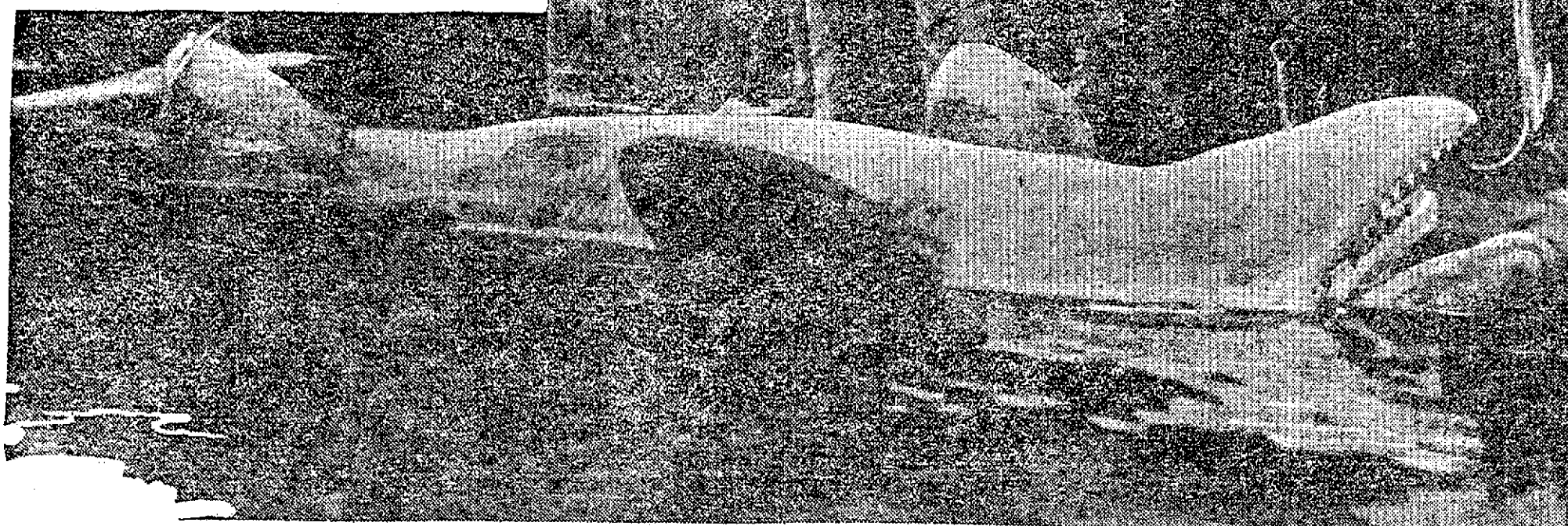


# The Christmas Tale of What Happened to Ethelbert, Oscar and Paddlewing

## No Yuletide Feasts for Oregon's Potted and Potted Whale, New York's Lonely Penguin and California's Favorite Sea Lion---and the Curious Reasons Why.

Snapshot of Clever Oscar, Catalina Island's Famous Sea Lion, Showing Him Leaping Several Feet Out of the Water to eat Out of the Hand of a Pretty Woman Friend.



"Mourners" Viewing the Body of Ethelbert, Oregon's Pet Whale, After It Had Been Recovered from the Fresh Water Slough Where Its Aquatic Acrobatics Had Delighted Huge Crowds Daily. The Two Slayers of Ethelbert Were Fined \$200 Each.

**T**OUCHINGLY enough, there will be no Christmas festival this year for Ethelbert the whale, Paddlewing the penguin, and possibly none for Oscar the sea lion. Luscious and elaborate Yuletide meals had been planned for these three, probably the strangest pets ever adopted.

When the brilliant light opera librettist, W. S. Gilbert, wrote:

*In the North Sea lived a whale,  
Big in bone and large in tail,  
And the ladies loved him so,  
He little dreamed that forty years later  
A real live whale would appear in the  
peaceful waters of Oregon and win the  
hearts not only of the ladies but also  
of countless men and kiddies. Yet  
that is exactly what happened.  
Most curious of all, the sad  
end of this baby leviathan, as  
well as that suffered by New  
York's Paddlewing, the pen-  
guin and possibly by Cali-  
fornia's Oscar the sea lion, is  
almost as interesting as the  
spectacular finish of Gilbert's  
titan of the deep. As  
you will remember,  
the librettist's amus-  
ing sea beast was  
blown to bits when  
he mistook a British  
torpedo for a fish  
and tried to slap it  
out of the way with*



Left, Edward O. Lessard, Whaler of the Old School, and at Right, His Son, Joe Lessard, Who Were Both Heavily Penalized in a Portland, Oregon, Court for "Murdering" Ethelbert, the Whale Who Had Been Entertaining Huge Crowds With a One-Fish Aquatic Circus.

ness, men and boys in canoes and rowboats persisted in venturing near the whale and tried to lure him towards their craft with brightly colored objects trailed in the water. But the genial Ethelbert controlled his temper and appeared to vastly enjoy the game of hide and seek.

