

the cracks beside us. We can often hear them grunting as they go, and butting at the ice under our feet."

That day, however, the storm so far abated that we were able to move southward along the east side of the island. On the way we passed a large open pool in the shore-ice between this island and the land. It must have been shallow here, for there was a strong current, which was probably the cause of this pool being kept open. We passed two or three herds of walruses lying on the ice near it. Concerning these I wrote that evening: "I went up to one herd of about nine to take photographs of the animals. I went close up to them, behind a little mound, and they did not see me; but directly I rose up, not more than 20 feet away from them, a female with her young one plunged into the water through a hole close by. I could not get the others to stir, however much I shouted. Johansen now joined me, and, although he threw lumps of snow and ice at them, they would not move; they only struck their tusks into the lumps and sniffed at them, while I kept on photographing them. When I went right up to them, most of them at last got up and floundered away towards the hole, and one plunged in; but the others stopped and composed themselves to sleep again. Soon, too, the one that had first disappeared came back and crept on to the ice. The two that lay nearest to me never stirred at all; they raised their heads a little once or twice, looked contemptuously at me as I stood three