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THREE YEARS

The Country Gentleman

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The Country Gentleman

The OLDEST AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL in the WORLD
A Consolidation of The Genesee Farmer, 1831-1839, and The Cultivator, 1834-1865

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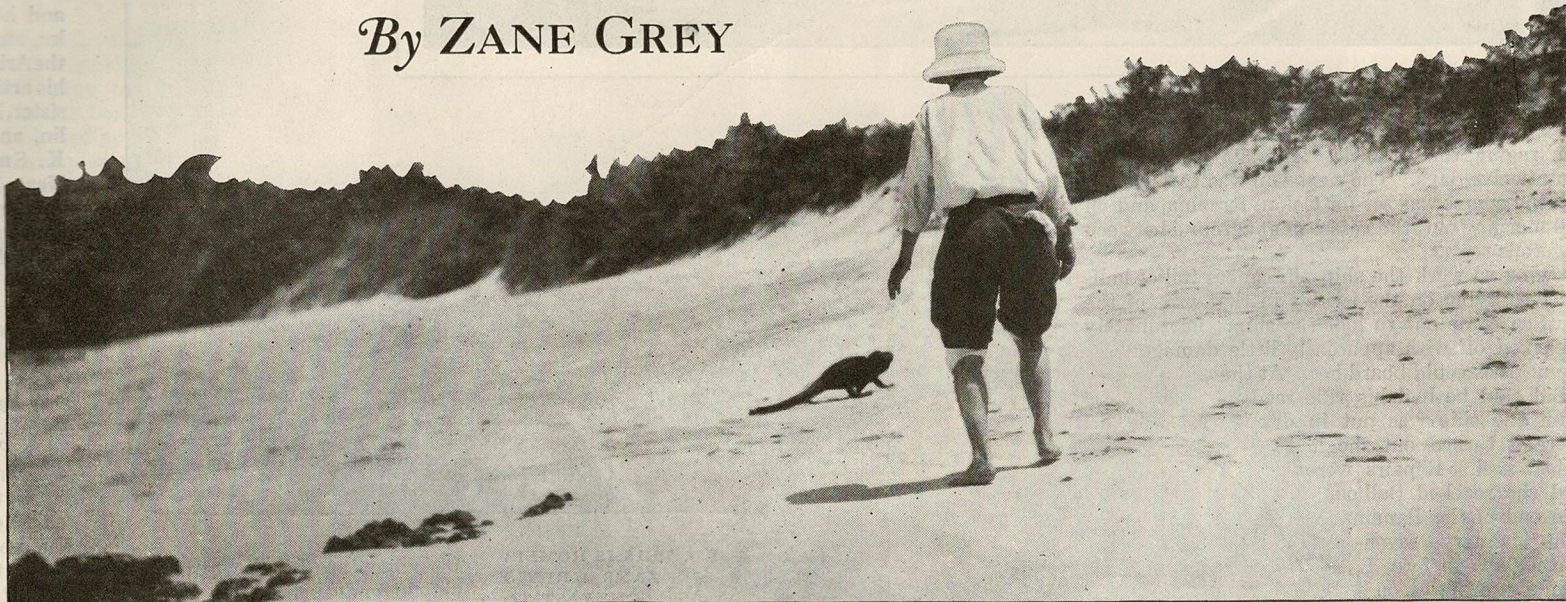
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No. 36

Adventure in the Pacific

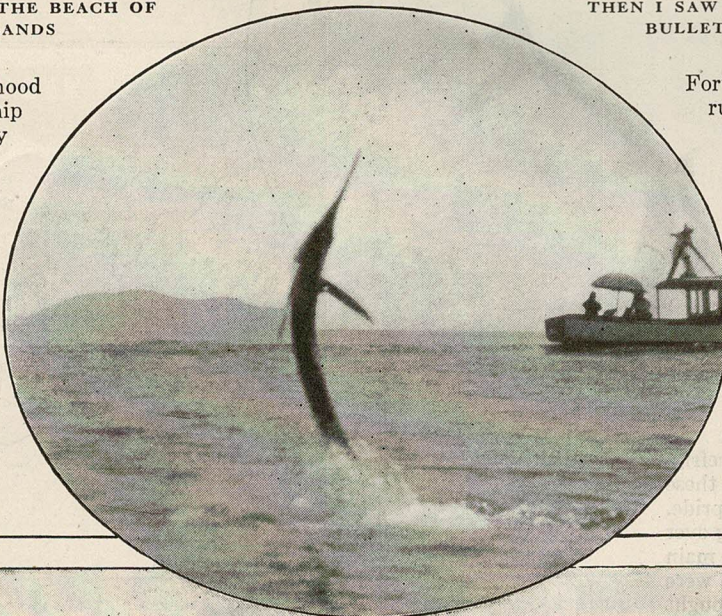
By ZANE GREY



ZANE GREY CHASING AN IGUANA ON THE BEACH OF ONE OF THE GALÁPAGOS ISLANDS

AFISHERMAN has many dreams, and from boyhood one of mine was to own a beautiful white ship with sails like wings, and to sail into lonely tropic seas.

