drafted into it; and that isn't to say that drafted men are not brave; but it is a fact that not all drafted men are for war.

Admiral Bayley, by all accounts, was a capable executive and organizer in Queenstown. He drove our fellows hard, but that was all right with them, so long as he was always there with the fuel and the ship's stores when they called for them. He attended to his job, our fellows attended to theirs; and between them they got results.

While I was in Queenstown the people there were still talking of the mystery of the *Lusitania*. She had been torpedoed not far off Queenstown Harbor. Shortly before that, her competent and experienced

Irish captain, Patrick Dow, had been taken off her and an English captain, John Turner, placed in command. Why was that? And why was she slowed down as she drew near the Irish coast? Captain Turner and 315 of his crew had come safe away from her. Why was that? The whole story is a thing to marvel at, but it remains a story that can't be told here.

Aide-de-camp Ollebahr tried to hurry me out of Queenstown. I refused to be hurried. I completed my *Collier's* stories of destroyer doings, submitted them to the censorship of a new and more genial aide, a Leftenant Blake, and headed for London.

On the road to London I let my mind dwell on the good work our destroyers had been doing. Before our destroyers took over that U-boat job, the sinkings of British ships leaving English ports were so numerous that the censors were holding the press reports to 10 per cent, sometimes 15 per cent, of the actual sinkings; yet Admiral Sims in London was in a tie-up with Bayley in Queenstown to keep all knowledge of the later good work of our destroyer fleet from the American public. The nearer I got to London the madder I got.

Sims's trouble was being born a British subject, and never getting over it. He was notorious in our Navy for his constant depreciation of our Navy and his praise of the British Navy. A few years before the war he had made himself solid with the British authorities when he said in London at one of those hands-across-the-sea dinners: "America will never allow the British Empire to go down."

Before leaving the United States to take over that London billet for the war, his superior officer, Admiral Benson, had said to him: "You're going to London. Now don't let the Britishers pull the wool over your eyes." Nobody had to pull the wool over Sims's eyes in London. He attended to that himself.

I stood a three-day watch in London to catch Sims in his Admiralty Headquarters. When I finally cornered him there he opened up with: "How'd you make out with Admiral Bayley?" My answer: "I made out, but no thanks to you for that! And now I want to say that you're a hell of an American admiral. You're the finest British admiral in the American navy."

He came back with a few words, charged me with "bulling your way through with Admiral Bayley in Queenstown," which I did not deny. How else to get anything out of his kind?

The wide door to the adjoining room was open. Staff officers were

in there. Voices had hushed there, typewriters stopped clicking, which pleased me no end. I concluded with—loudly: "I repeat. You're a hell of an American admiral. You're the finest British admiral in the American navy. Good day!"

Rather rough on him? No, no. Not on Sims or any other officer, navy or army, who places another country before what should be his own; the country that is giving him his bread and butter; the country that he has taken his oath to serve before all others. Correspondents, press columnists, and radio commentators playing the stooge to officials in high station are no real aid to their country in wartime.

Chapter XXVIII

FROM LONDON I went to Paris. I put in with a group of American correspondents in Paris for a look-in on the French Army on the western front. Two French liaison officers took us in tow. They took us beyond Compiègne. There we were in easy hearing of the enemy guns, and there were the French trenches before us; but would they allow us to go into the trenches? No. *Non, non!* They acted as if their job were to take us nowhere where we could possibly get hurt. Under such conditions, a lot of correspondents could only fight the battle of Paris.

My old Ninth Regiment was now the 101st of the Yankee Division, and my old captain, Jack Dunne, being a major in it, I had to look him up. My old colleague, Fred Palmer, then Major Palmer at Pershing's Headquarters, fixed me up with a pass. I found the 101st at the front, though not yet in the trenches. I found them all cheerful and waiting. Jack Dunne at this time was closing in on fifty years. Said Jack: "The bird who said war was for the nineteen- and twenty-year olds had it right. Y' know how we'd sleep in the mud in Cuba, and get up in the morning singing like larks—some mornings. But after a night in the mud now, it takes three hours of the sun to thaw me out."

I had been sleeping in damp sheets in my Queenstown hotel. There was coal aplenty in Queenstown, but it wasn't for civilians. The hotel hadn't had enough coal to do a good laundry job. One day in Paris an army friend, Capt. Ned Trafton, said to me: "You're walking

around with pneumonia and don't know it. There's a Swiss nurse here who's had good luck with army-officer cases of pneumonia. I'll get her for you."

The Swiss nurse arrived. She was a 250-pound fifty-year-oldster, strong as a 56-pound weight thrower! She came to my hotel every afternoon and gave me the hot-cup treatment—"to draw the moisture out of my lungs through the skin." I went out and about between treatments.

One day she was late, and while I was waiting for her I decided to take a bath. I hadn't had one in two weeks—and a warm bath loomed up as a swell idea. There was a bathroom down the hall in the hotel. The nurse met me coming from my bath. She said I would now surely die, and quit me.

It was mid-December, and getting home for Christmas now struck me as a good idea. Others besides the strong-arm nurse thought I was soon to die. Frank Sibley, Boston *Globe* correspondent with the Yankee Division, saw me off on the train to Bordeaux. To a Chicago colleague he said—after the train pulled out: "Jim won't live to get to New York."

The steamer (French) out of Bordeaux was held up two nights, because of U-boat activities off the mouth of the river. The steamer passengers weren't allowed aboard until she sailed. Two more nights between damp hotel sheets in Bordeaux did not make me feel any livelier. I spent most of my two days in Bordeaux hunting the shops for the biggest doll in the city for my baby daughter Brenda.

I did not think I was on the way out; but my steamer room steward, a Breton, must have thought I was in tough shape. Without my saying a word to him he took me in charge. He was in and out of my room ten times a day, and he would peek in at night. When he found me in bed he would tuck a hot-water bottle in at my feet.

I coughed alternately red and white day and night, all the way across. Fortunately the few passengers aboard allowed me to have a room to myself; and passengers in the rooms either side of me, if any were in them, did not complain. It would have done them no good if they did. I wasn't coughing for the fun of it.

The two-day delay in Bordeaux had the steamer missing Christmas by one day. I should have gone straight home after the ship docked in New York, but the fine weather of the last two days of the passage was something to cheer a fellow up: all bright sunshine—and bright sun-

shine at sea has sunshine ashore beat seven ways. I looked in on Bob Bridges, then editor of *Scribner's,* and give him and Big Bill Edwards, the old Princeton football star, a two-hour résumé of the war as I saw it, "without stopping to take breath," as Bridges said.

My wife and baby daughter were living at the hotel kept by the Prendergasts, my shipmates of the *Republic* wreck, in Jefferson, Massachusetts. I went straight there with that biggest doll I could find in Bordeaux in a box under my arm.

The village of Jefferson is well above the sea, and it goes cold there in winter; but it is a fine dry cold. I slept in a room with both windows wide open. The thermometer for the first week ran from 25 degrees to 30 degrees below zero nights; but the fine dry cold it was made it good medicine for my case.

For six weeks I stayed in bed till lunchtime, then sat around on the veranda under the bright sun till late afternoon. There was a good doctor, Washburn by name, in the neighboring town of Holden, but I did not call him in. Those champion professional athletes that I had trained with knew how to take care of the body; and I was now for prescribing for myself.

When I had the pneumonia to loo'ard, as Gloucestermen would put it, I made ready to resume my naval job in Europe for *Collier's.* This time, no transport sailing immediately, I took passage in what passed for a passenger steamer, but which was really a cargo boat, rigged up to bunk a limited number of passengers.

Before sailing I was sounded out again about writing for a propagandic organization with a heavy financial backing. It could be carried on in addition to my *Collier's* job. The organization had a hook-up with two thousand small-town newspapers, and scores of volunteer amateur writers were on its staff. I was one of six American writers who had been selected for the real work, said the tempter. The rate of pay offered was flattering.

It was a patriotic service, the organization officer said, and handed me a sheaf of galley proofs of things already published. I read them. They were the work of people who obviously knew nothing first hand of the war, who wrote like people who had never been a two-day journey from home; and there was too much hate in them for me. I said no.

For our second year of the war (1918) I chose to make Brest my headquarters. It was our chief Continental navy base; a landing port

for troopships, a shipping port for our returning wounded. It was also under command of Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, who as an officer in the Bureau of Navigation had filed my discharge as an enlisted man before I was sworn in. An old South Boston townie, Capt. John Halligan, was Wilson's chief of staff.

Admiral Wilson was our topside officer for all naval activities on the continent of Europe. He was a delightful man to work with—no swank, no pomposities, no subservience to foreign rule. Also no publicity for himself. "Spike" Hunt, correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune,* submitting complimentary reports of Wilson, whom he admired, had them returned regularly with the praiseful paragraphs black-penciled. No praise for Wilson was the order of the day in Brest.

Brest had a fleet of destroyers, converted yachts, planes, and dirigible balloons for convoying the Bay of Biscay shipping.

The dirigibles had one advantage over the heavier-than-air machines. A dirigible could remain stationary, hover over a convoy like a mother hen brooding over her nest of eggs. Back in Vera Cruz in 1914, Lieut. Cmdr. Pat Bellinger had discovered that up in the air was a great place for observing anything under the sea—if not too deep under. In Pat's case it was uncharted coral reefs that he discovered. Here in the Bay of Biscay the dirigibles were locating submerged U-boats.

The airplanes could not hover like that; and they had to be careful about slowing down. Going into a spin was no joke with that war type of navy plane, or any other type, in those days.

A disadvantage of the dirigible was that it could not make headway against a strong wind. A dirigible got caught like that one day with a U-boat on the surface to windward. Our dirigible officers, all young fellows, wanted to get near to drop bombs on her. But the strong wind held her where she was; and Mister U-boat stood off and made a target of the dirigible with her deck guns. It was gas, not helium, in dirigible bags then; and one sliver of hot shrapnel into the gas bag meant instant death for all hands in the dirigible's nacelle. When Mister U-boat got the range, and her shrapnel took to passing just under the bag and just over the nacelle, our dirigible crew, who had gone leaping to the fray, said: "Good-by, Fritz. It's all yours today." And around on her heel they put her, and off before the wind.

