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turns round and round, hits against rocks there, gradually gets knocked out to the side of the river, gets into an eddy and is shot a quarter of a mile up stream; then slowly it floats out into the middle of the stream, slowly it floats down again, goes through the whole process all over again, there in the rapids, and again is shot upstream. I have seen that happen as many as ten times before a big timber would get through one of these rapids and start calmly floating on down toward the next rapids below. If they had finished making their raft, when they came to the first rapids they would have been hurled to the bottom of the stream and never would have/seen or heard of again. Fortunately they didn't finish building their raft. As they were working on it there one day they heard the sound of planes, and they looked up and high in the sky they saw three bombers and they waved their arms and they yelled but the bombers went straight on and they realized that from that height they couldn't be seen with the best of field glasses, and from that height, even if they could have been seen against the background of the rock there, they couldn't possibly have been distinguished and the planes went on and they felt pretty discouraged, but a little while later another plane came, this time a single plane and it didn't fly over where they were but a little further back there and as it flew around there they could just barely see it and they thought they saw something drop from it, but they weren't sure. It went on and disappeared from their sight and/ all of a sudden they heard the sound of an explosion, and they looked and they saw flames shooting up, and then said, "I wonder if that is where I left my parachute. I spread my parachute out on that shelf up there. I put rocks on the edge so the wind wouldn't blow it away. I thought maybe some plane going by might see that parachute." He said, "That means they've found us. There will be help coming." They dropped the raft, they tore up the side of the cliff as fast as they could. They made their way back a mile and a half across that shelf. They got to the little knoll where it was still smouldering the parachute and they sat down and they waited, and they waited the rest of that Saturday afternoon,