BIG GAME of the ARCTIC ICE

by E. P. LARNED

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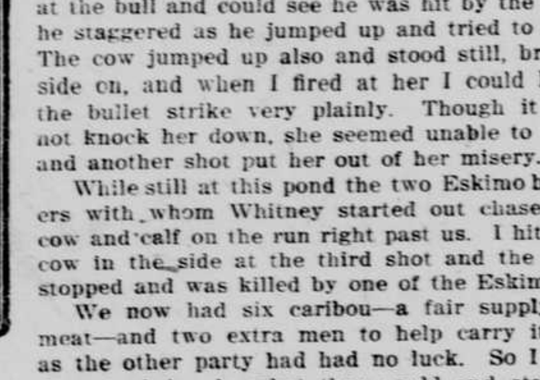
CAMP FIRE IN THE ARCTICS

ICE PAN WITH TWELVE WALRUS



NATIVES AND TYPICAL BOAT

A NATIVE KAYAK

IT WAS due to the initiative of and to the preparations made by Mr. G. F. Norton of New York and to his kindness in including me in the party, that I owe this opportunity to set forth here a brief account of the hunting trip taken by Fred Norton, Harry Whitney and myself during the summer of 1908 on the sailing steamer Erik, which sailed as tender to the Roosevelt as far as Etah, North Greenland, on the memorable expedition of that year, which resulted in the discovery of the pole by Commander Robert E. Peary. Whitney was a member of the party until we left Etah to return home.

The ship being our headquarters for the whole of the trip, we were able to take along as large an outfit as we wished. In addition to the usual paraphernalia we took with us an 18-foot whaleboat propelled by a three-horsepower gasoline engine.

Sydney, Cape Breton island, was the rendezvous for the two ships of this expedition, the Roosevelt and the Erik, to which place Norton and I proceeded by train from New York. The Erik had come from St. John's several days before and was taking on coal and provisions. The Roosevelt arrived on the fourteenth, with Whitney and other members of the expedition, with the exception of Commander Peary, who came by train on the same day. At Sydney we met Mr. Craft, from Carnegie institute, Washington, who was to become a welcome member of our party aboard the Erik.

Of the ship's company was Capt. Sam Bartlett, uncle of Captain Bob, of the Roosevelt; first mate, Tom Bartlett, at one time skipper for Dr. Grenfell; second mate, Harold Bartlett, son of the "old man," as the crew called Captain Sam; chief engineer, Richard Pike; second engineer, Jim; another Jim, the steward; Joe White, the cabin boy, and the cook, boatswain, two stokers and a crew of five sailors—all Newfoundlanders with the exception of the cabin boy, who was, I believe, an elevator boy in a New York hotel before we took him along as chief administrator to our comfort. This was the gathering aboard the Erik when she sailed out of Sydney on Friday, July 17, at 12:30 a. m., leaving the Roosevelt to follow later and making the start of a polar expedition which was to become in a little over a year's time, the most famous in history.

We passed through the Straits of Belle Isle during the night of the eighteenth, having experienced both clear and foggy weather and a drop in the temperature to 40 degrees Fahrenheit, making Hawk Harbor, a whaling station and factory on the Labrador coast, Sunday evening at eight.

The whale meat for which we came to Hawk Harbor having been stowed on deck forward we left in company with the Roosevelt on Tuesday afternoon and the following day entered the harbor at Turnivik, our last stop on the Labrador coast, in the midst of a thunderstorm. Turnivik is a fishing station, and here Capt. Bob Bartlett said good-by to his father, Capt. William Bartlett, who is owner of the station.

The run through Davis strait, across Baffin bay, around Cape York and into North Star bay, where we waited for the Roosevelt, consumed nine days, during which time we overhauled our outfit, worked on a sail for the whaleboat and fished for gulls that wouldn't bite. We crossed the arctic circle on the twenty-eighth of July. At midnight on the thirtieth of July I took a snapshot photograph of the ship from the end of the bowsprit.

The Roosevelt came in on the third of August, having stopped at Cape York to pick up dogs and natives, and at the suggestion of Peary we lost no time in preparing for a walrus hunt. Commander Peary helped us in every way possible—as indeed he had done from the start and continued to do until the ships separated—procuring Eskimo guides for us and telling us where to go and what to do when we got there. We left the ship at three in the morning with three Eskimo guides, steering our power whaleboat west through Wolstenholm sound to where Saunders island lifts its steep, bare sides, washed on the west by the open water of Baffin bay. In the sound and about Saunders island congregate the old bull walrus, while further north in the Whale sound regions are found only the cows and young bulls.

