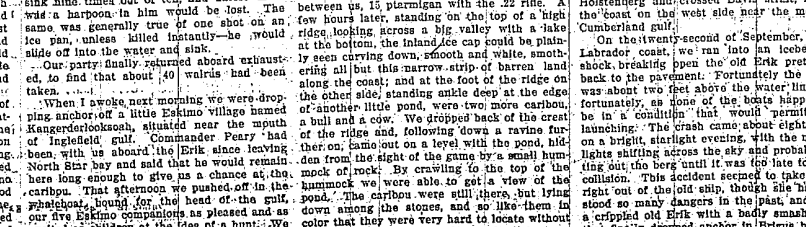
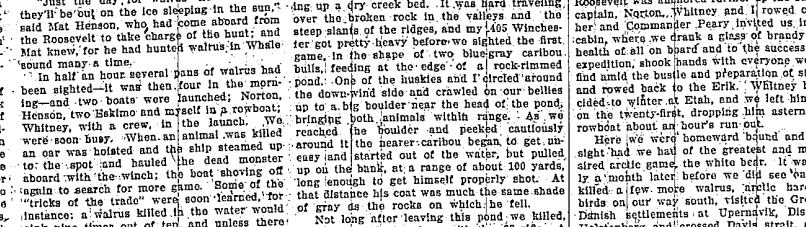
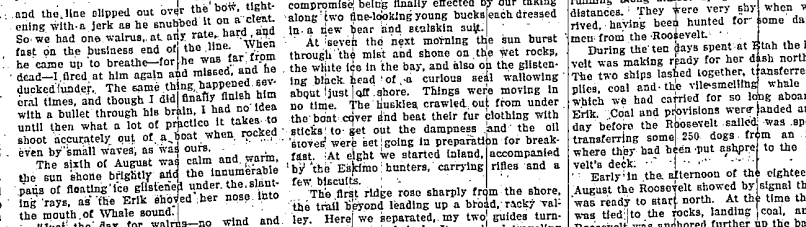
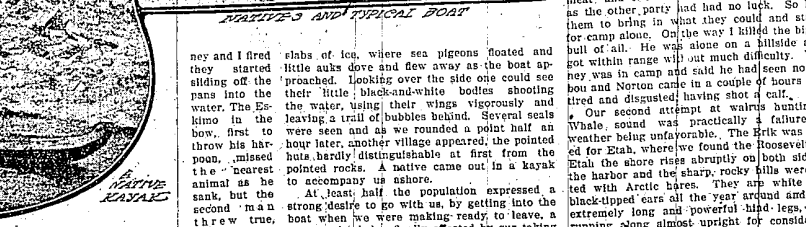
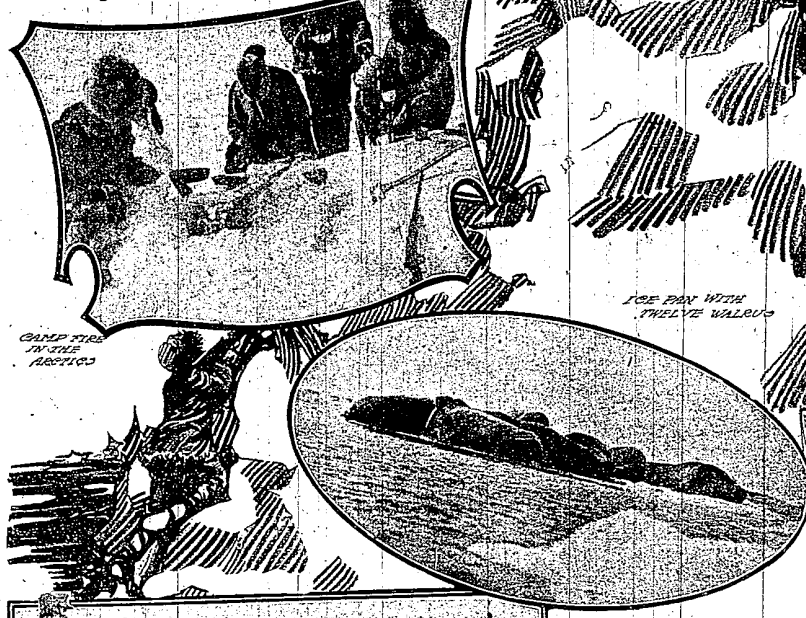


# BIG GAME of the ARCTIC ICE

by E. P. LARNED

Copyright © 1914 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 this ship's company was Capt. Sam Bartlett, uncle of Captain Bob, of the Roosevelt; Erik mate, Tom Bartlett, at one time skipper for Dr. Greenleaf; 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, hostess, two stokers and a crew of five saildicks—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 or steward. 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

and the line clipped out over the pack 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 hit 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 the memorable day of floating ice glittered under the slanting rays, as the Erik shoved her nose into the mouth of Whale sound.

