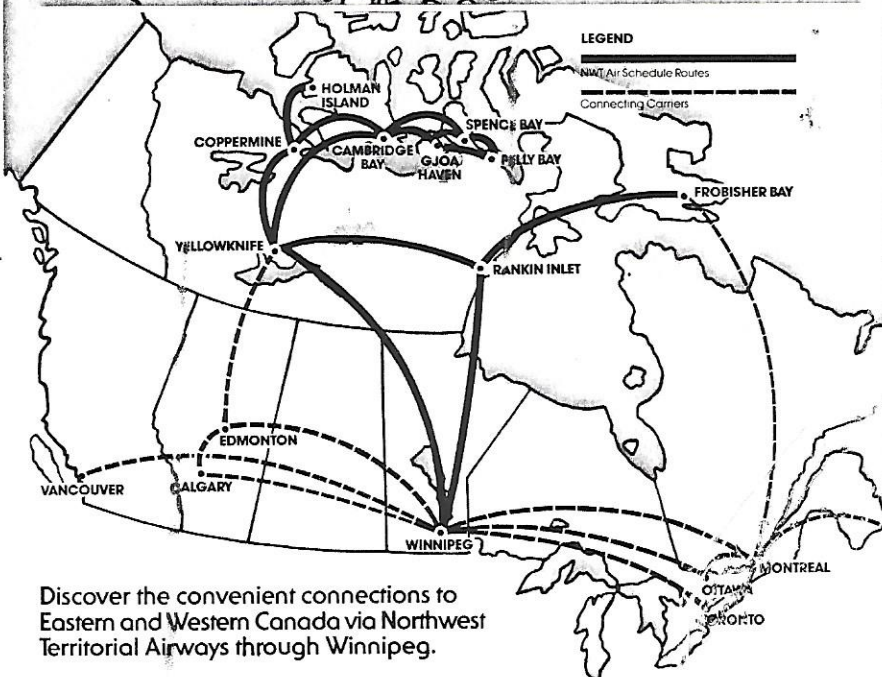


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EFFECTIVE DECEMBER

YELLOWKNIFE TO WINNIPEG & RETURN
NON-STOP Monday, Wednesday, Friday
via RANKIN INLET Tuesday & Thursday



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Depart	YELLOWKNIFE	NV 203	1:30 p.m. NON-STOP	Mon., Wed., Fri.
		NV 207	11:30 a.m. ONE-STOP	Tues., Thurs.
Arrive	RANKIN INLET	NV 207	3:20 p.m. NON-STOP	Tues., Thurs.
	WINNIPEG		5:45 p.m.	

With convenient connections to:

AC 195	Arrive	VANCOUVER	NON-STOP	8:25 p.m.
CP 70	Arrive	TORONTO	NON-STOP	9:50 p.m.
CP 70	Arrive	OTTAWA	ONE-STOP	11:20 p.m.
AC 186	Arrive	MONTREAL	NON-STOP	10:17 p.m.

(Other convenient connections to Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary and Edmonton and Halifax)

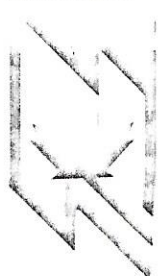
Now Northwest Territorial Airways offers even more connections to Eastern and Western Canada with daily flights from Yellowknife to Winnipeg and return—NON-STOP on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and via Rankin Inlet every Tuesday and Thursday. Convenient NWT Air connections from the Central Arctic Coast brings Eastern and Western Canada closer to Canada's North.

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every piece — fresh or otherwise.

We stopped to fish at a lake close to camp. While Susie and Edith sedately threw out a simple hook and line, Bella pranced over the rocks along the water's edge and turned over stones to catch little fish which she popped, live and wriggling, into her mouth.

She, as the only successful fisherman, merrily trooped back to camp carrying her fish on a flat rock in front of her.

Susie decided next day we would pack the dogs and start walking back in the general direction of Johnson Point, covering about 12 miles a day in wide loops and continuing to look for caribou.

We didn't see any but for me those days will be memories to treasure as rapport grew between us despite our problems in communication.

We must have looked a motley crew as we trekked across the snow drifted tundra. "Caribou run away from bright colors," Edith had said. So I

Covered my orange parka & 1 of the man's brown hunting smocks. But it

was the dogs that were the most odd with their clumsy loads topped by rolled up caribou hides that kept falling to one side and dragging on the ground.

As we trudged on I could see Susie was tiring.

She now held onto one of the dogs with a rope and stopped more frequently, kneeling on the tundra and supporting herself with a tent pole while she caught her breath. She planned more frequent tea stops and had Edith carry the binoculars. Even Bella became more subdued and complained for the first time about "packing."

One night when we stopped to make camp, Susie's remarks were translated as: "I'm so tired I'll sleep right here without waiting for the tent." And although she had refused all my other offerings, this time she accepted a chocolate bar with the Eskimo equivalent of: "I'm so hungry I could eat anything."

I realized that the last day had come when Edith left the steel dog stake sticking in the tundra and burned out tent poles for firewood. Susie looked more weary; she coughed a lot and complained of a sore throat.

Half a century younger than Old Woman, even I felt stiff and looked forward to a warm mattress at the trailer instead of a cold, plastic tarp on the bumpy ground.

Mac, who must have been out look-

Northwest Explorer