"Thar he blows" was the cry that

would go up from thousands of throats each time the whale would appear on the surface of the water, snort impressively and spurt a jet of water high into the air.

It was a grand show, but before Ethelbert had been in Oregon for a week, old whalers were suggesting lassoing the big fellow and transporting him alive to a big tank for exhibition. Others said he was eating up all the salmon and other fish. Two men were arrested on the charge of attempting to shoot the whale but this charge was dismissed.

The number of frankfurter and pop corn stands grew each day, the excursion boats did better and better busi-

ness as people from hundreds of miles away came in motorcars and trains to see Ethelbert. The whale had become a small industry!

But just when the excitement was at its height, news came to Portland that its idol had been murdered. An old whaler, Edward O. Lessard, and his son, Joseph, had harpooned it to death. From every corner of the city a great roar of rage went up. The Lessards were arrested and charged with three offenses, disturbing public peace and morals, killing a fish with illegal tackle and fishing in the Oregon slough with illegal tackle.

The elder Lessard's defense was that he had killed Ethelbert for scientific purposes. "I wanted to get him and look at him," he said, "I used to kill them, but I never saw one just like him." Mr. Lessard added he intended to exhibit the carcass if that were the only way he could get the money back that he had spent on his tackle and harpooning equipment.

However, this plan was thwarted when the State authorities took over the amphibian's body and exhibited it for the benefit of the school children of Portland. A short while later the whale killers were placed on trial in a crowded courtroom. It was decided that the Lessards were guilty of "killing a fish with a harpoon and spear," and each of them was sentenced to pay a fine of \$200 or go to jail for 100

days, a decision approved by the whale's many thousand mourners.

Four thousand and some miles away in New York City thousands were being moved by word that there would be no Christmas festival for Paddlewing, the most popular exhibit in the New York Aquarium. With four other penguins, Paddlewing had been brought to the New York marine showplace by the Vincent Astor Galapagos Island expedition.

But Paddlewing was a victim of heartbreak, not murder. One by one each of his penguin companions died off in captivity. Left alone in an alien world, little Paddlewing had refused to amuse visitors by waddling about in the unique manner of his species, standing all day long in a corner of his exhibition pool brooding over his lost pals.

Fearing for his health, the Aquarium officials struck upon the ingenious device of arranging mirrors all around Paddlewing's tank so he would be deluded into the belief that there were other penguins in the pool. At first Paddlewing had been fooled, but after a while the inarticulateness and mimicking behavior of the reflected images convinced him that he had been hoaxed. Shortly after this heartbreaking discovery, the last of the penguins rolled over and died. The delicious viands that had been ordered for his Christmas dinner were fish in surrounding tanks.

Oscar the sea lion has long been famous all over Catalina Island for his remarkable tameness. This roaring

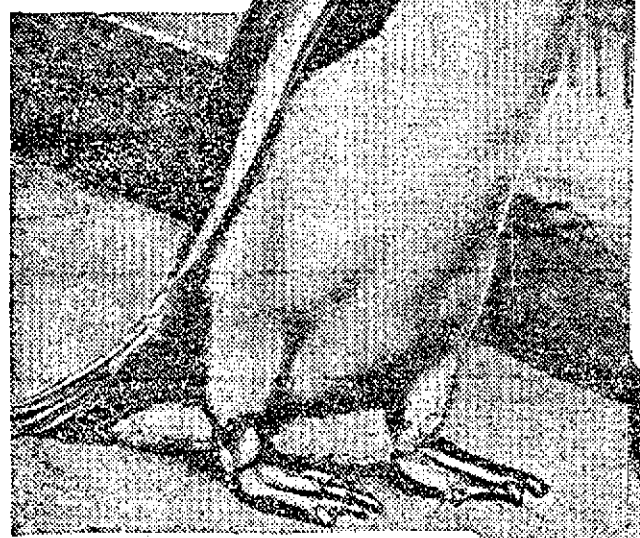
creature of the deep each day would come up to the rocky shore and leap several feet out of the water for fish held in the hands of human friends.

At the same time each morning and evening Oscar would timidly approach the rocky shore and patiently wait for his meal. At first only one woman made a habit of feeding Oscar, but in a short time he became so popular that dozens of people would line the seaside and throw delicacies to him.

Children on the island made friends with Oscar and, when disobedient, were made to behave by the threat that they wouldn't be permitted to see or feed the sea lion that day. It was a threat that seldom failed to work.

A great feast, including turkey, was on the sea lion's menu for Christmas Day, but for some strange reason Oscar has disappeared. At this writing he is still among the missing. But his fans are hoping that he will put in an appearance around Christmas time so he may enjoy the fine Yuletide dinner prepared for him.

Oscar has vanished before and his friends all hope that his absence this time is only temporary and not the result of indigestion suffered from eating too well and too often. There are many pet sea lions near Catalina but there is, or was, only one Oscar.



