

close in under the stern of the ship, her quarter bulging over us in a most menacing way, and all the crew of this ocean liner—which was really only an ordinary dohobeah—congregated at the stern over our heads. Our men joined them leaving the guide and a boy with us. We could see their evil-looking faces every time they struck a match to light their everlasting cigarettes. We began to wonder what awful fate they were decreeing for us. The silence was as intense as the darkness, but every now and then that frightful jabber broke out among them mingling with the gentle lapping of the water against the boat. The situation was weird beyond description and decidedly uncanny.

Finally they decided to row the remainder of the way, and row they did, and it was with thankfulness that

we finally disembarked at the end of the car lines which run into the city and caught the last tram. We were stiff with cold and our hair was stiff with fright. We reached the hotel to find that the country was alarmed at our absence. The police all along the river had been notified, telephones had been ringing between the Barrage and the hotel, and enquiries were being made in every direction. When the Matron met us at the door we were all relieved to feel that we had with us the assistant Matron to help us explain. And of course we explained. Six women explained. Six women explained as only six women can. And it is hardly necessary to add that from THAT DAY all picnics to the Barrage came home by train.

