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# DEEP SEA FARM



UNFORCED BINDING



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Written and illustrated by

John Van  
OF MICHIGAN



\$3.00

*"Once, way down at the bottom of the sea there lived a deep sea farmer . . ."*

And so begins a wonderfully imaginative book that approaches the strange world of the ocean bottom with straightforward fantasy.

Using the actual names of fishes, sea creatures, and sea vegetation, Dahlov Ipcar creates her unreal but utterly convincing under sea farm. Here, on *her* farm are sea horses and cow fish, with dogfish to herd them. Butterfly fish swim among sea pinks and sea anemones in the flower garden. The catfish curls up on the porch under the cage holding the parrot fish.

Fun and information in a gay mixture . . . as gay and bright as the colors in Dahlov Ipcar's illustrations . . . are found in

## DEEP SEA FARM

by  
DAHLOV IPCAR



squirrelfish

sea lion

sea mink



parrot fish



sea bat



bumblebee fish



porcupine fish

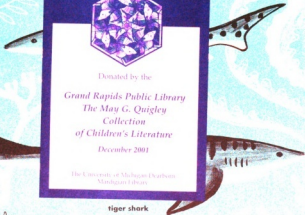


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December 2001

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Michigan Library



tiger shark



spider crab



olive shell



apple murex



tulip shell



turkey fish



cherry barb



poached egg



pea crab

# DEEP SEA



hatchet fish



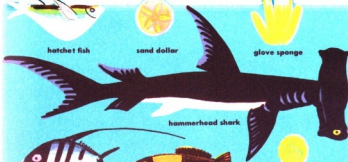
sand dollar



glove sponge



glass fish



hammerhead shark



threadfish



saddle wrasse



merman's shaving brush



Venus's comb shell





nut clam



mushroom coral



fig shell



chestnut cowrie



butterflyfish



jellyfish



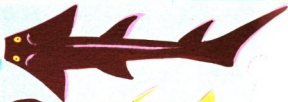
porkfish



sunflower starfish

# FARM

Written and Illustrated by  
**DAHLOV IPCAR**



sawfish



horseshoe crab



filefish

sea pen



pencil fish



pipefish



razor clam



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Affectionately dedicated to  
ANNE THAXTER EATON



**Once way down at the bottom of the sea there lived a deep sea farmer. He didn't like to eat fish because he was part fish himself.**



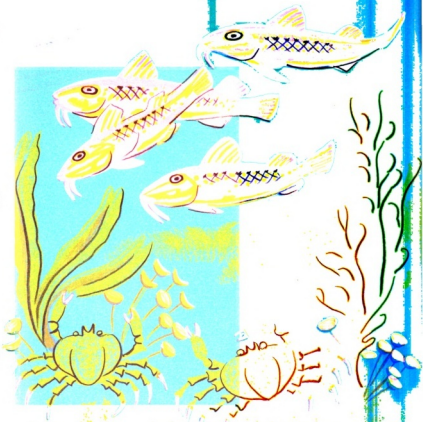
**He didn't have a fish head, but he had a fish tail and a kind heart; and he didn't like to hurt any fish, not even a little minnow. So he was a farmer and grew other things to eat instead.**



He had a fine farm way down deep in the sea. A fine big farm with rolling meadows, and big gardens where he grew all kinds of deep sea vegetables—sea lettuce, sea beans, sea cucumbers, and all kinds of seaweeds that are good to eat.

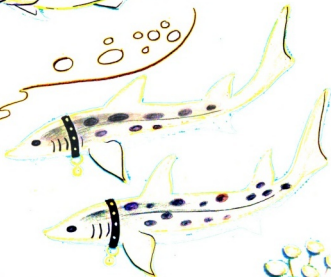


Of course, some of the seaweeds were just weeds and had to be pulled out of the gardens, but the farmer had two big blue sea horses to pull the cultivator and help him with his other farm work.

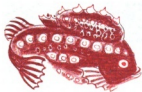
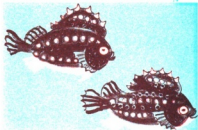


**He had a flock of goatfish and sheep crabs that grazed in the meadows.**





**And he had two spotted dogfish to help herd them.**





He kept a flock of sea hens too, and every day he gathered the sea eggs, which are prickly all over, like porcupines, but very good to eat inside.



All around the house he had a beautiful flower garden where coral  
trees and sea lilies and sea anemones grew—all different colors—  
yellow and pink and lavender and white.

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**That flower garden was a pretty sight with the butterfly fish swimming in and out among the branches of the corals.**



The deep sea farmer was proud of his fine gardens and his big blue sea horses, but he was proudest of all of his five little cowfish. He kept them safe in his deep sea barn, safe from sea lions and sea wolves.



The sea horses lived in the big barn too, and so did a little black catfish that hunted for sea mice.







Sometimes the farmer would saddle up one of his sea horses and whistle up his dogfish and go hunting in the deep sea woods. The forests of coral trees grew deep and dark for miles around, with sea moss and sea ferns underfoot. He carried a big sword that had been given to him by an old swordfish. He hunted for sea foxes and sea wolves, and for sea lions and fierce tiger sharks and leopard sharks.



