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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

For the AMERICAN FARMER and HIS FAMILY



PAINTED BY ANGUS MACDONALL

UNCLE SAM'S FIRST FARM STRIKE

The Whale Killers—By Zane Grey

ONE day last August at Catalina Island a well-known boatman, Yellowtail John, came in with a wild and wonderful tale about fishes. It so happens that Yellowtail John is noted for remarkable fish stories centering around himself and his boat Dragon. But John, owing to a most fertile imagination and invention, was seldom believed by his comrade boatmen, and then only when he could substantiate his claims by facts.

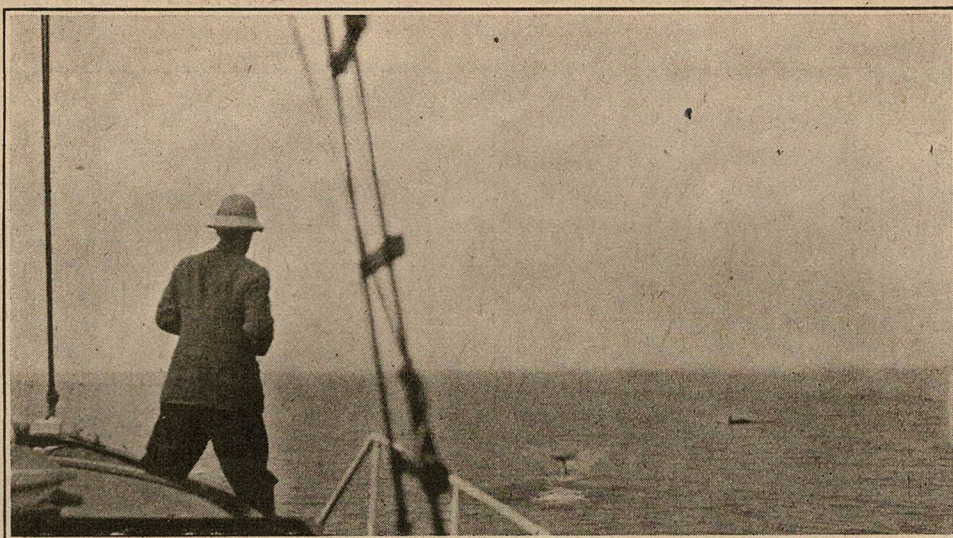
The particular story in question was the most lurid and incredible ever told by Yellowtail John; and certainly would have been scouted by everybody had it not been for the fact that I upheld John, and was in turn upheld by my brother, R.C., and by Lone Angler Wiborn, and in a measure by Adams and Bandini.

Here in somewhat condensed form follows Yellowtail John's story:

"Blackfish—killer whales—dem dam orcas, un' thousands un' thousands of 'em! I seen 'em. I was all surrounded by 'em. Un' you joost waid un' when Zane Grey comes in—he tells you some fish story, I bet you five thousand dollars. "Such a sight I've never seen for my whole life. Un' thousands of blackfish chasin' porpoises un' bonito shark, un' marlin, un' doony—tuna—un' de broadbill swordfish. Un' right in de middle is Zane Grey, on his boat Gladiator, havin' a time for his life. Mit a big gun he shoots, un' he shoots some more, but shootin' didn't hurt dem dam orcas. Loog here now, I'm dolin' you what I never seen before of my whole life. I seen orcas chasin' fish all over, un' some jumb oud. Un' bonito shark was tore to biecs right by my boat. Un' den a big broadbill swordfish jumbs oud high. He would of weighed six hundred pounds. Un' after him jumbs un' blackfish twice as big un' catches him by the tail. Un' they come down mit awful splash, all white un' red, un' that broadbill goes in bites. I'm got a forty-forty rifle, un' I'm take some shots. Un' look here, I'm shoot that big blackfish through de back, un' makes him mad like hell, un' I'm dolin' you me un' de Dragon beat it. Joost you waid un' when Zane Grey comes in he tells you some fish story."

I AM herewith recording that Yellowtail John was assuredly right in his concluding words. I cannot, however, substantiate John in all that he claims he saw. For instance, he said he saw me shooting with a rifle. As a matter of fact this was wholly unfounded. Neither R. C. nor Lone Angler nor I used anything but a camera. Our opportunity was too wonderful to admit any thought, save for pictures. Another angle which shows John's degree of excitement and exaggeration is the fact that my boat Gladiator was never within half a mile of John's Dragon. When we ran down upon what we thought were blackfish Yellowtail John was already retreating. It is my opinion that John witnessed the first and therefore the best and most marvelous part of this performance. I believe that he actually saw orcas kill shark and swordfish. Judging from what we experienced it is not difficult to believe, incredible as it may seem. *Xiphias gladius*, the great broadbill swordfish, is surely the king, the lion of the sea. But, nevertheless, he could not prevail against even a few of these wolfish orcas.

Perhaps in ten years of deep-sea angling I have seen fifty schools of these orcas or blackfish or whale killers. I cannot be absolutely sure, but I believe I saw one of these schools in the Gulf Stream off Long Key, Florida. The fish were



Zane Grey Photographing Orcas

black and too large for porpoises. But I could not get close enough positively to identify them. All the other schools were located in the Pacific. During the summer season at Catalina it is no unusual thing to see a dozen schools. The Avalon boatmen certainly give these blackfish a black name, though I could never find any proof of its justification. But the boatmen were afraid of blackfish and did not like to stay in their vicinity.