I had been up in that same dirigible two days before that happening. It was comfortable in her compared to a plane—a fellow could

stand up and even move around some; but the wind would roll her down. When the wind rolled her to 35 degrees, orders were to come down. This day that happened, and down we came.

Things were quiet in Brest, and I was thinking of going to the Mediterranean. An old navy friend, Captain ("Juggy") Nelson, was in charge of our operations against the Austrian Navy in the Adriatic Sea, a nice place to put in the winter; and there would be Juggy to let me have a close-up of whatever I would care to see.

I made a trip to Paris and had my passport viséed so as to hop to the Mediterranean when I would feel the urge. I was telling Capt. John Halligan, Wilson's chief of staff, of my intention. He said: "Better talk to the Old Man first."

So I looked in on Admiral Wilson. He said: "Look here!" He took me into a room—I had been there before—a room with three sides of it covered with a map of operations. Colored pins were stuck all over the map.

"Look!" said Wilson. He indicated a group of U-boat pins in the southern part of the Bay of Biscay. "U-boats have been heading to that locality for a week now. It means a rendezvous. And why? The news from the front is that our fellows are smashing through. The war will soon be over. You can go home any day now without missing anything."

That was in October, eighteen days before Armistice Day. On the last Saturday in October I took passage with an old wardroom mate, Capt. Charlie Preston, on the *Northern Pacific* (or it may have been her sister ship, the *Great Northern*). They were the two fastest ships out of Brest at that time.

We passed through the New York Harbor barrage after dark, the first to do so (I think) in that war. And we went up New York Harbor with our lights on full, the proof to all beholders that the war was over over there. The following week, two days after election, came the official Armistice Day.

The flu had been running wild in Brest. Men were dying like flies in the French barracks. Men were being taken off our arriving troopships and to our big naval hospital, and dying, many of them, before room could be found for them even in a field tent. I'd seen them die that way while I was in Brest.

No officer or enlisted man was allowed to go into a congested place in Brest that year. Marine police were instructed to enforce that order.

I usually wore my accredited correspondent's uniform, which was the same as an officer's; but I had my civilian suit in reserve, and when I wanted to go where an officer wasn't allowed to go, I would get into my civilian clothes. M.P.'s would eye me and eye me in my civilian clothes, but they were never quite sure about me.

Wherever the people of Brest gathered, I liked to go. I went three times a week to the movies. They were always crowded, and the air and dust was heavy in them, but a fellow had to have some recreation.

The flu germs must have been in me when I left Brest. I did not go down right away after getting home; but on Christmas Eve I went dull and sluggish; and on Christmas Day I started walking around my apartment in circles. My wife called in the neighborhood doctor, and followed that up with calling in four more doctors and our parish priest.

The doctors probably did me good—they must have—but I had my own ideas about curing the flu. The service cure in Brest was to get next to a quart of rye whisky, and stay by it, and when that was gone, get a replacement; but it was prohibition time in the United States; also I never was strong for hard liquor. And I was of the belief that the cure for pneumonia should be the thing for the flu. Cold dry air was the medicine for me now.

My sister Mary, a trained nurse, fed me twice a day for a week on milk, sherry, and the white of an egg in the proportions which she well knew how to put together. I then looked about me. The Prendergast hotel was closed that winter; but there was a little hotel I knew of in the New Hampshire foothills; so it was me wrapped to my ears in a taxi, then a train to Fitzwilliam, at the foot of Mount Monadnock in southern New Hampshire.

Fine dry air there—1,500 feet high—and the manager, name of Blair, was a good scout. It was 12 to 15 below every night. Blair would wait till I got into bed, then open my windows. At six in the morning he would come in and close the windows and turn on the furnace heat. When the breakfast bell would ring, the room being then warm and comfortable, I would up and dress.

It was a mile walk around the village common. I walked that before lunch, before supper, before bed every night. I wrote for three hours every morning, on a hack job of condensing novels for Edwin Grozier of the Boston *Post*. He was having a hundred best novels put into condensed form—1,500 words. I condensed two a week.

Dry air, nourishing plain food, light physical and mental exercise—there's a regimen to cure almost anything; that is, if there be no organic weakness. After six weeks I was back home and again to work, this time at writing short stories and a war-adventure serial *Hiker Joy,* for *Collier's.*

In 1920 the Black-and-Tan War was on in Ireland, and the reports from there made rough reading. A committee of 150 American citizens of all races and creeds examined witnesses as to conditions in Ireland. The committee included five state governors, eleven United States senators, thirteen congressmen, Cardinal Gibbons, sixteen Roman Catholic, Episcopal, and Methodist bishops, plus educators, editors, businessmen, and labor leaders. The committee " . . . sought the evidence of these atrocities, from both sides, in the hope that we could make clear, to the English on the one hand and to the Irish on the other, our desire to do them the service which our common civilization required as a right, our common humanity as a duty."

Meantime the American Committee for Relief in Ireland was raising money for the distressed people over there and sending it over as fast as raised. Soon came the press stuff from England that American Relief money was being spent for the purchase of arms and ammunition for the Irish Republican Army. All this while, I had been wondering how I could get to Ireland. I knew that the British authorities would not be for allowing a writing man bearing the Irish name of Connolly entry into Ireland while a war was on there—that is, if he showed up as a writing man.

Now how to get to Ireland? The London press stuff about Relief money being spent for I.R.A. arms gave me an idea. I went to the Relief Committee and said why not send a man to Ireland to look into the arms-and-ammunition charge? They thought it a good plan and appointed me commissioner for the Committee for Relief in Ireland, to act in co-ordination with their Mr. France in Dublin and report back. I was to serve without pay or travel expenses, my own proposition.

I took a French steamer to Havre, the first at hand. I was making my twenty-first crossing of the Atlantic; and there was no longer any novelty—not by steamer. Sea hotels, big steamers, were now all comfort, heavy eating, and no exercise. The never-monotonous was there, however. It was still worth while sitting by the hour in a long-based

deck chair and watching the play of wind and sun on the surface of the great waters.

I went to Paris, and I was waiting to board the plane at Bourget for London when the pilot came in the office to say that if somebody did not sit out in the bow of the ship he would be unable to get her tail off the ground. I said I'd sit in the bow. The pilot, English and pleasant of manner, said: "You've had plane experience before?" I said I had, so he gave me an overall suit and put me out in the front of him and his mechanic in the open bow of the plane.

My seat was a six-inch plank that ran from rail to rail of the plane. The rail was knee-high. We were ready to take off when another passenger came hurrying from the office. The cabin being full, he was squeezed onto the bow seat with me. The seat was three feet in width. The pilot said the extra weight in the bow made it easier on the plane.

My fellow passenger was a Frenchman. The plane took off. Sitting in the open, with the wind roaring past our ears at 120 miles an hour, killed off any conversation. I did not try to talk, nor did the Frenchman. We were midway of the Channel when I felt the Frenchman's head on my shoulder. We were two miles high at the time. I turned my head, very, very carefully, to see what was going on with him. He was asleep.

Asleep! Two miles high, the plane rail no higher than our knees, and he was asleep! I could foresee things happening. Suppose he had a nightmare! Suppose he didn't have a nightmare, but came awake suddenly, with a jump, as some fellows do.

I looked down past my outside arm to the sea below. Two miles of space between the plane and the sea! Fine!

We were another hour making Croydon, and throughout that whole hour the most careful man in his movements in the entire world was me. I held myself like an upright rod of iron in my fear of disturbing the sleep of the Frenchman. He stayed asleep until we were on the ground in Croydon, which was surely a break for me.

At Croydon the pilot told me that my Frenchman made a round trip every week between London and Paris by plane; and he always fell asleep in the cabin. The pilot never thought he would fall asleep in the bow of the plane.

It was a train to Holyhead. A courteous English naval officer on the steamer wharf there asked: "Any arms?"

"No arms." It was then a perfunctory examination of bags, and

aboard the steamer to Dublin. A taxi to the Gresham Hotel there.

That was in May 1921, and that same week General Macready, commander in chief of the British forces in Ireland, had reported to London of his intention to give the South of Ireland six weeks of intensive warfare and bring the rebel Irish to their milk.

Chapter XXIX

IT WAS MY FIRST MORNING in Dublin, a May morning, with a clear sky and a light breeze from off the Wicklow hills. A lovely morning, but not a calm one in Dublin.

I left my hotel, the Gresham Hotel on O'Connell Street, and headed south. I soon took notice of an armored lorry drawn up against the curbstone. The lorry had a protective roof, and there was just space enough above the lorry's side and the roof for a man to lay his head on his ear and squint along the barrel of a rifle.

Three soldiers in iron helmets were squinting along their rifle barrels now. Red-painted iron boxes were affixed to the side of the building the lorry was abreast of. A man in a red coat was collecting mail from the boxes. The three riflemen were guarding the red-coated mail collector.

Arriving abreast of the lorry, I saw that my head was directly in line with the pointed rifles and a mailbox. The soldiers holding the rifles were boys of eighteen or nineteen years, with soft, immature faces. They were obviously nervous. Looking backward from half a dozen steps farther on, I saw that the three rifles were pointing at the head of the next pedestrian behind me. Through the partly lowered rear end of the lorry I counted ten other steel-helmeted soldiers with bayoneted rifles held at a ready.

The next man behind me was an alert-looking young fellow with the black hair and dark blue eyes so common in the South of Ireland. To him I said: "Does Dublin Castle turn out an armed guard every time a postman collects mail in Dublin?"

He gave me a sharp looking over. "You'll be an American?"

"I'm an American."

"So? A short time ago four or five of the boyos came in from the hills and raided the Central Post Office here, and they took what special bags of mail they were after. They found some useful Castle correspondence in the bags. Since then an armed lorry or armored car has been turnin' out with every collection or delivery of the post where there might be official mail."

