



athwart its mouth, and the wind and waves did their utmost to throw us off course. A heavy swell lifted us up and on the down beat we hit the sand-bar with a resounding smack, then another swell scooped us up and cast us over into the channel. Even here the water was so rough we couldn't tie up at the wharf. We had to go up-stream quite a piece to anchor.

Mrs. Webster followed along the river bank shouting for Jim and me to go to her place. We accepted, of course, but first I had to cook something for the boys; they hadn't eaten since dawn, and it was now mid-afternoon. Getting ashore was in itself no easy task but we eventually made it and it was wonderful to stand on *terra firma* again. To avoid possible seasickness the crew also left the boat whose both anchors were lowered for safety.

Surprise had been general when our boat entered the river. Because of the

choppy seas no one had caught even a glimpse of the vessel until then, though it had been in full view of the settlement for at least an hour.

I shall always cherish Mrs. Webster's kindness. She had a nice hot bath ready for me, which helped no end to get the chill out of my bones. I scrubbed my legs briskly but couldn't seem to get them clean and finally I realized they weren't dirty at all but just blue from the cold. For a while I thought I was catching cold, but it passed after my hostess put me to bed and gave me a steaming bowl of soup. Cozy as a kitten and feeling thoroughly spoilt I was soon fast asleep.

More inclemency held us at Great Whale River all next day, and it wasn't until dawn of Saturday, the 30th, with Eskimo Jacob Tumik instead of Adlaykok as pilot, that we continued on the next leg of the patrol. During the afternoon a stiff east wind buffeted us and