

sails, and two capable bos'ns took an absolutely green crew on a thirty-two-hundred-ton ship and made a round trip without a mishap. My assertions can be verified by recent records, for this trip was started May 27, 1918, and we hit back to Frisco January 27, 1919, with Captain Rasmussen on the bridge. He is still sailing.  
I'll try to give you a few chanteys by a Swede or squarehead bos'n.

I'm a flying-fish sailor,  
Just in from Hongkong.  
Away, aye, blow the man down.

And once I was walking  
Down Paradise Lane,  
Away, aye, blow the man down.

A pretty young damsel  
I there chanced to meet,  
Away, aye, blow the man down.

A YANKEE clipper came down the river,  
Blow, boys, blow.  
A Yankee clipper came down the river,  
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow.

And how do you know she was a Yankee clipper?  
Blow boys, blow.  
And how do you know she was a Yankee clipper?  
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow.

Additional verses to Whisky Johnny:

Oh, whisky gave me a broken nose,  
Whisky for my Johnny.  
Oh, whisky gave me a broken nose,  
Whisky for my Johnny.

Oh, whisky made me hock my shoes,  
Whisky for my Johnny.  
Oh, whisky made me hock my shoes,  
Whisky for my Johnny.

Oh, whisky killed my sister, too,  
Whisky for my Johnny.  
Oh, whisky killed my sister, too,  
Whisky for my Johnny.

Trusting that the above material may be used advantageously by you, and that if published and any of your readers should remember "Zodia Pete," I would be delighted to hear from them, especially "Ike Krispel" and "Shorty Betts."

JOHN M. NEIKIRK, Dundalk, Maryland, also suggests that a meeting place be arranged in SEA STORIES MAGAZINE for separated shipmates. As we have already indicated, we are strong for such a department, and it will appear in an early number of SEA STORIES.

I HAVE followed the sea for nearly eight years, and my thoughts are still there. I started reading SEA STORIES MAGAZINE in March and think it wonderful. When you built the good ship SEA STORIES, I can see you put the best of material in her, for she seems strong. I hope she will always remain so, and avoid making leeway.

I agree with Brother Gilbert that it would be a great help to us to have a meeting place for our old shipmates, so I cheerfully vote for it.

LOUIS SHEPPARD, our old friend at Weed, California, has contributed some very interesting material to this department. We are glad to publish another letter from him which will bring to every sailor's mind certain clear recollections, if not fond ones.

Just received your September 9th number, and would like to say that it is all to the good. Make it three times a month, Skipper. I am sure all the old-timers who are now doing shore work would appreciate it. Hurrah for Miss Inman. Her verse of "Shanghai Brown" is fine, and so are the rest of her chanteys. I am sending you another.

A YANKEE ship came down the river,  
Blow, my bully boys, blow.  
A Yankee ship came down the river,  
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

