

hail and snow forced the vessel to seek shelter in the lee of Mount Matheson, and a very poor shelter it proved to be when a strong north-west gale arose and caused the *St Roch* to roll and pitch like a cork.

On September 1, the weather cleared and as the vessel proceeded one of the crew remained at the lead while another stayed by the masthead—both of them on the look-out for shoals. At a spot between Spence Bay and Matty Island which was reached after much dodging and turning to avoid shoals, progress was stopped by a solid pack of ice that extended from shore to shore. The vessel was anchored off a grounded floe in a very strong current.

Ice began to close in on the vessel threateningly, so a new position was taken beside a rocky islet. A heavy snow storm raged all night, great floes struck against the ship but the two anchors held fast until morning when the wind changed and eased the ice northward.

About noon the *St Roch* moved along with the ice and anchored close to shore while the motor launch was used to take soundings in the entrance to a small cove that looked like a good place to shelter. But the water was too shallow; the vessel had to remain out in the open and weather a violent snow squall with changeable winds that night.



Seaman Hunt gives First Mate Farrar a hair cut at Pasley Bay.

Even in daylight it was difficult to distinguish the shore line as the beach and ice were covered with snow. On September 3 the vessel continued cautiously and at 5 p.m. an inlet was sighted in Pasley Bay, Boothia Peninsula. The *St Roch* entered it to avoid being pushed up on the beach by incoming ice.

Early next morning a trip was made ashore and, from a near-by hill, ice conditions were observed. As far as the eye could see, ice had been pushed up against the coast and the inlet entrance was blocked. The *St Roch*, completely surrounded by ice, was forced further down the bay—her engines were useless against the terrific pressure. On the 5th, when the movement of the ice slackened, anchors were heaved in and the vessel made for a patch of open water and anchored. Late that night strong winds again forced ice close to the vessel which was carried along—a helpless hulk locked between heavy floes.



Unloading supplies at Pasley Bay.