"And where were the English soldiers while they were raiding the post office?"

"The divvle knows. Safe in Castle barracks doubtless. And where would you be goin' now?"

"I'm headed for the Sherbourne Hotel—at Shepherd's Green, is it?"

"Shepherd's Green it is, and a fine rat's nest for English spies that hotel is."

"My business is with the American Committee for Relief in Ireland. Our office is there."

"Oh, that's it. A grand work they are doin', sir. A grand work."

Armored lorries and an occasional armored car were passing constantly, and at good speed. Passing also was a vehicle enclosed in wire netting instead of steel plates. The mesh of the net was fine enough to prevent a bomb from entering. Peering through the netting were soldiers in khaki with bayoneted rifles and steel hats.

One of those old orange women at the Nelson Pillar on O'Connell Street had taken a peek at an early caged-in vehicle and said—everybody in Dublin was quoting her to every newcomer: "The Boors put ye in kakky, an' the Germans put ye in tin hats, but it took the Irish lads to put ye in bird cages!"

Armored cars and lorries were tearing through O'Connell Street at twenty-five to forty miles an hour: all other vehicles were expected to get out of their way; and they got out.

I crossed the O'Connell Bridge, and so on through Grafton Street. The fine shops were here, and the plate-glass windows of some were marked by numerous bullet holes.

I moved on.

A group of English Black-and-Tans with fixed bayonets were grouped at the corner of a side street. Barbed wire was stretched across the end of the side street, and immediately inside the barbed wire were more Black-and-Tans. Yet further in were four armored lorries and an armored car. A dozen or so Auxiliaries with drawn pistols were standing near the lorries.

The Auxiliaries wore tam-o'-shanters and the dark blue uniforms of the old Irish Constabulary. The tam-o'-shanters were their own selection to mark them as not of the ordinary run of Black-and-Tans. They were said to be all ex-officers from the World War; and they looked a different lot from the soldiery. They looked like fighting men.

A policeman was standing across the street from where the soldiers outside the barbed wire were stationed. I stepped up to him. "What are they after?"

"How would I be knowin'!" he cried testily. Then in a low voice, and after a sharp glance at me: "They will be after the Bulletin printin' plant, or maybe—hsst—Mick Collins. Or—or—some other wanted man."

A young woman had halted on the other side of the policeman, a young creature with a pink-and-white skin and blond hair. A man in white spats, gray trousers, frock coat, and silk hat stood beside her.

Said the young woman: "Oh, I do love to see those brave soldiers at work!" She addressed her words to the policeman. He glanced sidewise at her, remained silent.

"I'd love to see them shoot some of them, wouldn't you, officer?"

The policeman looked up the raided street, up Grafton Street, up at the sky; he looked everywhere except at the young woman.

"And you'd love to, too, wouldn't you, Father?"

The man in the frock coat cast a furtive glance at the policeman, then hurried to say: "She's a rampant loyalist, officer. I have hard work to restrain her at times."

The daughter and father moved on.

"A noble-minded young woman!" said the policeman. "She would love to see them shoot some of them! And himself an eminently respectable gentleman. Of the Kildare Club without doubt."

It should be said here that the police of Dublin were the only police in Ireland not in the pay of the British Empire.

Before calling in at the Sherbourne, I looked in on Oliver St. John Gogarty, the famous surgeon, playwright, poet, and wit of Dublin. I had met him the night before. He was about to leave for the Irish Book Shop. "It's only a short distance," said Gogarty. "We'll walk it." The manager of the book shop was just back from a tour of campaigning for a candidate for the Northern Parliament.

"They used you roughly, I hear?" said Gogarty.

'Oh, somewhat. About twenty of them beat me up in a Belfast

hotel. And while I was away—see!" He reached into the wastebasket and pulled out a battered metal box.

"They came raiding—military and Black-and-Tans. One of them found this money box which I had hid. He forced open the lock, took all the bills and silver—ten pounds and more. The missis was here. She protested, of course. 'Look out, you, that we don't take you to the barracks!' was all she got out of them. They're a hopeless lot. The likes of them are nowhere else on earth."

"A bit of rough thieving only," said Gogarty to me. "Wait till you're here awhile."

From the book shop we crossed the Liffey River and walked westerly along the North Wall. Gogarty had a patient in a hospital on Jervis Street. Turning in from the river at Jervis Street, we saw globs of blood as big as our palms on the stone flagging. Blood splashes marked all the way from the river wall to the hospital—a hundred yards or more! We inquired of an old woman who stepped out of a doorway to tell us what she knew of the blood.

"They shot him—the patrols—last night."

"Did he die?"

"He did not, but he will!"

"What brought on the shooting?" I asked.

"What brings on any shootin'? Whenever they take a notion to shoot an Irishman, who's to stop them? He was a young lad, hardly more than a boy. He was standing in the door of the shop where he worked. The foot patrols came along. 'Get along!' said one of the patrols.

" 'Can't I stand in the doorway of my own shop?' says the lad.

" 'You 'eard me. Get the 'ell along, I said, an' be quick about it!' the patrol shouted.

"The boy stepped down onto the footwalk and moved along. He'd not taken six steps when the patrol shot him through the neck from behind."

"The Castle report of that incident," said Gogarty, "will say that he was killed trying to escape, or that he refused to halt when ordered."

I left Gogarty at the hospital and proceeded to the Sherbourne. The uniformed front doorman was English. He greeted me pleasantly, and I shook hands with him, which surprised him until he found a half-crown in his hand. An English underling beats the world for quick reaction to a piece of change.

"Something I can do for you, sir?"

"Perhaps. There may be a Mr. Houghton registering here. A big red-faced man, above six feet and weighing—oh, 240 pounds—seventeen stone. A massive man. An American. When he comes would you mind phoning me at the Gresham? My name is Connolly."

"A Mr. 'ooton. And Mr. Connolly at the Gresham. I 'ave it."

"Don't forget now."

"Trust me, sir. I'll make a note." I left him making the note.

There was no Houghton. I believed I was being trailed and would continue to be trailed while in Ireland. The doorman, I knew, would pass the word of a Mr. 'ooton to Dublin Castle, and that would give the Castle spies something more to think about. Every time thereafter I never entered the Sherbourne without giving the doorman's hand a warm grip, leaving a half-crown in his palm, and asking for word of Mr. Houghton. His report was always that no Mr. 'ooton 'ad yet registered. After the third time he showed signs of worriment. "Would your friend, Mr. 'ooton, be mikin' a mistike in the 'otel, do you think, sir?" I got a bit of relaxation out of his anxiety; and in troublous times any little bit of relaxation now and then is a good thing for the morale.

The head of the Relief fund in Ireland was Mr. France, brother to U. S. Senator France of Delaware. I presented my credentials to him. He was agreeable, capable, and conscientious. He offered good evidence that no Relief money was going to the I.R.A. Later, while traveling through the South of Ireland, I checked up for myself and found things were as he said.

I was on my way back to the Gresham, and having in mind to get myself a traveling bag. I was glancing into the windows for sight of a bag to my liking. And preferably an English leather bag, they being the best in the world then. They may be yet for all I know.

I had almost decided on a capacious handsome one in a Grafton Street window when I heard a Boom! No long Boo-o-m this. A short Boom!—meaning not far away. I hurried to the corner nearest where the boom came from. A policeman was peeking around the corner. I peeked around the policeman. A sixteen-year-old boy on a bicycle came flying around our corner. Up the street was a lorry. It was standing still, and eight or ten steel helmets and pointed rifles were showing above the armored sides of the lorry.

The drivers of two sidecars near our corner were hurriedly heading their horses down street—away from the lorry.

Another lorry rolled up to the first one; and from it leaped six or

seven Black-and-Tans, with their rifles held close and their heads jerking from side to side. Not a soul, except their own people, was near them. One of them looked into the first lorry, then shouted something excitedly.

My policeman turned and walked away from the street of the lorry. I stepped into his place, meaning to move up towards the lorries for a better view of what was going on; but just then, the drivers of the sidecars ran past me and ducked into the nearest doorway around the corner.

People on the sidewalk were leaping for other doorways. I stepped back to my corner, not reasoning things out; but with the feeling that it was good for me to stop poking my head around that street corner. From the direction of the lorries came a rain of bullets. Pip-pip-p-p they went. Machine guns in action! Past my corner and across Grafton Street flew a rainstorm of bullets.

I ducked back around my corner and headed toward the Gresham. I hadn't gone twenty-five yards when I saw people near by were making speed. Girls were hop-scotching into doorways; young fellows were leaping like rabbits into hallways. I glanced around me. For a hundred yards up and down there wasn't a human being on either sidewalk of that shopping block but myself.

I could not see just where the immediate danger lay.

Machine-gun bullets certainly could not curve around a corner, but I figured that there must be a good reason for all this hurry—Irish young men being no timid souls generally. I took a running hop, step, and jump to the nearest doorway.

In a few seconds I saw the reason for the hurry. An armor-plated lorry with a load of Auxiliaries came roaring down the shopping street at all of fifty miles an hour. A dozen rifle barrels were projecting above the sides of it. From the lorry came a whi-i-ng! Again a whi-i-ng! And a whing! as it roared on its way. No little pip-pip-p-p bullets those! No, sir. Heavy bullets from high-powered rifles in the rear end of the lorry.

I moved out of my doorway with the others, and I continued my way towards the Gresham. At a corner nearest the O'Connell Bridge, I pulled up. I pulled up because people ahead of me were pulling up. On the other side of the bridge was the same lorry load of Auxiliaries who had come firing down Grafton Street. They were peering out with rifles pointed out from the sides and rear end of the lorry. The

bridge and the street at both ends of the bridge were deserted, which should not be at the noon hour. It should have been crowded with noon-hour people coming and going from offices and shops.