Off the eastern end of the island one of the Eskimo pointed to a black spot on a floating cake of ice, and as we pushed nearer the black turned to a dirty brownish yellow, soon easily recognized as two big walrus bulls lying asleep on the ice pan. The engine was stopped and the boat drifted up quietly. Two Eskimo stood in the bow with harpoons ready, I stood next, and the others somewhere behind me. When within 50 feet both walrus raised their heads, showing long white tusks and thick necks criss-crossed with scars. As Whitney and I fired they started sliding off the pans into the water. The Eskimo in the bow, first to throw his harpoon, missed the nearest animal as he sank, but the second man threw true, and the line slipped out over the bow, tightening with a jerk as he snubbed it on a cleat. So we had one walrus, at any rate, hard and fast on the business end of the line. When he came up to breathe—for he was far from dead—I fired at him again and missed, and he ducked under. The same thing happened several times, and though I did finally finish him with a bullet through his brain, I had no idea until then what a lot of practice it takes to shoot accurately out of a boat when rocked even by small waves, as was ours.

The sixth of August was calm and warm, the sun shone brightly and the innumerable pans of floating ice glistened under the slanting rays, as the Erik shoved her nose into the mouth of Whale sound.

"Just the day for walrus—no wind and they'll be out on the ice sleeping in the sun," said Mat Henson, who had come aboard from the Roosevelt to take charge of the hunt; and Mat knew, for he had hunted walrus in Whale sound many a time.

In half an hour several pans of walrus had been sighted—it was then four in the morning—and two boats were launched; Norton, Henson, two Eskimo and myself in a rowboat; Whitney, with a crew, in the launch. We were soon busy. When an animal was killed an oar was hoisted and the ship steamed up to the spot and hauled the dead monster aboard with the winch; the boat shoving off again to search for more game. Some of the "tricks of the trade" were soon learned, for instance: a walrus killed in the water would sink nine times out of ten, and unless there was a harpoon in him would be lost. The same was generally true of one shot on an ice pan, unless killed instantly—he would slide off into the water and sink.

Our party finally returned aboard exhausted, to find that about 40 walrus had been taken.

When I awoke next morning we were dropping anchor off a little Eskimo village named Kangerderlooksoah, situated near the mouth of Inglefield gulf. Commander Peary had been with us aboard the Erik since leaving North Star bay and said that he would remain here long enough to give us a chance at the caribou. That afternoon we pushed off in the whaleboat, bound for the head of the gulf, our five Eskimo companions as pleased and as excited as children at the idea of a hunt. We worked along shore, zigzagging between low slabs of ice, where sea pigeons floated and little auks dove and flew away as the boat approached. Looking over the side one could see their little black-and-white bodies shooting the water, using their wings vigorously and leaving a trail of bubbles behind. Several seals were seen and as we rounded a point half an hour later, another village appeared, the pointed huts hardly distinguishable at first from the pointed rocks. A native came out in a kayak to accompany us ashore.

At least half the population expressed a strong desire to go with us, by getting into the boat when we were making ready to leave, a compromise being finally effected by our taking along two fine-looking young bucks each dressed in a new bear and sealskin suit.

At seven the next morning the sun burst through the mist and shone on the wet rocks, the white ice in the bay, and also on the glistening black head of a curious seal wallowing about just off shore. Things were moving in no time. The huskies crawled out from under the boat cover and beat their fur clothing with sticks to get out the dampness and the oil stoves were set going in preparation for breakfast. At eight we started inland, accompanied by the Eskimo hunters, carrying rifles and a few biscuits.

The first ridge rose sharply from the shore, the trail beyond leading up a broad, rocky valley. Here we separated, my two guides turning up a dry creek bed. It was hard travelling over the broken rock in the valleys and the steep slants of the ridges, and my .405 Winchester got pretty heavy before we sighted the first game, in the shape of two blue-gray caribou bulls, feeding at the edge of a rock-rimmed pond. One of the huskies and I circled around the down-wind side and crawled on our bellies up to a big boulder near the head of the pond, bringing both animals within range. As we reached the boulder and peeked cautiously around it the nearer caribou began to get uneasy and started out of the water, but pulled up on the bank, at a range of about 100 yards, long enough to get himself properly shot. At that distance his coat was much the same shade of gray as the rocks on which he fell.

