

My elbow injury eventually interfered with my golf. To play golf you have to keep your left arm straight and my elbow is still crooked. I had to learn to play right-handed.

E.R.: I'd like to ask Reverend McMillan if he could read another excerpt of Insp. Eames' report, which outlines your role and his opinion of what you did.

G.M.: *The prompt action of S/Sgt. H. F. Hersey, in preventing Johnson from climbing the river bank and so gaining the cover of the bush and snow, unquestionably saved what might have been a bad situation for us all.*

E.H.: That is true, if he had gotten up there on the bank, who knows? He could have, as fast as we could. The plane might have made a difference, but there's no doubt about it, he could have killed a few of our boys.

E.R.: Especially being on the higher bank, he would have had an advantage.

E.H.: It was deep snow, down the bottom of the bank, and up to the bank it got a little hard. So it was easier for him to travel, and harder for us to track him.

E.R.: Reverend McMillan, are there any questions that you would like to ask?

G.M.: What is interesting to read from the reports too, is that, and I quote, "The opportune arrival of Captain May, who had come upon the scene during the shooting, was indeed providential. S/Sgt. Hersey shot through the lungs, could scarcely have survived a journey across the portage to La Pierre House."

It seems interesting that you looked after the guys and the rest of the guys looked out after you.

E.H.: Well, no doubt about that. If May and

his plane hadn't been there, I wouldn't be here today because I was bleeding so much. You see, when you're shot in the lungs it's terrible. One of my lungs had collapsed completely.

G.M.: When those dogs were fighting, was that when you were wounded, when you were laying in the snow?

E.H.: Yes, when they were fighting. Of course I was far enough away from them. The dogs didn't bother me, except that you don't like your team to be fighting. I had a good dog team and I didn't like them fighting.

E.R.: After the incident was over, you were in the hospital and the Mad Trapper was eventually killed. The case technically was closed in terms of "catching" the Mad Trapper. Did you ever keep in touch with any other members of the posse?

E.H.: The posse members were from Aklavik and we'd party together all the time. The Vervilles would come in and party with us and that type of thing, from time to time. And when I took our cook around on the tour of the camps, one of the places that I stopped was at the Verville brothers. They were not too far apart and they put on a party for us, for the cook and me. In all total, there wouldn't have been more than 40 people in Aklavik and we all knew each other very well. We got along.

E.R.: When did you leave the North Mr. Hersey?

E.H.: When I went in the North in 1929, people said, "You'll fall in love with the North, you'll see." And sure enough, I fell in love with the North. I went in on the *S.S. Distributor* and I said to myself, "If I want to stay in the North after I have been here for five years, if I want to stay, it's because I wouldn't be thinking right." I