

and not the poor Eskimo from far away north.

Training for commercial was hard, took many hours of studying, practising, but again it wasn't impossible. There is no easy road to success, everybody knows that but most of all the Eskimos. White man's way can be learned by Eskimo if he is given time and understanding. I had those. Like most people all he needs is education and today he has every opportunity to get that. But the Eskimo also has pride, and a white man must understand that to be able to get along with him.

Today thousands of Eskimos are getting education, mostly young people. In most communities throughout north, you will see many Eskimos who drive trucks, cooks, plumbers, electricians.

For commercial licence it took three month and two hundred hours of flying, one hundred forty eight of it as a pilot in command before I took my flight test. Most interesting part of training is flying in the night alone. In the evening the sky becomes clear and there is no turbulence, you can see for miles. On my first night flight solo I felt nervous naturally. Once again the thought came: What would I do if engine fails during climb? What action would I take at this time? Would I take correct action? All these questions went through my mind on my first night flying. I felt little scared but once again faith put me on the right track. 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world,' and 'Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is always with thee wherever thou goest.'

After almost three months, I was told I am ready to take written exams, I went to Toronto

for that, with my friend Jim who was taking engineer licence exam. Next day we heard the results, we both passed the exams.

Flight test was next and I was told I would take it right in Goderich, but the day I was to take the test the weather decided to turn for the worse, and to my disappointment they couldn't do it that day. Then I was told I would have to go to Toronto Island for that. I went to Toronto and I shall remember the sight. Hundreds of jets passed few miles off west of me, I saw the city from the air. And learned how they operate in the big cities controlling the traffic.

Then I learned I would take my flight test in Windsor. That day me and Don went to Wallaceburg to pick up the plane. It was raining and Windsor was reporting thunderstorm over the city. As we neared Wallaceburg we could see thunderstorm approaching fast. We landed at our destination just as first rain hit the town. We didn't waste time and he took off ahead of me; the plane I took didn't have radio so Don told me to follow him and keep him in sight. But fifteen minute later rain hit hard and I lost the sight of him. Now I was on my own, as I looked back I could see the storm coming behind me; this was the time I felt like I was riding a turtle with the rabbit fast approaching behind me. After flying through low clouds for few minutes I came to the clearing and I was in good visual flight condition but with the storm right behind me, but like a tale, turtle won the race.

THAT morning as I headed for Windsor for flight test I asked myself many questions. Was I ready for test? Would I pass? Is my flying

under the hood good enough? I would get the answer before the day is over. Upon landing I went to Gordon Airways where I was to meet my flight examiner. I was told the man I was to meet has not arrived yet. For an hour I paced back and forth nervously, then he arrived. Then we sat while he was checking through my log book, my private pilot licence, my medical certificate. At last he said, 'Let's go'.

We went to the aircraft and we spent about ten minute while he asked me dozens of questions. Then we climbed to the airplane, I had never been so nervous all my life. But as I start the engine, things became routine. I try to imagine this man was Don. That helped a little. As we taxi out I was no longer nervous, after all I had gone through this for almost three month now. Why should I be nervous? This man just wants to make sure I have ability to be a pilot, and if I'm not ready he will tell me so, and if I'm good enough I will pass. These thoughts went through my head as we taxi out. We got the clearance and took off. Once off the runway, I felt nervous again. Watch your speed, I said to myself, trim the plane and relax. For the next one hour we went through all tests, sometimes I relaxed but that nervousness always seemed to come back. Then flight test was over.

As we headed back I wondered how well I had done. Then we got back to Gordon Airways and stopped the engine. Then he gave me a friendly slap in the back and said, 'Well done, you just passed the test.' At hearing this word I wanted to tell the world about my passing a flight test. After taking off to Goderich I wanted to sing to my microphone