For my part I had always believed the orcas shy and wild. Certainly they always sounded at the approach of a boat and seldom came to the surface again short of half a mile. Some of these schools extended over miles of sea and must have numbered thousands of fish. At a distance the orca somewhat resembles a porpoise. He comes up with the same motion and has a sharp dorsal fin. On closer view, however, the orca is black and has a blunt nose like a battering ram, and a huge sharp spiked dorsal. Porpoises are brown or mottled gray. Like a whale, the orca spouts from a blowhole, and the "blow" can be heard at some distance. The puff of white spray, like steam, can be seen for a mile. It is, of course, very much smaller than that made by a whale.

In size the orca appears to vary, according to my observations, from fifteen feet in length to thirty or more. I do not hesitate to record that I watched five orcas for half an hour from the deck of the Cabrillo and not one of them appeared under thirty feet in length and certainly would have weighed half a dozen tons. As they lunged out of the water I could see the blunt head and the white marking of the under part of body and the white spot near the eye. These, however, were exceptions in size. In August, 1921, R. C. and I noted several large orcas leaping clear of the water. We could not get close. And these incidents of the sea are rare.

LIKE other phenomena of the deep they must be waited and watched for.

Five years ago, one morning, I saw far out at sea a tremendous white maelstrom. Spouts of water shot as high as those made by the great guns of the warships at practice. Dark leaping forms appeared against the background of threshing white. I had no doubt a whale had been attacked by orcas. This is a spectacle second only to the rare and terrible fight between swordfish and whale.

In consulting the Encyclopedia Britannica, I find that the best description of the fish I am writing about comes under the name *Grampus*, *Orca gladiator*, a cetacean belonging to the *Delphinidae* or dolphin family. It is characterized by rounded head, large conical teeth and high dorsal fin. The upper parts are nearly uniform glossy black, and the under parts white, with a strip of white over each eye. The Old French word was *grapois*, *graspeis* or *craspeis*, from medieval Latin *crassus piscis*, fat fish. This was adapted into English as *grapeys*, *graspeys*, and in the sixteenth century becomes *grande pose*. The final corruption to "grampus" appears in the eighteenth century, and was probably nautical in origin. The animal is also known as the "killer," in allusion to its ferocity in attacking its prey, which consists largely of seals, porpoises and the smaller dolphins. Its fierceness is equaled only by its voracity, which is such that in a specimen measuring twenty-one feet in length there remains

of thirteen seals and thirteen porpoises were found, in a more or less digested state. The grampus appeared to have choked in an endeavor to swallow another seal, the skin of which was found entangled in its teeth. These cetaceans hunt in packs or schools, and commit great havoc among the white whales, which occasionally plunge ashore to escape their persecutors. The grampus is an inhabitant of northern seas, occurring on the shores of Greenland. It has been caught as far south as the Mediterranean.

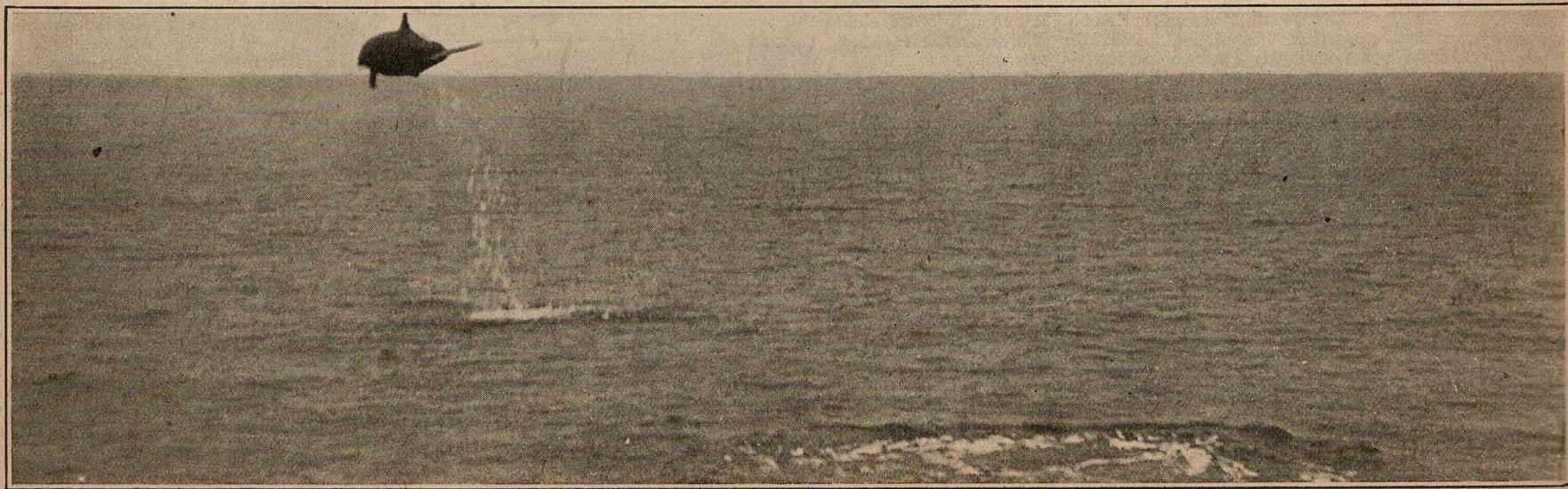
I HAVE no doubt that the grampus is the identical blackfish frequently seen in Catalina waters. In September of last year I saw blackfish off the mouth of Campbell River, Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The Indians told me these fish were common in the straits there. I recognized them as the same I have watched off the California coast.

