Toronto, we came in for a landing. This busy airport had recently paved its main runway, in deference no doubt to the large number of aircraft using its facilities.

We spent some time in Toronto and area, visiting my parents and friends, and taking advantage of a friend's summer cottage. A former school mate of mine, this friend installs his family at the cottage for the summer, then commutes each weekend in his amphibious aircraft. One hour of flying takes the place of three hectic hours in weekend traffic; and, after experiencing driving in Metropolitan Toronto, one is forced to agree that flying does have some merit.

All too soon we were westbound, flying over much the same route as we had before. At Ironwood, in northern Michigan, we stopped for the night. Here, two friendly airport personnel quickly refuelled and tied down our plane for the night, and made arrangements for a local motel operator to pick us up. Everyone was very friendly and determined to be of service. The motel operator enquired as to our proposed time of departure next morning, saying he would be glad to take us to the airport. I thought at first that there must be a catch, and it would show up when we paid the bill. My faith in human nature was renewed when the bill for our modern, comfortable quarters was "quite in line."

The next day, we found the same friendly hospitality when we landed to refuel at Hibbing, Minnesota. The base operator offered us his car, even though we were strangers to him. These and other little conveniences made our trip a memorable one.

After spending a week in Winnipeg, we again headed west, into the prevailing winds. As we landed in Regina our windshield was thick with crushed green grasshoppers. Later, in the beautiful new airport building, our five-year-old daughter pursued an elusive cricket which was hopping across the waitingroom floor. Being a lover of the animal



200 LAURENTIEN BLVD., MONTREAL 9, P.Q.