

BIG GAME of the ARCTIC ICE

by E. P. LARNED

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.

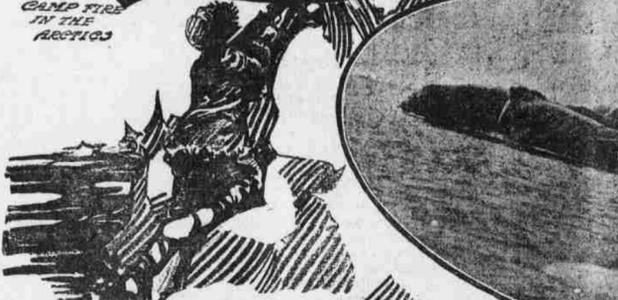
Of the ship's company was Capt. Sam Bartlett, uncle of Captain Bob, of the Roosevelt; first mate, Tom Bartlett, at one time skipper for Dr. Grenfell; second mate, Harold Bartlett, son of the "old man," as the crew called Captain Sam; chief engineer, Richard Pike; second engineer, Jim; another Jim, the 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

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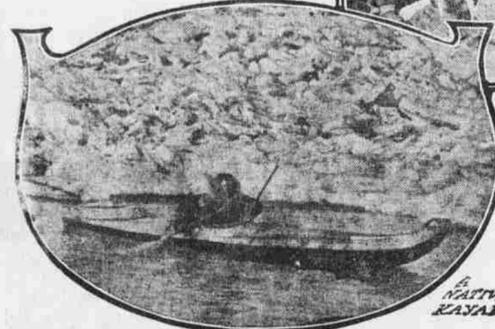
CAMP FIRE IN THE ARCTICS



ICE PAN WITH TWELVE WALRUS



NATIVES AND TYPICAL BOAT



A NATIVE KAYAK

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 Turnvik, our last stop on the Labrador coast, in the midst of a thunderstorm. Turnvik is a fishing station, and here Capt. Bob Bartlett said good-bye to his father, Capt. William Bartlett, who is owner of the station.

The run through Davis strait, across Baffin and Melville bays, 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 Wolstenholme 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.

Of 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 about 30 feet both walrus raised their heads, showing long white tusks and thick necks criss-crossed with scars. As Whit-

ney 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 car 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.

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 stove was set going in preparation for breakfast. At eight as we rounded a point, 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 traveling 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 peered 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.

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 the 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 Upernivik, Disco and Holstenberg and 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 icebergs 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, starlight 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.

Hood's Sarsaparilla For All Spring Blood Diseases and Ailments

Possesses medicinal merit Peculiar to Itself and has an unequalled record of cures. Take it this spring, in usual liquid form or tablets known as Sarsatabs.

Spring Humors are due to the impure, impoverished, devitalized condition of the blood brought about by the unhealthful modes of living during the winter, too close confinement, too little outdoor air and exercise, too heavy diet. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for cleansing the blood and expelling the humors that accumulate during the winter. It effects its wonderful cures because it combines the twenty remedial values of more than twenty different ingredients. Insist on having Hood's. It has no substitute.

RIGHT THERE.



Mabel—Papa says I musn't encourage you.
Henry—That's all right—I don't need any encouragement.

EYES WOULD BURN AND STING

"It is just a year ago that my sister came over here to us. She had been here only a few weeks when her eyes began to be red, and to burn and sting as if she had sand in them. Then we used all of the home remedies. She washed her eyes with salt water, used hot tea to bathe them with, and banded them over night with tea leaves, but all to no purpose. She went to the drug store and got some salve, but she grew constantly worse. She was scarcely able to look in the light. At last she decided to go to a doctor, because she could hardly work any more. The doctor said it was a very severe disease, and if she did not follow his orders closely she might lose her eyesight. He made her eyes burn and applied electricity to them, and gave her various ointments. In the two and a half or three months that she went to the doctor, we could see very little improvement.

WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Chaufeur Had Had Enough Accidents With People Wearing False Teeth.

Pretty Thais X, who has delighted the audiences of New York's vaudeville houses, was called suddenly to Vermont to visit her sick mother. At a town a few miles from her parent's home she hired an automobile and asked the chauffeur to drive her with as much speed as possible to her destination.

The roads were very bad, and the car, making good speed up hill and down dale, over rocks and ruts, seemed bound to shake overboard its occupants.

After a little of this jolting the chauffeur turned to his fare and demanded:

"I say, ma'am. Do you wear false teeth?"

"What impudence!" exclaimed Thais X.

"Oh, ma'am, it is not from impudence," returned the chauffeur, "that I asked you the question. It is because the road is bad, the rocks are hard, and if you wear false teeth, you would do well to remove them until we strike the pike. I've had enough accidents of that description."

Rotten Cigarette Paper.
Much cigarette paper is made from waste untraced hemp rope.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
Foot druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, itching, itching, or Pruritic Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

You can often tell what a woman really means by what she doesn't say.

Taking Garfield Tea keeps the system clean, the blood pure and the general health good. Buy from your druggist.

A one sided argument never gets very strenuous.

Lewis' Single Binder gives a man what he wants, a rich, mellow-tasting cigar.

Some men, like some roosters, are always crowing—but what's the use?

"Cured Neuralgia Pain"



"I take pleasure in writing to you that I had a neuralgia pain in my arm for five years, and I used your Liniment for one week and was completely cured. I recommend your Liniment very highly."—Mrs. J. McGraw, 1216 Mandeville St., New Orleans, La.

Cured Quinsy Sore Throat

MR. HENRY L. CAULK, of 1242 Wilson St., Wilmington, Del., writes:—"I bought a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for the quinsy sore throat and it cured me. I shall always keep a bottle in the house."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

gives instant relief from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, croup, sore throat, tonsillitis, hoarseness and chest pains.



Prices, 25c., 50c. & \$1.00
Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

DEFIANCE STARCH

never sticks to the iron.

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?



If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, or dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

Uncle Hiram to His Nephew

On the Great Advantage of Being Able to Make Up One's Mind Quickly.

"You will find, Stevie," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "a great satisfaction and a great help in being able to make up your mind."

This weighing things over, Stevie, when unduly prolonged not only confuses us, it saps and dissipates our very energy, literally leaves us weak and nerveless; we not only don't know what to do but if we did know we'd be powerless to do it; we'd have to wait and recuperate till our strength came back and our head came clear again.

and some men, a few clear headed and resolute men to whom we instinctively turn, who are never in doubt, whose discernment is always true, who always know what to do and who are always right. I hope, Stevie, that you will prove to be thus endowed.

Alarming Condition.
"Gills has lost his appetite and I'm afraid it's a hopeless case."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. We gave him an Illustrated seed catalogue to look at, but the pictures of spring vegetation had no effect whatever."

"Don't be a dillydallyer, always undecided, never knowing what you

want to do. You don't want to jump at things without thought, you want to be sure you're right, but you don't want to be too long about it; you want to be able to make up your mind. Better to blunder now and then than to lack decision.

"The ability to decide which some men possess is more or less a gift. Most of us are often in doubt, we don't know what to do; but you will

find some men, a few clear headed and resolute men to whom we instinctively turn, who are never in doubt, whose discernment is always true, who always know what to do and who are always right. I hope, Stevie, that you will prove to be thus endowed.