

and girls; Florette Crate and Georgette Draper of the camp staff, and camp cook Hugh McDonald, all of Ottawa.

A moment later there was a jangling, crunching crash, a nightmare of whirling unreality with pain unnoticed, and then all was still.

There was no panic, no cry of pain, no hysteria.

"We had been coming up behind the truck at about twice its speed", Mr. Fogo later recalled, "and the truck was going between 20 and 30 miles an hour.

"I don't know whether the driver tried to turn out and pass or not, but if he did he never made it.

"We plowed into the back of the truck almost dead-centre.

"The bus seemed to stagger under us.

"It shuddered, there was a horrible grinding sound, and then it flipped over.

"Children and luggage filled the inside in a tumbled mess.

Children Didn't Panic.

"Thank God the kids kept their heads and didn't panic.

"They were scared. Who wasn't? But they scrambled out without pushing and causing more injuries."

The driver didn't move.

Little Johnny Rowan-Legg, behind him, crawled ahead and out through the shattered windshield.

Blood from cuts on faces, hands, legs, ran along the cream enamelled ceiling of the bus, which was now a wall.

The huge vehicle lay on its left side, across the ditch at the right of the road, its front end in a grain field, smashed and twisted and grotesque with wire fencing taut over the hump of its wreckage.

Dump Truck Wrecked.

A dozen yards away the dump truck lay broken, in the ditch, its cab crumbled under it, wheels upward, one pair of the huge double wheels ripped off, its load of gravel strewn about the area.

Somehow, incredibly, driver Jim Cherry drew himself out from under, blood running from his face and hands.

His work-mate, Gillan, lay dazed in the flattened cab and Jim Cherry got him out through a glassless window.

"I don't know what happened", Cherry told The Journal, after he'd had his superficial cuts fixed up.

"I didn't see the bus coming in my side mirror.

"All I know is we were driving along and—bang—I was crawling out of the wreckage. I'm not even sure how I got out. Then I thought about Gillan and went to help him."

Both were covered with blood but only from shallow cuts. Both were treated at Arnprior and returned to the scene of their amazing escape.

Anne Tolmie, 14, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Tolmie, 597 Mariposa road, was one of

system: "Attention, please. Chartered coach from Canoe Lake has been delayed by an accident near Arnprior. Further details will be made available shortly."

Minutes later, a copy of The Journal carrying first news flashes of the accident reached the terminal.

"We nearly went crazy", said H. W. MacLean, of 241 Irving avenue. "My son Sandy was on that bus. We knew some of the children had been injured. We didn't know who they were."

Taken to hospital in Arnprior with the other children for a medical check-up, Gordon Dewar insisted on phoning his parents.

"I knew they would be waiting at the bus terminal in Ottawa", Gordie said.

"I knew they would be worrying. So I telephoned there."

With a sob in her throat the boy's mother answered the PA system's call, picked up the phone and learned her son was all right.

She asked him if a boy named MacLean was uninjured.

"You mean Sandy?" Gordie said. "Sure, he's right here. Does his mother want to talk to him?"

Mrs. MacLean, who had accompanied Mrs. Dewar to the phone, also learned good news from her boy.

Other parents who had drifted to the bank of wall phones when they saw and heard the happy a