"Just the day for walrus—no wind and thick fog 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 pairs 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 roboat; Whitney, two Eskimo and myself in a launch. We were soon hoisted and the animal was killed and hauled the dead monster aboard with the winch; the boat shoving off in the "mouth of the trade" were soon "learned," for instance, a walrus killed in the water world sink into the water and be lost. One was a harpoon crew, in the mouth of the ice pan, unless killed instantly by a walrus ice pan into the water and sink.

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, the bow, tight-cinch 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 hit 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.

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 glittering 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 over a dry creek bed. It was hard traveling, over the broken rock in the valleys and the steep sides of the ridges, and my legs Winchester got pretty heavy before we sighted the first game, in the shape of two bluegray caribou bulls, feeding at the edge of a rock-rimmed pond. One of the huskies fired, and the other lay down dead 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 pecked cautiously around it the heavy 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, splashing all but this narrow strip of barren land along the coast; and at the foot of the ridge on the other side, standing ankle deep at the edge of the water, were two more caribou, one 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 series of hummocks. 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 found 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 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. The two extra men to help carry it, meat—and two extra men to help carry it, meat—and to some others. Their after-dinner trade sentiment was delivered in this form:

"Dam the canals, sink the coal pits, blast the minerals, consume the manufacture, disperse the commerce of Great Britain and Ireland!"—Cornhill Magazine.

"Ho, hum!" ejaculated honest Farmer Hornbeck, who had encountered in the village newspaper an example of the perpetuity which the Hootype sometimes displays. "The editor of the Plaindealer ain't afraid to speak his mind. 'He comes right out and says 'his own opinion the Hon. Thomas Rott' has idlynoozzoottottipptpn mnnwvvv (trahahaha-hawzww zenukib) 'And, by jolly!' he says it as if he means it, too!"—Puck.

No Doctor for Forty Years. Forty years' residence in the country near Lima with never a doctor summoned in on a professional visit at his home is record of E. R. Hamilton, who has nevertheless raised a large family. "There were times during the last two score years when we were hungry but we were never sick," said Mr. Hamilton.—Portland Oregonian.

## Work While You Sleep

Millions of people have CAS-CARETS do. Health work for them. If you have never tried this great health maker—Get a 10c box—and you will never use any other bowel medicine.

CAS-CARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists, biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

## ISBELL'S SEEDS

For only 10c we send five packets Flower Seeds or five packets Vegetable Seeds and then return the money in the form of a Due Bill good for 10c to apply on any order amounting to 50c or more. We also send free our large 104 page Seed Annual, quoting fresh, vital Michigan-grown seeds at very moderate prices. Perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Send to-day.

S. M. Isbell & Co., Seedman, Box 77, Jackson, Mich.

## WE CURE LIQUOR

ALL DRUG AND Tobacco Habits. A Home Cure for Liquor and Tobacco Habits. 15 years experience. Write for particulars. PATTERSON'S INSTITUTION. 316 Michigan Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

## Petite's Eye Salve

RELIEVES TIRRED EYES. SUNSHINE AND GOOD HEALTH

Wherever Sun's Rays Penetrate Human Life is Quickened and Happiness Promoted.

The sunlight, with its mellowing warmth and radiance, is one of the great essentials to good health. Wherever it penetrates, in prudently regulated moderation, it quickens human life, promotes health and happiness, and may be truly regarded as one of the best friends of man and beast. The common practice of providing blinds, shutters, curtains and other means for shutting the windows and doors to a great mistake, and makes for physical weakness and ill health. More window light, more sunshine, and not less, is what we require. Let all your parlors and bedrooms, too, be flooded with sunlight as much as possible.

Famous Eccentric Toasts. Pitt, at Kildermister, gave a toast in compliment to the carpet manufacturers. "May the trade of Kildermister," said Pitt, "be trampled under foot by all the world!"

A more angelous toast, freighted with double meaning, has been variously attributed to Smeaton, Erskine and to some others. Their after-dinner trade sentiment was delivered in this form:

"The Beginning. Children learn to creep ere they can learn to go.—Heywood.

## Saves Breakfast Worry—

A package of Post Toasties

on the pantry shelf. Served in a minute. With cream or stewed fruit. DELICIOUS! SATISFYING! "The Memory Lingers" POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd., Raisin Creek, Mich.