one day I went out again, it was the 4th of July (I made a calendar out of typewriting paper cut into small pieces - I had one for 1922 but I had to make my own 1923 calendar which I still have in my trunk). When I went to get my third seal I was crawling and crawling along on my stomach to get up close enough to shoot it and I was just ready to aim when it moved so that a large ice cake extended in front or between me and the seal. So I was moving around to get a better aim, and I had my finger on the hammer, and in moving I must have pulled it down and BANG! went the gun and down went the seal into the water and I didn't get any meat. I thought, well, I had my 4th of July celebration anyway.

The beach was only a few yerds from the back of my tent. The third seal I got I went out and about two hundred yards out from the beach on the ice was a seal, so I went out to take a shot at it and I got this one. It was so far out that I knew that I couldn't get it to the tent without something to help me. So I went back to the tent and got a poling line for seal and then started after my seal. I was nearly to it when I looked up and saw something that looked just like a yellow ball coming towards me. Finally I realized it was a polar bear and I was four hundred yards from my tent. I turned and ran just as hard as I could until I got to my tent. I was just about ready to faint when I got there, too. I had built a high raft at the back of my tent and I climbed up onto this and took my field glasses and watched the bear and her young one eat my seal, at least I thought she was anyway. It finally got dark and foggy so I decided I had better not take a chance and go after it that night so I waited until the next morning. I went out and took a look but my seal was gone, all that was left was a few blood marks. The old mother bear and her young later came up to about one hundred and fifty yards from the tent.

One day just after I had cleaned my second seal I heard a noise just like a dog outside of my door and I looked out the door and about fifteen feet from the tent was a big bear and a young one. I was very scared but I took my rifle and thought I would take a chance. I knew if I just hit them in the foot or some place where it would only injure them a little they would come after me, so I fired over their heads and they turned and ran a little ways and turned and looked as if they would come back, so I fired five more shots at them and they ran away for good then.

One morning after I had built a fire I opened the door and I found a large polar bear track right in the door way and I went out and looked and he had been all around the tent. I had a twenty-five pound lard tim of oil outside of my tent and about three days after the first bear had been there another bear came one night and ate all of that tin of oil. I think it was only one for the tracks all looked the same size.

Not very long after that the boat came. It was one evening about the 19th of August. I was making my lunch or supper. I heard a funny noise like a boat whistle but thought it was a duck or something. It was foggy and I couldn't see so I didn't think any more about it until the next morning. I took my book after supper, for I couldn't go to sleep until I had read a while, then I went to sleep. The next morning about six o'clock I heard that same noise again and it sounded more like a boat whistle this time so I grabbed my field glasses and went out on top of my raft, and sure enough there was a boat and the master and the people were walking around on the beach. I had only home tea for breakfast that morning, for I watched the boat to see if they were going to come up to my camp. I thought it might be just a whale boat. I didn't know what to do,