

# **THE BOYS' BOOK OF WHALERS**

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The Boys' Book of Whalers by A. Hyatt Verrill

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**A. HYATT VERRILL**

**THE BOYS' BOOK  
OF WHALERS**



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**IN A SPECIAL BUILDING WAS A MODEL OF A FAMOUS WHALER**

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

# THE BOYS' BOOK OF WHALERS

By

A. HYATT VERRILL

*Author of "Radio for Amateurs," "An American  
Cruiser," "The Real Story of the Whaler," etc.*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



NEW YORK  
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

1922

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# THE BOYS' BOOK OF WHALERS

## CHAPTER I

**T**HAT'S the queerest looking craft I've ever seen," declared Harry Bennet as he turned from a long survey of the strange vessel on the horizon ahead.

The yacht, on which Harry was cruising, was tacking across the mouth of Buzzard's Bay and the ship which had attracted his attention was coming out of the Bay before the brisk northerly wind. Her dingy patched sails were bellying out like dun-colored balloons; a little mountain of white water was about her high, bluff bows and her lofty sides towered, like the walls of a house, far above the green waves. Her low, stout masts, immensely long and heavy spars, uptilted bowsprit and ornate figure-head gave her a very ancient appearance, and through his glasses,

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Harry had noticed that her davits were crude wooden affairs, and that there were numerous boats swinging from them.

At Harry's words, the sailing-master,—an old salt from Cape Cod,—turned and squinted at the vessel. "Aye, I reckon ye ain't seed many o' sech craft," he remarked. "Yonder's a whaler,—reg'lar old timer too. New Bedford ship. I ain't seed none o' her kind fer nigh twenty year. Reckon the war's made ile go so sky-high they're a-fittin' out o' all the ol' hookers."

"A whaler!" exclaimed Harry. "Why, I thought whaling was a thing of the past,—that is, in these waters. Of course I knew the Scotch had steam whaling ships in the Arctic and that on our Pacific coast they killed whales with guns and towed them to refineries by tugboats. Say, Captain, run over near so we can have a good look at her. My, but she's a funny old tub!"

Shifting the helm a point or two, Captain Ned eased off the yacht's sheets and the little yawl tore through the water towards the bark.

Presently, they were within hailing distance and Harry noted with interest the details of the whaling ship. She was bark-rigged, but short