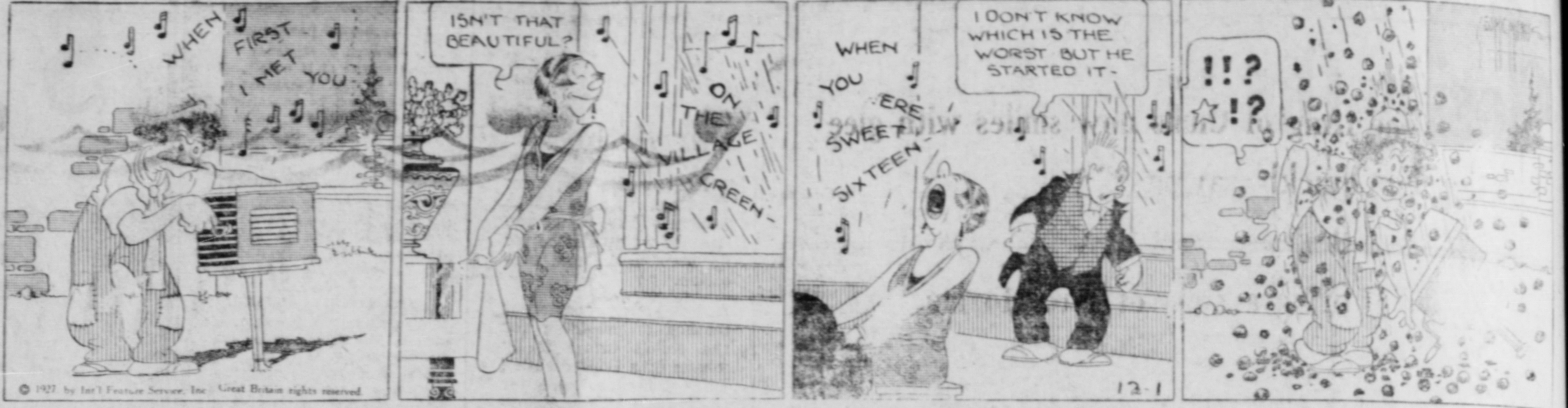
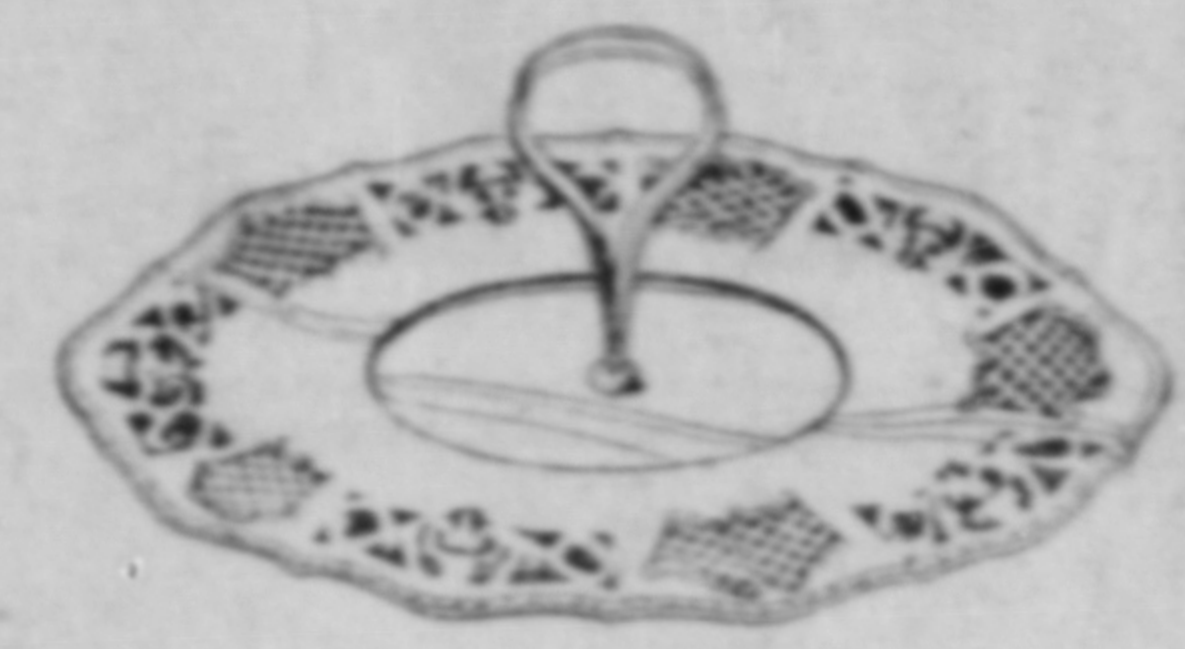