I would have to cross the bridge to get to the Gresham. I knew that the Auxiliaries and the Black-and-Tans had done more cruel things than shooting unarmed men going about their business, but I had a luncheon engagement at my hotel, so when a couple of young fellows darted for the bridge, I darted after them. I was no hero in doing so. The lorry crew, being Auxiliaries, mostly first-class fighting men from the World War, were not likely, as were the ordinary run of Black-and-Tans and the soldiery, to go jittery. Their shooting from their lorry was coldly planned terrorism, not because of the jitters.

When I made my crossing safely, I looked back. Two girls on bicycles were wheeling steadily across the bridge, straight toward the armored lorry. They sat up, held their heads high passing the lorry, and unless my eyes were going bad, they were staring scornfully at the creatures in the lorry as they passed them.

The bombing of the lorries and armored cars in Dublin took place almost entirely in the noon hour, when the lads from the offices and shops were going to and coming from lunch. After office or shop hours in the late afternoon was a good time too. Young lads attended to the bombing. They were daring lads, and smart. The lad on the bicycle that passed me on that corner bombed that lorry. Four Black-and-Tans were killed by the explosion.

That night a house not far from the Gresham was raided. I was in my room when I heard the crashing of what must have been a heavy maul on wood. A street door that would be. There was rifle firing. A dog barked. It was no friendly bark. He continued his barking until suddenly—like that—he stopped barking.

My room window looked out on O'Connell Street. I raised the sash to look out. A guest on the floor below had his head out. A searchlight was sweeping the street. Soon came two young fellows with their hands handcuffed behind them. A group of Black-and-Tans were prodding them on with the tips of their bayonets.

One Black-and-Tan looked upward. Then: "Pull your 'ead in up there. Pull it in, I sie, or I'll bloody well soon bash it in for you." He may have meant that for the man on the floor below; but I pulled my head in too.

So for my first day in Ireland during the Black-and-Tan War.

Chapter XXX

NEXT DAY I CALLED ON the American consul in Dublin, saying that I thought I should be reporting to somebody in authority at Dublin Castle. The consul, who was pro-British, agreed with me, and phoned the Castle.

General Macready was away, but his chief of staff, General Brind, would see me.

I found General Brind all alone at a wide desk in a good-sized room in the Castle. He examined my credentials, motioned me to a chair facing a strong window light, and looked me over. I looked him over. He was a meager kind physically and a sour-puss.

I began by saying I was in Ireland to report on how the money of the American Relief Committee was being spent. He let me get that far.

"I can tell you how it is being spent. It is being used to purchase arms and munitions for the Irish rebel army."

I said: "How do you know that?"

"From captured correspondence of rebel unit commanders."

"You have the correspondence?"

"I have." He pressed a button, a young officer entered. Brind said: "In the files you will find letters taken off captured rebel unit leaders. Bring them here."

The young officer left. Brind pressed a button. Another officer entered and was introduced as Major Stewart. He was another sour-puss, and why he was brought in I could not understand, until he took a position to my left and inspected me, then to my right and inspected me. He wound up by standing behind me, and doubtless he inspected me from there. I thought: You'll surely be able to tell your Castle spies what I look like when you send them out to trail me.

Brind opened up a discussion of De Valera, then President of the Irish Republic. He had only harsh words for De Valera; I of course had only good words.

"You of course have met him?" he said.

"No."

"No?" He looked his doubts, but it was so. I hadn't met De Valera, but I did have an engagement to meet him that very afternoon with France.

There was further talk of—oh, fifteen minutes—then a pause. I seized on the pause to say: "What about those incriminating letters, General?"

"Oh yes!" He pressed the button. The same young officer entered. "Those letters? I'm sorry, sir, but we cannot find them in our files."

After lunch that day, a man I never saw before led our Relief chief, Mr. France, and myself to a car around the corner from the Gresham. After a five-minute ride we were transferred to another car, given another ride with various turnings, and dropped off at the rendezvous.

De Valera arrived on a bicycle and alone. He apologized for being ten minutes late, and explained that he had been pedaling against a head wind for miles. We discussed Relief affairs, American current affairs, and went on to American history. He knew American history from beginning to date, and he held a special admiration for Abraham Lincoln.

I wasn't long in Dublin when I became aware that the Castle spies at the Gresham hotel were paying special attention to me. On my first Sunday after meeting De Valera I was to meet Joseph MacDonagh at his then place of hiding. MacDonagh was Secretary for Home Affairs in the Irish Republic cabinet, and he was on the run. I left my room at the Gresham Hotel to make the noon Mass at the pro-cathedral around the corner from the Gresham. Two Black-and-Tans in mufti were below in the lobby, one on each side of the wide staircase. There was a high mirror at the head of the stairs. I turned my back to the lobby and bent over as if to lace one of my shoes, but actually to watch my Black-and-Tan spies in the mirror. One glanced to his pal, then toward me. The pal nodded back.

I was wearing my soft hat and my reversible raincoat, tan-colored one side, a plaid pattern the other side. In the pocket of my raincoat I had a golf cap. One Black-and-Tan followed me from the hotel. I went on to the cathedral, which was crowded as usual. After Mass, and while moving toward the door with the crowd, I reversed my raincoat from the plaid side to the tan side, stuck my soft hat in my coat pocket. Outside of the door I put on my golf cap. I passed within ten feet of

my man, took a jaunting car at the street curb, said: "Drive anywhere you please. I want to look at Dublin."

At the next corner I told the driver to turn the next three corners as he came to them. After the third corner I paid him off, took refuge in a doorway, hailed the next passing cab, got off within four blocks of where MacDonagh was tucked away at the time.

My MacDonagh was the brother of the poet MacDonagh, executed with Patrick Pearse and James Connolly for his part in the Easter Rising. My first meeting with him for a good talk had been at the home of Dr. Gogarty. Present then also were George Russell (Æ) and the Irish novelist, James Stephens. Gogarty's home was a refuge for hard-pressed leaders on the run. Michael Collins had a key to Gogarty's front door.

On this Sunday MacDonagh was tucked away in a brick and slate-roof house in a block in the heart of Dublin. I found him opening his mail, which was being brought to him daily by a seventeen-year-old lad on a bicycle. A curious item was that he was doing business regularly by mail with the heads of big English commercial concerns.

I sat at the window watching the armored lorries roaring through the street. After a time I took notice of a man peeking between the half curtains of a window on the other side of the street. I mentioned it to MacDonagh. He said: "Three doors down the street, is it? He's a Castle spy. He's been watching this house for three days now. By the time he's sure there's a wanted man here I'll be gone." He went on calmly opening his mail.

There were two of my early experiences with much-wanted Irish leaders on the run.

Interesting things were happening every day in Dublin; but the charge that money of the American Relief in Ireland was being used to buy arms for the Irish Republican Army called for my leaving Dublin and looking into how the money was being spent in the towns and villages of the South of Ireland.

My first call was in Dungarvan, a little port on the southeast coast. I arrived there in the late afternoon and went straight to the Devonshire Arms, which was on the English-inn style, though managed by an Irishwoman. I was the only guest, which surprised me. Later I became accustomed to hotels without guests in the South of Ireland. The rear wall of the Black-and-Tan barracks was across the road from the Arms; and right then in the barracks was the body of a young Irishman who

had been bayoneted to death on the day before by Black-and-Tans for no other reason than that he was Irish and they were in the mood for a killing.

The door to the bar in the Arms was locked and barred. I asked why. The answer was that the gentlemen from the barracks had been coming there, helping themselves and never paying for what they took. An occasional one would smash a bottle of liquor that he wasn't equal to emptying at the moment. My pint of stout for my dinner was brought up from the cellar, which was also locked.

After dinner I stepped to the Arms entrance. Four elderly men were sitting on a bench against the Arms front wall. No young men were in sight. I asked where I could find the parish priest. In villages and small towns the parish priests usually disbursed our Relief money.

One of the four elderly men went with me to the corner of the Arms and gave me directions for finding, not the parish priest, who was an old man and not a well man, but his active young curate who would be at so-and-so's house. A meeting was being held there that night for a ways-and-means talk for the welfare of the families of the men who were then in jail, or interned (in concentration camps), or on the run. Or dead, it might be. Dead meant killed in the fighting, or murdered.

Directions called for my turning the corners of three roads and to the last house on the left-hand side of the fourth road. I said: "I may go astray. You'd better come with me."

"I daren't. Curfew will be on a few minutes now, d' y' see—at seven o'clock. And if I was caught out by the patrols they would shoot me."

I had seen the Black-and-Tan patrols passing the Arms while at dinner. They were marching afoot, three abreast and with bayonets fixed to their rifles.

My elderly guide scurried back to the Arms, and I went on alone. It was a May night, lightsome of course at that hour, but not a soul did I meet on my way to the designated meeting house.

I found the house. A dozen women and the young curate were gathered there. The curate looked like one who could have borne himself well in the ranks of fighting men. Most of the young Irish priests of that day were of that sort.

What I heard in that house that night was all of murders, of looted or destroyed property—houses and contents—and Dungarvan men and women beaten up.

It was close to midnight when the young priest and I left the meeting

with a shower of: "Have a care now, Father, and you too, sir," following us through the door.

"I go this way. And God speed you," said the curate.

I went my way. It was a darkened village, not a sign of a light showing from behind drawn curtains and closed doors. It was perhaps half a mile to the Arms; and I wondered what I would do if I met with patrols. To run, in case they saw me, was out. It was a darkened village, but not a dark night overhead; and it was Black-and-Tan custom to shoot running figures at sight when on patrol.

I heard the tramp of patrols not far away, but I met with none.

The Arms was dark, the front door locked when I arrived there. I leaned a shoulder against the door and rapped the knocker softly. The door was opened so soon and so suddenly that I all but fell in.

"Thanks be to God," said the man inside, the night porter. "You're safe back."

Dungarvan was just another little place of a thousand little places in the South of Ireland.

I went on to Cork. One mayor of Cork had been murdered in his home by Black-and-Tans; and the mayor at this time was on the run. The history of another mayor of Cork, Terence MacSwiney, is known to the world.

