

occupant of the bag snores peacefully on, as though the cold never existed.

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I made two long winter patrols and another by boat, last fall, besides going on the HBC's (**Hudson's Bay Company — Ed.**) whale drive and numerous hunting trips. All three trips covered a distance of over 350 miles each and were overflowing with things of interest and wonderful scenery. The two overland trips to Davis Straits especially, took us through some splendid country of mountains and glaciers that would gladden the heart of any tourist. Unfortunately, the poor light in winter makes it impossible to secure any good photographs.

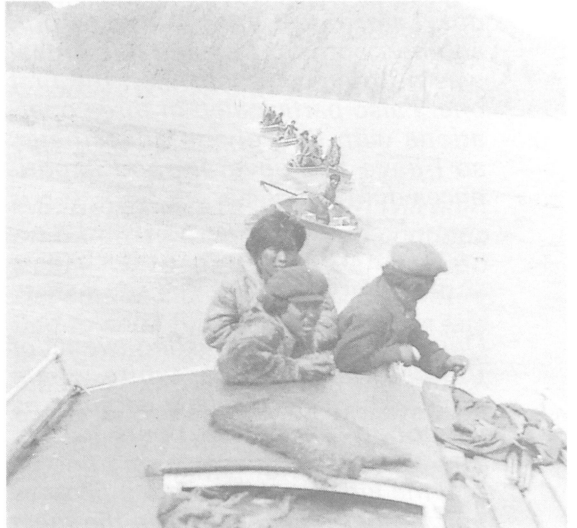
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There is nothing unpleasant about summer trips as they merely constitute a pleasant cruise in a motor-boat, though a strong wind can suddenly make things very unpleasant. Fisher and Dr. Stuart had a very narrow escape last fall, being saved only by the efficiency of the Native engineer who managed to get the motor started, and kept it running in a very high sea until they reached a safe anchorage. Such cases fortunately are not the rule and motor-boating constitutes one of the joys of the country.

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The inconvenience of poor communications was illustrated during a trip to Padler (**Padle Fiord — Ed.**), Davis Straits, I took with Dr. Stuart, to bring in a young Native who had been injured in a fall from a cliff. He was hurt on December 26, 1930, suffering a broken elbow, one fractured collarbone and the other dislocated. The news reached Pang on January 12,

1931, by two Natives from Padler. Because there was not sufficient dog feed in Pang to carry us over to Padler, our Natives were dispatched immediately to hunt seals, but as



Hudson's Bay Company boats transferring White Whale hides.

these are pretty scarce and hard to procure in the dead of winter, it was not until January 18, that they returned with enough food for the trip. We started the next day, and reached Padler on January 26, one month after the accident occurred. Fortunately he was young and the fractured and dislocated collarbone knitted themselves again and are quite alright. The broken elbow however, while knitting, formed new bone in the joint and ruined its working. The most Doc could do, when we got him back to Pang, was to reduce the stiffness slightly so that he still has considerable use of his arm.

It was on this trip that I also received my first lesson in dentistry. Doc was suffering from a toothache when we left, and on the second day out, he couldn't stand it any longer. I was delegated to have out the tooth. We