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CRUISE OF BAYCHIMO IN FARTHEST NORTH AND NARROW ESCAPE FROM CRUEL GRIP OF THE GREAT ICE PACK

(continued from page one)

(the most northerly point of Alaska stretches a vast unexplored continent of ice, extending presumably as far as the North Pole. Now in the short Arctic summer the effect of sun and ocean currents tends to lift the ice off the coast and its southerly edge becomes broken up and is pushed northward. Unfortunately though broken up in this manner there is no outlet from this part of the Arctic Ocean and through the months of July, August and September these floes of ice, some small, some very large, are carried east and west with variable currents created by the different winds from day to day. Even in the middle of August a change of wind might bring large floes of ice pressing in on the coast and it would fare badly with any ship that might be caught in this pressure jam, and ships' captains in these waters must be ever on the alert. As a general rule the ice shuts down on Point Barrow about the third week in September and the official sailing guide gives September 15 as the limit for safe navigation. After this the winter freeze-up sets in and this part of the Arctic is not navigable.

AMONG ICE FIELDS
To return to my narrative, we left Point Barrow the same evening and owing to occasional fog and the fact that we had so worn our way through several fields of ice it was not until July 30 that we reached Herschel Island. While working through one of the icefields the ship punched against a particularly heavy patch of ice and a few plates on the starboard bow were somewhat, but not seriously, damaged.

From this point onward the voyage ran smoothly and we called at the posts on the route covered, landing stores at each post and collecting the furs they had accumulated during the previous two years. It is worthy of mention that the schooner "Lady Kindersley" which was to have made the same voyage the previous year was caught and crushed in the ice off Barrow and this meant that no supplies had reached the company's posts for two years. It will therefore be readily understood that our arrival was a welcome advent to the men at these lonely outposts of civilization as most of them were badly in need of provisions and fuel. Aler pens than the present writer's have already described this part of their arid so I will not attempt to do so. The whole district, however, is still a more or less unknown land and full of interest to the explorer and the prospector.

On August 19 we reached Cambridge Bay, Victoria Land, the most easterly point of the voyage. The Baychimo has the distinction of being the first steamship to negotiate the Dease Strait which lies between Victoria Land and Kent Peninsula. Three days later we turned west again and calling at several of the posts enroute arrived safely back at Herschel Island on August 31.

This far we had been favored with extremely mild weather and from Herschel eastward had found the waters remarkably clear of ice. The ship had covered a greater distance than any other vessel had done previously in the short season of navigation that prevails in this region. In the ordinary course of events we still had two clear weeks in which to round Point Barrow and the distance from Herschel is but a two days' run if clear of ice, so there was every reason to be optimistic for a safe passage back to the Behring sea.

BARRED BY ICE PACK
On September 1, having completed her business and with a valuable cargo of skins aboard the Baychimo left Herschel Island at 2.30 p.m. on the last lap of the homeward journey. From the time we left the shelter of the sandspit at the S.E. point of the island the ship had to buck her way through heavy ice. Working in and out we got almost around the island but on the northwest point heavy impassable ice was packed tight onto the shore and completely barred the way.

Reluctantly, therefore, we were forced back to shelter under the lee of the S.E. sandspit as we could not remain in our position off the island for fear of being crushed in the leeback should the wind change and bring more ice-floes pressing inshore.

