

### Chapter 1 : Deep Sea Hunter 2 - Play it on Not Doppler

*The Sea Hunters True Adventures with Famous Shipwrecks non-fiction work on some real shipwreck hunting. Whether it's deep-sea diving, climbing mountains, or driving classic automobiles, adventure is at the heart of Cussler's life.*

I found that this film had a charm that I could not put my finger on, upon viewing it for the first time. Loosely taken from the book, the film captures the essence of the title. Naive to Bermuda, the two continue their holiday, with many people after what is in the bottle, and just who wants it, who should get it, and what ELSE is down in the deep. Genuinely frightening, and appropriately paced, this film not only relies on the situation to keep interest, but psychological undertones to further tell the story. One of the biggest things this film has going is the underwater photography, shot with beautiful landscapes of coral, fish, and dedication to what the actors explorations achieve. Filmed in Panavision widescreen, this film delivers the whole underwater experience, as each scene is carefully timed and arranged photographically. The fact that filming was done creatively without CGI is all the more fascinating, and you feel like you are actually there, underwater, experiencing. Each note whispers a feeling under and above water, springing in the air, and whooshing through the water, like an animal. The theme is gorgeous and reflects not only the characters attitudes, but the theme of the sea and the deep itself. It is at times violent, and at other times soft and peaceful. The writing can be said something for as well, as the scenes are like a ballet, with carefully choreographed actions, and dialog through the special masks they wear, that a whole scene could take place under water, and does. Benchley adapted from his book, and the story works well. The acting of the film could not be better. Nick Nolte is very believable as the rambunctious and adventurous David Sanders, and he is played with such prowess and eagerness, something that could be found in all of us, toward the ocean. We really learn to feel why David feels so much about the ocean, more so in the extended television version. Jacqueline Bisset is hauntingly gorgeous as Gail Berke, the conscience and voice of reason of the film. Gail is torn by morality midway through the film, something else we all can relate to. And as the danger caresses, so to does Gail toward what she believes in, and her love for David. Romber Treece is played out with spunk and passion by the late great Robert Shaw, fresh off the celluloid of Jaws, and makes the role his own. Treece, being an islander, knows the bad, and goods of the material they have found under sea, and acts more or less as a guide to keep the two out of danger, while achieving his own satisfaction to the sense of desire he has to the call of the sea. The supporting cast is really great as well. Louis Gosset is daring and intimidating as the main villain Henri Bondourant, one who kills at will, and who provides the three main characters with plenty of conflict, and Eli Wallach is sleazy and perfect as the only survivor of a wreck, that later became the site of the treasure and drugs. The main three do their best to help with the psychological undertones of the film, part of the real charm. One, an adventurous, intrepid young man, fascinated by what is dangerous and unknown to him; The other, his lover, a woman of strong passion, strength, and beauty on the inside and out, who is drawn to those she cannot access or comprehend; The third, a man who has been to hell and back, who still feels obliged to his place of comfort, the ocean. The chemistry between these characters, is what builds the undertone. Gail, is fascinated by Treece, because he has been through so much, and feels drawn to his reclusiveness and relevance. David is drawn to danger, and cannot be denied his goal, needs the pleasure of experience, and Treece, fascinated by both their innocent drives, can only help them thusly. The actually deep, a character itself, is the combination of their lively psyches coming together. When they are deep inside, they face danger in the form deadly animals, explosions rigged in the wreck, and most appropriately, themselves. They are forced to look inside themselves, further explored in the book and television version, and the resolution to the film is felicitous. Was this review helpful to you?