**But he never hunted for other kinds of fish. He was so kindhearted that he always tried to help any little fishes he found caught on fishhooks or in nets.**



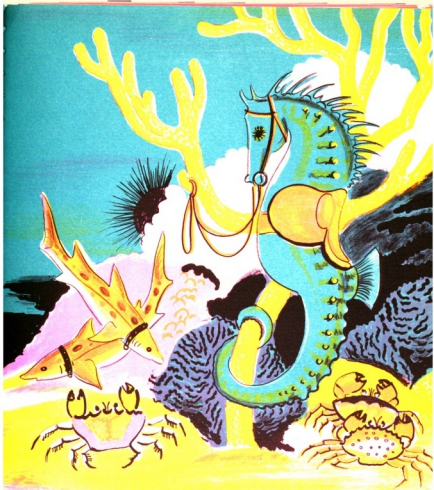
**He would set them free and hack the nets and lines into little pieces with his sword.**



**He opened up the doors of the lobster traps too, and let the lobsters and crabs escape. Then he cut the lines so that the traps couldn't be pulled up.**

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Often he spent so much time galloping back and forth, hacking away at fish lines and lobster traps, that he didn't have time to take care of his farm.



**But all the fishes decided to help the farmer. So, while he was riding around doing rescue work, the fishes and lobsters and crabs took care of the farm animals and gardens.**



**They harnessed up the other sea horse, and they cut and raked the eelgrass and carted it to the barn.**



**Any day, if you went by the farm, you could see them all hard at work – the little crabs running sideways up and down the garden rows pulling up weeds with their claws.**

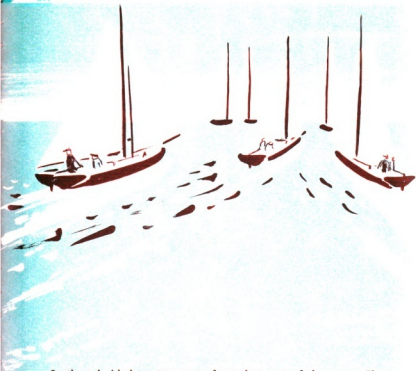




Or maybe you would see a whole school of angelfish filling big basket shells with sea cucumbers. They all worked so hard that the farm and gardens looked better than ever before, and the farmer was very happy.



**But the fishermen up above in their boats were very unhappy. They couldn't catch any fish at all. They were angry because their lines and nets were cut and their lobster traps lost. But there was nothing that they could do.**



**So they decided to stay away from that part of the ocean. The fishing boats all sailed away to try fishing somewhere else, and nobody came around to bother the deep sea farmer and his fish friends any more.**

When the last fishing boat sailed away, all the fishes were so glad that they celebrated with a barn dance in the big barn. The fiddler crabs played music and the banjo catfish strummed while all the fishes danced.





Even the snails and hermit crabs danced, and the little scallops clapped their shells.

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And when the dancing was over, before they went away, all the fishes gathered around and thanked the farmer for what he had done. And they all promised that they would keep on helping him with his farm work.







When they had all gone home the farmer sat on his front porch and gazed happily at his flower garden where the sea pinks and sea roses glowed in the lantern fish's light.





Flying fishes swooped back and forth over his head, the parrot fish chattered sleepily in its cage, and the two dogfish were curled up asleep at his feet. In the darkness above starfish were shining and the silver moonfish sailed slowly by. Then he leaned back comfortably in his rocker, and he thought how nice and peaceful it was to be a farmer deep at the bottom of the sea.

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Ipcar, Dahlov Zorach, 1917-

Deep sea farm

DEC 10 2002



hawk fish



squirrelfish



bird fish



sea lion



sea fox



zebra fish



sea wolf



sea hare



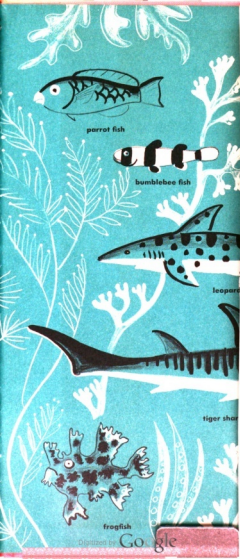
sea mink

## DAHLOV IPCAR

Encouraged by her artist-parents, William and Marguerite Zorach, Dahlov Ipcar has been painting steadily since she did her first animal mural on the walls of her bedroom when she was seven. When she was twenty years old she received the first of two mural commissions from the United States Post Office, and she has also had ten one-man shows, six of them in New York City. Her paintings hang in the permanent collections of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Newark Museum and the Whitney Museum as well as in numerous private collections.

Mrs. Ipcar has never had any formal art education, but feels that she unconsciously absorbed a great deal from all the creative activity in her home, and in the progressive schools she attended. She began writing words to go with her pictures shortly after she started illustrating children's books.

The Ipcars and their two sons live in Maine on a working farm which is close enough to the sea for all of them to know intimately many of the live models for the fantastic life that throngs her deep sea farm.



parrot fish

bumblebee fish

leopard

tiger shark

frogfish





olive shell



apple murex



tulip shell



turkey fish



cherry barb



poached egg



pea crab

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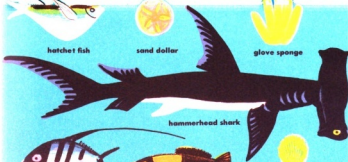
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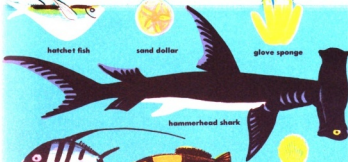
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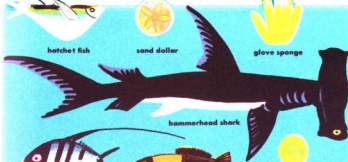
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Venus's comb shell