



Buster Kailek, a herder, lassoing reindeer.

## People and Places

# On My Fourth Trip to The Canadian North

by

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A FOURTH TRIP NORTH was again a thrilling, exciting adventure as I visited new settlements or returned to former more or less familiar places. Winging my way over tremendous distances, skirting the mighty McKenzie for miles and miles, crossing and recrossing the Arctic Circle, flying over and around the Richardson Mountains from Inuvik to Old Crow, then on to Dawson City and Whitehorse found me continually exclaiming, "What a country! What a people!"

The immensity of the country was overwhelming, as it was on my first trip and has been on each succeeding trip. Grim and foreboding stretches of barren areas spotted with lakes of varying sizes and shapes, wooded sections below the tree line, patches of colored vegetation, caribou wandering here and there, magnificent views and gorgeous sunsets ever intrigued me.

As one travelled in smaller planes, the ever changing panorama — blue sky above, mottled with clouds, often tinged with sunset glow, making patterns on the hillsides and on the land and water just beneath, was particularly delightful. But it was more than continually tripping hither and yon; it was stopping off and eagerly finding out just what the Women's Institutes had been doing, or if people living in other settlements might be interested in organizing a Women's Institute.

It was somewhat discouraging at times to see at close range some of their problems, and frustrating in just not seeing solutions. Sometimes it was a place of meeting not available, or failure in interesting the Northern Canadian citizens in joining — maybe not finding out what they wished to do and not involving them in doing it, sometimes with a language barrier, but always rewarding.