But it is important to mention that though orca, grampus, killer whale and blackfish all belong to the same species, there are essential differences, only a few of which can be recorded here.

The orcas, like the whales, dolphins, porpoises, and so on, are all true mammals, with warm blood, and they suckle their young. The tail of this species is in singular contrast with that of other fishes, having a pair of lateral pointed expansions called flukes, forming a horizontal triangular propelling organ. The need of this species to come often to the surface to breathe is what developed the horizontal flukes. That is to say, the upward and downward movements necessary caused the tail to expand horizontally. A popular idea connected with this species, especially with whales, is that they take water in at the mouth and spout it through the blowhole. This is erroneous. The blowhole is a nostril, situated on the highest part of the head, and is for respiration. Whales and their kind do not spout water, but a vapor condensed in their lungs. Sometimes, of course this blow sends up water that flows over the animal's head.

This species has very small eyes and does not see well. Nor is the sense of smell highly organized. Mostly, they depend upon hearing when below the surface.

In the grampus, *Orca gladiator*, the teeth form about twenty pairs, above and below, and are very large and stout.



To See an Orca Leap From the Sea High Into the Air, Turn its Huge Bulk and Dive Back Like a Spear is the Most Stirring of Sights

In the lesser killer whale, *Pseudorca crassidens*, the teeth are confined to the anterior half of rostrum and part of lower jaw, and are small, conical, curved and sharp. In the ca'ing whale or blackfish, *Globicephalus melas*, there are about ten pairs of upper and lower teeth. Many other differentiations have been recorded, most of which are discernible only to scientists.

Only one of this family, the orca I am describing, eats other warm-blooded animals, such as seals and porpoises and members of its own species.

Allen, of the California Biological Service, states that "Whales are evidently pursued mainly for their tongues, although the killers do not scruple to bite off chunks of fin or flesh."

Roy Chapman Andrews has found that "in trying to get the tongue several orcas have been seen to attack a whale, while one or more at a time thrust snouts between the whale's lips in an effort to force his mouth open. Such vicious attacks upon full-grown whales indicate the probability that great numbers are killed while still very young."

Doctor Hanna, of the California Academy of Sciences, gave an estimate that orcas destroy each year more than \$1,000,000 worth of seals.

The day of my never-to-be-forgotten experience with what I am sure were orcas occurred about the middle of August. As was our wont when roaming the sea for broad-bill swordfish, we had headed north along the steamer course, and were probably near the middle of the channel when I sighted blackfish. There appeared to be rather a large number of them and more concentrated than usual. Also, I saw a goodly number of shearwater ducks flying around, and this caused me to run the Gladiator off her course. We are always keen to investigate the actions of those queer ducks.

Ahead of us one boat was in sight, closer to the blackfish, and some distance to the westward. Behind, a couple of miles or more, came Adams and Bandini in the boat Angler. When we changed our course, which had been due north from them, they held on as before. No other boats were in sight.

R. C. and Wiborn were with me this day, a most fortunate circumstance; and when I called them they quickly shared my curiosity as to the blackfish. I sent R. C. aloft to the lookout chair, while Wiborn and I watched from the deck. Captain Sid emerged from the cabin, and together we bent keen eyes ahead.

I SOON made out big splashes on the surface and black shapes clearing the water; and after studying them for a moment I knew some kind of extraordinary action was taking place.

"Speed up, cap," I said to Sid. "That mess ahead looks queer to me." Then I called up to R. C.: "Use your eyes now. Like as not this is one of the chances to see something."

"Big porpoises r'arin' around," was R. C.'s dubious observation. The sea was calm, smooth as glass, with great long low heaving swells. And its wonderful open surface showed only one roughened spot, which was the white water ahead. The Gladiator, speeding at ten knots, would soon enlarge our view of this spectacle, whatever it was. Captain Sid was the first to see that the boat ahead was Yellowtail John's Dragon and it had turned away from the blackfish.

"Johnnie's runnin' the wheels off his boat," said Sid.

Wiborn next made the observation that Adams and Bandini had turned the Angler to follow us. But I paid no attention to these boats. Before we were within a half mile of the blackfish I called R. C. down out of the crow's nest and ordered everybody to get ready with cameras.

We passed the Dragon perhaps half a mile to the westward. Sid said there was excitement aboard that boat, but I did not look. I was intent on the blackfish. The mass of them appeared to have concentrated in one area, perhaps a space of fifty acres, and here they were breaking the water white, puffing clouds of spray, bobbing up with their sharp black fins. Shearwater ducks were everywhere, not in large flocks, but scattered all over this area, and from their actions I knew they were feeding.