I had known Cork in my destroyer days in Queenstown. A restful city then, but nothing like that now. A good part of the business section had been burned down by the Black-and-Tans; 10,000 armed Black-and-Tans and soldiery were garrisoned on a total population of 70,000 men, women, and children. Here the patrols were in armored lorries and on foot, the foot patrols also marching three abreast and with bayonets fixed to their rifles.

General Strickland commanded the garrison in Cork. He was the successor to that Colonel Smith who had said to his Black-and-Tans: "The more you kill the better I'll like you." After a thoughtful pause, Smith had added: "A ship loaded with Sinn Feiners will be leaving here soon to give testimony against us to that American committee. That ship will never reach port." After a series of horrible outrages by Smith's men, an I.R.A. board of officers considered his case; soon thereafter an I.R.A. gunman caught him out of garrison and shot him dead.

I was told to look for General Strickland in a rear room of the top floor of a stone building atop of the barracks hill. I walked in on him

without a previous warning. He was a tall, emaciated figure of a man with whitish blue eyes. My name, I saw, did not please him; and soon he was frisking me himself for concealed weapons. A helpful name, mine, in the Irish countryside, but not in a Black-and-Tan barracks.

I asked Strickland how he stood in the matter of America's Relief money. His answer: "I will not allow a single dollar of any American money to go to the families of these murdering rebels who are in their so-called army, or on the run, or in jail, or interned. Murderers shooting down my boys!"

His "boys" included Black-and-Tans. At Strickland's elbow was his aide-de-camp, a plump figure of forty years, a major. Said the plump major: "Do you know, General, these Irish in America have altogether too much to say of how we shall govern Ireland."

"These Irish in America? How long in your judgment must a family of Irish blood be living in the United States before you would rate them as American?" That was from me.

"Oh—two or three generations, I'd say."

"You'd say. You'd better take another say. My father was born in Ireland, yet the moment he set foot on American soil from the deck of an immigrant ship he was a good American, because he never had to unlearn a lot of hooey about the beneficence of the British Empire."

The fattish major blinked. I ran on: "And who in the United States should have more right to say that little Ireland should be free of England than the men of that same Irish blood which was spilled so plenteously to free the American colonies from the tyranny of England? High English officials of that day have recorded that at least fifty per cent of Washington's army were of Irish blood. There were 245 men of my father's name, eleven of them officers, on the muster rolls of the Continental Army, and there were more O'Briens and Kellys and Murphys and Doughertys than Connollys on those same rolls. And so on down the roll of the ancient tribal names."

The major was so obviously doubting the accuracy of my figures that I added: "Check up on what I've just said," and paid no more attention to him.

Chapter XXXI

My relief duties in Cork brought me in touch with men who for their safety lived behind barred and chained doors; also I came in contact with other men, who should have been in hiding, so a visiting stranger would think, and yet were not. One afternoon, I entered a little pub where seven young men were sitting around smoking a cigarette, or nursing a pipeful of tobacco, or sipping at a pint of stout. They looked to have nothing in the world to worry them, yet they were all I.R.A. gunmen, and the little pub overlooked the big square in Cork, and thousands of people in Cork knew that I.R.A. gunmen were to be found in that little pub any afternoon. No Black-and-Tans ever moved in on them. No Black-and-Tans ever bothered gunmen who were known to be such. And why?

I came to know I.R.A. gunmen and to understand why the Black-and-Tans avoided trouble with them. I was in the drawing room of the Gresham Hotel after curfew one night with two known-to-be I.R.A. gunmen and two known-to-be Black-and-Tans in civilian clothes. The gunmen were swapping stories coldly calculated to hold Black-and-Tan doings up to ridicule. I moved early to a corner of the room where I would be out of range if any shooting should open up. (A nickname for the Gresham was Shooting Gallery.) By and by the gunmen, having exhausted their store of ridiculing tales, strolled leisurely out of the room and onto the street. The Black-and-Tans made no move until after the street door closed behind their tormentors.

I.R.A. gunmen were the executioners for the I.R.A. trial boards. Dublin Castle had its hangmen and firing squads behind jails and barracks walls; the I.R.A. had its gunmen, and they were never mere killers. They killed only men condemned after trial; and they never failed to get their men. Most of them could shoot a man's eye across the street. All Dublin knew of their almost daily pistol practice on a race track outside the city. They stood ready at all times to shoot it out with any Castle men, to check in and call it a lifetime if it came to that.

It was a terrible time for the South of Ireland in that year of 1921. During the preceding year, 1920, more than 48,000 homes had been raided; thousands of them looted or destroyed, frequently both; this on the published authority of the American commission.

Martial law was on. A pistol or rifle, or even a single cartridge, found on a man's premises meant a death sentence in the South of Ireland. Any group of five or more on the street could be shot down at sight. Any man approaching a Black-and-Tan with his hands in his pockets could be shot down. To harbor a member of the I.R.A. was death to the occupants of the house harboring him; aye, even though the harbored man was the son or brother of the head of that household. Women and children were shot down, women with babies at breast. Priests were shot dead for refusing to shout: "To hell with the Pope!" Or for no reason at all.

Black-and-Tans drew the all-time record pay for soldiery—seven pounds a week; and what loot they picked up they were allowed to retain; and they were guaranteed exemption from any excesses, even to the murder of unarmed non-combatants.

The Black-and-Tans fought from brick and stone barracks, and from armored lorries with pistols, rifles, and machine guns; the I.R.A. men with pistols and rifles from the cover of ditches and hedges and stone walls along the road. The British forces outnumbered the I.R.A. by—oh, certainly five, probably ten, to one. One I.R.A. man against ten Castle men was the usual Irish estimate of an equal battle. One day in Dublin I repeated that estimate to my Irish jarvey. He boiled over with indignation, he whirled in his seat: "What ten to one! A hundred to one! There are no men like them in all the worr-r-ld."

I left my jarvey and entered the Gresham Hotel. A group of drovers having sold their cattle were having a drink at the Gresham bar. One was telling of a battle that took place on his land in Kerry. When he had done listening, one said: "What men! It was another Thermopylae, that fight!"

"What Thermopylae!" shouted the first drover. "Thermopylae wasn't a tuppence to it!"

It was guerrilla warfare; and the I.R.A. developed that style of warfare to a degree no troops before them had ever attained. Long long before the Black-and-Tan War, Irishmen were known all the world over as a fighting race. In that Black-and-Tan War they were the fighting Irish at their best. The supreme inspiration was theirs then.

After centuries of protest and bloodshedding, the freedom of their little country was in sight!

The I.R.A. of '20 and '21 went to war as to a crusade. No drinking man, no immoral man was allowed in I.R.A. ranks. They went to Confession and Communion regularly, and always on the eve of an especially dangerous mission.

The women of Ireland were a match for their fighting men. I was in Limerick, where 6,000 Black-and-Tans and soldiery were stationed to hold down a total population of 40,000. Miss Madge Daley, manager of a wholesale bakery in Limerick, acted as my guide in a tour of Limerick and the country around. Her fine home had been destroyed, her sister had had her wrists slashed by Black-and-Tans. At the end of the day I said: "Miss Daley, I fear I did you no favor when I asked you to act as my guide today."

Her instant, passionate response was: "They've done me all the harm they can already, except shoot me. Let them!"

From Limerick I went to the neighboring town of Nenagh. Mrs. O'Meara, widow of a member of Parliament and manager of O'Meara's Hotel in Nenagh, stood in the door of her hotel and pointed out to me the destroyed homes within sight. She named the innocent people murdered in the town. I said: "How is it all going to end, Mrs. O'Meara?"

She was a grand picture of a woman—black hair, flashing black eyes, six feet tall—Juno herself. Her answer: "They'll clear out, or they'll wipe us out!"

An old lady of seventy-five was weeding her little garden plot just outside of Limerick. Not long before this her grandson had been executed by a firing squad. To her I said: "What do you make of it all?" She answered after a thoughtful moment: "Faith, I don't know should we curse them, or lave them to God."

The soul of Ireland was speaking from the tongues of those women. It spoke too from the tongue of the fifteen-year-old MacDonald boy who was stood up outside his parents' destroyed home in the outskirts of Nenagh. Said the Black-and-Tan officer: "We'll give you three minutes to pray before we shoot you!" The lad answered: "I don't need three minutes. I'm ready to die now!"

Limerick and Nenagh are twenty miles apart. I quote the foregoing from what came to me in a casual way in that small area. All over Ireland it was the same.

I moved around, knelt and prayed with Irish men and women outside barracks walls while within the walls Irish patriots were being stood against that wall and executed by firing squads. On two occasions I entered towns as details of Black-and-Tans were returning from burying their dead after battles with I.R.A. men. Being greeted by a member of one burial party as "another goddamned Yank," his pistol ready to his hand, reminded me of what a friend well posted in Irish affairs had said to me before leaving home on my Relief mission: "Going into Ireland with your name among those Black-and-Tans—it's fifty-fifty whether you come out alive or dead!"

My answer to that was: "I'll come out. There's more than a shooting war on in Ireland. It is also a war for American public opinion. If I'm shot it won't be by Dublin Castle orders. Shooting the commissioner for the American Relief in Ireland would be bad propaganda. London well knows that when English propaganda with the American public fails, the British Empire will be on the way out."

I wasn't long in Ireland when I became aware of being trailed night and day. Later I learned that I had been trailed by Scotland Yard since the day I sailed from New York. Myself and three men that I spotted early for Scotland Yarders were the only guests in the thirty-room hotel, the Royal George of Limerick; yet with twenty-nine empty rooms at his disposal, the hotel head porter had placed the Scotland Yarders in a room next to mine on the top floor. That night the Scotland Yard men staged what sounded like a battle royal. There was much profanity and threats of shooting. If it was a real quarrel pistol shots should soon be coming through the walls. But I had been tipped off that day that the hotel porter was a spy for Dublin Castle, and so I went to bed.

Two women spies were also on my trail, both stupid. In the Imperial Hotel in Cork a woman tipped the headwaiter John heavily to place her at the next table to where I sat with a friend. John did that, and then over the woman's shoulder tipped me off to what she was while pushing her chair into the table.

