difficulties of knitting together one of the most sparsely settled regions on earth; the responsibilities we have to a northern people who now look to us to guide the forces which they cannot comprehend.

To one of these people, let me give the name of Paul Tookaluk. Two years ago Paul lived in the western Arctic, in igloos in winter, in a canvas tent in summer. He caught seal and caribou, and trapped the white fox. From these skins and their family allowance, his total cash income might average about $600 a year, with which he would buy ammunition, flour, tea, some other store foods, some materials to supplement his family's skin clothing. His existence was marginal.

This had been the pattern for a long time, but not for always. Once there had been no trader, and so all food and clothing and housing had to come from the land. Perhaps game was more plentiful in those days before the rifle, but it was harder to come by, and if the hunter failed there was no family allowance, no relief, and no outside knowledge of his plight. There was starvation.

In recent years, there had been no starvation, there had been little luxuries his ancestors never knew, but Paul Tookaluk sensed that things were not good in the land. The white fox no longer brought the price it once did, and he could not grasp the laws of supply and demand in the clothing industry of Montreal or New York. The caribou were disappearing and he didn't know why. Government relief was welcome to a hungry family, but he could not be expected to weigh the social consequences of dependence on handouts.

Then, two years ago, Paul went to work at a site on the Distant Early Warning Line. The revolution in his life had started. He was strange to the idea of a job -- first of all to the idea of time, to starting and stopping work by a clock, to staying in one place. He lived in permament buildings, ate store food, and dressed entirely in white man's clothes. There was a fascination in the new machinery. He learned quickly, he was accepted. And he found he had money, two or three thousand dollars a year, plus his food and fuel.

This was more than money, it was an added status, an independence the Eskimo had not known since the first white men began to run his life generations before. The new mid-twentieth century Eskimo was lucky, but his children would be luckier still. They had schools where they could learn to read, write, and discover new worlds in books denied to every older Eskimo. Paul's sons might grow up to be hunters, and this would please him, but they might also walk in his footsteps, going much farther than he could go. For the first time Eskimos would have a choice in their future, a simple and compelling freedom almost wholly unknown until now in Canada's Arctic.