

The two young men were crammed into a tent, pitched on the Delta of the Mackenzie River 30 years ago. They were both tall but their tent was short. They were not alone: a throng of bloodthirsty mosquitoes was crammed in with them. During the short, bright, Arctic night, cursing and spraying insecticide, they killed like berserkers.

*When Hank Johnston recalls the early years when he and Roger Brown worked and travelled in the North, he describes many scenes like this. It may seem paradoxical, but despite the uncomfortable and even dangerous adventures that the two young men had when they first worked together in the north, for them its appeal only grew stronger. For they had discovered what to do with their lives: from that time on the vast, frozen wilderness would be the focus of their careers
— and their friendship.*

