

FLYING HOLIDAY

By CPL. R. D. S. WARD

IN THIS jet age more and more people are giving serious thought to owning their own aircraft. I, for one, have succumbed to this growing trend to air travel.

With my own single-engine Cessna 170, my wife and I and our three small children set out from our home at Fort Simpson, N.W.T., to spend our summer vacation in the great "outside."

Equipped with luggage, maps, sick cups, and the usual emergency paraphernalia, we headed over the legendary Nahanni mountains toward Fort Nelson, B.C. High over lakes, rivers and bush trails, we arrived in this bustling community two hours after leaving home base.

In the air again, we passed over a pano-

rama of rugged bushland, sighting soon the Alberta town of Grande Prairie where we landed, in the rain. For the children this was a welcome break. Immediately they began to explore the waiting room and other places of interest around the airport. While I was busy refuelling and checking the weather, my wife made the acquaintance of a young lady whose husband had a brother-in-law in the RCMP. It turned out that I had attended that particular wedding. Small world!

A day and a half later the rain stopped and we took off for Edmonton. En route we stopped for refuelling, then continued eastward for Saskatoon. Tailwinds pushed our little craft, giving us a ground speed of 154 mph, much better than our normal speed of 115 mph. This

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