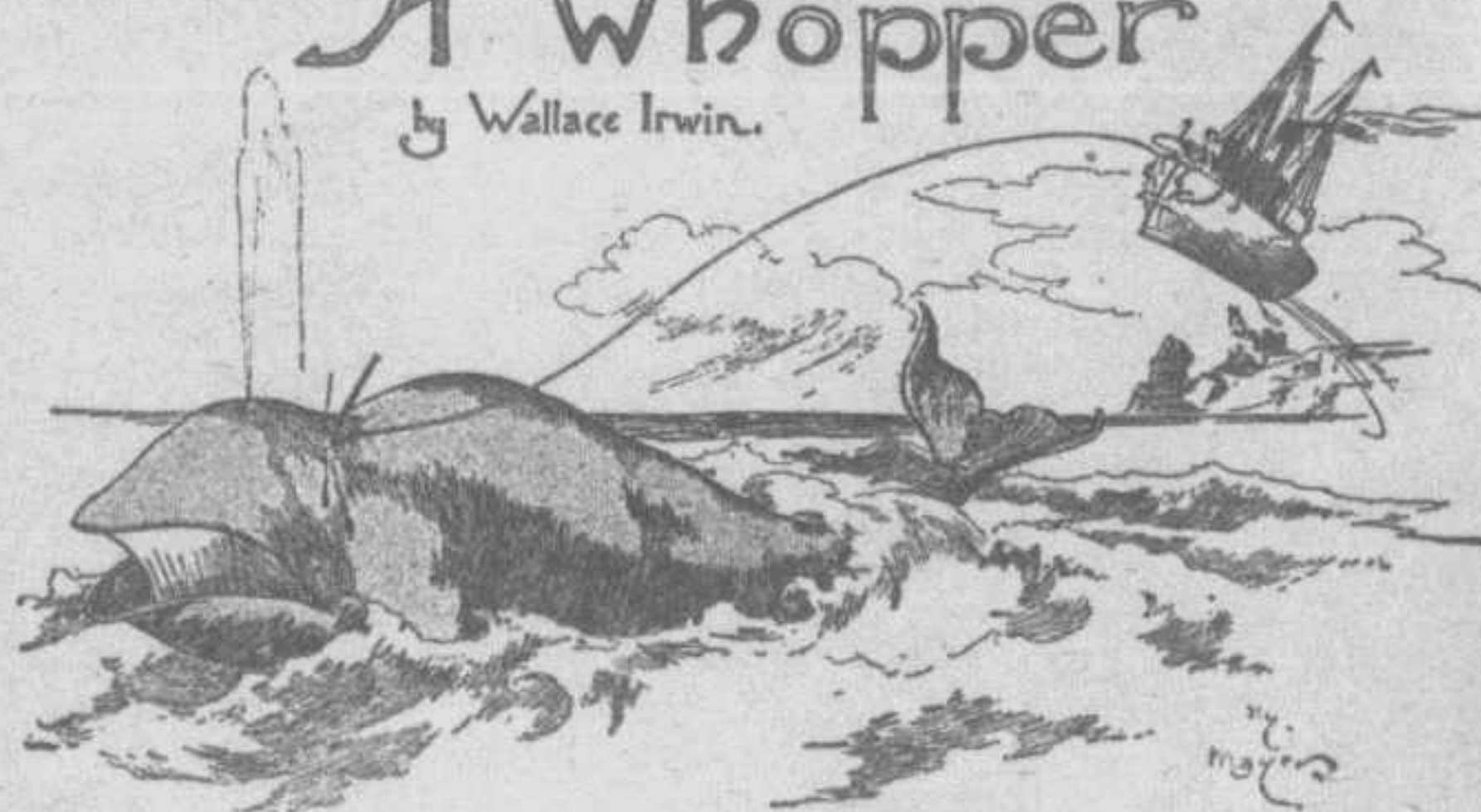
Who d'ye think is skipper of her?  
Blow, my bully boys, blow.  
Who d'ye think is skipper of her?  
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

"Boston Jack," the nigger lover,  
Blow, my bully boys, blow.  
"Boston Jack," the nigger lover,  
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

brother told this about 4-11

## A Whopper

by Wallace Irwin.



THE biggest whale was ever—  
In fact I think there never  
Was ever flopper-whopper larger growed on land or sea—  
Was one we seen cavortin',  
A-blowin', and a-snortin'  
Right off the coast o' Greenland in the spring o' '93.

We seen him far from inland—  
His tail stretched plum' to Finland—  
To see that million-pounder flop and flounder was a sight!  
So we set out quite fancy  
Upon the whaler *Nancy*,  
To catch 'im and dispatch 'im and to bring 'im home ere night.

Upon the monster creepin',  
(We thought that he was sleepin'.)  
We cotched 'im soon with our harpoon and jabbed 'im in the ear.  
Then with a great commotion  
He started for mid-ocean,  
A-snaggin' us and draggin' us like jackstraws in the rear.

His size was so stoopenjus,  
His speed was so treemenjus.  
We took the log which registered one thousand knots per hour.  
And gallant Captain Standish  
Remarked: "This is outlandish—  
I think, be-gum, we're goin' some," and looked a trifle sour.