Not long after leaving this pond we killed, between us, 15 ptarmigan with the .22 rifle. A few hours later, standing on the top of a high ridge looking across a big valley with a lake at the bottom, the inland ice cap could be plainly seen curving down, smooth and white, smothering all but this narrow strip of barren land along the coast. Off the water, but lying on the other side, standing ankle deep at the edge of another little pond, were two more caribou, a bull and a cow. We dropped back of the crest of the ridge and, following down a ravine further on, came out on a level with the pond, hidden from the sight of the game by a small hummock of rock. By crawling to the top of the hummock we were able to get a view of the pond. The caribou were still there, but lying down among the stones, and so like them in color that they were very hard to locate without the glasses—though only 300 yards distant, as I afterward placed it. It was useless to try to get nearer, as there was no cover, and I fired at the bull and could see he was hit by the way he staggered as he jumped up and tried to run. The cow jumped up also and stood still, broadside on, and when I fired at her I could hear the bullet strike very plainly. Though it did not knock her down, she seemed unable to run, and another shot put her out of her misery.

While still at this pond the two Eskimo hunters with whom Whitney started out chased a cow and calf on the run right past us. I hit the cow in the side at the third shot and the calf stopped and was killed by one of the Eskimo.

We now had six caribou—a fair supply of meat—and two extra men to help carry it in, as the other party had had no luck. So I left them to bring in what they could and started for camp alone. On the way I killed the biggest bull of all. He was alone on a hillside and I got within range without much difficulty. Whitney was in camp and said he had seen no caribou and Norton came in a couple of hours later, tired and disgusted, having shot a calf.

Our second attempt at walrus hunting in Whale sound was practically a failure, the weather being unfavorable. The Erik was headed for Etah, where we found the Roosevelt. At Etah the shore rises abruptly on both sides of the harbor and the sharp, rocky hills were dotted with Arctic hares. They are white with black-tipped ears all the year around and have extremely long and powerful hind legs, often running along almost upright for considerable distances. They were very shy when we arrived, having been hunted for some days by men from the Roosevelt.

During the ten days spent at Etah the Roosevelt was making ready for her dash northward. The two ships lashed together, transferred supplies, coal and the vile-smelling whale meat, which we had carried for so long aboard the Erik. Coal and provisions were landed and the day before the Roosevelt sailed was spent in transferring some 250 dogs from an island, where they had been put ashore, to the Roosevelt's deck.

Early in the afternoon of the eighteenth of August the Roosevelt showed by signal that she was ready to start north. At the time the Erik was tied to the rocks, landing coal, and the Roosevelt was anchored further up the bay. The captain, Norton, Whitney and I rowed over to her and Commander Peary invited us into his cabin, where we drank a glass of brandy to the health of all on board and to the success of the expedition, shook hands with everyone we could find amid the bustle and preparation of starting, and rowed back to the Erik. Whitney had decided to winter at Etah, and we left him there on the twenty-first, dropping him astern in his rowboat about an hour's run out.

Here we were homeward bound and not a sight had we had of the greatest and most desired arctic game, the white bear. It was nearly a month later before we did see one. We killed a few more walrus, arctic hares and birds on our way south, visited the Greenland Danish settlements at Upernavik, Disco and Holstenberg and then crossed Davis strait, striking the coast on the west side near the mouth of Cumberland gulf.

On the twenty-second of September, off the Labrador coast, we ran into an iceberg, the shock breaking open the old Erik pretty well back to the pavement. Fortunately the damage was about two feet above the water line; very fortunately, as none of the boats happened to be in a condition that would permit quick launching. The crash came about eight o'clock on a bright, starlit evening, with the northern lights shifting across the sky and probably blotting out the berg until it was too late to escape collision. This accident seemed to take the life right out of the old ship, though she had withstood so many dangers in the past, and it was a crippled old Erik with a badly smashed nose that finally dropped anchor in Brigus harbor.

Salted Ghosts

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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Mrs. George Armstrong, relict of George Armstrong of the village of Brunswick, had passed her year of mourning, and there were gossips in the village mean enough to say that she was in the market again. Of course they did her injustice. No widow is ever in the market. If it so happens that women contract a second marriage, it is a matter of surprise to them. They didn't plan to, and how they came to do it is a matter to puzzle them.