We were swiftly bearing down upon this animated scene, and various indeed were the comments made by my comrades.

"Porpoises rounded up a school of bait. I see the ducks feeding," ventured R. C.

The idea of the shearwater picking up crippled anchovies, as they do when hovering near a school of feeding tuna, had naturally come to me also, but I soon rejected it.

STILL, on the moment I could not reason out why, or explain what the ducks were feeding on. I watched and waited.

"Say, there's somethin' doin'," yelled Sid, as if he had made a discovery all by himself.

Wiborn's shrewd observation was that the porpoises showing were either very lazy or very tired. Now I had never seen either a lazy or a tired porpoise. And that realization put a keen edge on my growing curiosity. When we were within a few hundred yards of the turbulent black and white water I called for Sid to slow down the boat and stay at the wheel. Soon it appeared we were right upon the mass of blackfish, and that stragglers had begun to show on each side of us and behind.

It was such a big scene that it could not be grasped in its entirety, and to watch one blackfish or a few of them seemed impossible. But that is what should have been done. All around us could be heard the whistle and puff of blackfish as they came up to "blow." But these blowing fish did not make the quick angry surges and splashes on the surface. The main line of blackfish appeared ahead and were raising what might be termed a wall of white water before them. Out of this advancing foamy line porpoises were leaping. Yet their movements could scarcely be so designated. It seemed a slow, labored surge. On the moment I did not connect this action with the pursuing blackfish nor did I think of the porpoises as trying to escape an enemy.

We reached that wall of white water and glided through it and spread it so we were surrounded. I could not explain, yet I saw that the action changed. But neither ducks nor blackfish nor porpoises showed the slightest fear of the Gladiator. Naturally I had expected the fish to go down and disappear. But they did not. They swarmed around the boat. Porpoises, dozens of them, swam close before the bow and they stayed there, just swooping up to show their mottled backs. I saw scars on their gray sides. Then a long purple shape of a blackfish would glide in on one of the porpoises. Down he would point his nose and

sound with one tired sweep of his flukes and the huge purple shape would sound with him. I saw this action several times. The great blackfish swam alongside and under us, sometimes a slow gliding shape and again a purple flash, as swift as lightning. I tried to look in every direction in order not to miss anything, and as a result I did not concentrate on a few fish and actions close at hand. Presently, however, I saw a shearwater duck holding and trying to swallow a good-sized piece of raw flesh. Next I perceived a dark spreading shadow in the green water. It seemed red. It disintegrated or mixed with the water. Blood! All in a flash then I understood this scene. The orcas or blackfish had rounded up a school of porpoises and had chased them until they had become so exhausted they could scarcely swim. Certainly they did not show any of their wonderful speed. Nor did they sound like a plummet. They just dove, wearily, a dead weight, and assuredly when they went down they never came up. On the other hand the blackfish moved with marvelous swiftness and power.

What more I might have learned from this scene of Nature's incomprehensible ruthlessness never transpired. For suddenly an enormous orca, all of twenty-five feet in length and correspondingly huge of bulk, leaped high in the air and, turning clear over, he dove back head first, to cut the water like a spear. Involuntarily we all yelled in amaze, awe and admiration. Then I awoke to our singular opportunity. "Cameras!" I shouted, at the top of my lungs.

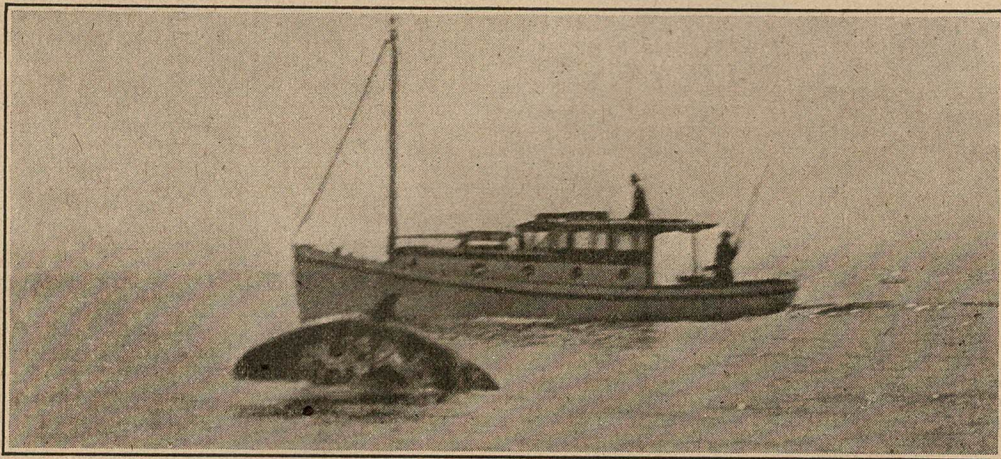
THEN, as if the leap of the huge orca and my cry were signals, these monsters of the deep began to play around us, to come out full length, to slide up and up into the sunlight all wet and shiny and leathery, dark graceful forms, instinct with life. What wonderful moments! If I had not been so passionately bent on photographing these leaping orcas! But I was in such a frenzied hurry to procure snapshots that I really did not see what I might have seen. As for my comrades, they were as spellbound or frenzied as I was. Captain Sid would turn the wheel so as to keep the boat in the thick of the mêlée, then he, too, would point his camera, trying to catch a blackfish in the air. Wiborn danced around on the deck like an Indian. R. C. nearly fell off the bow, and as for myself, I was utterly unable to grasp the magnificent opportunity. It seemed I could not catch an orca at the right second. I was too slow, too excited, too overwhelmed. I wanted to snap pictures and see at the same time. I was in too great a hurry.