There was a woman I took notice of as I stepped off the train in Waterford, and again at the hotel, and yet again at a restaurant. She was a little mouselike creature, shabbily dressed in a cheap black skirt and waist, a cheap hat, cheap cloth-top shoes, and white cotton stockings. So far she was properly dressed for spying; and then she had to spoil the ensemble when she followed me into the smoking compart-

ment of an outgoing train with a brand-new English pigskin bag that cost whoever paid for it not a penny less than ten guineas in London.

I was stuck up several times by English officers and soldiers. Once on the street, after a near-by bombing. One midnight in the Gresham Hotel an English army captain stuck me up in my room. But the English officers and the sergeant who stuck me up were courteous about it, leaving the impression with me that they were not relishing their duty in Ireland.

All along the way I had been meeting with fighting men of note. I met the dying captain of the famous Ballinalea fight in a Sinn Fein hospital. In a bed in the same room was the supposed-to-be mortally wounded leader of the incredible Custom House exploit. He recovered. Coming several times to my room in the Gresham Hotel was Captain Emmett Dalton, leader of the amazing Mountjoy Prison exploit. Michael Collins died later, rifle in hand, in Dalton's arms. Once more while in Dublin I held audience with President De Valera.

One day in Dublin I got word through our Mr. France that General Macready wished to see me. It seems that General Strickland in Cork had written Macready that he should have a talk with this man James Connolly.

A soldier on guard at the main gate of Dublin Castle led me to the door of Macready's quarters. I was let inside that door by Macready's valet, led to Macready upstairs by Macready's aide-de-camp. A more intelligent-looking and courteous aide-de-camp, this one, than Strickland's.

Macready greeted me pleasantly, passed me a good cigar, picked a letter off his desk and, reading from it, said: "Are you by any chance related to that James Connolly who was executed after that Easter rebellion of 1916?"

My answer to that was: "I'm sorry, General Macready, that I can't claim relationship with that General James Connolly who was executed after the Easter Week Rising of 1916. From what I've been told of him by men who knew him well, he was a man of great mind, a great heart, and a great soul. I'm sorry I can't claim a relationship."

I spent two hours with Macready, had high tea with him, and we talked, generally pleasantly, of one thing and another. I did sound off belligerently a few times, and he stuck his neck out a few times, but no really harsh note was struck. Once he said: "Mr. Connolly, I haven't any doubt that this Michael Collins is a decent sort personally, but d' y' know, his name in England is anathema."

To myself I said: There's the English again, never seeing themselves as others see them! Aloud I said, petulantly perhaps: "D' y' know, Sir Neville, I.R.A. men generally regard you as a decent sort personally, which is why you are sitting safe here now, but with the Irish at large your name is anathema."

By and by I put the question to Macready that I had put to Strickland in Cork: "What is your attitude towards the American Relief money?" His answer was like an echo of Strickland's in Cork, the same to a word, except that he did not speak of I.R.A. men as murdering rebels. No, he would not allow any of our money to go to the families of Irishmen in the I.R.A., in jail, interned, or on the run. I put the question again, with the warning that I would quote him publicly.

His answer was the same. I then said: "D' y' know, you're going further than the Germans ever went in Belgium. They did not forbid our Mr. Hoover to give food to the starving Belgians."

There was much of political interest—at least to me—in my talk with Macready. Once he let slip: "England cannot afford to have a republic on her flank." My answer to that was, "By the same logical or absurd deduction"—I went into a detailed analysis—"Germany should do away with Holland's independence, and France with Belgium's."

His reaction to that was, "Mr. Connolly, let us not talk politics."

I retorted with, "You started it."

My interpretation of Macready's summoning me to the Castle was to draw me out, and from my talk estimate the reaction of the people of Irish descent to the war in Ireland. If such was his idea, only one conclusion could he draw from my talk, i.e.: The war in Ireland was a horror to the world at large, and to the United States in particular.

Macready must have known on his own account that the war was a horror to tens of thousands of people in his own England. Also there was his still lively recollection of the upsetting action of Brigadier General Grozier, the original commander of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland. General Grozier had commanded an English brigade in France during the World War. While there he shot down with his own hand officers and men running away from the firing line. In a book of his, titled, *The Men I Killed,* he told of these shootings by his own hand. Now there was a hard-boiled soldier, no sentimentalist, a realist, and yet he had resigned his command of the Black-and-Tans

in Ireland. And why? His printed explanation, in part, was: "I resigned because we were murdering and shooting up innocent people, burning their homes and making new and deadly enemies every day. What was worse, we were swearing to the world that the Irish were murdering each other because they were divided among themselves—or, perhaps, for fun. The Crown regime in Ireland was nothing more nor less than a Fascist dictation clothed in righteousness."

Between two cups of tea at the Castle, Macready said: "How much longer do you expect to remain in Ireland, Mr. Connolly?"

His voice was suave, but expect was the word he used—expect, not intend. At this time, four weeks of Macready's planned "six weeks of intensive warfare in Ireland" were up.

Expect? That word, of course, meant that I had been getting around overmuch, learning too much at first hand of conditions in the South of Ireland to suit the Castle.

My answer to his question was: "D' y' know, Sir Neville, there's so much interesting going on here that I don't like to leave it." But there were my orders to get out of Ireland. Three days later I was on my way.

The morning after seeing Macready I called on MacDonagh and told him that the war in Ireland was as good as over.

"Did Macready tell you that?"

"No. But he was so thinking when I left him."

Later that day, I said to Oliver Gogarty, "Ireland will be offered a dominion form of government within six months."

"Did Macready say that?"

"No. But there it is."

Six months to a day almost after my sit-in with Macready came the London conference that led to the setting up of the Irish Free State. How did I know it? To that I can only say that there are times when things come to a fellow.

Arriving in London, I quoted Macready in the matter of American Relief money to Twomey, the New York *World's* London correspondent. He immediately cabled it to his paper, and promptly came the denial from London that the British Government ever intended to enforce any such policy. No, no, never!

As to Relief money going to the purchase of arms and munitions for the Irish Republican Army, I was able to report that it was pure propaganda. Our capable and conscientious Mr. France had been

seeing to it that no American Relief money was being diverted to I.R.A. war uses.

A well worth while voyage, that one to Ireland in 1921. Filling a 300-page volume of my own experiences and what I learned at first hand of the doings of Irish leaders and the men of the Irish Republican Army would have been an easy job. What I have written here is by way of no more than striking the note of the final stages of the most heroic resistance in all history of a small nation to an immense military machine. Whoever is for the liberty of men's bodies and souls, especially of their souls, must applaud that resistance; and the complete freedom which Ireland took over eventually must be serving as a most heartening example to all the little nations living in political and economic slavery to an alien government.

Chapter XXXII

I WAS THREE MONTHS BACK from the Black-and-Tan War when Gloucester was challenged to race the Canadian schooner *Delawanna* for the International Fishermen's Championship.

The race was to be sailed over a course off Halifax harbor.

Now I'd been on a Halifax voyage before this; and I've spoken of my always wanting to return to a foreign port or country. A port of pleasant memories, Halifax, memories that had nothing to do with the sea, although I went there by sea. To go back:

The year 1897 was Queen Victoria's Jubilee Year, and Canada was going all out in the way of celebrations. In the summer of that year the Annual Track Championships of the Maritime Provinces were to be held in Halifax with more than the usual éclat, and so on and so on. There was an excursion steamer rate to Halifax. At this time I was a few dollars in pocket, and I thought of the Maritime Championships as a good workout for the New York Athletic Club fall meet with its hop, step, and jump event. My intention for that meet was to have it out with my old antagonist, who was the N.Y.A.C.'s star performer, and take his world's record of 48 feet 6 inches in the hop, step, and jump from him if I could. I thought I could.

So I took the steamer to Halifax, arrived there on Friday night and won the high jump, broad jump, and high-hurdle Maritime Championships on the next afternoon.

That night I was a little hero with the lobby of the Queen's Hotel; and quite a few people there were for buying me a drink. Now my drink then was ginger ale or sarsaparilla. I had a dozen or so of them in the bar. In the bar having a scotch and soda was a Sergeant Major Long, of the British Army. We were introduced. He was a good-sized well-set-up man of thirty years or so. Every movement showed perfect physical co-ordination, and his face was that of a man with plenty of nerve. I had already been told about him. He was just back from bringing up the swordsmanship of the British army officers in Egypt. He was a man much admired by everybody in the bar, and I was told of his amazing feats of swordsmanship. One of his feats was to place an apple in the palm of a man's hand and cut it in two with a stroke of his sword. His top feat was to place an apple on the back of the neck of a kneeling man and cut it in two with a stroke of his sword.

But he wasn't doing the apple feat any more. No? No. Why not? The last time he tried it the man with the apple on his neck went nervous, moved his head as Long was bringing down his sword, and for a long time the man's life was in the balance.

Long and I said "How are you?" to each other, and he took another scotch and soda and I another sarsaparilla. I asked him about his apple-cutting trick. He was the modest sort. "With a good subject," he said, "a chap with steady nerves, I wouldn't call it a wonderful thing to do."

"Would you rate me a good subject?"

He looked me over. "No joking?"

"No joking."

Our conversation ended with a messenger being sent to the garrison up on the hill for Long's sword. Another man was sent into the hotel storeroom to pick out two medium-sized apples. He was to pick them out in the dark.

The apples were brought in; and soon the man was back with Long's sword. It was a specially made sword with a blade of about two feet in length, an inch and a half deep, a thick back, and a razor edge. A weighty weapon.

As soon as Long took hold of that sword I knew he was the full master of it. By this time the bar was crowded with curious people.

I knelt on my right knee as instructed, set my left elbow on my left knee, held my left forearm straight out with fingers and thumb held rigidly, the thumb well away from the palm. Long set the apple in the hollow of my left palm and took his position to my right. He warned me again to take care to hold my thumb away from my forefinger. "I'll take care," I said to that.

