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## Boy Overboard!

The huge ocean liner blew its whistle again and again. The whistle warned the small fishing boats to keep their distance. The liner rolled and lifted in the North Atlantic fog. The fog blew into the smoking room, for the door had been left open. A man stepped inside, banging the door shut.

“That Harvey Cheyne’s the biggest nuisance around,” the man snorted.

“Yeah, I know that kind,” a white-haired German added. “America is full of that kind.”

A man from New York said, “Pshaw! There isn’t any real harm in Harvey Cheyne. He’s more to be pitied than anything. They’ve dragged him from hotel to hotel since he was a kid. I was talking to his mother just this morning. She’s a lovely lady—but she can’t even pretend to manage him. The boy’s on his

way to Europe to finish his education.”

“Ha! His education hasn’t *begun* yet,” another man growled. “That boy gets two hundred a month just for pocket money.”

“His father owns railroads, ain’t that right?” the German grunted.

“Yep. And mines and lumber mills and shipping. Owns a couple of houses, too,” the New Yorker said. “Too busy, I guess, to bother with his son. He’ll find out his error a few years from now. It’s a pity—because there’s a heap of good in the boy.”

Once more the door banged open, and Harvey Cheyne entered. His complexion was pasty yellow, and a half-smoked cigarette hung from one corner of his mouth. About 15 years old, he wore a cherry-colored blazer, knee pants, bicycle shoes, and a red cap.

“The fog is sure thick out there,” he said in a loud, high voice. “You can hear the fishing boats all around us. Say, wouldn’t it be great if we ran one down?”

The New Yorker sighed. “Shut the door, Harvey,” he said. “Shut it and stay outside.”

“Who’ll make me?” Harvey asked. “Did *you*

buy my ticket?” He picked up some dice from a checkerboard and began tossing them from one hand to another. “Say, how about a game of poker, gentlemen?”

Getting no answer, he pulled out a roll of bills as if to count them. “Pff!” he went on. “My cigarette’s out. Any of you gentlemen got a good cigarette?”

The German opened his cigar case. He handed a skinny black cigar to Harvey. “This is the proper thing to smoke, my young friend—if you’re up to it,” he said.

Harvey lit the thing. “It’d take more than this to knock me out,” he said.

“That we shall see,” said the German.

Then the chief engineer entered, and the German turned to him. “Where are we now, Mr. Maconal?” he asked.

“We’ll be on the Grand Bank tonight,” the engineer replied. “But already there’s fishing dories everywhere. Three of them have scraped up against us since noon.”

The German turned back to Harvey. The boy’s eyes were red and wet. “You like my cigar, eh?” he asked.

“Fine, full flavor,” Harvey croaked. “I think I’ll go outside for a bit of air now.”

“I might if I were you,” the German said.

Harvey was glad no one saw him as he staggered across the deck. He fell to his knees and crawled to the flagpole. There he lay, doubled up in agony. The bitter taste of the cigar coated his throat. His head swelled, and sparks of fire danced before his eyes. He was fainting from seasickness.

Then a giant wave rose up and washed him off the deck! Harvey lost consciousness in the cold green water.

He woke to the sound of a horn. Slowly, he remembered that he was Harvey Cheyne, the boy who’d drowned in the ocean. Clammy chills went down his back.

He opened his eyes and found he was lying on a pile of half-dead fish. He groaned. A man with a broad back, wearing a blue sweater, turned to look at him.

The man had curly black hair and gold earrings. “Good job I catch you,” he said. “Even better, your big ship not catch *me*! Just in time I blow my horn. Your ship, she turn a little