





CANT YOU SEE I'M CROCHETIN'? I'VE GOT TO PUT AN EDGE ON THIS TOWEL.





YEP! I HAVE TO PUT AN EDGE ON A RAZOR!







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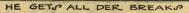








Outline of Oscar









































SURE! I DON'T WANT

WITH A SPERM WHALE

It was while I was har-pooner on th' whaling bark, Rufus Wood, that I had a close call from goin' to Day Jones' locker. Here's what happened:

what happened:
One fine mornin' we were
bowlin' along with all sails
set when th' lookout aloft
bellowed "Thar she blows!"

bellowed "The hand sightdhat the hand so that their harpooner would be th' first toheave th' first harpoon. As
luck would have it, th' boat
laws in reaches th' whale
the hand so the hand so the
laws in reaches th' whale
from fast, and then th' fun
started, Instead of divin,
as whales generally do when
harpooned, this old boy
started off over th' surface
of the sea.
Without knowin' it, I was

Without knowin' it, I was standin' in a loop of th' rope fastened to th' har-

poon in th' whale, and that rope was whizzin' out over th' bow of th' boat. All at once I was jerked overboard and away I went, sometimes over th' waves, and sometimes through them as th' whale towed me after him. All at the same of t

