

nose went down and Don told me to turn on power and engine roared to life.

'Let's do it again Mark.' Don said, 'climb back to four thousand and you do the stalling this time.' 'Is this necessary?' I wanted to ask but held the words and said to myself of course it was necessary. I push the throttle and he put the plane in climbing position. We did lots of stalling that week, until I was able to do it myself and afterwhile it became exciting instead of terrifying. One afternoon after couple of landings and take offs Don told me to stop and as I did so, he unbuckled his seat belt, opened the door and got out and he said. 'I think you can do pretty well alone Mark, do three landings and come back'. He paused for few second and said : 'Have fun.' With those words he closed the door and walked away slowly. I felt like calling him back to do one more with me, but I smiled and went down toward the runway.

As I went down toward runway I checked the instruments carefully, oil pressure and temperature : normal. Gas : three quarter full. Flaps: up. Trim : on take-off position. Mags: on both. Gyro: set. Controls: free. Traffic: clear. Here we go. I opened the power, keep the plane straight, watch the speed, 40, 60, 80, pull the control easy, that's it, we are off. This was my first solo flight, the one I had waited months for. Now at last here I was alone, it was good.

This was the day I shall always remember.

One day I received a letter from my wife and she was saying she'd like to come down to visit me if I have money to send for her, she also said our son is always asking when I would come

home and when there is a plane landing he would ask his mother if I was on that. Greatly touched by this I made a long distance call to Resolute and told my wife to come. I had saved eight hundred dollars before I went south and was saving that for security but I thought if all that money does not bring happiness it was no good to us, then I decided using that money to bring my family down would be worthwhile.

Reservation was made and plan was settled. I was to meet my wife and son in Toronto. And that's just what I did. Seeing them again after two month was most joyful thing in the world. This was my wife's first trip to south and we decided to stay in Toronto for the weekend to see the city. We went to the top of city hall, toured the central station, went to dozens of big stores. That was memorable tour.

That same week I took my written exams in London, Ontario, and I passed the exams. After the exam and flight test it was mostly play with my family. We had a great time on the beach of Goderich.

I had wanted to stay on and go on for commercial licence but there were some problems that I couldn't ignore. Having spent all her life in the north, my wife couldn't stand the heat. When temperature rose above eighty, she began to complain about headache and we had to spend great deal of time in the water at the beach. Secondly she want to go home to our other children who were staying with my mother, and I couldn't let her spend the winter in our trailer again without improving the heating. On previous winter our small trailer was damaged and needs a lot of

repairing. We had spent last two months of winter in cold trailer and on some mornings we would wake up with our teeth rattling. For this reason I had to go home with only private pilot licence. But we had an agreement I would return in two weeks and continue my training for commercial.

ONCE again I returned to Goderich to continue the training. But once again problem arose. One night as I was about to go to bed the phone rang and my landlady and her husband was out in the barn. I picked the phone.

'Hello, I have long distance call for Mr Markoosie,' the operator said. My heart jumped. Has something happened? Accident? Fire? Death? 'Yes, this is Markoosie speaking.' It was my wife, her voice was clear, I knew she was crying as she talked. It had happened as many husbands secretly fear every time they go on a trip. We talked for only few minutes, that was all I needed, I told her I would come on the next plane.

I stayed all winter at home and worked in our store. Spring came again and the date was set for me to go to the south and learn about commercial pilot. When the time came for me to go again I told them to take my son out where he won't see me go, I was sure he would cry and try to come. That memory haunted me during my course for private pilot. Few days later I was back in Goderich, with people I had accepted as my friends and who had accepted me. Having friends when you are away from home is a most important thing to me. It makes me feel I was just one of thousands of Canadian citizens