It was true that the widow Armstrong was looked upon with favor by several men. There was the piano tuner that came down from Cleveland every two or three months on his rounds of the villages. She had no piano, but he called and discussed grand opera with her. He had long hair and wild eyes and dandruff on his coat collar, and he had thrown out hints that his artistic soul longed for a mate.

Then there was the sewing machine man. He had short hair, tame eyes and no dandruff, but he had his good points. He had committed pages and pages of Shakespeare to memory, and between the way he could spout them and repair a sewing machine was something to make a widow sit up and think.

And then there were the village butcher, the lightning rod man, the druggist over at Liverpool and the man who came twice a year to sell the farmers fertilizers and labor saving machinery.

For not being on the market, and for a woman who did not in the least encourage the flattery of men, the widow Armstrong was well provided for. The last, but not least, of her admirers was the village carpenter. His name was Phillips, and he was a bachelor. He was a coy man and a shy man. Of course he couldn't always run away when he saw a woman coming, but he talked as little as he could and got away as soon as he could. He hadn't married simply because he was shy.

Fly for Their Lives.

It was when the widow Armstrong had laid off her weeds that a great event happened in the life of Mr. Phillips. He found himself thinking of her—not thinking whether she wanted a summer kitchen built on to her house, or the picket fence repaired, but of her as a prospective wife. He thought and blushed. He thought and dodged. He thought and felt chills. It was no use to banish the thoughts! Once they got a foothold they stuck by him like a porous plaster. But what could the poor man do? There he was, born shy and coy, and the widow might marry 20 times over before he would dare to tell her of his love. He did brace himself to walk by her house, and to bow to her, and to sit in the pew behind her at church, but at the same time he realized that widows are not won that way. He even went so far as to put a hinge on her gate and make her a press-board gratis, but was that courting and telling her that he could not live without her?

And all the while Mr. Phillips was loving and hoping and dispairing, he was hearing from the gossips how this or that man was laying siege to the widow's heart. He just groaned as he listened to the talk. Then the hour came to him when it must be either suicide or a bright idea. The bright idea came just as he was selecting a rope and a limb.

The widow Armstrong had had a pleasant day of it. The butcher, the piano tuner and the lightning rod man had all called the same afternoon and laid their hearts at her feet. She hadn't refused and trampled on them—oh, no! She had simply said that she felt honored, and if in the far-distant future—years and years in the future—should she desire to marry again—

They had to be content with this. No wise widow ever turns a man down so completely as to leave him without a hope to cling to. Mrs. Armstrong went to bed happy and fearless, but at midnight she was awakened by sounds that made her sit up in bed and gasp for breath. Her bedroom window looked out on the garden, and the sash was raised.

"Widow Armstrong," said a voice that was certainly not human, "I am here to warn you!"

She looked out. Under the apple tree stood a ghost. It was none of the vapory ghosts that wave forward and backward over the ground, but a solid-looking chap in white who stood firmly on his feet.

"Widow," continued the voice, "beware of the piano tuner! He is doomed to go mad! Beware of the butcher! He will slay you as you sleep, if you marry him! Beware of the lightning rod man. He will get your last dollar and then abandon you! Beware! Beware! Beware!"

And then Mr. Ghost retreated noiselessly and gave the frightened widow a chance to get her breath. All the rest of the night she lay with her head covered up and expecting the summons any moment, and she was a happy woman when the roosters began crowing for daylight.

Did she rush off to tell the neighbors as soon as she had eaten her breakfast? Not a bit of it. If she had told of the ghost she must have repeated the ghost's words. She wasn't going to tell of those three offers of marriage and set other tongues to wagging. And before noon came she began to doubt the ghost. She went out to the apple tree, and she found tracks on the soil—tracks of boots, or she didn't know tracks when she saw them. Some one had wrapped himself in a sheet, and some one had held a peach stone in his mouth while he talked.

When a man trifles with a widow he doesn't know what he is going to get. When this widow had decided that she was being guyed by some one she went across the street and borrowed a shotgun to shoot cats with, and paid a boy ten cents to load it with powder and salt and show her how to fire it.

No ghost came that night or the next. On the third day the Liverpool druggist drove over and eased his palpitating heart by a confession and a proposal. His tracks were hardly cold when in came the sewing machine man. He must tell her of his love or perish. He was permitted to tell. The fertilizer man had meant to be first, but came in third, being unavoidably detained by Deacon Robinson. He also loved and had to tell of it or run the risk of an explosion.