Sometimes dreams, even those of a fisherman, come true. In August, 1924, I bought a big three-masted schooner. Of the many vessels along the south shore of Nova Scotia it appeared to be the finest and the most wonderful bargain. She had been built near Lunenburg five years before and was one of the staunchest ships sailing from that seafaring port. The four skippers who had been master of her were loud in praise of her seaworthiness and speed. She had to her credit a record run from New York to Halifax, and that without a cargo. She had been twice across the Atlantic.



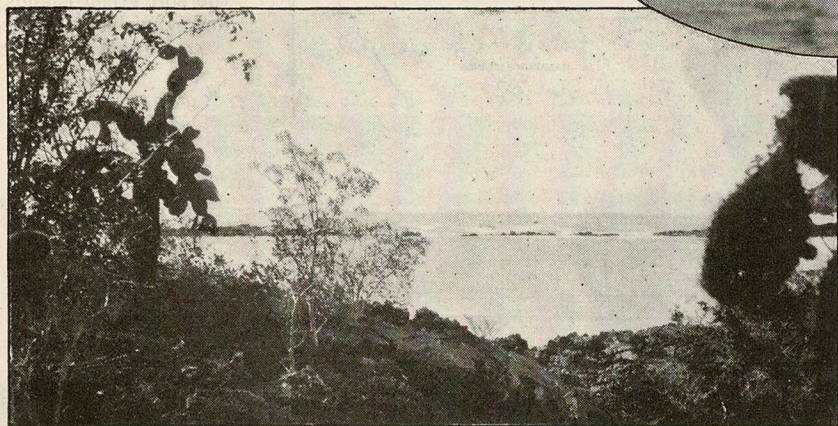
THEN I SAW BREAKS ON THE WATER—A DARK BULLET-SHAPED FISH LEAPED HIGH

Fortunately for me, she had never been used as a rum runner. I would not have taken a bootlegger's vessel as a gift.

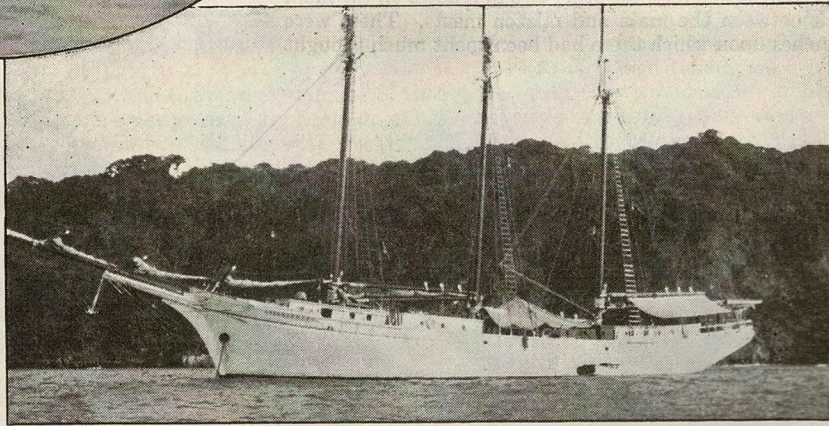
Her length was 190 feet over all, with beam of thirty-five feet, and she drew eleven feet six inches of water. I changed the name Marshal Poch to that of Fisherman, and left my boatman, Capt. Sid Boerstler, in charge to make the extensive changes we had planned. The work employed a large force of men for over three months.

Captain Sid had the engineers come on from Avalon, and he chose the crew from the Nova Scotia herring fleet, and the first and second mates from the Gloucester swordfish schooner fishermen.

