

and tell everyone within hearing range about my passing test, but I didn't.

In airport I called all my friends about the good news, and that same evening I called long distance to my wife. She was overjoyed, from the sound of her voice I knew she was crying, but it was tears of joy this time. I told her I would come home on the next plane because they could send my licence through the mail. On arriving home I tried to kiss my son but he had grown shy and kept running away. He had learned to talk real well.

Then every mail day I waited for my licence to come. Weeks went by into two months and still no licence. I went to our Area Administrator and ask him to find out why. Some three weeks later we got the answer. The letter says the DOT hasn't got my medical report and my electrocardiogram tracing and can't send my licence until they have it. Also almost at the same time I got letters from Goderich that says since I had my ECG tracing during postal strike, that tracing was lost in the mail and I would have to get another one.

I went away again and got my medical and tracing. Another month passed, I finally got the licence. As I said before, it was hard struggle not only in training but getting a licence.

I still feel I have long way to go, but I have succeeded at something which not too many Eskimos have done and I'm proud of that. Whenever I travel I get congratulations and they wish me luck on my career. Some of them simply shake my hands and just say 'well done'. I know what they mean. To these people, I represent Eskimo people and prove for them even the Eskimo can do things which only white men were believed able to do.

I HAVE greatest respect for the pilots who flew in the north, their bravery and knowledge has opened up the north when there was little aid available for weather forecast and radio aids. The bush pilot may operate for entire season without seeing an airfield or a weather chart, they're not carrying hundreds of passengers on one trip like airlines do but their responsibility is just as heavy and their chance to survive if ever forced down in the barren lands is dim. From the survival books we have read, some of us who do any flying over the north reckon we have pretty good idea what to do if our aircraft comes down, but the survival book doesn't tell us how to beat the temperature that comes down as low as sixty below, but the bush pilot flies on because he is needed and he has ability to do his job.

A new age is beginning in the north, an age that may well be said to owe its existence to aircraft and a handful of operators. Based at Resolute some six hundred miles north of Arctic Circle, Atlas Aviation which I work for flies both scheduled and charter services into vast and largely uninhabited area. And the temperature which goes as low as sixty below gives no mercy to the aircraft and the men. When the weather is that cold we have to use the heaters and warm the engines for an hour and start the engine, everything you touch is like ice and gives you a frost bite. Flying charter services in support of exploration operations, Atlas pilots must seek out landing spots on the snow or ice and rough beaches or on top of two thousand foot mountains. Despite the inhospitable terrain, geologists are pushing their explorations further north into the arctic islands lured by major mineral deposits. In their search they will rely more than ever before on the help of aircraft and of the pilots who have developed the special skills required to fly in the north.

It is now more than ten years since I saw that movie which started me thinking about aviation as a career. And the title of that movie was: God is my Co-pilot. □

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The Indian Prime Minister with Governor General Roland Michener and Mrs Michener, her hosts while she was in Ottawa in June.