To each of the last three the widow returned the same answer as to the first three. Six proposals in a week, and six men going away fairly happy. When it is figured right down, any widow is a blessing to the land.

Midnight again. The widow Armstrong sleeps. The shotgun leans against the wall. The ghost comes across the garden with noiseless feet. Cats take one brief glance and fly for their lives.

"Widow, I am here to warn you again! Do not marry the sewing machine man!

"Do not marry the drug store man!

"Do not marry the fertilizer man!"

The widow slipped softly out of bed. There stood the ghost under the apple tree. He had the same white sheet around him—same peach stone in his mouth! She reached for the old gun, and as the ghost turned to be swallowed up in the night, she fired. There was a yell and a fall. The ghost had been salted. Boots and legs kicked the air—the sheet was thrown off, and the next minute the widow was out door and bending over a man and saying:

"Why—why—it's Mr. Phillips! Why—why—what on earth!"

"I—I didn't want you to marry anybody but me!" he exclaimed as he struggled to his knees.

"But I didn't know you cared for me!"

"But I do!"

"Well, come in and sit down, and we'll see how badly you are hurt."

"But I can't—can't sit down!"

"Then come over tomorrow and stand up and tell me you want me for a wife and maybe I'll say yes!"

History of a Tennessee Town

There are some persons who think that Harriman, Tenn., was named after the late E. H. Harriman, but Horace M. Carr of that town, who is at the Wolcott, says it was named after Gen. Walter H. Harriman, who was an officer in the Federal army and who with a brigade camped on the present site of the town in the Civil war.

"General Harriman's son started a land company, which laid out the town in 1890," said Mr. Carr. "Harriman was started as a prohibition town, and it is still that way. It has now about 4,500 inhabitants and is a manufacturing center. There are farm implement works, cotton mills, a tannic acid factory and a mantel mill. The government is now putting up a $50,000 post office building, and while for a time the town was at a standstill it is now growing again. Business is largely supplied by the coal, iron and lumber industries. The timber industry is reviving and there is an immense quantity of hard woods in the neighborhood.

"When Harriman was first settled it had citizens from half the states in the Union, but now native Tennesseeans seem to be in the majority."—New York Sun.

Valuable Knowledge.

"And these?" we asked as we were usher into a room filled with children deeply immersed in study.

"They are learning," said the principal, "the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!"

We were not a little struck. "But is the game," we objected, "worth the candle?"

"Oh, entirely so!" rejoined the principal. "When they grow up they will be able, with a very little assistance from the agent, to distinguish a car of the current year's model from a car of the year previous, thus to save themselves much humiliation and loss of social rating."—Puck.

Art of Eating an Apple

At Its Best if Munched While Sitting on a Fence, but There Are Other Ways.

The apple is so engagingly vagabondish a fruit. It is the black sheep of the fruit family, the tramp and roadster, just as the berries are the gamins and beggars. To eat an apple at a table is to treat it with a disregard of its charm and character; to approach it with knife and plate is to take the hopelessly wrong road to its good graces. It should be munched out of doors, preferably with others in one's pockets. An apple is at its best if eaten while sitting on a fence. It then admits you to its sweetest juices, and so attuned is it to the posture, so grateful for your understanding of its proper environment, and for the spirit of your attack, that any apple, even a lamentably gnarled one, contrives at such a time to be not wholly unworthy of your attention.

An apple always incites to theft, even the most carping moralist, and yet making theft seem right, seems the only sane act, in the very moment of your downfall. Apples love wanderers, approve of homeless people and followers of the highway. They encourage them by growing near the road and doing their best to sustain and nourish. Even in a city apples hold their own and exert their influence. They make opera goers stop at fruit stands and in the flare of a gas jet drop carefully chosen apples into a vulgar, undisguised paper bag. With its pleasant bulge against one's side one's habits change, sinking to a distinctly informal plane. Apples are above all an informal fruit and they argue that opera clothes have no weight against the enticing if rowdyish diversion of a ride on the top of a motor 'bus, air and apples being sufficient pleasure to justify the fall of any man. They argue so well, backed by their wholesome, lawless tastes, that one must needs agree, and providing the apple sets the tone they make any lark a success.

When you see a woman with a hand-painted face it's a safe bet that she has either had trouble or is looking for it.