

trousers, while he pulled off his wet *kuletat* and donned a fox-skin coat. Then I gave him a small drink of whiskey from my flask, and he began running up and down to warm himself. I do not know whether it was the whiskey or the excitement of his narrow escape, but suddenly Tukshu went *problokto** (temporarily crazy), and nearly two hours elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered for us to begin our retreat.

The excitement on the ice floe, the escape, and the peril of Tukshu had made me forget the cold. Now with wet feet, freedom from mental strain, and inactivity, it seemed to me that I should freeze. Even the exercise of travel was of small avail.

We headed straight for land and when the ice foot was reached and mounted, made a brief halt to enable Sipsu and Oxpuddyshou to climb a mountain for a look at the ice ahead. Tukshu took advantage of the delay to roll into deerskins, and was soon asleep. I set up my two oil stoves, after much trouble, put over two kettles of snow to melt for tea, and attempted to thaw out some deer meat that had frozen as hard as a rock.

The moon had gone and it was very dark. As I made tea, I recall that I drew some comfort from the fact that very soon the good old daylight would come again to cheer our hearts, for already we were favoured with nearly three hours of twilight.

In a little while the Eskimos returned to report that from the little they could see there appeared to be good ice to the southward. Some biscuits were washed down with hot tea, and we resumed our march.

Two miles on the rough ice foot, and we descended again to the Sound to find the ice smooth and fine, covered with a hard-packed drift. Presently, two of Oxpuddyshou's dogs lay down, utterly exhausted. He beat them nearly to death with the hard handle of his whip, but it was of no use. They howled lustily but would not walk another step. Then the *komatiks* were unloaded, and to my great joy I learned that an *igloo* was to be built and we should rest.

I set my watch by guess, for I had lost all record of days and time and everything, and when the *igloo* was ready, crawled into my sleeping-bag for twelve and a half hours of dreamless slumber.

A strong northerly wind was blowing when we arose, and the weather was intensely cold. The Eskimos feasted on frozen walrus meat, chipped off with hatchets, while I heated a can of baked beans for my breakfast. This over, the loads were again lashed into place, and just as dawn was breaking we were moving again.

One of Oxpuddyshou's dogs, too weak to stand, was left behind. Another, a fine young fellow, was lashed upon Awhella's sledge so tightly that it seemed to me it could scarcely survive. The Eskimos, however, assured me it was all right.

We pushed along at a good pace for ten miles or so when Sipsu, well in the lead, stopped and began to shout. We were far from land, and with remembrance of our recent experience still in mind, and fearing that we were again adrift, the other Eskimos immediately became greatly excited.

When we overtook Sipsu, however, our fears were dispelled. He was down on hands and knees, carefully scrutinising the snow, and I discovered that he was examining two sledge tracks headed to the south. Presently he informed me that the tracks must have been made within the past two days, otherwise they would have been covered with snow. Other Eskimos were not far off and we would follow them.

The dogs' traces were hurriedly untangled, a few moments' conversation among the Eskimos, little of which I could understand, and we were away, trailing the *komatiks* that had gone before and pointing for Cape Robinson. Rounding the cape, we turned toward the head of a deep cove where we soon came upon an Eskimo settlement of three stone, and two snow, *igloos*, inhabited by ten natives, men, women, and children.

My cheeks and nose slightly frozen, my feet numb with the cold, and aching in every limb, I retreated to one of the stone huts while the Eskimos built a snow *igloo* for our party. The *igloo* which I entered was the home of Eiseeyou, and unusually clean for an Eskimo *igloo*, though, like all of them,

self with watching the others pursue the game in their own way, which was quite thrilling enough to recompense me for all the danger and hardship of the journey from Annootok.

With the harpoon as a weapon, the hunters left the solid ice to spring lightly from one small piece to another until a pan large enough to hold them was reached, far out in the open lake. The pieces over which the passage was made were often so small that they would have sunk under a man's weight had he faltered or hesitated upon them for a moment. It seemed to me that the Eskimos were absolutely reckless in this passage over the broken pieces and took no account of the manner in which they should return. Certainly only a fearless man with a clear eye and nerves of iron could accomplish it.

A large, safe pan once attained well in the midst of the blowing walrus, a stand was taken near its edge where, with harpoon poised, the hunter waited until a walrus came within striking distance. Then like lightning the weapon was sunk deep into the animal's body, and quick as a flash, a harpoon shaft, provided with a heavy point of iron, was driven firmly into the ice, and several turns of the line taken around it and held taut by the Eskimo.

This strong line held the walrus in spite of its struggles to free itself, and not an inch was surrendered to it by the Eskimo. As the walrus gradually tired, the line was tightened little by little, until finally the great animal was well alongside the pan, when it was quickly dispatched with a lance.

In this manner, Awhella secured a large bull. More than an hour elapsed between the harpooning and the death. When it was finally killed, slits were cut back of the victim's neck through which lines were passed. A double pulley was improvised and in a few minutes Awhella, with the aid of two others, had the carcass on the ice. Every portion of the walrus was utilised save only the blood lost in killing it, and in an incredibly short time it was skinned, and the beef cut in large pieces, lashed upon the *komatiks*, and we were on our way back to camp.