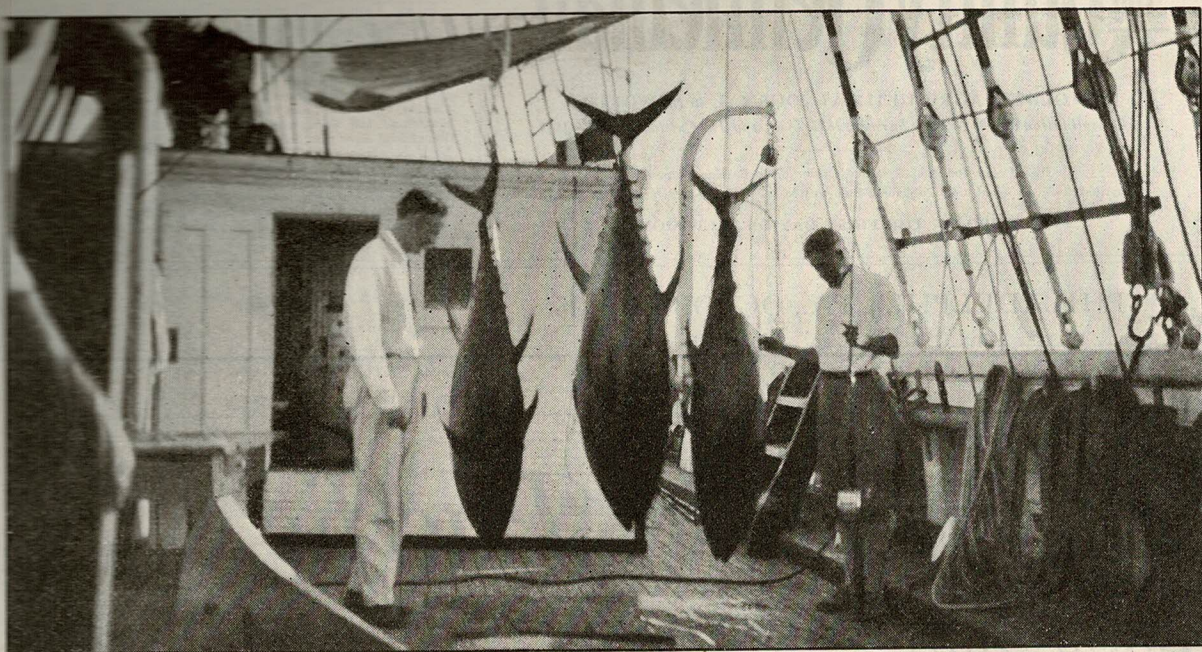
The Fisherman left Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, early in December, 1924, and soon ran into the terrific



SHORTLY AFTER SUNRISE WE SIGHTED LAND—GALÁPAGOS!



THE "FISHERMAN," THE AUTHOR'S YACHT, AT COCOS ISLAND



THREE LARGE TUNA—202, 250 AND 190 POUNDS

gales then raging the Atlantic. The run to Santiago, Cuba, took twelve days. The next run was to Jamaica. From here the course was set for Colón, Panama, and on the second morning out, the vessel went aground between some dangerous reefs.

While trying to work the ship off, canoes full of half-savage natives living on the islands in that part of the Caribbean Sea came out to loot the ship. Fortunately she was backed off with apparently little damage before the negroes could board her. At that, Captain Sid said he had his rifle ready.

At Colón the ship was put in dry dock, where it turned out she had stripped her keel. Repairs were made, and she reached Balboa, the Pacific end of the Panama Canal, on January seventeenth, two days before I sailed from Los Angeles on the S. S. Manchuria.

We had a wonderful voyage down the coast. Off Magdalena Bay we saw twenty-four broadbill swordfish in one day. Farther down we began to sight small whales, turtles and sailfish.

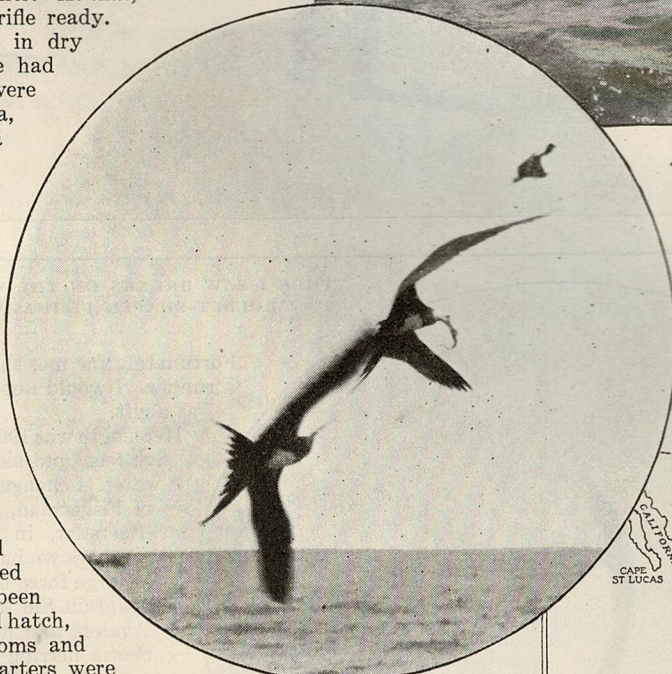
A Wonder Ship

I FOUND my ship Fisherman something to explore, and more satisfactory than I had dared hope. The after cabin had been built to extend over the forward hatch, and it contained eight staterooms and saloon. Galley and crew quarters were new. Below deck there were a combination saloon and dining room, four bathrooms, a dark room for photography, tackle room, store rooms, a large refrigerator plant, half a dozen staterooms; and back of these the engine room, Captain Sid's particular care and pride.