On the morning of September 2 a S.E. wind sprang up and commenced to open up the ice. We left our anchorage at ten a.m. and got safely round the island, there we waited for the ice to



open up more. At two p.m. we tried to continue on our way but the wind swung quickly round to the west and commenced to pile in the ice and for the second time we were compelled to return to our anchorage. All through the night a violent westerly gale blew and piled the ice in tight on the coast and we were thus compelled to wait and hope for a change of wind to open it up again.

September 4 and 5 we attempted to get through but the ice barrier remained solid and impenetrable.

On September 6 we tried yet again but though conditions were much improved we were still unable to get through and the following day a westerly wind piled in the ice yet again.

GOT MESSAGE THROUGH
The Baychimo was by this time the only ship in the western Arctic and to clear radio messages I had to work across the high mountains of Alaska and pick up some ship in the Pacific or one of the U.S.N. coast stations on the Pacific shore of Alaska. Owing to very

adverse static conditions, the shortness of the Arctic night at this time of the year, and the fact that I had but a 1 1/2 kw spark set to work with, I had for the past week or so been unable to effect communication with the outside world. Our position was now becoming critical and on the night of September 11 the captain gave me instructions to transmit the "SOS" signal to attract attention. I gave the set a much bigger load than it was ever intended to carry and was fortunate in having my coils picked up by several stations. Thanks to the co-operation of the U. S. navy stations at Cordova and Kodiak, and a number of ships trading on the Alaskan coast, I was able to maintain fairly regular communication from this date.

While anchored under the lee of the southeast sandspit each day a party would set out from the ship and cross the island hoping to find an improvement in the ice conditions. Day by day our chances of getting through were dwindling and Captain Cornwall commenced to make arrangements for all hands to live ashore should the ship get frozen in.

PREPARED TO WINTER
On Sunday, September 20, we left our anchorage for another attempt to get through and by noon were thirty miles west of Herschel Island, here alas, our progress was again barred and as it would have been unsafe to anchor in such an exposed position we again returned to our old anchorage. By now there were few among us had any hope of getting clear this year, and having to winter as far north as this was no pleasant prospect. Winter in this barren land away north of the timber line is much too cold to live aboard a

steel ship, so quarters had to be found for all hands, 30 in number.

There is a small mission station at Herschel that is unoccupied during the winter and arrangements were made for some of us to live there. There are quite a number of native shacks that are vacant during the winter when the natives are out hunting foxes, and Inspector Caudkin of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police kindly offered accommodation in the police barracks to a further number.

The few Eskimo women on the island were busily engaged making skin clothing and mukluks (seal-hide boots) for us, and once we definitely abandoned all hope of getting clear expeditions would immediately be organized to hunt caribou in the mountains on the mainland. These mountains are but ten miles or so from the coast and there the natives from Herschel hunt and lay in a store of meat for the winter. The meat is then stored in "dugouts" in the ground which a few feet down is permanently frozen and provides a natural icebox.

READY TO START
As the month of September drew to a close, young ice began to form each night on the surface of the sea, snow fell and it really seemed that winter was setting in. Yet the 25th, 26th and 27th were fine mild days and on the 28th a party which had crossed the island returned to the ship reporting very little ice and lots of open water. Coming so late in the season the news was hard to believe but Capt. Cornwall (the master), and Capt. Foellmer (the ice pilot), held a consultation and it was decided that if the wind remained favorable we would make our final attempt the next day. Meanwhile the captain purchased as many stores as the Herschel trading post could spare as a precaution should we get trapped and compelled to winter up the coast between Herschel and Point Barrow.

On the afternoon of September 29 we said farewell to Herschel and started off at full speed.

At 7 p.m. we anchored 20 miles off the island as there was still some ice around and it is unwise to attempt working through it in the dark. Early next morning we again proceeded at full speed, meeting very little ice. By 2 p.m. we were 150 miles from Herschel and though the wind had become strong westerly we could not turn back as we were just as liable to be trapped trying to get back to Herschel as we were trying to get on to Point Barrow.

To be caught in our present position would mean abandoning the ship and attempting, inexperienced of real Arctic conditions as we all were, to walk the 200 miles along that barren icy coast to Point Barrow or back to Herschel, and everyone aboard fully appreciated the danger we were in.