Once the grandfather of all these orcas leaped fully as high as the mast of the Gladiator. All the boys except me had just snapped their cameras. I was waiting for just this chance. He came out, slowly it seemed, and wagged upward with incredible grace and ease. Not fifty feet from the boat! He would have weighed tons. His white, glistening underside faced me, beautiful as the silver of a tarpon. He came up without splashing any water. Up he towered. I was ready, strung with intense eagerness, yet I could not, did not, snap my camera. I was paralyzed. It seemed too

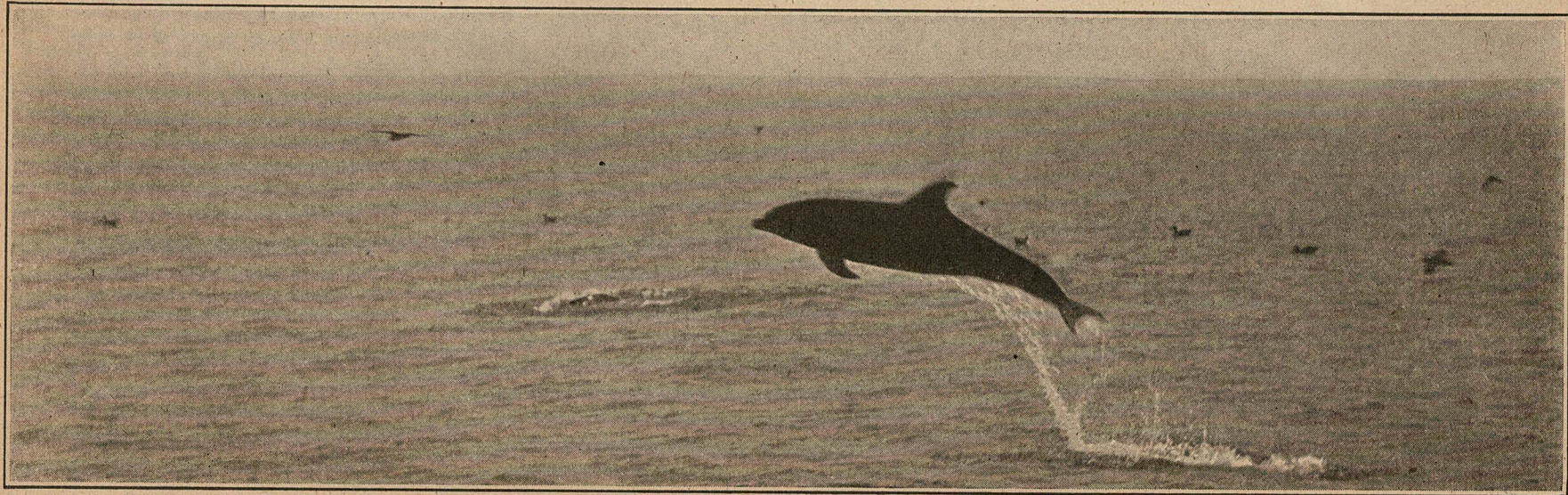
great a picture for me. That wild and wagging shape, so close I plainly smelled the fishy odor, was too much for my senses. High up in the air this orca turned over and went down head first, black as coal against the sky, and he plunged into the sea with thundering crash. Then I heard the wild exultant yells of my comrades. They believed I had secured another great photograph. But I had failed. Failed just because the size and beauty and power of that sea monster had paralyzed me! An instant afterward another orca, half as large, leaped twenty feet into the air, and I caught him with the camera.

After that I steadied somewhat, and with clearer gaze and collected wits I waited for more exceptional chances. We had found that in

(Continued on Page 27)

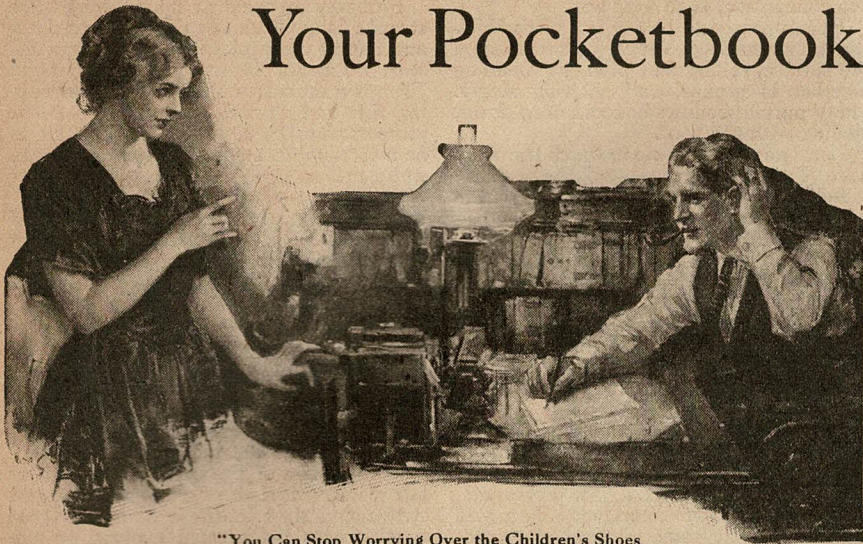


This Orca Caught by Mr. Grey's Camera Must Have Weighed Tons



These Big Fellows Move With Marvelous Swiftness and Power in the Water and Spring Up Out of the Deep With Incredible Grace and Ease

