

that I began to think the Captain to give the signal! When we under the sides of the ice, the Eskimos their harpoons, and immediately plunged into the water with a splash and commotion. Two had died, and now they must be shot. The opportunity presented itself, the expensive sporting rifle, the gift of my friend, jammed, and he turned to me.

"It's up to you!"

To my huge surprise and delight, Junior said, "A happier boy you have never seen. To kill a walrus was a thrill, of course, but to kill the very first one of the hunt! It was fairly snapped.

They went back to the ship, towing the walrus, which weighed over a ton easily, and I, to me, the Eskimo, was pleased when she sees the walrus.

My inward groan I realized that Junior was planning to have the whole creature frozen and preserved as a trophy of his hunt. I was still trying to visualize my way around the bulk of a walrus, my beloved living room, when the Eskimos saved the difficulty by telling Junior to go back to have the Eskimos cut off the walrus in order to have it look well when it was frozen. Of course, even a walrus head is not *d'art*, but it is easier to live with a walrus than a walrus.

The hunt went on, and when we had killed thirty walrus, the Captain decided that was good enough. The ship then cruised along the ice floes, picking up the dead walrus and hoisting them on board. As we were going at once to the settlement at Cape York, the Eskimos, still steaming with animal spirits, must pile, one on top of the other, the walrus.

On account of bad weather and head winds, we were always making the return trip, and each day a walrus became deadlier and deadlier! It was no place on the ship where you could find a walrus, what our radio operator humorously called the "aroma borealis." How I envied some of my friends who had envied the "aroma borealis" trip could have been seen on the Eskimos.

The Eskimos were as pleased as children by the walrus meat, and day after day you could see the dogs expand under the influence of plenty of rich, sustaining food. It became so difficult to obtain that it was the Eskimos only at rare intervals, and they had to have thirty carcasses from which they could get a slice whenever they wished seemed to be true. And that was not all. The Eskimos were definitely relieved of any anxiety regarding food for the winter. We had been able to see that we had enough walrus meat for the Eskimos until spring sealing.

As we were following a precedent established by Dad, who always saw that the men had a good time for him during the summer, which was the hunting season, were well supplied for the winter. It is in the summer that the Eskimos lay up their meat supply for the winter season ahead, and if you utilize your own purposes at that time, it is fair and fair that you should make good your own purposes. The fact that the meat does not really decay more and more did not detract from their enjoyment. Before we left at this, think of some of the Eskimos who are greatly prized by gourmets all over the world! It is only a question of local supply.

Back at Cape York, there began for the Eskimos the happiest time of the whole summer. Every day I climbed the fifteen-hundred-foot monument to the site of the monument in order to see the progress of the building. The Eskimos were really wonderful. They were unable to do a lot of them were afraid of the Eskimos of the dreaded Arctic night and the Eskimos of not getting home, and weather conditions were unfavorable most of the time,

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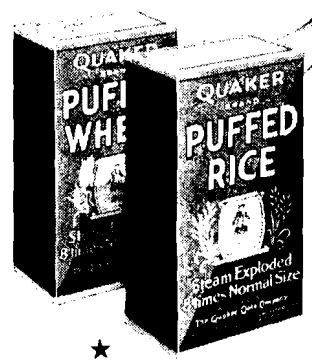
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GA 4/33