All through that night we continued steaming ahead and the next day, October 1, will be for ever engraved in our memories. The wind had become strong northwest and would be slowly but surely pushing down the heavy packs of ice to the north of Barrow.

RACE WITH ICE
It had now become a race whether we could get round the Point before the ice was down, rendering it impassable.

Each hour brought us nearer the goal and towards nightfall large pans of ice were sighted. Dodging fires to port then to starboard between the ice our stout little ship plied steadily against the wind. The stokers were working at a tremendous pitch and the chief engineer had opened the engines to such extent that despite the headwind the ship was making 11 knots, against her usual speed of 9 1/2. Darkness came upon us and a blinding snow-laden wind cut the faces of the anxious watchmen on the bridge.

About midnight the engines were suddenly stopped and a few seconds later the telegraph rang for "full astern"—ahead of us lay a solid wall of ice. Rising an average some twenty feet or more above the sea level was a sheer barrier of ice that would have crushed the strongest ship afloat. This was the "Polar Pack," dread by all Arctic navigators, for in its relentless grip many stout ships have been crushed, and many gallant men have perished.

OFF POINT BARROW
"Where are we?" "Are we trapped?" and similar questions passed from one

to the other. For a few minutes we remained motionless, trying to realize exactly the position we were in, when faintly over the erie stillness of the night was heard the piercing howl of a husky dog.

Never was the howl of a husky more welcome than that one to our ears. Somewhere not far away was a camp or settlement. Turning southwest and steaming slowly along the edge of the ice after a little while a faint glimmer of light appeared which gradually became clearer, till eager eyes made out the howling coast of northern Alaska and houses dimly illuminated.

It was Point Barrow, the most northerly settlement of America, and 4 a.m. found us safely anchored, on the western side of the point.

Away in the distance loomed the ice-pack slowly drawing inshore but it held no perils for us now. Ahead lay a clear run to the Behring Sea and Pacific Ocean, and thus it happened that our gallant little vessel had been saved from the clutches of the Arctic and had rounded Point Barrow on October 2—the latest date on record that any ship had passed this point from the eastward.

With a thankful heart I merrily pounded the key in the radio cabin and informed the men on watch at Cordova and Kodiak, who were standing by keenly listening in to our progress. "OK Baychimo safely rounded Point Barrow. All well," and one can easily imagine the relief to all our loved one when the good news was flashed home.

KATE RYAN QUILTS WORK

Famous Woman From Mining Camps is Going to Yukon Again

Miss Kate Ryan, noted pioneer woman of the north whose heart and home has warmed many a green chebako, who has roughed it in the wilds and tramped many a forest trail and rode tens or perhaps tens of thousands of miles of desolate northlands in dog team and otherwise, is going "north" again. Soon she hopes to revisit those many familiar scenes down the Yukon River to Dawson than which she herself is no less known.

Miss Ryan sailed yesterday afternoon on the Princess Mary for Vancouver and Seattle. She is to visit the latter city in connection with court actions arising out of the sinking in 1919 of the steamer Princess Sophia aboard which she lost a nephew—one of her four "boys" whom she raised herself.

In about a month's time, Miss Ryan will face north again and will not stop until she reaches Dawson which place she lived in for an even twenty years, going in over the "All Canadian" route via Telegraph Creek and Atlin with the "Rush of '98" and leaving on Armistice Day 1918—nine years ago.

Miss Ryan will spend two months in the Yukon and will be accompanied by her "bodyguard"—her two husky nephews, John and Charles Ryan, Stewart packers. The boys are going south with her. "If we can't all afford to go we all stop" says Miss Ryan, "and I won't let them work while I am holidaying."

Miss Ryan was for fifteen years lady gold inspector in the Yukon. But that was only a part of her picturesque career—such a one that will probably stand unrivalled by any other Canadian woman.

And Miss Ryan says she is "through" now. "I have stopped working now and the boys will have to keep me" says this wonderful woman.

Miss Ryan will return in the spring to Stewart where she has resided for the past several years—a pioneer town such as she knows so well and loves so much.

J. C. Langley arrived in the city from Ketchikan on the Princess Mary yesterday afternoon.

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