

leg of the journey had its drawbacks as two of the children became air-sick.

From Saskatoon, we headed toward Esterhazy where we planned to visit friends. En route, we flew over Watrous, Saskatchewan, and took a close look at the CBC radio tower that transmits programs heard often in the north. We arrived at Esterhazy in the early evening and closed our flight plan with Yorkton radio. Friends, Jim and Marge Lucas, picked us up and off we went to their home for dinner.

Reluctantly the next morning, we continued on our way to Brandon and Winnipeg. By this time the children proved to be good travellers. They invariably fell asleep, either from exhaustion or fright, shortly after each take-off.

Although our oldest boy is seven, he and our other children had never been to the beach. This of course is due to our living in the Far North. So, at Lake Manitoba, they found everything much to their liking as they romped in the water and on the sand with a vigor not included in the itinerary of their parents.

After a pleasant visit in Manitoba, our flying safari moved eastward toward Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior. As we passed over the lakes and bushland of southeastern Manitoba and the northern United States, we thought of how much

the country reminded us of home.

Nearing Duluth airport, we were somewhat disconcerted at what appeared to be missiles shooting into the blue. Closer examination showed them to be USAF fighters. They courteously stayed out of our way, however, as we putt-putted in for a landing. By this time, the children were quite anxious to touch ground. At the airport, we had to wait with the aircraft for the Customs Inspector. The children, on the other hand, scampered away, disappearing into the terminal building on their urgent errand, customs regulations notwithstanding.

Before long we were back in the air, following the south shore of Lake Superior as far as Marquette, where we stopped for lunch. Then high over Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, we watched the lake boats threading their way between the narrows from Lake Huron to Lake Superior.

At the Sault there is a new modern airport located on a point of land jutting into Lake Superior. At the end of the airstrip is a sandy beach, so we parked the aircraft and went for a swim.

We left the Sault the next morning, and climbing into the warm sun, headed across the shore to Manitoulin Island, thence on to southern Ontario. At Buttenville airport, ten miles northeast of

Cessna 170

