



JIM WOROBEC

# IFLY THE ARCTIC

By MARKOOSIE

**'R**ESOLUTE Radio, Resolute Radio, this is Whisky-whisky papa on one two six decimal niner, do you copy? over.'

'Whisky-whisky papa, this is Resolute radio, I read you five, go ahead, over.'

'Resolute radio, WWP, roger, I am taxiing out at this time, estimating Pond Inlet in two hours plus two five minutes, we have four plus three zero fuel on board and two persons on board, requesting wind direction, traffic, and altimeter setting, over.'

This was my first trip beside a pilot on that dark cold January morning and the man sitting next to me was one of the north's great pilots, Weldy Phipps, the owner and pilot of Atlas Aviation. Also this was the first time I heard a pilot talking to controller and what they say was Greek to me. Sure, I understood who he was calling and that he was filing a flight plan. But the part I didn't understand was this Whisky-whisky papa stuff, and this one two six decimal niner. I wondered why a great pilot in the north would be talking about whisky on preparing for take-off.

A month earlier, I had told our Area Administrator I want to be a pilot someday and asked for support on finding a good place to learn to fly, and at same time I had applied for job at Atlas Aviation. I got the job but I wasn't sure I would get the support from Government for a flying course.

But here I was, sitting next to a pilot, in a cockpit of De Havilland Twin Otter, with the earphone on my ears and listening to conversation between a pilot and controller; in front of me was thousands of dials, meters, switches which I don't know which was what for. In years to