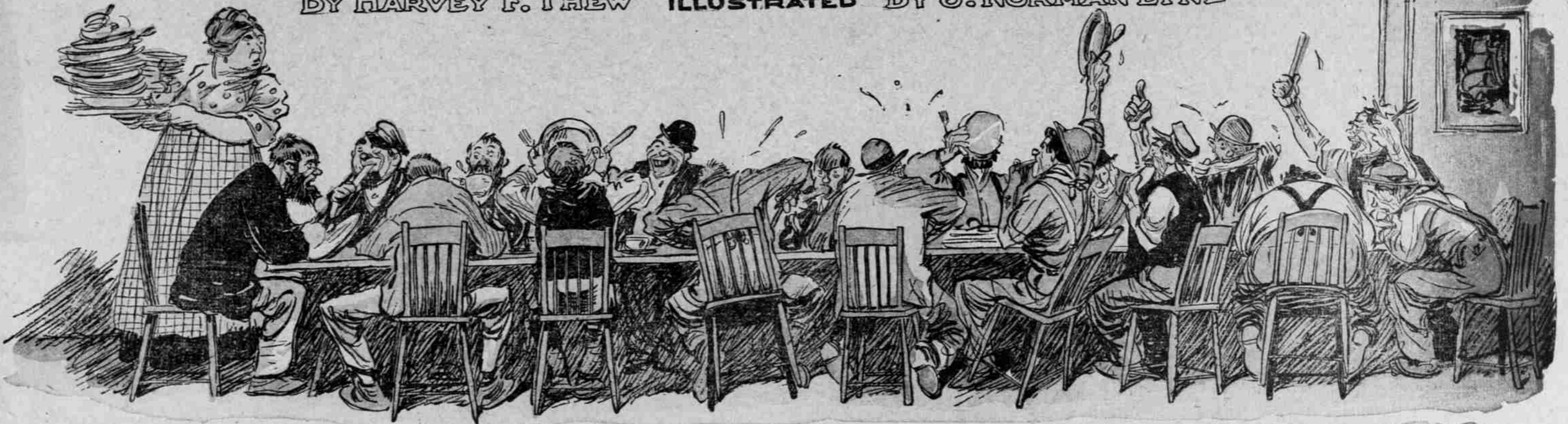


# THE CRUISE O' THE WOCK

BY HARVEY F. THEW ILLUSTRATED BY J. NORMAN LYND



Copyright, 1902, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.



**W**ITH a yawning an' terrible eight inch hole, as expected to last forever, the Wock, she was docked at the Diamond Shoal in spite of the efforts to patch her hol' an' she'd be there yet, as I'd bet my soul, if I wasn't so awful clever.

For there isn't a thing as I couldn't do, if I gets time to premedit. But in spite of the fact that I put it through in shipshape style, an' most brilliant, too, the Captain, the Shanghai'd Man an' crew endeavors to take the credit.

"An' I has no doubt as I'll be believed when I makes this explanation, for my words is true an' should be received by all as know how the truth is weaved, an' in case they're not it would make me peeved—but this was the situation—

"We was doin' our best for to fix the ship, as needed some good repairin', an' the Shanghai'd Man, as had made a slip, an' me, we worked at a rapid clip, a sawin' wood for to earn the tip, an' was both o' us high desparin'.

"A seafarin' man is a jovial dude, if he works, or he drinks or whittles. He is noted for strength an' for fortitood, an' attends to his work like a seaman should, but I've noted that often he ain't much good when he misses his reg'lar whittles. An' though we had a remarkable crew, as was never afraid of action, they begins to get sour an' lazy an' blue, an' grumbled at whatever work was to do when the grub gives out an' the grog goes, too, creatin' some dissatisfaction.

"An' sittin' around in a silent dock with nothing but expectations didn't suit the men of the good ship Wock, who begins to mutter an' plan to hook such things as the helm an' the Captain's clock to furnish some further rations. An' all o' the time we two sawed wood, w'ch isn't a seaman's duty. An' though we was earnin' whatever we could, the money was never invested in food, but went for repairin', w'ch it done up good, with strength an' with grace an' beauty.

"So I says to my partner, with somethin' o' awe, for I looked on him like as a brother, as the work was opposed to the seafarin' law an' was low an' disgustin', degradin' an' raw; so I trips accidental an' breaks off the saw, an' nobody knew of another. W'ch leaves the two o' us good an' free from the work as was not attractive, an' with lighter hearts, as was full o' glee, we joins the men o' the rollin' sea, an' my mate, the Shanghai'd Chap, an' me, like them, become inactive.

"Till the Cap, as was famishin' like the rest, but allus a little braver, he rises up an' inflates his chest an' brushes the dust from his Sunday wear, an' with fearful frown as contained no jest, he eyes us with marked disfavor. 'Do you think,' says he, 'as you louts can shirk an' still git your beer an' skittles? If so,' he adds, with a threat'nin' smirk, as reminds me

off, as I tells you true, was nothin' like accidental, for we hopes to find a hotel or two as would board the Cap an' his lazy crew, includin', o' course, we clever two—which idea was monumental.