**Chapter 2 : The Deep () - IMDb**

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As long as they could remember the old ship had lain on the mud flat beside the abandoned old whaling docks, her dingy, weather-beaten sides rising far above the rotting stringpieces of the wharf; her spars, gray from countless storms and years of sunshine, sagging and awry; her tattered and frayed standing rigging slack and her deck warped and with open seams. Built nearly one hundred years ago, the Hector had for generations been the pride of the great New Bedford whaling fleet, but, long before either of the boys had been born, she had been towed to her resting place upon the Fair Haven flats and abandoned to the elements. But to the boys of the village she had been a source of never failing amusement. Upon her decks they had played pirate, buccaneer and whaler by turns. Within her tumble-down deck houses imaginary mutineers and freebooters had massacred innumerable officers. From her broad, stout crosstrees the boys had peered forth at countless treasure islands, and within her dark and musty hold they had languished in chains or had stowed away on imaginary voyages. He had related stories of cannibal attacks, of mutinies, of boats stove in and ships rammed by frantic whales. The boys had listened breathlessly to his accounts of men drifting in open whaleboats for thousands of miles after being towed out of sight of their ships by whales, and as he had served as mate on two voyages of the Hector, the boys had but to close their eyes to see the characters he described and the exciting events in which he had taken part. Tom, tooâ€” who was forever reading books on strange, faraway landsâ€”had told the other boys of the places the old ship had touched on its many cruises. He painted vivid word pictures of the desolate Croisettes, of little-known Gough Island and volcanic Kerguelan in the storm-lashed Antarctic. They had learned to climb aloft, to run up the ratlines and to man the yards like real sailors, and they acquired a full command of nautical terms, orders and phrases. He had shown them how to knot, splice and bend ropes; he had made them repair the rotting ratlines and fool-ropes; he had insisted that they must be "proper sailor men" in their play; and, in order to teach them how to swing and square the yards, clew up the sails and otherwise "navigate" the old hulk, he had helped them rig braces, halliards, clewlines and other running rigging from odds and ends stowed in his cozy little home at the head of the wharf. Under his tutelage the boys had learned how to box the compass, how to steer, how to give orders for trimming sail, and both Tom and Jim had gone a step farther and had learned how to "shoot the sun" and work out latitude and longitude. From her opened seams, grass and weeds were growing luxuriantly; within her hold the tide rose and fell exactly as it did outside and, as the old salt vowed that New Bedford whalers were built to last forever, the Hector seemed doomed to be a permanent landmark at the end of the elm-shaded street. So, as the two boys hurried to the dock, Jim found it hard work to convince Tom that they were about to lose their wonderful playground. They had a truck full of rope and tackle and paint and tar and everything. Already nearly all the yards of the old ship had been taken down and were laid upon the dock where men were planing and cutting them; the grass and weeds had been removed from the cracks in the planking and men were busy cutting and tearing out the old caulking. The ragged shrouds were being taken off and, on a hanging stage under the bowsprit, carpenters were working on the massive stem. How on earth can that old hulk float? The old skipper shook his grizzled head. Chester drove up in his car, and instantly the two boys told him the wonderful news of the bark. Nye was in the office to-day to see about outfitting. You never told us anything about them. Chester told them, the sea elephants congregated in herds of countless thousands upon the shores of the South Shetlands, Kerguelan, the Croisettes and other Antarctic islands, but as they were stupid creatures and had never seen men, they fell an easy prey to whalers who killed them for their blubber. So rapidly were they slaughtered that they would soon have become as extinct as the Dodo or the Great Auk, if the European governments, who owned the islands, had not taken steps to protect them and prevent hunting them. It will be a far more difficult matter to find a crew than to get the bark into seagoing shape. Arriving in New Bedford across the harbor, they at once hurried to Mr. Here they always found plenty to interest them and the time passed quickly as they studied the fascinating exhibits of whaling weapons and utensils, old prints, log books,