A Plan That Will Help Your Pocketbook



"You Can Stop Worrying Over the Children's Shoes and the Other Things They Need for School. I've Earned the Money to Pay for Them Myself"

MRS. JOHN KEATING'S face wore a startled look as she tore the old leaf off the calendar. "August!" was all she said, but her thoughts were very busy.

Mrs. Keating was confronted with a problem which is likely to greet a good many of us, in some form or other, toward the close of the summer. It was the problem of how to meet some really pressing needs, with a very lean purse.

The money for the farm crops would not be coming in for two months at least. When it did come there would probably be two uses for every dollar. Mrs. Keating's own stand-by, a flock of thrifty-looking young turkeys, could not be turned into cash till Thanksgiving. Yet it was August—and there were two children to be fitted out for school before the first of September.

How? That is what Mrs. Keating asked herself. Then an idea came to her. She recalled having read in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN of a plan by which other women, without special training or experience, were earning money of their own. "Why wouldn't that be a good way for me to earn some money quickly?" she asked herself. Promptly she inquired into the plan—the same one in which you are invited to share—and speedily she earned her first \$5. The \$5 grew to \$10, and then to \$24.

When the last Saturday evening in August came around and the family were preparing to drive into town to attend to the necessary buying, Mrs. Keating had a pleasant surprise for her husband. Slipping into the living room, where he was counting his money and trying to figure out how it could be made to cover everything, she said cheerfully: "Now I'll tell you that secret of mine. You can stop worrying over the children's shoes and the other things they

need for school. I've earned the money to pay for them myself."

The next time Mrs. Keating went to town her earnings bought her a pretty dress. Like Mrs. Eva Gillen, whose letter I will print for you, she believes that "mother" should have her share of new clothes.

Dear Manager: Being the mother of six small children, a new dress is almost a luxury. Sometimes I try to feel that I don't need one. But a short time ago I was tempted to decide on a very pretty one. I paid a deposit on it and left it till I could pay the balance. I felt very extravagant after coming home, for every cent was really needed for something else. Yet I didn't want to give it up. I again read "Making Money," the helpful little magazine you sent me, and got to work in my spare minutes. By the end of the month I had more than enough to pay for my dress and bring it home.

Miss Mabel Norwine has been earning money steadily, month after month. I'll let her, too, tell you how useful she finds the extra dollars.

Dear Manager: I am wearing the \$10 check on my head—in the form of a pretty new hat. I have met all my church and missionary dues. And it surely is delightful to have a little change for any call which happens to come—for stamps, ice-cream sodas, picture shows, and so on.

Hundreds of other women and girls are earning money by this plan of ours all the year round. Many others will begin to make extra dollars this month. Would you like to be among them? Full particulars will cost you nothing. Just write a little note asking me to tell you about our plan for making money in spare time. I'll reply at once. Address

The Manager of The Girls' Club
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

The Whale Killers

(Continued from Page 11)

photographing leaping fish, even with four or five cameras working, there always came a magnificent leap after everybody had snapped. I waited for this and had some temptations hard to resist.

I saw Wiborn photograph a blackfish in a straight greyhound forward leap that was exceedingly beautiful and wonderful to watch. This fellow was a big one and a forty-foot leap appeared nothing to him. A knife blade could not have cut the water more keenly. This fish, like some of the others, seemed to be leaping for our edification. They were playing around us, giving us exhibitions of their prowess.

R. C. stood at the bow of the boat, and I have seen him less strung when shooting at a grizzly bear. This was the kind of hunting we cared most for and which gave us the keenest thrills. I saw R. C. photograph one orca that was plunging ahead of the boat. The flukes of his tail appeared five feet across. R. C.'s exultant yell pealed out, and a second later, when he snapped two orcas in the air at once, he roared with stentorian lungs. What fun we were having!

To see wild creatures in their haunts, to watch them, and capture something of their beauty and action, and all without harm to them—that is the ideal achievement for the lover of nature.

Just after R. C. performed his triumphant feat of photographing the two blackfish I was attracted by Wiborn's yell and, wheeling, I was just in time to see the end of what must have been an extraordinary leap of another fish. So, holding my camera tight against my body, I watched the boiling water where he had gone down. We had begun to learn how very often these fish leaped twice.

Suddenly, like a huge black bat, out he came, slick, noiseless as oil, marvelously propelled, to shoot high into the air. He was far from the boat, but I saw him distinctly, two thousand pounds of black muscle, it seemed, and assuredly a sight to remain forever in a fisherman's memory. He shot up until I held my breath. Indeed, he resembled a prehistoric bird of exceeding proportions, and as he turned over he seemed to assume the shape of a colossal



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Comfort which money can't measure

Summer's here, and stifling nights, with scarcely a whisper of air stirring and the oil lamp as hot as a base burner.