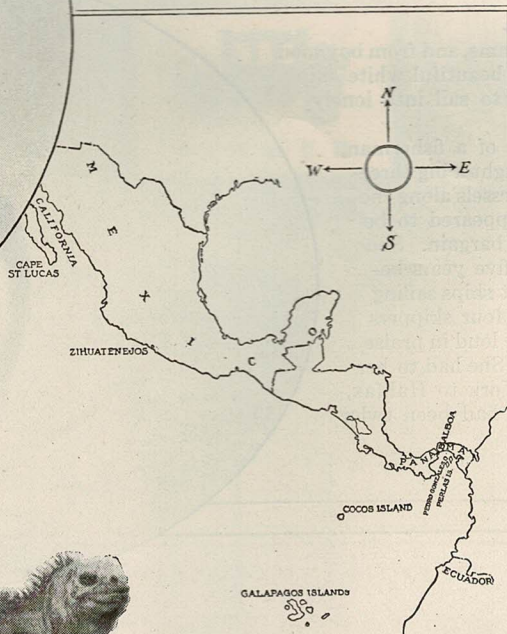
The Fisherman carried three launches, one swung over the stern, lashed fast, the other two in cradles on the main deck between the main and mizzen masts. These were launches upon which there had been spent much thought



THIS IS ROMER, ZANE GREY'S SON, FAST TO A FIGHTING FISH



TIME AND AGAIN A BIRD WOULD PICK UP OUR BAIT AND SAIL AWAY



IGUANAS ARE EASY TO CATCH. BUT IT TAKES MAIN STRENGTH TO PULL ONE OFF THE LAVA

and work. They were intended to be an improvement upon the little boat we had sent to Nova Scotia which had proved so successful with the giant tuna. These launches were thirty-two and twenty-five feet respectively, round-bottomed, long and slim, and solid as a rock.

For catching fish and battling the monsters of tropic seas we had every kind of tackle that money could buy and ingenuity devise.

The crew and the two mates had been Nova Scotia and Gloucester fishermen and sailors all their days. Bob King, from Florida, was again with me, and this man had no peer in the use of cast net and gill net, in finding fish of any species. Captain Sid had spent six years with me in pursuit of marlin swordfish, tuna and broadbill. R. C. of course was in my party, and my son Romer; also George Takahashi, my invaluable genius of all kinds of needs, and Chester Wortley, Mr. Lasky's

favorite motion-picture camera operator; and Jess R. Smith, cowboy and horse wrangler, straight from the Arizona desert; his artist wife; her sister, Mrs. P. Carlin, and Miss M. K. Smith, from New York. Romer's friend, Johnny Shields, from Avalon, was along; and lastly, Capt. Laurie Mitchell, the English sportsman.

The Cruise

AS THIS cruise was the most ambitious and hazardous and the most fascinat-

ing adventure I had ever planned, it was natural that I should endeavor to get the best equipment obtainable and as carefully select my companions. At the last moment, almost, both the doctor and scientist I had engaged had been compelled to give up the trip, making it necessary for me to act in these capacities.

The long plan had come to fruition; the work had been done, all difficulties met; we were on board with ship and crew ready.

The vessel puffs her sails: There, gloom the broad dark seas.

At 11:30 A.M. on the morning of January thirtieth we cleared from Balboa, dropped the pilot at the end of the buoys and were soon out upon the waters of the bay.

The sea was rippling, and the breeze was refreshing after the moist heat of the Canal Zone. At three o'clock the soft green islands sank and vanished in the sea.

(Continued on Page 59)

Adventure in the Pacific

(Continued from Page 4)

Next morning we were out of Panama Bay, headed southwest over the lonely lanes of the Pacific. We did not see a steamship or a sailboat. Before the sun set that night I began to appreciate the vast waste of the ocean.

On the morning of the fourth day we were 500 miles out in the Pacific, sailing a dark blue sea, where birds and fish began to grow numerous. Our first destination was Cocos Island, one of the least known spots in all the Seven Seas.

Isle del Cocos—Island of Nuts—has long been famed in vague and romantic story as a rendezvous for pirates.

