

hunter to follow the course of the wounded animal. The thong is sometimes coiled about the arm of the native, but this practice is dangerous as quick action on the part of the walrus would upset the kayak before the Eskimo could release himself.

Hunting walrus, while most hazardous, is a thrilling adventure as these creatures are undoubtedly some of the most truculent marine animals in existence. They will, sometimes, without the slightest provocation, charge the kayaks or whale-boats, bringing grief, and not infrequently, a horrible fate to the occupants. In spite of their gigantic bulk, in the water they are amazingly lithe and fast, but out of the water, like the seal, they are awkward and clumsy, using their flippers to propel themselves about.

Walrus are usually stalked when basking in the sun on the ice floes or pans, and it is frequently possible to reach a point of vantage without disturbing them.

In my opinion, the olfactory sense of the walrus is not so keen as that of the seal, which are ever on the alert for their dreaded enemy, the Polar bear. Consequently, the hunter may approach within close proximity of the slumbering walrus without detection, as these animals are not quick to sense the presence of humans.

When the walrus is wounded, it will roll convulsively on the ice in an effort to reach the water. Its vociferous blowing or trumpeting creates such a din that the others are aroused from their slumber and immediately strike for the open water. Once in the water, the walrus is a most treacherous animal, particularly when wounded. The cunning of the native Eskimos usually outwits the walrus, because of their skilful handling of the kayaks, as this light craft may be swung clear of the charge with little or no effort. The cumbersome whale-boat, however, is an easy target for the charge, and many anxious moments are experienced in the turbulent waters before the animal finally succumbs.

Another characteristic of the walrus frequently observed on these hunts, and which I, personally, have witnessed, is the sight of the remainder of the herd flocking to the assistance of a wounded mate and literally carrying it out of danger with the aid of their flippers.

During the spring of 1928, while on patrol across Baffin Island, en route to Igloodik, it was my pleasure to be invited to a walrus hunt, an invitation I gladly accepted.

We set out from the edge of the ice floes in a large whale-boat, manned by six men, five at the oars and one at the tiller. The trip was a decided success and a most thrilling adventure. I was informed that, a short time before my arrival, one of the natives had met an untimely death while on a similar hunt.

He was one of a number of Eskimos who were hunting in the vicinity. He had evidently harpooned a large bull walrus, and was seated in his kayak anxiously following the course of the float. Owing to the numerous masses of small ice floating about at the time, the speed of the kayak was considerably curtailed. Suddenly, without warning, and before he could shove the kayak clear, the wounded walrus emerged from the turbid waters and with one