It is probably fairly warm in Florida today, but a nurseryman down there has a Kohler Automatic and runs an ice machine with it. He has cool lights in the evening, and, you may be sure, an electric fan to start a breeze a-whirling.

This is what he writes: "We have had one of your Kohler plants in constant service for twelve months, and this little plant is and has been the nicest piece of machinery we have ever seen. We have lighted three houses, have toasters, irons, washing machine, ice machine, water pumping, vacuum cleaner, heating stoves, and other electric appliances, for all of which it operates to our complete satisfaction. We think there is nothing too good that we can say for our Kohler."

You can enjoy the same comfort and convenience, but it takes the Kohler Automatic to provide it—a power plant as well as a lighting plant. The Kohler Automatic has no storage

batteries (except for starting), and can do things impossible for ordinary lighting plants. It is completely automatic. Its 110-volt current carries long distances and operates standard lamps and appliances. It has ample capacity—1500 watts—twice that of most plants. And its smoothly running 4-cylinder engine would do credit to the finest automobile.

Yet the Kohler Automatic is not an expensive plant; and its cost can be financed by convenient payments. Its quality, upkeep economy, and slow depreciation make it an investment good for many years.

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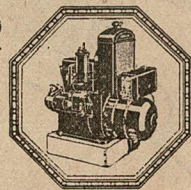
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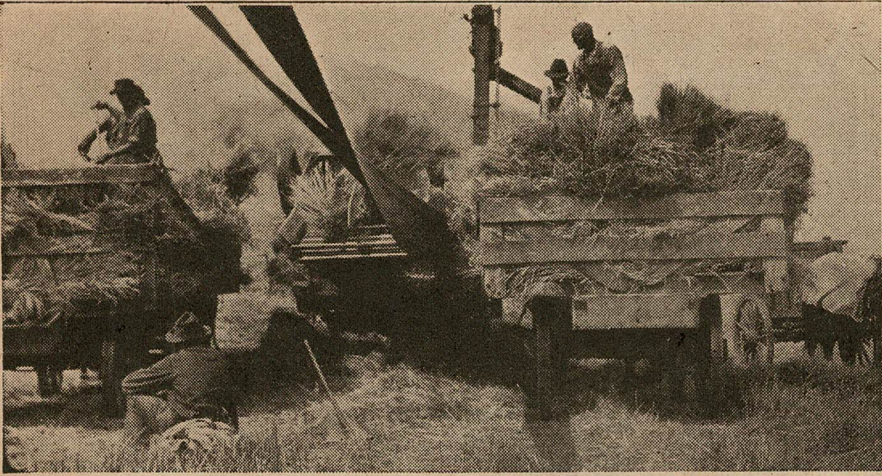
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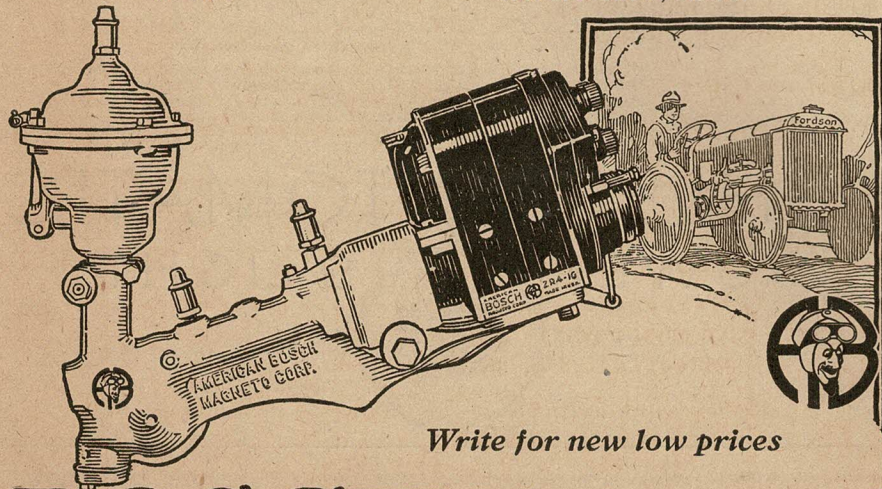
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duck. In this position I photographed him, and felt a little recompensed for my loss of the greatest opportunity. No diver ever slipped into the sea more easily, with any less commotion, than that fish.

This appeared to be the last of the high and lofty tumbling. Yet the orcas stayed on the surface, rolling and plunging, banding together in groups, and showing singly. Many purple shadows hovered deep down, moving with the boat.

Someone yelled for me to watch the other boat. Thus I became aware of the presence of Adams and Bandini close at hand on the Angler. They were surrounded by rolling blackfish. Adams stood in the stern, reaching as far out as he could with a long gaff, and he was trying his best to hook one of the blackfish.

"He'll get yanked overboard," was R. C.'s terse remark.

"It will be funny if Harry gaffs one. Let's hang around to see what becomes of him," said Wiborn.

