

news. Sure, we had discussed this before and she had always been understanding woman and had wished me to get the support. But knowing I was ready to start training as a pilot she was worried. She said. 'Isn't flying dangerous? What if something should happen to you?'

I answered. 'Flying is not dangerous and nothing will happen to me, don't worry God is always here to be with us and if He should decide what should happen to me I will accept it, but don't worry, I have hunch God love us too dearly to separate us.'

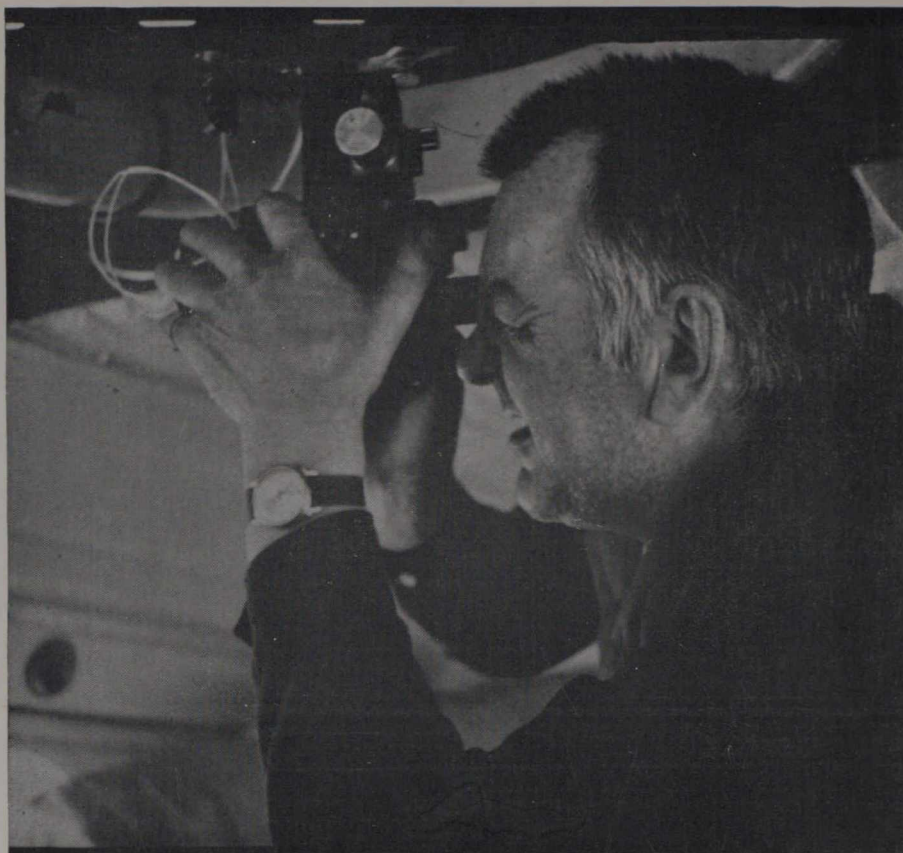
Being a religious girl, my wife understood and I held her for long time.

May 1st was the date I would leave home for my flight training. The big day came and as I went to passenger terminal to get the ticket with my family beside me, I sensed this was the biggest step I ever took in my life. As I was about to board a big airliner I kissed my wife good-bye and I noticed there were tears in her eyes. 'God be with you,' she said.

Then I turned to my son and said, 'You be good and take care of mommy'. He said, 'When are you coming back?' I answered, 'I'll be back soon.' As I started to climb the steps my son started to cry and tried to come but his mother held him back.

I took the seat and looked out of the window and saw my family, my son was still pulling at his mother and crying hard as ever. As big engines roared to life, my son was still trying to get away from his mom's hands. For first time in many years I felt like crying. Minutes later we were cruising at 33,000 feet. I was on my way.

During my days with Atlas Aviation I had learned many



Veteran Arctic flyer Weldy Phipps checks a sextant.

things, and one of them was how a pilot must understand about the weather and how deadly it can be. One day I found out what pilot can do when facing bad weather with not enough fuel to travel far. In Eureka we went to weather office and checked the weather in Resolute, which was our base. The meteorologist report the wind was 30 knots with ceiling of five hundred feet of overcast, the visibility was two miles, the wind was cross-wind. Our pilot, Richard de Blicquy, who has thousands and thousands of hours of bush flying, was calm about the weather and we left. We were about seventy miles away from Resolute when we made contact with Resolute weather station.

Weather station reports: Sky condition two hundred feet over-

cast, visibility one quarter of a mile, wind speed forty-five knots, temp. thirty degrees below zero.

THE weather had turn worse since we left Eureka, we were requested to turn back but since we were in good weather yet Dick decided we will land in the lake forty miles northeast of Resolute and told the weather man about this. Some thirty miles later we were again told by weather man the visibility had gone down to one sixteenth of a mile, but since we were only twenty miles away and with visibility still fairly good, Dick told the weather man he would fly over the station before going on to the lake. We proceed on toward Resolute but we were now down to fifteen hundred feet above sea level under overcast skies and quite a violent turbu-