

This yars is about a tin whistle adventure. Our schooner was anchored in Maassar Strait, just off Bentang, a little port on th' laland of Borneo. There wasn't much to do on board so I was tootin' away on my tin whistle, thinkin' I was makin' pretty good music. I guess my music must have been pretty bad for one of th' crew growled to th' skipper that it would be a pret-ty good idea to chuck me overboard.

I was gettin' so many mean looks from all hands that I hopped into a boat, that I hopped into a boat, pulled ashore and headed for th' jungle where nobody would kick. Well s'r, I'd been tootin' away with my eyes closed, havin' a regular feast of music, when hap-penin' to open my peepers I new womethin' that fairly raised my hair. Right in front of me was a whoppin' big snake, a leopard, and a grinnin' ape.

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You could have knocked me over with a feather. I tell you it looked like squally weather for old Bill. I figweather for old Bill. I hg-ured my only chance for safety was to keep on toot-in'. Then, scared as I was, I almost laughed, for th' snake, th' leopard, and th' ape all started to hop around and dance

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ape all started to hop around and dance. After awhile I began to get tired of th' show so I thought I'd blow a sour note, figurin' it might scare note, figurin' it might scare 'em away long enough to give me a chance to get back to my boat. Well s'r, I blew a blast that fairly shook th' leaves on th' trees. I'll be dingbusted if th' whole lot of 'em didn't streak for th' iungle. And me? I bit for jungle. And me? I hit for th' boat so fast my shoes smoked. And then, just as I was pullin' away, I'll be swiggered if th' big snake and his pals didn't come out of th' jungle, actually grin-nin', and th' ape was tootin' away on my tin whistle.









