

A TOUGH DAY OF WALRUS HUNTERS

It was th' day after th' skipper had his adventure with th' polar bear that he decided to go walrus huntin'. Perky Swipes, one of th' crew, said he'd killed lots of walruses, so Perky went along with th' skipper and me to demonstrate.

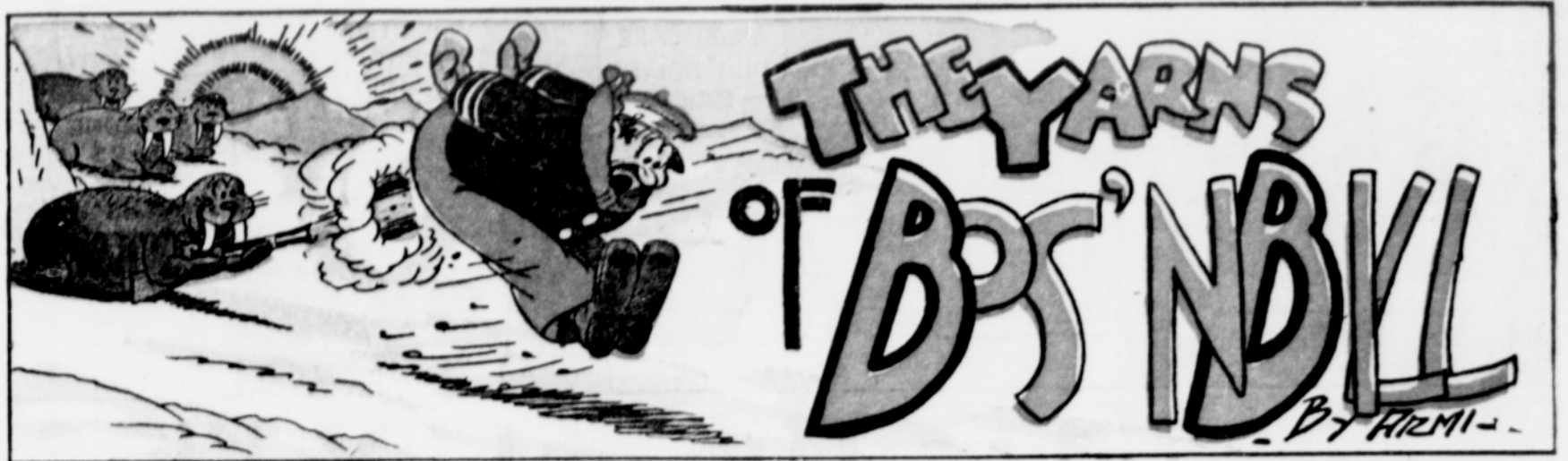
Everything would have gone off shipshape and Bristol fashion if th' skipper hadn't wanted to capture a baby walrus to take back to San Francisco.

Well s'r, we'd got well into th' ice-fields, and were skirtn' a strip of open water, when Perky spotted a whoppin' big mamma-walrus with a little one by her side. Right from there was where th' fun began. Slippin' along on his hands and knees, Perky crept closer, and closer to th' little walrus that was playin' around on th' ice. Watchin' his chance, Perky leaped and grabbed th' little feller. Wow, what a yowpin' that

baby set up! Perky was so tickled he held up th' baby walrus to show what he had done, for a minute forgettin' about mamma walrus.

Wham! Mamma landed on Perky, and that gent went sailin' into th' air. A herd of walruses holdin' a meetin' over near th' water heard th' rumpus and came over to get in their licks.

Well s'r, things were be-ginnin' to get interestin' around there. There we were, surrounded by a yowpin' herd of mean-eyed walruses, except for th' strip of open water, which we knew was colder'n a miser's heart. But into it we went. Ow, it makes me shiver now when I think about it. For some reason th' walruses didn't follow us into th' water, but stopped at th' shore-line and gave us a walrus-laugh as we scrambled out on th' other side. That was all th' walrus hunting we wanted that day.



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