wind, in the region of the Caroline Islands; out, making eight or ten knots with a fair orders from the mate to keep a good look-For instance, when standing watch under sion of some phases of this fascination. sea training, will try and describe my verturn, with a full crew of boys without any nongahela, Frisco to Manila, in 1918, and rein a windjammer, the full-rigged ship Moreally is, Well, after just one round voyage asked as to what the fascination of sea life shape and manner. The question has been RIES. Your magazine is a corker in every and drift over the seven seas via SEA 510make myself comfortable in a hotel room, to grab off Sea Stories from a news stand

shipmates. location and welfare of certain of his makes an inquiry regarding the present knows something about the sea and Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts, HENEX JARISCH, JR., 177 Oak

the road, it's the best recreation in the world

wish to say that after a strenuous day on

As a commercial traveler, or a land sailor,

Shipmate Department. We are going a full tronical a He also is enthusiastic about the Lost by Lieutenant Olander, and tells why. enced sailor, likes "Deep-Water Days," Boston, Massachusetts, an experi-IOHN C' COFE, 31 Barrett Street,

> His soul has gone aloft. For, though his body's under hatches, to vain Tom's life has doff'd, The word to pipe all hands, Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches, Shall give, to call life's crew together, When He, who all commands, Yet shall poor Tom and pleasant weather,

For Tom is gone sloft, But mirth is turned to melancholy, Ah, many's the time and oft! And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly, His Poll was kind and fair: His friends were many and true-hearred, His virtues were so rare; Tom never from his word departed,

But now he's gone aloft.

The Log Book

What are we going to have for dinner? Blow, my bully boys, blow. What are we going to have for dinner? . Good split peas and bad bull meat, Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Cockroach stew and dogfish liver, Blow, my bully boys, blow. Cockroach stew and dogfish liver, Blow, my bully boys, blow.

FREEMAN HENDERSON, of Savannah, Georgia, has a word to say about chanteys

As a rule I do not take the trouble to tell the editor of a magazine of my approval of his work, but, Skipper, you are doing something that is quite different in the way of publishing a fiction magazine,

I have followed the sea, both fore and aft, for over twenty years. I am now ashore, but I am still close enough to deep water to make my living from it, and I wish to tell you that it is one of the most satisfying luxuries that I can allow myself to sit down and read a magazine that is clean, exciting, and which is as satisfying as a good, sweet, clean

I have been very much interested in the chantey discussion in the Log Book, and simply could not resist the temptation of writing to you and chipping in my bit in the form of awchantey which is well known wherever sailing vessels go. It is known as "Roll and Go" and is a halliard chantey.

THERE was a ship-she sailed to Spain I Oh! Roll and go; There was a ship-she sailed to Spain, Oh, Tommy's on the topsail yard!

There was a ship came home again, Oh! Roll and go; There was a ship came home again, Oh, Tommy's on the topsail yard!

What d'ye think was in her hold? Oh! Roll and go; What d'ye think was in her hold? Oh, Tommy's on the topsail yard!

There was diamonds, there was gold, Oh! Roll and go; There was diamonds, there was gold, Oh, Tommy's on the topsail yard!

And what was in her lazareet? Oh! Roll and go; And what was in her lazareet? Oh, Tommy's on the topsail yard! Good split peas and bad bull meat, Oh! Roll and go; Oh, Tommy's on the topsail yard!

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Many sailormen gets drowned, Oh! Roll and go; Many sailormen gets drowned, Oh, Tommy's on the topsail yard!

R. G. LEWIS, of 130 West California Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, likes our attempt at the publication of marine nature stories. Those of you who read the two stories he mentions will appreciate what an unusual feature such contributions in every number of the magazine would be. It is an accomplishment to be devoutly desired, but we doubt very much whether such stories are so numerous as to admit of our running a series of them. However, we promise to try.

Just a few lines to let you know of my appreciation of "Poulpe of the Mud Line," in September 5th issue, and "Old Google-Eyes," in September 20th. They are both of such interest that they are worthy of fullleather bindings. Let's have more of these in the future.

H. GARFIELD, of Charlotteburg, New Jersey, has a word to say about the mystery of the Marie Celeste. Half a dozen good writers of marine stories attempted in fiction the solution of the mystery, all of which were plausi-

Have been staying in this town for a few weeks, with friends, and by chance I picked up the copy of SEA STORIES dated September 5th, and this was the first inkling I had that such a magazine was published.

