

OUT WEST

black channel, perhaps five or six miles wide.

The two pilots exchanged grunts, old George glanced at the binnacle and "Dutch Bill" went below.

Being interested in navigation, I tried to 'draw' the old bird, and ventured to suggest there must be some kind of witchcraft attached to this mysterious channel navigation, and wanted to know what sort of principle it was based upon.

At last, after deep thought, the ancient navigator, whom I had known for many years, broke through his rule and actually grunted out the following remarkably lucid explanation:

"Well you see, sir, it's just like this, I've been a-running up this 'ere way nigh on to twenty-seven