In 1688 an English pirate named Davis gathered together on the island of Hispanola, in the West Indies, a group of hardy sea rovers, from whom no doubt Stevenson created his great romance, Treasure Island. Davis planned a daring voyage round the Horn, and eventually discovered Cocos Island, more than 500 miles off the Costa Rican coast. This Pacific Island must not be mistaken for the Cocos Island in the Indian Ocean.

Davis and his pirates captured a Danish vessel, which they took for their raids. They sacked ships and burned towns, between which depredations they sought refuge at Cocos Island. From this objective point, almost unknown then, Davis ravaged the coast of Peru. Most of the immense treasure he amassed was buried on Cocos Island. History does not record that he carried much of it to England.

Millions in Jewels and Gold

IN 1820, during a revolution in Peru, many rich Spaniards gave in charge to a Captain Thompson over \$12,000,000 in jewels and gold, which he buried on Cocos Island. Later he became a pirate, no doubt for the express purpose of stealing the treasure that had been intrusted to him. But it was never known that he was able to get back to Cocos Island.

When the pirate Bonito was captured Thompson escaped, eventually to get on board a ship bound for Newfoundland. There he interested treasure seekers to outfit a ship to go to Cocos Island. But he died before the ship sailed. He left, however, a carefully drawn map of the hiding place of the buried treasure; and through that several expeditions have visited Cocos Island. Only one adventurer was ever known to find treasure on the tropic island, and this was a man named Keating, who after fights with the crew he sought to cheat finally got away alone in a boat with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels and gold.

As late as 1924 a treasure-hunting ship dropped anchor off Cocos Island; and the adventurers made an exhaustive search of certain sections, all to no avail.

Daylight found me on the deck of the Fisherman with the above romance of the pirates and treasure seekers in mind, and as I saw the wild precipitous cliffs, green with flowing moss, and the rugged caverns, I thought it no wonder the treasure had never been found.

Big Ones That Got Away

THE sun came out at intervals and it was hot. We worked on tackle, while the crew endeavored to get the launches overboard. It was a hard, risky job, and was not completed until two o'clock, and then not without damage to our precious fishing boats.

We ran out a few hundred yards, by which time R. C. and I had light tackle lines overboard.

I saw a swirl, a flash of yellow, a splash behind R. C.'s feathered jig. He hooked something that was off like a shot. Bob threw out the clutch. But R. C. could not

stop the fish. It ran off 450 yards of line in a few seconds, and snap! Every foot of the line gone!

Just a moment later I had a smashing strike and hooked a heavy fish that broke my line. Then we resorted to heavier tackle. R. C. had another strike and missed. I saw long slender silvery needle-fish leaping like greyhounds across the dark blue water. It was a little too rough for comfort.

A flock of frigate birds and boobies swept down upon us, and, utterly devoid of fear, they began to swoop down to try to pick up our baits. It was a thrilling, beautiful sight—the gray, smooth, sharp-billed, sharp-tailed boobies, and the big, black, white-breasted, bow-winged frigate birds, sailing, wheeling, darting down over our baits. R. C. was using a feathered jig, which they let alone.

Playing a Frigate Bird

MY BAIT was a strip of cut fish, and these sea birds were hungry. Time and again one would pick it up and sail away, with others fighting him, while I reeled and pulled to get my bait free.

Chester followed closely in the other boat, having a fine chance for an unusual picture. Finally one hungry frigate bird caught my hook in the tip of his beak. Then I had a fight with a bird-fish. He soared, while I reeled slowly. All the other birds flocked about this one I had hooked, screaming and squawking.

I reeled him down to Bob's outstretched hands, and soon he was liberated. But he wheeled at once to join the others in frantic endeavor to get our baits. We had to quit fishing until they got tired following our boat and flew away.

I hooked several fish that got free in short order. Then R. C. connected with one that he soon landed. It was a yellow-tail of perhaps twenty pounds, a most beautiful long slim fish, with one yellow and one blue stripe running down its sides. In shape it resembled the racy clean-cut kingfish of Florida waters.

Early in the afternoon R. C. rigged up his big swordfish tackle, and I took Romer with me, and Sid, Johnny, Captain Mitchell and Jess went in the small boat. We ran out off the bay a mile or more and turned east. I let Romer use the heavy tackle. First we tried a No. 6 Wilson spoon, and they put on one of the big tarporenos. They make a clumsy bludgeon kind of bait, but are attractive to fish.

A School of Yellowfin Tuna

WE TROLLED down a mile or more, and upon turning to go back saw R. C. fighting a fish some distance out. As we ran toward his boat I was attracted by a flock of boobies, swirling, wheeling, darting all around him. Then I saw breaks on the water—a dark bullet-shaped fish leaped high, with quivering tail, and, diving, cut the water like an arrow.