From the corner of my right eye I could see Long holding the sword with a bent arm just above his shoulder. He said, "Ready?" I said, "Ready!" He brought down the sword. As the sword looked to be going through more than the apple, he executed a sort of draw shot, like a billiard player against the cue ball.

The apple fell into two parts. When I looked at my hand there was the faint print of the blade across the outside, the raised part of the palm.

And now the real thing. I knelt down again, bent my neck until it was parallel with the floor. An apple was placed on the back of my neck.

"Steady," said Long.

"Steady."

I waited.

I felt a light blow on the back of my neck. An instant later the halves of the apple plopped onto the floor. I was told that the print of the sword blade was left on the back of my neck, but I had to take the word for that.

Between the championships and Sergeant Major Long, I made friends with a lot of good people in Halifax that night; and to them I said: "Someday I'll be back here."

I came back to Boston from Halifax to take on my old antagonist, the record holder, in the hop, step, and jump at the New York Athletic Club games. I reveled in the thought of jumping on N.Y.A.C.'s well-kept, springy Travis Island turf. I had never had a try at a first-class jumping ground. The ground at Athens had been terrible; and the ground when I made my Knickerbocker Games record jump of 49 feet ½ inch in the *triple-saute* in 1896 was so hard that I came away from it with a heel so sore that I had to give up jumping competition for the rest of that year. But that Travis Island turf of the New York Athletic Club! Springy? Oh! Fellows who'd jumped on it used to talk about it. I wrote the club asking that they make sure the jumping ground would be in its best shape, because with the stiff competition in

prospect a new world's record should be made. The answer came back that the club was omitting the hop, step, and jump from the programme that year. I said then: "Good-by to track athletics!" and I stuck to that until Dick Grant came along with his Olympic hopes in that Paris Exposition Year.

It was in October 1921 that the challenge came to Gloucester to race the Canadian schooner *Delawanna* for the International Fishermen's Championship. I made up my mind early to take in that race and look up old friends in Halifax.

At this time, 1921, Gloucester had been converted to the auxiliary type of schooner. For years she had quit building all-sail vessels, but the challenge stirred Gloucester's pride. She looked around for what all-sail vessels were left in her fleet. She found one in the fourteen-year-old *Esperanto* of the salt fishing fleet. Now salt fishermen were not built for speed. Salt fish being a staple article, and one that would keep, salt-fish captains did not have to drive their vessels till all was blue to make a fast market passage. It was enough that they were weatherly and had good hold space.

The *Esperanto* came home from three months on the salt banks, showing unpainted planking and a wind-blown suit of sails; but she happened to be a vessel built originally for fresh fishing, and had been turned into a salt-banker only after a lengthy dull fresh-fish market.

Capt. Charlie Harty, retired, remembered her as a fast vessel when he had her. A big sailer, said Charlie, when in the right trim. Above all else, said Charlie, put her down by the head. Capt. George Peeples (my swordfishing skipper) recalled her too. He came near losing her and all hands in a winter breeze before he learned that she wouldn't stand for being put down by her stern.

So there she was, the weary lady from her three months of salt fishing on the Grand Banks; but Gloucester took her, hoisted out her cargo of salt fish, laid forty tons of pig-iron ballast into her atop of what she already had, patched her wind-blown sails, ran her up on the railway, scrubbed her old planks, painted them anew in the immemorial deep black of Gloucester vessels with the gold stripe to mark her sheer; and a lovely sheer it was, now that she was given a chance to show it for what it was.

She was no longer in her blooming youth, but she had been built in a day when every Gloucester schooner was sweetly modeled; and

now, hauled into the stream after being all prettied up, she looked again the handsome lady she was designed to be; and crying out like to be given a chance to show that she was also a fast and able lady still.

"Especially in a breeze of wind and a rough sea," said Charlie Harty.

"I'll speak for her in a breeze o' wind too," said George Peeples.

When it came time to pick a crew for her, two hundred volunteers came clamoring to the Gloucester water front. It was between seasons, late October, and forty captains were among the volunteers. For her skipper, her owners, the Gorton Pew Company, chose Martin Louis Welch, a skillful sailing master. And a sail carrier, of course. "Under water or over water, it's all the same to Martie" was a Gloucester phrase.

When Martie came to name his crew, I was the amazed one when he included me. I did not rate the distinction among those two hundred experienced fishermen volunteers, but Martie was always a great friend of mine (of my family too) and so it was I put out on a sailing craft for my second voyage to Halifax.

The *Esperanto* put out, with all Gloucester, it looked like, waving her fair wind from the water front. It was light air while the sun held that day—nine and a half to ten knots was all the able lady logged during the daylight hours—but after dark the breeze picked up; and broad-reaching for Cape Sable, how she did step! Men came below from the night watches, saying they wouldn't believe it was in the old girl, the way she was carrying her lee rail through the white water.

She was the darling vessel. Buoyant? She was lifting, lifting, always under our feet. She carried a strong fair wind from Cape Sable to Halifax Harbor almost, made close to a record sailing run. What a vessel, what a vessel! the crew kept saying. In an early Gloucester story of mine, I wrote a bit of a song, of which a stanza ran:

When she swings her main boom over
And she feels the wind abaft,
The way she'll walk to Gloucester
'll make a steamer look a raft.
For she's the Lucy Foster,
She's a seiner out o' Gloucester,
She's an able handsome lady
And she's go-o-ing home!

When I tossed that song into my story years before, I had never seen or heard of the *Esperanto,* but she could have stood for that "able handsome" after she rounded Cape Sable and took a quartering breeze for the run down the Nova Scotia coast to Sambro Light off Halifax.

It was to be two out of three races for the Fishermen's Championship. The first race was on a bright sunny day, and we won by twenty minutes or so over the forty-mile course. (It was fifty miles of actual sailing through fair and head winds over the bottom.) The *Esperanto* made her big gain in a twelve-mile windward leg in a good breeze and a choppy sea. "She's a horse to wind'ard in a seaway!" Charlie Harty had said; and Martie Welch was at his best driving a vessel to windward in a seaway. The last leg of that first race was sailed in the lee of the high Chebucto Head in a smooth sea. With her lee scuppers barely wet, and we sitting around a deck so dry that the seats of our oil pants weren't even damp, the *Esperanto* ran away from our towboat escort; and down the line of Chebucto Head she went like a dancing girl.

The second race was on a dark day. One leg developed into a luffing match between the two vessels. At one place the Canadian crowded us in to the shore of Devil Island. It was two in the afternoon, yet so dark a day that the lightkeeper on the island had his light blinking by way of warning. The *Esperanto* found herself crowded into shoal water with the island shore hard under our lee and a ledge of rocks dead ahead. Our masthead man, Mike Hall, shouted down: "I can see the kelp under our bottom, Skipper!"

Martie Welch, at the wheel, made no reply. Mike repeated his warning. Said Martie then: "I heard you the first time, Mike!" The Canadian vessel was within her rights in crowding us, but it was our right to call for sea room, and under the racing rules the Canadian would then have to give us that room.

Martie wouldn't call for sea room, but the official Canadian observer with us called for the sea room. In tacking clear, the Canadian's main boom jibbed over our quarter rail. If that boom had touched any part of our hull or even our rigging, it would mean disqualification for the Canadian and give us the race and the championship right there. But that wasn't winning fishing fashion. Five of us saw that there could be no disqualification by leaping up on our cabin house and pushing the Canadian's boom off before it could touch our main rigging.

When the Canadian swung clear of us, Martie worked the *Esperanto*

from under her lee, and we went on from there to win the race and the Fishing Championship of the world. The *Esperanto's* last leg was a series of tacks from high land to high land under low black clouds, tremendous thunder claps and great flashes of lightning; and to see her so must have been another picture for the sight-seers.

If the *Esperanto* had been crowded ashore or piled herself onto that ledge of rocks at Devil Island, her crew wouldn't have been lost. It was only a short swim ashore. I've recorded the incident as an illustration of the instinctive good sportsmanship of a Gloucester crew. That was no way to win a race—by a foul. No, no.

The Canadian Captain Himmelman and his crew were good sportsmen too.

Gloucester gave Captain Martie and his crew a fitting reception on our return home. Among other things, there was a dinner with Governor (later President) Calvin Coolidge sitting at the head table. I made the speech for the crew when modest Captain Martie reneged. "Sore throat," said Martie, with a hoarse gurgle. He had no sore throat. He was better at sailing a race than talking about one.

The volunteer crew served without wages; but Tom Carroll and Ben Smith of the Gorton Pew Company, who had financed the race, gave us all a properly engraved gold watch for remembrance. I rate that watch with my Olympic Championship medal as a trophy worth cherishing. I also rate as something worth cherishing the membership in the Gloucester Master Mariners' Association which came to me later.

The *Esperanto* went back to her salt fishing; and eight months later she was lost on Sable Island. Being lost at sea is a common, and frequently a tragic, end for a Gloucester schooner; but the *Esperanto's* crew were lucky. They came safe away from their wrecked vessel.

Chapter XXXIII

ARMY AND NAVY CHIEFS in Washington got together and decided that a problem war between a naval fleet and an army force was in order, their idea being to demonstrate to a reluctant Congress the need for heavier appropriations for our defensive equipment on the Isthmus.

The early trend of this present war (1944) demonstrated that it was a good idea.

That was a few months after that second Halifax voyage, and it being eighteen years since I had been to the Isthmus, the urge came on me to revisit the Isthmus, take in the war, and see how things were coming on. Being asked to write something about the war by the Hearst syndicate, I went as a correspondent aboard an army transport.

The United States had set up the Republic of Panama that time eighteen years back, had then built the canal, taken a strip of land either side of the canal and fortified it, and was still holding the strip.

At the time of the problem war (1922) Dr. Belesarir Porras was President of the little republic. He was educated, wealthy, honest, and progressive, a heaven-sent man to head a little country with its way yet to make. Thus: Before his day a private concern had had the immensely profitable lottery concession. Porras took over the concession for the government, and from out of the profits he built schools and highways, set up public libraries and other betterment agencies. He installed an extensive plant for purifying the drinking water; and across the bay from his palace in Panama City he erected a hospital with eight hundred beds and modern equipment.

