

ADVENTURE WITH A WHALE

Youngsters, I'm goin' to spin a yarn today that I think will tickle you.

Years ago I shipped as harpooner on a whaling cruise. We were cruisin' in th' Arctic Ocean, keepin' our eyes peeled for whales, when th' lookout bawled out:

"Thar she blo-o-w-w-s!"
We tumbled into th' boats, and away we went. Th' whale was 'bout a mile away, and th' boat I was in reached him first. Bein' harpooner, I lost no time in puttin' an iron into his back. Wow, what a rumpus started then. Off went th' whale like an express-train, with our boat fastened to him with th' harpoon-line. All at once I saw we were gettin' mighty close to a big ice-field. Before you could say Jack Robinson that foxy old whale dove and scooted under th' ice-field. Quicker'n a wink, I cut th' harpoon-rope.

Well s'r, th' boat was shootin' ahead so fast that it landed on th' ice and kept right on goin'. At first we were goin' up th' ice-hill. Near th' top th' boat slowed down, then it slid over th' top and started down th' other side, lickity-split. Just below was an Eskimo village. In a few seconds our boat plunked right into a big snow-drift, right in th' front yard of th' Eskimos, you might say.

Laughin' at such a funny sight, th' Eskimos came and hauled us out of th' th' snow, then rubbed their noses against ours, which was their way of sayin' how do you do. Then they all helped us to haul our boat back to th' top of th' ice-hill. After they'd rubbed noses with us again, which was their way of sayin' good-bye, also, they gave our boat a shove and away we went down th' ice and out onto th' water once more.