"Tuna! Tuna!" I yelled. "Run over there, Sid."

Romer was wild with excitement and kept babbling at a great rate. We reached R. C. in time to see him pulling strenuously on a fish. The big tackle was the thing for this shark-infested ocean. He pulled the leader to Bob, and Bob hauled on it, and lifted out a fine yellowfin tuna that thumped over into the boat and nearly threw the fishermen out.

"School of yellowfin," shouted R. C., wiping his dripping red face. "All around us. Saw two that would go nearly 300 pounds. Look down!"

Sure enough, I saw some swift darkly yellow fish that faded away in the depths.

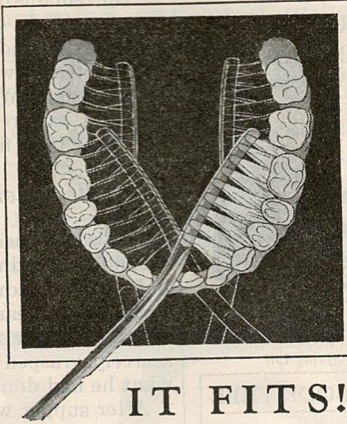
All this time Romer had left his tarporeno in the water, and it sank, of course,



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as our launch slowed down. Suddenly he had a terrific strike.

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Romer, hanging onto the wagging rod.

It was indeed a tuna strike, and that it was from a very large fish I had no doubt. The first run took 200 yards of line off the reel. Romer could not stop him. On the second run the fish tore loose from the hook. As I looked back I was in time to see R. C. get fast to another.

"Somethin' doin'," called Sid, with a pleased laugh. "I see some big tuna on the surface. Lots of little ones, too."

Then things began to happen rather too swiftly for comfort or record. Romer had the luck to have a big yellowfin sail right up behind the launch, and with thumping splash take the tarporeno off the surface. Romer gave a mighty tug. He hooked the fish, and it broke off. This was a disappointment, but I was afraid the tuna were too heavy and fast for Romer to handle.

We were out of tackle, so had nothing to do but go see how it fared with our comrades. We found Captain Mitchell fighting a tuna. Johnny exhibited some broken tackle and a woeful face.

Waters Alive With Sharks

RETURNING to R. C. we found him again engaged in strenuous battle. There was excitement on board. Bob and the sailor waved at us, and shouted and pointed. We ran in close. Then I saw dark yellow flashes in the water. Bob was reaching for the leader. He got it and hauled with might and main. A tremendous splashing followed, then rapid sodden flapping on the surface. Dark fins and tails showed out of the maelstrom.

The head of a tuna showed. Bob was pulling like a giant. Higher he lifted. The smashing of water grew fiercer. Then I saw the huge broad nose of a shark that had the tuna in its mouth. Bob was hauling to hold the tuna; the shark was doing likewise; and the other sharks were fighting to get what they could.

The big shark had swallowed the tuna clear to its gills. Suddenly Bob lurched back swinging the severed head. Then followed a frightful commotion in the water. We moved over still closer, and I was amazed to see a dozen or more large sharks just under the surface, a beautiful yet hideous sight.

What color, what command of the water! Bob dangled the head of the tuna on the surface, and the sharks came for it. They were as wild as tigers and yet as approachable as sheep. The sailor jabbed the spear into their heads as they reached for the remains of the tuna. There was one monster of six or eight hundred pounds. He glided to and fro under the others, and I suspected he was the one which had bitten the tuna. We watched them for some time. I saw remoras sticking on some and large pilot fish on others.

A Beginner's Wondrous Luck

THE whole spectacle was awesome, grim, and fascinating. I always hated sharks, but I had to admit their necessity in an ocean as procreant as the Pacific. On the way back to the ship I was so thoughtful I scarcely grasped Romer's ravings about what he had done and seen.

After supper we held a council of war, and though we differed in many points, we all agreed on the tremendous quantity of fish and the almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of sharks.

"I wish some of the light tackle advocates could be here," said R. C. "They would learn a great deal. We might just as well put the light stuff away, if we want to save any of it."

"Well, I advise long leaders and heavy lines. We'll try that for a day or two," I added.

The preposterous luck of a beginner is well known to all fishermen. It is an inexplicable thing. Jess Smith had handled

thousands of bucking horses and lassoed innumerable wild steers; but when he came to use rod and reel he did not know one end from the other. I saw him point the rod as if it were a gun and wind the reel backward. Nevertheless, and marvelous to relate, Jess captured a hundred-pound yellowfin tuna.

