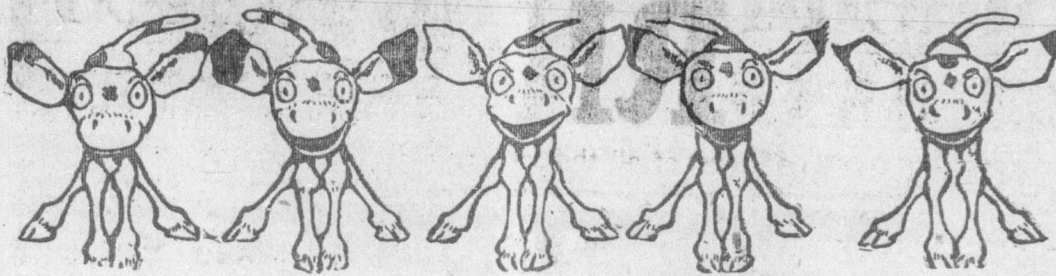
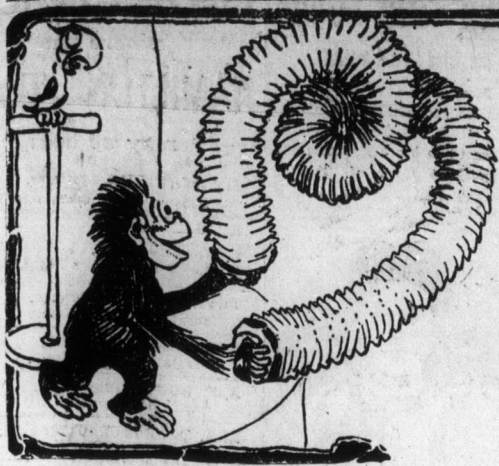
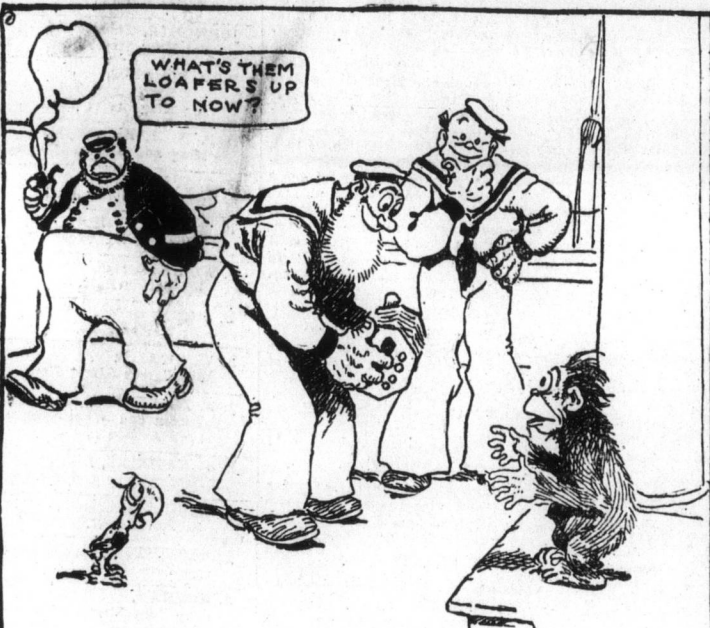


COMICS



BINNACLE JIM TELLS HOW MUSIC TAMED OLD CAPT' WALRUS



1. "I reckon I never told you about how Davy Jones got ahead o' Ol' Walrus, did I? Well, it happened off th' Galapagos. Things 'us dull on board an' me an' Bill got t' argifyin' about th' intelligence o' dumb critters, an' I 'lowed 'at Davy thar could learn t' play th' concertina an' we started in t' put th' matter to a test."



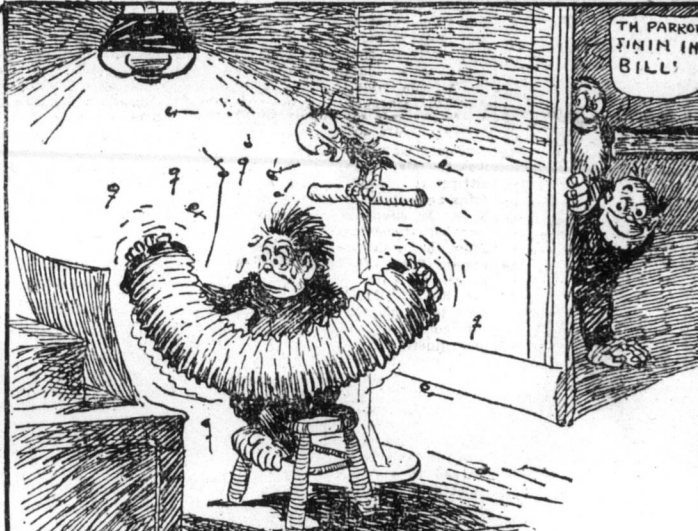
2. "Th' instrument 'us old an' wheezy, but you'd smiled t' see how tickled 'at brute 'us when I handed it t' him, an' right from th' start, I saw 'at he had a natural talent, but as far as 'at 'us concerned any one could a-told by lookin' 'at that head o' hair 'at he was a genius."



3. "We tried t' explain th' matter t' th' skipper, but, havin' no patience 'ith beginners, th' ol' man 'lowed as how he wasn't goin' t' have no such carryin' on aboard his vessel, an' if Davy wanted t' play he'd have t' go larn some tunc fust."



4. "Well, we pertended t' let th' thing drop fer th' time bein' but, arter scratchin' my head a while, I recollected an' ol' piece o' music wot I had in my dunnage an' that night I dug it up an' give it t' Davy t' practice on in th' fo'c's'le."



5. "Th' way Davy worked nights over 'at music was a caution, an' th' parrot who 'us jealous jined in th' chorus. Th' skipper 'us a bull-headed Britisher, an' me an' Bill knowed 'at as soon as he heard 'at tunc th' fur was goin' t' fly."



6. "Well, arter a week or so's stiddy practicin' they got it down s' fine 'at we concluded t' give wot Bill called a recital. Th' way 'at monkey handled that wind-jammer surprised even us, an' as far as th' captin 'us concerned, he 'us actually knocked speechless 'til he recognized th' tunc."



7. "Well, sir, he 'us so mad we thort he'd choka afore he found his breath an' it 'us all poor Davy could do t' git away 'ith his life, but he hung right onto his music-box jist th' same, an' finally th' skipper allowed him t' come down out o' th' shrouds pervidin' thar 'us no more music aboard."



8. "A couple o' weeks arterward we went ashore in th' small boat t' trade 'ith a native tribe, an' comin' back a fog settled down an' we got lost from th' weasle. Yes, sir, we drifted around 'thout pervisions fer four days, an' had jist give up when wot does we hear away off t' starboard but th' sweet strains o' 'Th' Wearin' o' th' Green'."



9. "Th' ol' man 'us so glad t' find th' skip he made an call t' let Davy play all he wanted to durin' th' r'igs. Well, sir, if you could a-seen ol' Walrus' face when we sailed up th' Thames 'ith Davy Jones on th' bow-sprit, hammerin' out 'Th' Wearin' o' th' Green,' you'd never stopped laughin'."

