

children, a boy aged 11, and a girl of seven. The latter engaged herself throughout the trip with personal grooming while the boy sat with his hands over his ears during the entire flight.

With some considerable difficulty, owing to a stiff crosswind from the west, we finally managed to lift off after a long run along the frozen surface of the narrow (Finlay) river and wheeled toward the south. We soon realized we were not destined to enjoy the same peaceful, smooth trip we had experienced the previous day. A strong crosswind caused the aircraft to pitch and rock violently from side to side, while the forward movement made it feel as if we were rolling over large boulders. To make things even worse, every now and then, we would hit an air pocket, causing the plane to drop from beneath us suddenly and come up with a bang.

One second we could see the jagged snow-capped mountain peaks, the next, the tops of trees and winding river were rushing up to meet us at disconcerting speed. After three quarters of an hour of pure terror, I was drenched in perspiration, while a lump in my throat made it hard to swallow.

Finally, after a particularly vicious roll, followed by a bump and a scoop, my insides turned over, and suddenly the lump in my throat was in my mouth. I held out my hands blindly and everyone around me with one accord thrust their handkerchiefs into them. I smothered my face in them as another lump came up in my throat. Wrapping the handkerchiefs carefully into a ball, I placed it gently into my forage cap on my knees. I felt better but not for long. This time, I remembered a handful of tissues I had tucked into my pocket.

Within a few minutes however, I was again desperately looking about for something else to use. My gaze hit on a pair of socks given to me for delivery to a trapper at Finlay Fork, where we were scheduled to refuel. I clutched them tightly and held one in the "ready" position.

All the while, while we were circling the runway preparing for a landing at the Forks, the plane was being tossed about like a leaf in the violent gusts that played in the canyons above the confluence of the three rivers. We circled, jumped, sideslipped, zoomed and finally dropped like a stone in an air pocket, to a point so low we could almost touch the trees. The pilot finally decided he could not land without a fair chance of cracking up. Before, I had been afraid we were going to crash; but now I felt so terrible that I was afraid we wouldn't. Suddenly, I felt the craft lift abruptly as the pilot gunned the plane's engines and we soared up, and off in the direction of McLeod Lake.

Bill Harris, who was becoming progressively woozier by the second, and doing his utmost to hang on until we landed at Finlay Forks, now felt further procrastination was impossible. He clapped his gloved hands to his face just as his body gave a convulsive heave. The result was immediate and disastrous as everything he had consumed before takeoff returned to the surface. One glance at him and I instinctively grabbed for a sock. Unfortunately socks are not really designed for this purpose and were of little use. Bob Howe, who had been turning a pale green throughout the whole ordeal, tried to divert his mind from what was going on around him by carrying on a meaningless but lively conversation with the doctor while the latter surreptitiously slipped out a triangular bandage from his haversack, just in case!

Cst. Russell was beginning to show signs of having trouble controlling his eyes, which had began to roll back into his head a little. The Indian prisoner was so frightened, he was actually weeping; his two children, on the other hand, were carrying on as though nothing was happening; apparently unaffected by the plane's gyrations or the harrowing events taking place around them.

About this time, we rocketed in for a landing on snow-covered McLeod Lake. As soon as the door opened, I hurled my cap and its con-