R. C. took Romer out that afternoon and I went alone in the small launch with Sid. I used my heaviest tackle, the one on which I caught the 758-pound Nova Scotia tuna, and a twenty-five foot leader, the kind used by the mako-shark anglers of New Zealand.

Tigers of the Sea

MY IDEA was if I hooked a fish to haul it in quickly to save it, and also when I hooked sharks to subdue them promptly before they could roll up in the leader and saw off the line.

The azure water, into which I could see down deeply, appeared to be untenanted. No fish, no sharks, no birds! Almost I was relieved. But when I let my cut bait back a hundred feet it was seized with a smash. A heavy fish swirled away and surged close under the surface. Shark! I shut down on him and pulled him up to the boat in two minutes, where the boatmen attended to the disagreeable and dangerous task of dispatching it to save hook and leader.

Another bait let out, this time not far, met the same fate; and I grimly hauled in my second shark. That was the beginning of a shark massacre. But as I had determined to fish irrespective of these myriads of sea tigers there was nothing to do but keep at it.

Some time later I was out of bait, tarporenos, spoons, feathered jigs, but I had no fish. The great tackle, however, had accounted for more sharks than I cared to count. I had hooked tuna, albacore, dolphin, yellowtail and other fish I could not name.

There had been several harrowing moments when it seemed I might outwit the sharks and catch a fish. But always when I labored strenuously and gazed with distended eyes down into the clear water, to see my fish with other fish, and all surrounded by the pale gray-green shadows of monsters, varying, fading, coming clear, darting down and sheering away, the same inevitable tragedy happened.

Our First Sight of Galápagos

OUR intention had been to strike our first anchorage in the Galápagos Archipelago at Tagus Cove, in Albemarle Sound. But we decided later to head for Conway Bay on Indefatigable Island, and altered our course to this end.

Shortly after sunrise I sighted the land. A dim low mound, as illusive and vague as a cloud! But it grew. My sensations were indescribable. I could only gaze until my eyes dimmed. Galápagos!

The blur on the horizon lifted, spread, darkened, took shape, and at last merged into an island with a high peak, a range of hills to the south, and to the north an endlessly long slope, going down into the sea. An hour later we identified it as Marchena—Bindlowe—and another to the west as Pinta—Abingdon.

Darwin's Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle has for many years been one of my favorite books, and became so long before I entertained the remotest dream of ever visiting the Galápagos. This great naturalist's account of his visit to the islands was as fascinating to me as fiction, or as Robinson Crusoe; and through it I came to learn considerable about this archipelago.

Then later Mr. Beebe's beautiful volume, Galápagos, World's End, published in 1924, revived and added to my interest. Both are scientific books, and as absorbing to me as narrative of adventure. The latter volume includes a chapter on Galápagos fishing, by Mr. McKay, a scientist

(Continued on Page 63)

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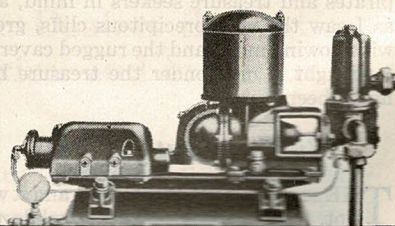
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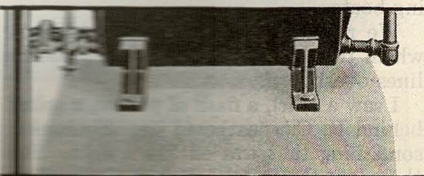
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(Continued from Page 60)

who was a member of the Beebe expedition, and the information it imparted had some little bearing on my own venture—some expedition.

Between the Galápagos Islands are channels from one to twenty miles wide through which set strong currents, running sometimes two and a half knots an hour. These currents and the depth of water account partially for the isolation and independence of various species of plants and living creatures.

The early Spaniards called these islands Las Islas Encantadas, the Enchanted Isles. Later Spaniards called them Islands of the Tortoises; and through succeeding generations, for hundreds of years, they have been given new names. The romance of pirates and buried treasure clings round them, and probably will do so for all time.

The Galápagos were discovered in 1535 by Berlanga, who was on his way to Peru, and through absence of wind and the prevalence of strong currents drifted far out of his course, and eventually sighted unknown peaks. These were the volcanoes of the Galápagos group. The journals of all visitors to these islands, particularly those of the buccaneers, attest to their inhospitable and desert nature.

Lava and Matted Jungle

ON TUESDAY, February 10, 1925, at 1:05 o'clock in the afternoon, the Fisherman crossed the equator, and whistled in celebration of the event.

