

happening. Swept along in the current he glimpsed the woman hanging on to her child and saw with relief that a small log had stemmed their movement. Himself he found grasping another log close by. Bruce, again some distance away, had struck a small standing tree and climbed to temporary safety. Millhouse managed to free himself from the rope, and as he clung to some bushes gasping for breath, reasoned that one of the three must reach outside help if there was to be any hope of rescue. He struggled to the life-line, and against the awful force of the current, began to make his way to land. His decision was a brave one; several times he was completely submerged, barely able to retain his hold. At length he dragged himself to safety.

The situation on the logs was precarious. Mrs. Worianko felt her hold slipping fast, and screamed to Martin, who was already on his way to help, shouting encouragement. Leaving the dubious security of his log, he swam over to the females, and with strenuous effort pulled them from the water and placed them in the security of a pile of logs and debris which had clumped into a jam.

At this point Mr. Bruce, Constable Martin, Mrs. Worianko and Kathleen were in a position of temporary, albeit very uncomfortable and uncertain, safety. It was 2.30 p.m.

The shivering trio on the log jam crouched into the most secure positions they could find, and prayed that their emergency refuge would hold against the ravages of the flood. Looking upstream, they saw with relief that Bruce was secure in his perch, but even above the roar of the torrent the slender tree could be heard cracking under his weight. Fortunately, it held.

Millhouse in the meantime was not idle. After obtaining dry clothing he hurriedly returned to the scene, accompanied by Cpl. A. Calvert, NCO in charge of the local detachment. The latter had endeavored to obtain helicop-

ter assistance from the Search and Rescue Service in Vancouver; none was available, though a power boat crew then on the way later did yeoman service in other areas.

The stress of recent events, and swiftly changing conditions, had weakened Millhouse's recollection of the victims' location. The corporal waded into the driveways of nearby homes, hoping to hear an answer to the shouts he directed toward the flood waters. Finally, through the gathering gloom, came a responsive yell from the river.

In the meantime, Don Martin, another civilian volunteer, had arrived with his boat, carrying a small outboard motor, and operations were directed from a driveway nearest the direction from which the shouts had come. Only two men could set out in the boat, and Millhouse insisted that he go, as only he knew the corresponding positions of the four stranded humans.

Moving slowly and with caution, Millhouse eventually sighted Constable Martin and his two charges, but his partner could manoeuvre their craft no closer than 50 feet from the group on the log jam. They saw with consternation that the victims' shaky perch was being pounded relentlessly by logs, parts of buildings and other debris roaring down with the angry stream. Reluctantly, and with darkness fast falling, they turned about and made for shore to report the gravity of the situation.

At this point, Millhouse's strength, grievously taxed during the exacting events of that long day, finally gave out, and he was taken into town for needed medical attention.

It was now inky dark with torrential rain still falling. The Officer Commanding the sub-division had arrived from Chilliwack, and with Corporal Calvert, a hurried conference with the local fire chief, and the many eager volunteers was held. The problem of lighting the area posed a serious obstacle, but this was quickly solved by a party of Army