and, best of all the half-size model of a New Bedford whaling ship complete in every detail. As they were about to leave the building and passed by the office, they noticed the genial curator talking with a man whose back was towards them. Where are you off to now? Nye now and ask him if we can. Come in here, boys, I want you to meet an old friend of mine. Boys, this is Captain Edwards of the Hector. Then, banging his fist on his knee, he exclaimed, "Why, hang it all, Frank! Nye of their desire to go on the Hector and repeated the conditions on which their parents had consented. Then, when they had finished, the captain drew the owner to one side and conversed in low tones with him for a few moments. But I was younger than either of you when I first went on a cruise and it did me a pile of good" made a man of me and taught me a lot" and hard work never hurt any boy yet. And that evening, when Tom endeavored to wheedle his father into withdrawing the conditions he had made, he found him obdurate. While he was still arguing, Jim and Mr. Lathrop called and the latter declared that he, too, would stick to his original conditions. Very disconsolate were the two boys as they sat down to dinner, for they realized now that their cause was hopeless, that in giving their conditional consent their parents had known they were perfectly safe. But presently their spirits began to revive and they were chatting and laughing as gaily as ever. Then, when the meal was nearly over, the door bell rang and the servant announced: He said to tell you he was mate of the Hector. Chester reminded him as he left the room. As Tom reached the library and glanced within, he started as if he had seen a ghost and stood speechless, staring with unbelieving eyes at the figure seated in the big Morris chair. Wondered what in Sam Hill he wanted two fer. Then, as their parents entered the room, Tom cried: Lathrop coughed and covered his mouth with his handkerchief and Mr. Chester strove to conceal a smile and winked at his friend. I hope it will last through the cruise. And it will be some cruise, eh, Lathrop? Mate with a wooden leg, two boys for third mates, an eighty-year-old ship and Heaven alone knows what kind of a crew! I gotter be mighty busy from now on. A big mu-latter come from Antigua! Blow, my bully boys, blow! Long after he was out of sight, the boys could hear the chorus wafted to them on the soft night breeze. The next few weeks were busy ones for the two boys. It was a never-ending wonder to the boys to find what an enormous quantity of stores were required. As Tom put it, there was enough to supply a city and they could not believe that such a vast amount was necessary. Indeed, when the boys came to total up the lists of stores which they checked off, they discovered there were over seven hundred different articles and that the total cost was nearly one hundred thousand dollars. It seemed a stupendous undertaking to stow all this away and the ship itself appeared a hopeless tangle of rigging, fittings and odds and ends. But gradually order came from chaos. The Hector was spick and span with a fresh coat of paint; her tall, tapering spars rose high above the docks; her massive yards were in place; her rigging taut and well tarred; and, at last one day, a fussy, little tug came hurrying across the harbor, and with a huge, new flag flying from her mizzen gaff and strings of bright bunting everywhere, the stout old ship was towed from her berth and moored in the stream. To the elated boys, standing upon the clean, smooth decks it seemed impossible that the stately vessel whose shining masts and spars towered above their heads could be the same weather-beaten, dingy, dilapidated hulk which for so long had lain upon the mud flat and had formed a playground for them and their comrades. Soon lighters were alongside; the countless stores were rapidly put aboard; the immense sails were bent to the yards; and all was ready for the voyage, save the crew. When they reached the Hector they found Captain Edwards, the second mate, the four boat steerers, the cooper, the cook and a carpenter on board. The second mate, or officer, was a long, lanky, down-east fellow with a ghastly scar across one cheek and which they learned had been received when his ship had been sunk by a German U-boat a few months previously. The boat steerers were all Portuguese from the Cape Verde Islands; the cook was a coal-black negro from Jamaica; the cooper was a blond-headed Swede and the carpenter a tiny, dried-up, white-haired Irishman. Running alongside, the men scrambled and clambered onto the deck and as they stared stupidly about, the boys thought they never had seen such a rough, unkempt, disreputable-looking lot of men. Sixteen in all, there was not one of their number who was not ragged and dirty. They were of every age, color and nationality from a tousled-headed, pop-eyed "boy" to a gray-headed, red-nosed, old rascal fully sixty, and several were negroes. Then the capstan was manned, a tug drew alongside and, as the boat steerers joined the men at the handspikes and walked the heavy cable in, their voices broke into the old, old chantey of Sally Brown: The crowd on the piers and moored ships shouted and waved hats and handkerchiefs. NO sooner had

the bark commenced to move down the harbor, than a magic change appeared to take place. Back and forth on the quarterdeck strode Captain Edwards, hands behind back and hat pulled low over his eyes. Below him, stood the lanky second officer, Mr. Kemp, barking out sharp, quick orders. From the galley, a slender column of smoke rose upwards, showing the cook was already at work. The crew were busy here and there under the directions of the boat steerers and the carpenter was wedging down a hatch cover. It was evident that strict discipline was now in order and the boys, resolved to do their part and to act as though they were bona fide members of the crew, commenced coiling down ropes that trailed across the decks. As they did so, Mr. One by one the great topsails were unfurled and halliards were manned. They call me Hanging Johnny, So hang, boys, hang. The boys, who had never been to sea except in steamers, thought they had never experienced anything so delightful as the sensation of sailing without the throb and noise of engines and the mess and dirt of smoke and cinders, and they were sure that they had never seen anything so beautiful as the huge, white sails straining at their braces, gleaming like silver in the sun, softly purple in the shadows and swaying majestically across the blue summer sky as the boys gazed upward at them in admiration. Lathrop to step aft," he said. They had never dreamed that they would be treated other than as boys and to be spoken to as officers was a distinct surprise. Quickly recovering themselves, however, the two hurried to the poop where the old whaleman was standing. Regaining the deck, the two boys took up positions and commenced squinting through their instruments, while the old whaleman watched them critically. Unnoticed by them, Captain Edwards also drew near, and even Mr. Kemp ceased swearing at his crew long enough to glance at the two, for it was a novel sight to see two boys standing on the poop of a whaleship and handling sextants like old hands. Captain Edwards glanced at them and a satisfied smile spread over his wrinkled, tanned face. From now on, you may consider yourselves as third and fourth officers and entitled to lays of one in fifty each. I shall expect you to take observations daily. Following their old friend to the break of the deck, the boys saw the second officer shaking his fists and yelling at a ragged man who stood before him with a vacant, noncomprehending expression on his face, and moving and wiggling his fingers in a curious manner. The second mate turned and glanced up. Mebbe Aye bane able talk mit him. Presently, the Swede turned towards the watching officers. He say he bane shanghaied.

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