We were headed straight for Santa Cruz—Indefatigable—and in sight were San Salvador, Marchena, Pinta and Isabella, all long-sweeping mountainous islands, with gradual slopes leading from the heights down to the sea. They presented an inspiring spectacle. At forty miles Santa Cruz showed a horizon line of many leagues—a grim drab backbone of the earth protruding out of the azure sea, as if to pronounce it was not wholly buried in this vast Pacific.

The name Indefatigable did not appeal to me, and the Spanish name Santa Cruz was rather unsatisfactory because I associate it with the well-known island off the California shore. But after a morning on this particular island of the Galápagos group I had to confess the utter felicitousness of the name.

No wonder this island had never been explored! It was covered with a matted jungle, the density and impenetrableness of which I never saw equaled.

The ground was jagged lava, grown over with a green covering matted so that it was impossible to see where to step. Then the mosquitoes and flies that rose up in clouds and the torrid heat of midday added more to the explanation why Indefatigable had never been climbed, and probably never will be.

On the Trail of an Iguana

LITTLE crescents of beach between the outcroppings of black lava were most profitable for exploring. The sand was clean, yellow, almost golden, and it sloped up steeply to the summit of the shore ridge raised by tempestuous seas, where it met the growth of jungle.

There were strange tracks in the clean sand—tracks that astounded me. The middle track was a wavering shallow rut, on each side of which, fully ten inches apart, were thin tracks not greatly unlike those of a heron. I knew at once that these tracks had been made by a marine iguana, but if I had not expected to find these strange reptiles on the island I should have been sorely puzzled.

I trailed this one a couple of hundred yards and soon came upon him sunning himself on a ledge of lava. He was about four feet long, in coloration very much like the lava, yet with a slight green-bronze tint. He appeared to be scaly and scalloped, a rather monstrous lizard.

I approached to within six feet before he began to run in a most ludicrous manner, with a clumsy wagging motion that was, however, quite swift.

But he did not take to the water until actually driven in. He was not so good a swimmer as an alligator, but he managed fairly well.

We found three more during this short walk along the beach, one of which was over four feet long. There was no difficulty in catching one, but it took the main strength of a man to pull him off the lava. He clung so tenaciously with his claws that I wondered what had developed such tremendous power. There did not appear to be any enemies of this iguana. Perhaps that was an inheritance from the distant past when he did have great fierce enemies. Galápagos was a relic of prehistoric days.

Fish Fight for the Hook

THE breeze we had hoped for did not spring up, and the heat was torrid. Nevertheless we went out fishing in force, taking the three launches. A few miles from the ship loomed the several huge blocks of lava, islands they might have been, around the rugged shores of which the white seas lunged and crawled, and fell away in waterfalls. On the way out we were interrupted twice by tuna that insisted on attaching themselves to R. C.'s hook. They were of the yellowfin variety, and about fifty and sixty-five pounds respectively. I looked for fish, but did not let out my line.

We ran up to the yellow and black lava rocks, which now towered high in the air. Seals and iguanas lay side by side on the shelves just above the thundering surges. The green billows piled up on the ledges and, turning white, burst into spray.

R. C. interfered with my observations by hooking a pretty hard-fighting fish. It turned out to be another yellowfin, larger than the others. I remembered that I had come to these far distant seas to fish. Still, even with a bait overboard and a rod in hand, I had to look everywhere.

I saw a black and white booby sail off the summit of the nearest rock, fold his wings, and plunge down like an arrow, to go clear out of sight.

R. C. let out a yell, and I turned to see a beautiful flashing silver cloud of fish go leaping over the blue water. How they made the water roar! Behind them showed vicious splashes, proving that some game fish were in pursuit.

"They're big ballyhoo," declared Bob.

Landing a Record Dolphin

INDEED they were big, and by far the fastest leaping fish we had ever seen. They almost flew across the water, blazing silver in the sunlight. Then they sounded. I was gazing here and there, hoping to see them again, when I had an electrifying strike that almost jerked me back off the seat. My line whizzed out. I heard a crackling splash, but as I was gazing straight into the glare of the sun I could not see. R. C., however, yelled that I had hooked a whale of a dolphin.

We had come round to the windward of the rocks, into a wonderful place where the sea boomed against black walls and seals barked and gulls sailed over us, and green white-fringed channels ran between the islands.

Here I fought and landed the largest dolphin I ever saw—fifty pounds. It was five and a half feet long, a blunt-headed, arrow-tailed fish with body almost a solid gold color. What a blaze it made in the water! R. C. was so long in photographing the dolphin to his satisfaction that I nearly lost it.

"Say, but I was afraid a shark would get him!" I ejaculated.

"It sure is good to fish where you don't have a million sharks after you," declared R. C.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN NOVEMBER)



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