The sledges, now heavily laden, were worked through the rough ice with difficulty. A strong northeast wind sprang up, accompanied by flurries of snow, and very cold and tired we were when the *igloos* were reached.

Sipsu, who had remained behind to reconnoiter, returned several hours later to report a large number of walrus in sight, but so much driving ice that it was useless to attempt to hunt them. This ended our walrus hunt, and presently our retreat to Etah was again resumed.

Later in the season, after the return of the sun, I killed a great many walrus off Annootok and Etah. Here we followed two methods of hunting them.

Watch was kept for herds either sleeping on floating ice or blowing in the water. If a herd was sighted on the ice, our boats were rowed as noiselessly as possible to its edge, and the walrus was shot, care being taken to place the ball either directly back of the head or about six inches behind the eye.

Either of these shots, if accurately placed, will kill instantly. These are the only pregnable points. One might shoot a pound of lead into other parts of their bodies with little effect.

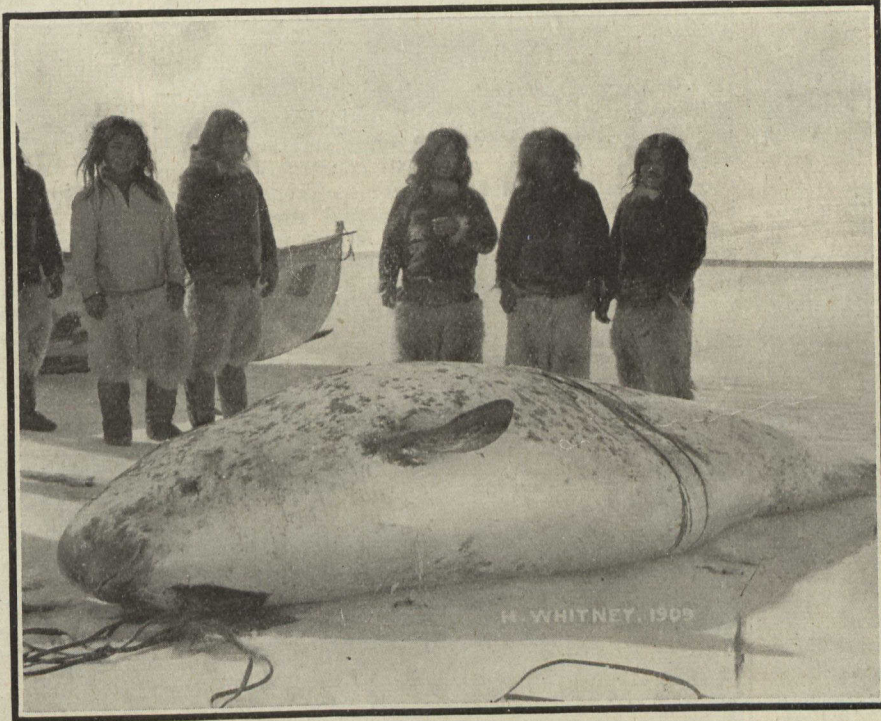
If the walrus were in the water, we approached as near as possible to them in a whale boat. Then an Eskimo would launch his *kayak*, steal upon them, and drive the harpoon home. This is highly dangerous work, for not infrequently the walrus will attack the *kayak*. But though the Eskimos have many narrow escapes from death, they appear never to grow timid and never hesitate to return to the hunt.

While I was at Etah, Sipsu was thus attacked in his *kayak*, and had it not been for the quick action of the others in going to his rescue in a whale boat, he would surely have been killed. As it was, he received ugly wounds on one leg, his right arm, and the back of his neck from the tusks of an infuriated bull.

LAST ARTICLE NEXT WEEK.



Travelling in the Arctic on shore ice is dangerous. This picture shows how an open lead between two ice flows is crossed. The long sledge is laid across the opening, and men and dogs walk over the temporary bridge.



A Narwhal killed during a Walrus Hunt by Mr. Whitney's Eskimo Guides

heavy with the odour of walrus and seal. They made me very welcome after the fashion of Eskimos and in turn I made myself quite at home. I removed my *kuletat* and wrapped myself in warm deerskins, while two of the women took off my boots and briskly rubbed my nearly frozen feet to revive the circulation.

Thawed out and comfortable, I made a cup of tea over an Eskimo lamp and lay down for a few minutes rest. How long I had slept I do not know. When I awoke the *igloo* was in total darkness, and three Eskimos were sleeping with me. I aroused one of them, lighted a lamp, donned my warm fur clothing, and left my drowsy hosts while I sought out my travelling companions.

They, too, were sleeping in the *igloo* they had built. I awoke them, a consultation was held, and it was decided to continue our search for walrus offshore, where our hosts of the settlement advised us we should find game a-plenty.

This programme was followed. A few miles over the ice brought us to a lake of open water covered with small pieces of ice, and we were rewarded by seeing walrus rising to the surface now and again to blow.

There was no opportunity, however, for me to use my rifle. In fact, the Eskimos cautioned me not to fire, stating that the report would frighten the walrus away. Therefore I had to content my-

* Eskimos are occasionally afflicted with *problokto* during the Arctic night; doubtless induced by the strain of long-continued unnatural conditions.