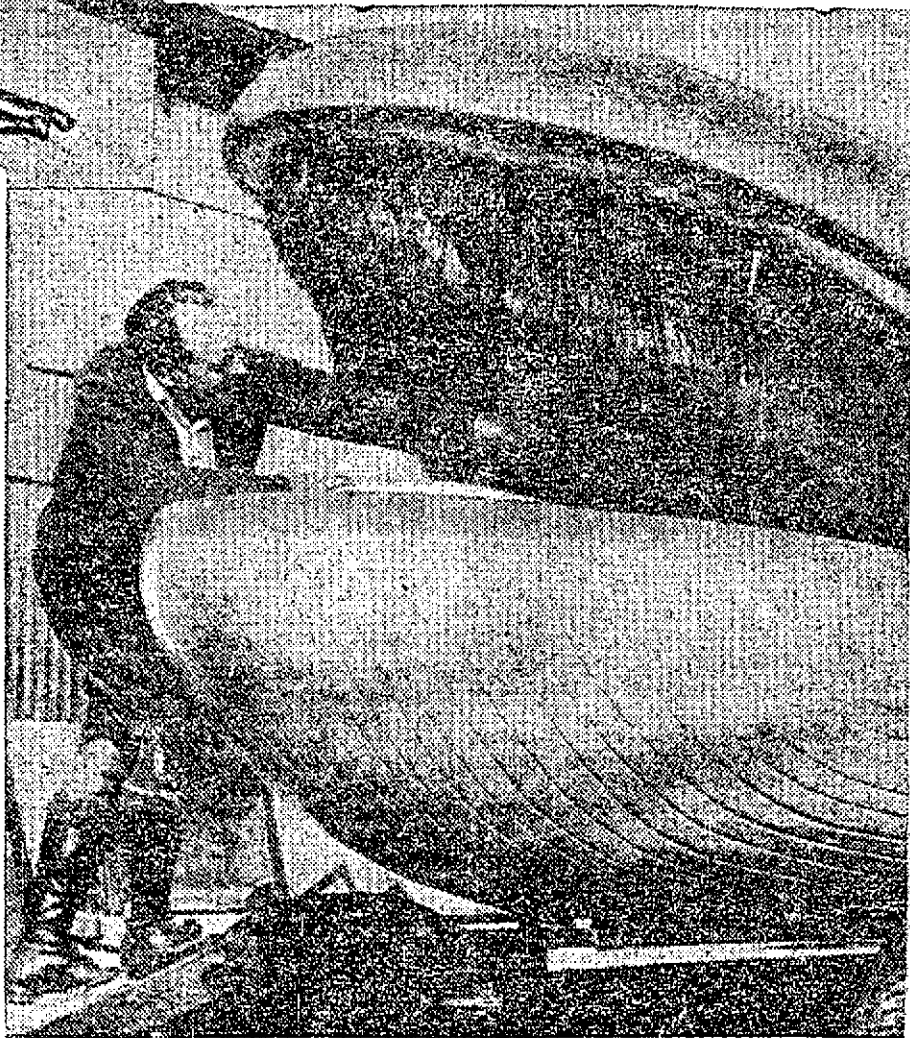
Paddlewing, the Penguin Who Died of a Broken Heart in the New York Aquarium, Frustrating Plans for the Fine Yuletide Feast That Had Been Planned for Him.

his tail. And, Mr. Gilbert wrote, "the whale was seen no more."

Oregon's whale, nicknamed Ethelbert and weighing 1,800 pounds, made a sensational appearance only a few weeks ago in the quiet inland waters of a slough off the Columbia River, near Portland. News that this baby leviathan had journeyed up over 100 miles of fresh water and might be seen disporting gaily in the nearby slough sent great crowds of the city's people scurrying to see the sight. Nothing like it had ever been witnessed before and soon the one-fish aquatic circus was attracting many thousands daily.

Popcorn and frankfurter stands appeared along the roads overnight. Excursion boats, rowboats and canoes were hastily launched upon the slough to afford enthusiastic whale fans a closer view of the monster. The first Sunday saw no less than 35,000 persons lined up along the shore to observe the spouting and fin-flashings of the creature admirers had lovingly nicknamed Ethelbert.

Veteran whalers of the neighborhood declared that Ethelbert had the dorsal fin that marks the "killer" whale, but the luscious frolickings and accommodating behavior of the visitor belied their warnings. Despite the ominous words concerning Ethelbert's vicious



Some Conception of the Huge Size of Ethelbert, Portland's Playful Whale, Can Be Gained From This Photograph of a Man Thrusting His Arm Into a Captured Leviathan's Mouth. Like Ethelbert, This Whale Belongs to the "Killer" Species of Sea Titans.



Lonely Little Paddlewing, the Penguin, Is Here Shown on the Gangplank of His Exhibition Tank in the New York Aquarium. Paddlewing Survived the Entire Galapagos Breed That Was Brought North With Him. Mirrors Placed All Around His Tank Failed to Console Him for the Loss of His Comrades.