I notice that you mention the mystery of the Marie-Celeste in your Log Book. How many of your readers know that a few years ago an old man working as a gardener in England turned out to be the sole survivor of this ship? After he died, among his pa-pers was found a full account of what hapfor sharks, but perhaps it is not as generally known that the ancient fisher-II OT fish have long been popularly supposed to act as guides and sentinels ANCIENT LEGENDS AND MODERN FACTS



TO BE CONTINUED,

being first night out few of the Brunton, my fiancee, the lady you were voice. Hardisty bowed again. "Miss and until the dinner bugle blew that There was patronage in young Fiske's "Mrs. Raymond, Captain Hardisty."

"It isn't fair," he thought. "It isn't t on her-when she lived, laddie, for a moment. He clutched hard at the e'en feared lest the roof should across his nostrils; it made him quiver subtle perfume of her hair wafted his seat, with a little bow, he felt the d any accident to happen to a ship was on Hardisty's left, and as he took nes, can we? Would you have was the owner's son. Miss Brunton n't have her subjected to any mis- must be brought to understand that he got to keep going, Mac, because other passengers of the Riszoulx Abbey ent now; Miss Brunton's aboard, ing his importance on all beholders. The ne time," said Hardisty. "But it's the stamp of man which insists on force, I might have thought that my- the skipper's society, but because he was party, not that he had any wish to share or broodin' on the perils an haz- nearest the head of the table for his

engers had troubled to dress; but able to help at the gangway," as able to descend. ed Hardisty to the deck, and it call came from the bridge that fair." what an opportunity!" we've got tae hope for the best- table, out of sight.

e Scot shook his head gravely. Maggie Ross aboard?"

the vasty deep."

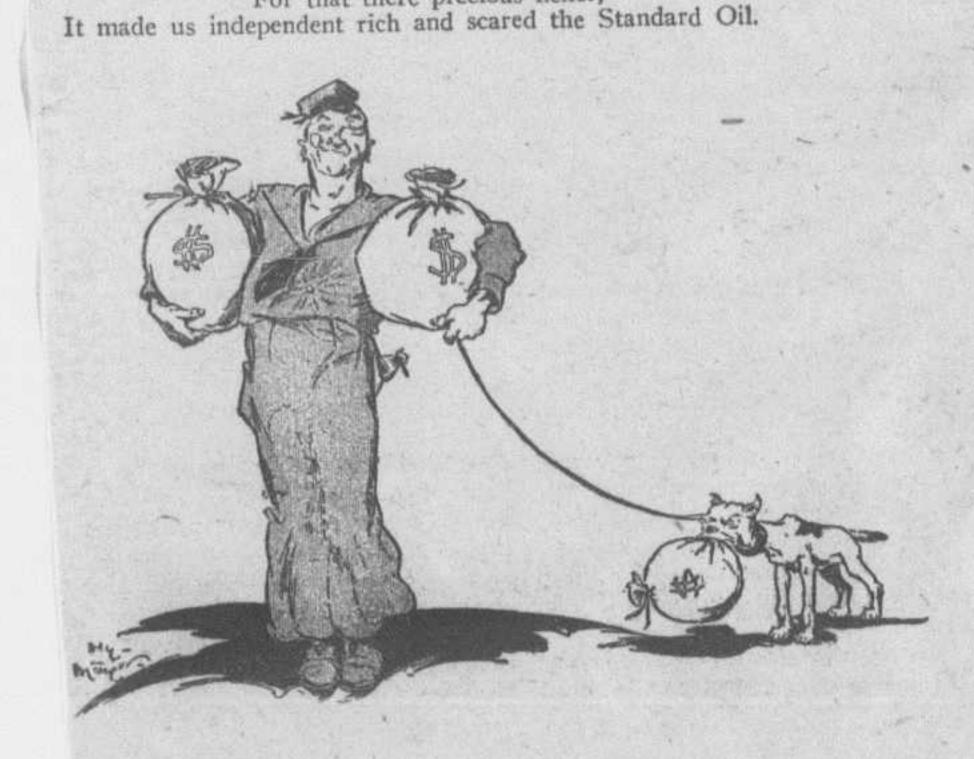
A Whopper

In less than half a day, sir, We'd gone through Hudson Bay, sir, Had jumped the Jute peninsula and passed the coast o' Maine; The whale with strength unceasin', His speed kep' on increasin', Till with a sizz we went gee-whizz past Portugal and Spain.

Three times we shot past Sulu, Three times by Honolulu, Three times he dragged us down so deep we touched the ocean floor.
In vain our mate yelled: "Stiddy!" Our crew was gittin' giddy-To navigate at such a rate is somethin' like a bore.

Then came the thing we dreaded-For Africa we headed, "He'll bump into Gibraltar rock!" we cried, and held our breath. But ere we thus were mangled The whale became entangled-He stuck in the Suez canal and choked himself to death.

Then soon each lazy lubber Got busy boilin' blubber-We stood in ranks and filled up tanks with all that we could boil. And when we made a dicker For that there precious licker,



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