

were stopped at a Native camp and had only a candle for light. Doc held the candle, while I clamped the forceps on the tooth and pulled. He sure had plenty of sand to stand it and I'm darned sure that I was shaking harder than he was when I finally got it out. Later on at Pang, I had to pull another tooth for Doc and this ordeal was no more pleasant than the first one. I also participated in three operations with Doc giving anaesthetic, so I have had several good experiences during the year.

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One of the most interesting events of the year is the HBC's white whale drive, which takes place as soon as ice conditions permit boats to run. The whale fat produces a very fine oil and the hides make up into quillcases and leather bags etc., while the meat is used for dog feed. The drive is held in a fiord about 80 miles from Pang, and occupies a full week, thus furnishing a very pleasant outing. The whales are absolutely harmless and are easily frightened, so it is an easy matter, for several motor-boats, by running back and forth across the fiord and gradually working into it, to drive the whales to the end where

they are left high and dry at low tide. They are killed and skinned on the spot, the hides and meat are salted, and the oil put in barrels to await shipment. We got about 450 whales which netted about 200 barrels of oil. The police, of course, take part in the drive merely to procure dog feed, of which we realized about six boat loads.

The unfortunate Cramer and Paquet landed here on August 3, on their way to Copenhagen, Denmark, and left the next day. They naturally caused a great deal of excitement amongst the Natives — it was the first plane they had ever seen. We now hear, with much regret, that the plane was lost and that Cramer's body has been picked up off the coast of Norway. Luck certainly was against poor Cramer on his third attempt to reach Europe over this route. He had lost a plane at Port Burwell, Heron Straits, a few years ago, and another on the Greenland ice cap. And now, when he had put practically all the hazardous part of the journey behind him and was almost within sight of his goal, his luck turned against him once more and he lost everything. Paquet was the radio operator and was just



**Pangnirtung Detachment, including Detachment building, stone house, dwelling and blubber house, late 1920s.**

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