

I was returning to the hut to fetch the seal-knives, I heard cries in the air above me. There were actually two geese flying south! With what longing I looked after them as they disappeared, only wishing that I could have followed them to the land towards which they were now wending their flight!

Next to food and fuel the most important thing was to get a hut built. To build the walls of this was not difficult; there was plenty of stone and moss. The roof presented greater difficulty, and we had as yet no idea what to make of it. Fortunately, I found a sound drift-wood pine-log thrown up on to the shore not far from our den; this would make a capital ridge-piece for the roof of our future house. And if there was one, there might be others. One of our first acts, therefore, was to make an excursion up along the shore and search; but all we found was one short, rotten piece of wood, which was good for nothing, and some chips of another piece. I then began to think of using walrus-hides for the roof instead.

The following day (August 29th) we prepared to try our luck at walrus-hunting. We had no great desire to attack the animals in single kayaks; we had had enough of that, I thought, and the prospect of being upset or of having a tusk driven through the bottom of the kayak or into one's thigh was not altogether alluring. The kayaks were therefore lashed together, and, seated upon the ring, we put out towards the big bull which