"An' in half an hour why we finds a place, does me an' the Shanghai'd Person, where a weighty dame with a sunlin' face remarks as she's glad for to take the case an' feed us well for a certain space, an' her name it was Mis' McPherson. Her face was broad an' her hair was dyed like bricks in the rainy season. An' her neck was large, an' was well supplied with china as was billowy-like an' wide, like mountains an' walleys along the Clyde, an' her weight was beyond all reason.

"So we hurried back an' we tells the boss o' the scheme we're just a-starrin'; an' soon we was eatin' the pie an' sauce, with no expense an' little o' loss, without expectin' to come across till it come the time for partin'. A-coun'tin' me, there was thirty-two, as could wittle along untririn'; an' the way that us an' the Cap an' crew heads into the beans an' the soup an' stew was a sight as is witnessed by very few, an' was likewise most inspirin'.

"An' for thirteen days we eats our fill, an' was right in a seaman's heaven, an' sings our songs as a seaman will, an' all o' us happy as gulls until we fetches a sight o' the lady's bill, as was eighty-one seventy-seven. An' the Captain's face it gets applect, an' he lets out an' awfils holler an' goes to each o' the crew direct an' begins for to try the sun to collect, but all he could find, as you might expect, wasn't anything near to a dollar. So the Captain tells us one by one to skip out an' maroon her, by sneakin' away like we'd often done, an' crawl through the hedge an' get up an' run, an' to hide ourselves by delayin' none, on the deck o' our stranded schooner.

"W'ch the same we done in a manner neat, an' no one did no remarkin'. An' though I am large, I was allus fleet, an' reaches the Wock with my nimble feet, where we finds the fixin' is all complete, an' ready for prompt embarkin'. And the Cap gives orders to flood the dock, an' he stands on the deck a-cursin'. W'ch the waves rise up an' surround the Wock, w'ch steady rose from the lower block—when the Skipper gets a most cruel shock, for here comes Mis' McPherson.

"An' when he observes her to heave in sight, he is anything much but happy, for she holds aloft a dockment white, as libels the Wock an' it does it right, an' she shows in her face as she means to fight, an' she allus was somewhat scrappy.

"Well, there we settles an' there we stays devoided o' food an' raiment; an' the Cap, the Shanghai'd an' me prays an' schemes an' devises all sorts o' ways, but we finds we are stuck for a number o' days till we makes some sort o' payment. An' the Cap he was doubled up in two with woe an' begins to wish we'd paid her; an' he raves an' curses an' yammers so the Shanghai'd Feller allowed he'd go an' sing her such songs as he chanced to know—in other words, serenade her.

"An' he sings this song in his sliver tones in a manner wild an' free o' o' desertin' chaps in the tropic zones, a yeoman an' bos'n an' chap named Jones, as he heard in a show back in Tallyhoes, an' the same it was called a trio—

We're the bos'n,  
An' yeoman,  
An' Jones;  
But a life on the sea  
Is distasteful to we,  
For we don't like the manner it moans.



"An' I asks her plain on my bended knee for to stop her rough abusin'."

some o' a cruel Turk, 'you'll find as you'll have to get out an' work if you wish to partake o' wittles'.

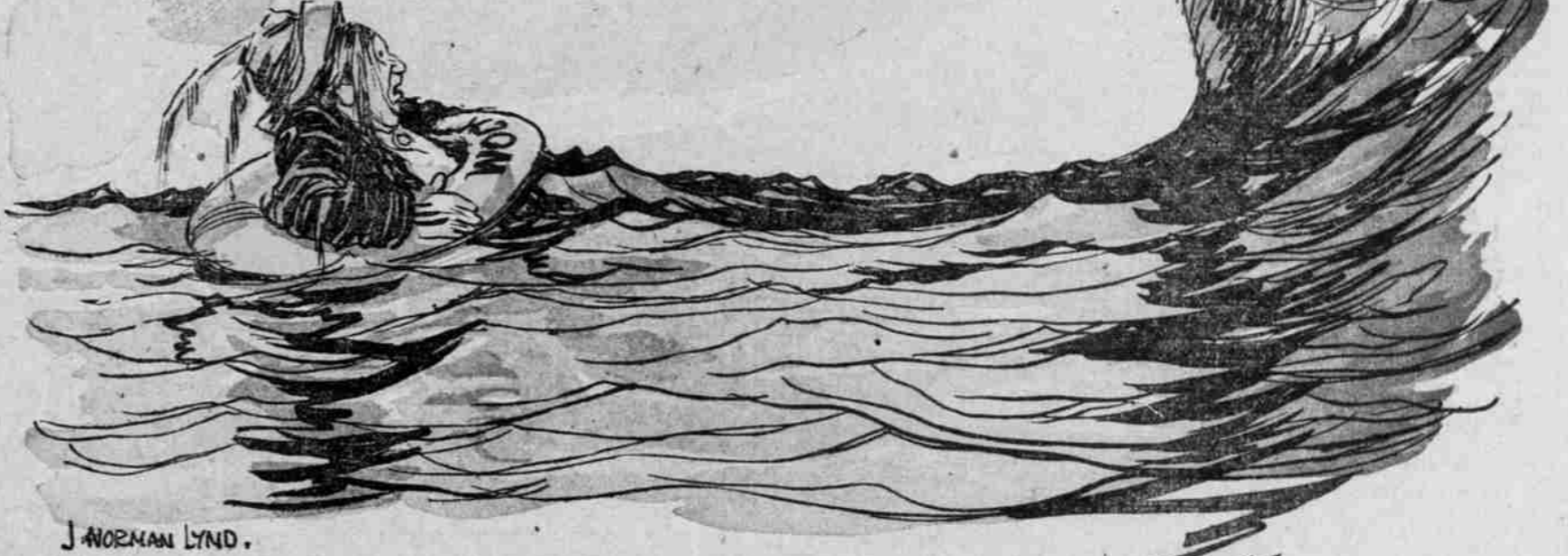
Oh, the rollin' sea  
Is gay an' free,  
But it's not for me,  
Or me,  
Or me!  
When the wind is high  
How the billows fly—