Charles Stockelberg, son of a Gloucester skipper, had wandered down Panama way and become a member of Belesarir's cabinet, and through Stockelberg I got to know President Porras. We hit it off together. One day in the Palace, the occasion being a public audience, he put his arm across my shoulders and pronounced me *simpático*. We discussed many things. He expressed his liking and admiration for the United States, but he also spoke with wistfulness of the day when the United States would allow his little nation her full freedom. No young country could attain its full growth while a powerful alien country was dictating the little nation's policies. No.

His great wish was that the United States would hand the canal strip back. The Isthmus of Panama had been part of Colombia; and Colombia, as with all the Latin countries of South America, had once been an empire colony—Spain and Portugal were the empires, and empire rule was always for the benefit of a privileged group near the throne; never for the colonies under that rule. But the United States wasn't an empire, I said. No, but could I say that the United States would not become one someday? I could not—who could? No one, of course, but would I say that the people of the United States are made

of different clay from all other peoples on earth? said President Porras. I had to say no to that also.

While on my way north from the Isthmus I looked in on Porto Rico; and there I learned that the Porto Ricans were also chafing under our rule. Oppressive? M-m, no; but still an alien rule. On Washington's Birthday I was one of a governmental party rolling over the road from the easterly tip of Porto Rico to San Juan. American schoolteachers had come to Porto Rico and were shaping the young native ideas to the way they should grow. All along the road, this day, our schoolteachers had marshaled their classes outside their school shacks, and as the head of our caravan would heave into view the teachers would start singing the "Star-Spangled Banner": the children, all natives, would join in, but not fervently.

There may be those who will say sh-h-hh to such talk; but shushing isn't the cure. If I've learned one thing knocking around among people high and low, here and aboard, the one thing is that under alien rule there will always be discontent—in time rebellion, and ultimately war. Possibly my judgment is swayed by my ancestral Irish blood; and beyond doubt men of that blood incline more than most to resent alien governmental pressure; and a good thing too—why not?—when loyalty to the flag over their heads stays firm. Fortunately for the reputation of the Irish, when they swear allegiance to a flag, they hold to that allegiance.

While on that Caribbean cruise, I was the guest of Captain André (Andie) Procter of the battleship *Texas*. Captain Andie was a refreshment. He tended to insurgency too when he saw things going wrong, never hesitating to speak his mind. Getting into uniform molds many men to a pattern. Not all, but many: Andie wasn't one of the many. When he felt like talking he talked right out; and whoever didn't like what he said could take a high dive overside. That kind are apt to have their troubles in active duty—General Billy Mitchell of aviation fame remains a famous case; but the ultimate influence of insurgent officers is invariably for the betterment of the service.

I had later cruises with navy ships—battleship (five battleships), submarine, airplane, destroyer, supply- and hospital-ship experiences. First and last I cruised with every kind of navy ship except a repair ship and a honey barge. I never hankered for a repair-ship cruise, and for a honey barge—the scow that makes the morning rounds of the

fleet in port, collects the garbage and dumps it out to sea—I passed her up too. No numbers in a honey-barge cruise.

I've had thirty years off and on of navy cruising; so I should know something about our navy. Today, as all the world admits, we have the biggest navy in the world. That means the most ships; but more vital than the ships—the matériel—is the personnel. We have the personnel too. We've always had it. In our every war we have demonstrated that we had it. There was a lack of foresight in the case of Pearl Harbor, but the lack was topside, not in the personnel at large. After Pearl Harbor our navy personnel steamed out to show its quality, has been showing it since.

That battleship cruise of 1922 ended thirty years of ocean voyaging for me. My first steamer offshore was one of 4,000 tons. My last was a 40,000-tonner. Ocean liners are all pretty much alike. Comfort is everything—except for steerage; overmuch eating and too little exercise. They are pretty much hotels afloat; and they are safe almost as a hotel ashore. I've been aboard ocean liners when I had to go on deck to learn that a gale of wind was blowing outside. In twenty-five North Atlantic steamer crossings the highest running sea I ever saw did no more than roll up and smash against the promenade-deck air ports. Saloon passengers wrote home letters about that. Terrible!

Terrible? They should be standing on the deck of a little all-sail schooner in a winter living gale to appreciate what the ocean could look like when it went real wild. Looking up at high-running seas from a little sailing vessel's deck and looking down on them from the top deck of a steamer sixty feet above the water line—it's different.

A final word of the fishermen that summer and winter I sailed with: They have come to easier days since that first fishing trip of mine at seven years of age. Sail going out and power coming in has made easier going for them. Much easier. No longer, except for diminishing dory crews, do they have to bait trawls in a frozen hold on a winter morning, shove off from the vessel in their little dories to heave and haul their heavy trawl in a seaway, frequently a rough seaway, and too frequently to go astray in fog and snow and never see their vessel or home again.

When I made my first fishing trip at seven years of age, bank fishermen's crew men shared $50 to $60 a month above their expenses. Smart crews did better than that, but there were the average earnings for men of that day in the most dangerous industry in the world. Of

late years fishermen have been averaging more than that a week; frequently they share two or three hundred, and they have shared five or six hundred dollars for a week's trip; and this while fishing mostly from the decks of power craft, which means no having to go out in dories, no hoisting of sails, no having to stand lashed to the wheel on an open deck while making a market passage in a living gale.

That is all to the good, and more power to them; but I went almost sick when I read of the fishermen of our Atlantic ports going on strike against ceiling prices for the war while making such big money. I was heartened when the men of Gloucester voted 20 to 1 not to strike. The majority of Gloucestermen today are not of the old native stock, but that overwhelming vote showed them living up to the tradition of the old port. Always in war days—'76, 1812, '61, '98, or 1917—Gloucestermen were for their country first and last.

As to wars and our foreign commerce: Away back in colonial days, our sea commerce was our most important industry. Our War for Independence killed that commerce. Our captains and crews went to it again and were doing pretty well when the blockade prior to and including the War of 1812 wiped out our foreign commerce again. Our clipper-ship era saw us recovering lost ground. Then came the Civil War, and when that ended we hadn't a merchant ship sailing the high seas.

Wars have been our merchant-marine bane. During World War I we built great fleets of steamers to hold the war from going the wrong way; and when the war ended there were the steamers and crews to our hand for taking over our share of foreign commerce. But did we make use of them? We did not. Whether Washington was indifferent or stupid doesn't matter now—we lost out.

When this present war is over we will again—or we should, say—be in position to retrieve our share of foreign commerce. The ships and the crews being there, a moderate alertness on the part of Washington will do the business for us; but will it be the same story again?

Our country has a great merchant-marine tradition. In the sailing-ship days our captains and crews led the world in daring, skill, and enterprise. As stated, after World War I the old tradition seemed to be slipping badly; but with this present war, our merchant marine began to get back into its old stride. It took some time for Washington and the people at large to wake up to it that our merchant marine, officers and men, were doing great things in the way of transporting war

supplies and troops to vital spots. Niagaras of praise were being poured on our armed forces—the Army, Navy, Marines and—later—the Coast Guard; and that was fair enough, theirs being hazardous game; yet all this while German subs were sinking our merchant ships right and left, night and day, and our merchant marine was taking it, suffering a heavier percentage of casualties than any branch of our armed forces—than the Army, the Navy, the Marines, on land, sea, or in the air—and nobody taking public notice of them. More than two thousand citations for valor were awarded to the men of our armed forces before it occurred to somebody in Washington that our merchant-marine officers and men rated a medal or two.

I have sailed on quite a few ships in my day: more than a hundred, perhaps, of merchant-marine and navy craft. Quite a few voyages there. In the beginning I was a good deal of a playboy, pretty much an impressionist only. But before too long I was taking more than surface notice of things and people. Editors were paying me to take such notice, and presently I was returning from voyages with more than snapshots of other people's doings.

During my knocking around I have sat in with people high and low. My wonder today—the war being on—is that so many of our columnists, broadcasters, and editorial writers think it so necessary to be preaching a constant hate. Those hate shouters are a curious lot. They spit out venom continuously; shouting, some of them, for a complete elimination—even the emasculation, some brave ones—of our enemies. Always, after inspection, the hate breeders prove to be chaps too old to fight, or otherwise of no value as fighting men; chaps who know they are going to remain three thousand to ten thousand miles from any battle line. Sometimes the notion gets me that hate breeders are all suffering from a timidity complex. Brave men do not preach hate of an enemy. Preaching hate during a war is to build a road to the next war. Add trade rivalry, and there's a sure war in the making in any era.

People who have the big say in governments too often live a circumscribed life; they don't get around, they don't get to know enough kinds of other people at first hand; they too often—and here is a curse—too often don't want to know. Their great object is to impose their will on other people.

A fellow who has been moving around cannot help applying to the present condition what lessons he has learned from such moving

around. Right now, the home bodies are talking of policing the world when this war is over. Will it work out with present enemy peoples?

A hard-fighting people are a virile people; and virile people are never for other people telling them how they shall be governed. We have a hard-fighting enemy of eighty million people in one continent, and a hard-fighting eighty million in another continent—what will happen when we set out to police those hundred and sixty virile millions? The South of Ireland, with a population of three and a half million, with a few thousand men armed only with pistols and hand rifles and fighting without cover, stood off eighty thousand alien soldiery for two years—what about trying to hold a hundred and sixty millions in subjection? What size the armies of occupation?

I am possibly a fairly good observer—editors at least have so said. Close thinking, of course, is something else; and so I may be all wet when I say that peace on earth is out while one people are holding another people in political and economic subjection. I'm speaking of people who will fight. Even a subject people who have been a pacifist people in the beginning will someday decide to go in for fighting, if so it must be to regain their freedom. If I have learned anything from my voyages, there it is. More and more, the trend of the age is toward people ruling themselves.