BUT close as the orcas were and many as were Adams' attempts to reach one, he did not succeed in doing so. Fortunately, probably, for both fish and man! I amused myself snapping some pictures of the famous Tuna Club angler trying to gaff a blackfish. While I was doing this there was one huge black old bull of an orca that stuck his head out of the water not far from me. He resembled a black submarine. The white fringe of water round his head

looked like teeth, and altogether he presented a formidable picture. I would not have cared to fall overboard in front of him.

Probably we spent an hour among these strange fish. Gradually they quieted down and left us to go plowing away across the seas, no doubt in search of more prey. Then it occurred to me that only one leaping fish had shown any white. All the jumpers were black. This seemed to me to be most significant, for all true orcas have white bellies.

IN SOME faint measure this portrayal of our experience may give an impression of the fascination and mystery of the sea. Never before had I seen the like, and never expect to see it again. This was tragedy, yet scarcely to the superficial eye. It was all beauty and activity and life. The gruesome truth hid under the surface of the ocean. What measureless infinite conflict must go on eternally beneath the waves! Contending tides means vastly more than the influence of the moon upon the deep. Three-quarters of the earth is covered by salt water. Myriads of creatures lived and strove and died in those boundless blue depths, ages before man evolved on the land. Years of observation and thought are necessary to acquire an idea of the tremendousness of the ocean, its staggering fecundity and fertility, its matchless beauty and its various moods, and a profound sense of its inscrutable secrecy.

The Discussionists

By Tom P. Morgan

NOBODY remembered when Ira Dibble and Elijah Berrybutton began their discussions. But, anyhow, it was right smart of a spell ago; somewhere about the time that ladies wore the most modest demeanors and hoopskirts, gentlemen sported flowing side whiskers through which the wynde soughed eerily, and the Fox Sisters were making realistic spirit rappings by cracking the joints of their big toes under the table.

Probably in those days Ira and Elijah talked over such things, and various others, and tried to arrive at some sensible conclusion regarding them. Later they argued about the plague of the Greenbackers, the aurora borealis, the seventeen-year locusts, the blue-glass cure, the Crime of '73, the Centennial, and other live topics of the day.

They grew old by degrees and eventually waxed irascible. Ira, who was short and in the beginning inclined to be plump, became fat, soggy and exceedingly crabbed. Lije, tall and thin as a young man, grew stooping, with knobby knees and long swinging arms and developed the manners of a snapping turtle.

As the years went by they progressed from amiable discussions to acrimonious arguing, and then, as they grew senile, to furious wrangling.

Whereas at first they had agreed quite well in their discussions, toward the last they angrily disagreed on almost every subject upon which they chanced to touch, except, of course, that the good old days and ways were altogether lovely, owing to the exalted character and astounding honesty of the ladies and gentlemen of those times, while the people of the degenerate present were going to perdition in a hand basket.

Outside of those points they differed on everything on earth and in the waters under the earth.

THEIR wives, who had in days ago kept them fairly decent in garb and conversation, had been dead for years, and the two old men had by degrees lapsed into shabby soiledness of raiment and utter unbridledness of tongue. So at last they were living on relatives of the third generation and doing practically nothing but totter about hunting trouble and each most of the time in a fuming fury.

Having fallen out with almost everyone else they eventually fell out with each other, in a paroxysm of squawking rage in which one was about as much to blame as the other. Afterwards they passed each other

with averted looks and smothered snarls of contempt and went each his way alone. It was generally believed that having nobody else with whom to quarrel satisfactorily they missed each other's company a good deal more than they let on.

They grew more feeble and presently were taken ill at about the same time. They lingered along, as senile old chaps sometimes do, with no prospect of recovery.

There came a night when young John Berrybutton, grandson of old Lijah, took his turn at sitting up with his ancient kinsman. The latter was so weak and wanted so little that before midnight John was having a hard time to remain awake.

FINALLY his chin settled down on his chest and remained there a little while. Then it jerked up and soon settled down again. By and by he thought his slumber-dimmed eyes turned toward the door. It seemed to open and in came Ira Dibble, stepping briskly but noiselessly. He advanced across the room, and young John saw that his step was springy and he was smiling.

"Hello, Lije!" he saluted as he approached the bed. "How are you?"

The young fellow beheld his grandfather raise himself on his elbow, and he, too, was smiling.

"Hello, Iry!" replied the tall old man. "I'm all right, thanks! I died about ten minutes ago." As he spoke he began scrambling out of bed and it seemed that he had suddenly grown younger.

"Then I beat you to it," said the other. "I died about half an hour ago." And he, too, appeared much younger.

"That's fine!" The two men who had been old but now seemed young, shook hands cordially and turned toward the door.

They went out and the lad followed them. Down the path they strolled in the moonlight; their canes were discarded and they walked as uprightly as youths. As they went onward they conversed amiably and often laughed at the sallies of first one and then the other.

It appeared to John that they walked quite a distance, and somehow he seemed to fall asleep somewhere along the way. By and by, as the morn was dawning he woke up with a start. Looking toward the bed he saw his grandfather lying there. As he stepped to the couch he found the old man dead, with a look of peace on his face and a smile on his lips. A little later a neighbor came with the news that old Ira Dibble had passed onward.