An' so do I,  
An' I,  
An' I!  
So we three have been converted  
An' respectfully deserted;  
An' the only thing that cheers  
In our hazardous careers  
Is the way we've dodged employers  
On torpedo boat destroyers,  
An' escaped from further service  
For the next few years!  
Makes the blood run high

We're the bos'n,  
An' yeoman,  
An' Jones;  
But we don't much care  
For to sail sea fare,  
For the dampness weakens our bones!  
Oh, a squally sky  
Except in I,  
An' I,  
An' I!

As for takin' tea  
On the rollin' sea,  
You will pardon me,  
An' me,  
An' me!  
So we three have been converted  
An' respectfully deserted;  
An' the only thing that cheers  
In our hazardous careers  
Is the way we've dodged employers  
On torpedo boat destroyers,  
An' escaped from further service  
For the next few years!

"Now, maybe his voice was a little queer an' not on its reg'lar mettle, but all I knows I will tell you here that Missus McPherson did quick appear, an' fetched him abaft o' his starboard ear with the lid



J. NORMAN LYND.

"An' reachin' out through the swayin' lines he holds the paper to her."

respect, an' gallant like did hand 'er, an' lends her on to the stranded wreck, where she goes aboard o' the ship direct, and I leaves her there on the upper deck, while I tells our brave commander.

"The Cap was there in the lower hold, with his vanquished crew around him; an' I hails him pleasant an' brave an' bold, an' tells him how he had best enfold in his manly arms this lady cold, as had come aboard an' found him.

"An' the Captain raves an' begins to shout an' invents some Sunday cursin'. An' he shakes his fist at my honest snout an' tears a part o' his whiskers out when he learns I'd promised beyond a doubt as he'd marry Mis' McPherson. An' he swears as how he would sooner see all hands consigned to Hades, includin' the crew, as was filled with glee, an' even the Shanghai'd Man an' me, afore he'd ever consent to be entangled with the ladies.

"An' furthermore, as he makes it plain without any further question, he would take us out on the ragin' main an' make us fast with an iron chain, where we'd benefit from the wind an' rain, for makin' the bare suggestion.

the lady had merely spied the chap, why, she waxes frantic. An' waddling back where the deck was wide she stares at him, then she shrieked an' cried, then throws herself o'er the wessel's side with a splash in the cold Atlantic.

"An' the same was a gratifyin' thing to the Cap, who yells improper, an' straight begins for to dance an' sing, while I goes abaft for the copper ring, which the same I am active an' prompt to bring, an' over the side I drop her.

"An' while the lady, as straight grew pale, an' tends to our complainin', was tryin' hard for to ride the gale, the Cap an' crew, why, they makes a trail an' all hands leans on the starboard rail, where they laughs without restrainin'. When the Cap had laughed till his face was blue he thinks as how he'll brave her. So he gets a pencil an' paper, too, and writes that if she forgives the crew an' signs as how they had paid their due he would do his best to save her.

"An' reachin' out through the swayin' lines he holds the paper to her, while she scowls a while, but at last resigns, an' takin' the pencil an' sheet she signs as how she'd been paid for her meals an' wines an' as nothin' more was due her. Then the Cap'n he calls for a hip hurray, three cheers an' a happy cackle. Then orders the crew to get under way, to pipe all hands for to quick belay an' to rig the winch an' be live an' gay an' out with the block an' tackle.

"So we rigs a derrick along the side abaft o' the for'ard funnel, an' drops a line in the ragin' tide, an' soon the dame, as was large an' wide an' cured o' hopin' to be a bride, was hoisted across the gun'. An' not a word did the lady say, but, lookin' limp an' sadly, she went below, where she lay an' lay, while the Wock she quickly gets under way, an' present we reaches Savannah Bay, where she went ashore most gladly."

Next Week---For the Cap an' us, as I'd have you know, had formed a resolution to take on a hundred guns or so aboard the gallant ship.