

CAL
EA940
C15
DOCS

V.7 #4 -1973

TEST ISSUE

PREMIER NUMERO

LIBRARY E A / BIBLIOTHÈQUE A E
3 5036 01029925 6



LIBRARY DEPT. OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS
MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÈRES

DEC - 7 1977

DE HAVILLAND CANADA Twin Otter

New Delhi

Volume 7 No. 4

CANADA



AND SO WE LEAVE

CANADA took a lot of persuading to serve on the International Commission of Control and Supervision (ICCS) in Viet-Nam. It was not a case of playing hard to get. Nearly 25 years' experience of peacekeeping operations had taught Canadians how much it cost to achieve usually modest ends. Canada had already been in Indochina for 18 years trying ineffectively to make the 1954 Geneva accords work. If Canadians were to prolong this involvement, they wanted some assurance that the experience would not be equally frustrating.

Indochina and a dozen more peacekeeping operations with which Canada had been associated since World War II testified to the acceptance of a share in the responsibility for making the world safe to live in. Though militarily a small power, Canada was able to assume a significant role in international affairs by placing itself constantly on call to police the world's trouble spots. But the idealism behind this effort was sorely tried.

From Kashmir in 1949 to Viet-Nam today, Canada has regularly contributed men and equipment to international peacekeeping

operations. Some of that experience, as External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp told the House of Commons earlier this year, had been positive. But "some of it, notably in Viet-Nam, Laos and Cambodia...has been profoundly disappointing."

Canada pulled its truce observers out of Viet-Nam at the end of July, ending 19 years of service in the cause of peace.

The UN contingent sent to restore normalcy to Cyprus was still there nine years later guarding an uneasy truce and the United Nations Emergency Force assigned to the Gaza strip in 1956 had to be withdrawn when it was most needed on the eve of the Six-Day War.

Against this there were solid achievements like the policing of West Irian during its transition from the Netherlands to Indonesia, the patrolling of the frontiers of Lebanon after it complained of outside intervention and above all the Congo operation, which in the words of UN Secretary-General U Thant was "the decisive factor in preserving the territorial integrity" of the new

nation. All this apart from Korea, where 8,000 Canadians served in the Commonwealth division as part of the UN force.

But in terms of motivation Canada's experience in Indochina just about cancelled this out. When Canada agreed to serve along with India and Poland on the former International Commission for Supervision and Control (ICSC) the expectation was that it would take perhaps a year or so for Indochina to return to normal. Under the 1954 Geneva agreements, the ICSC would check suspected violations of the armistice between the communist insurgents and the allies of the French.

The task proved impossible. There were violations all right, building up over the years into a full-scale war. But the three control commissions—in Laos, Cambodia and Viet-Nam—were unable to prevent peace violations without the cooperation of the parties involved. The Control Commissions made up of India, Poland and Canada were observer groups, not policemen. This distinction is vital since

COVER: Eskimo pilot Markoosie flies a de Havilland Twin Otter like this one. The short take-off and landing DHC-6 carries 20 passengers or 5,300 pounds of cargo. See page 12.

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp applaud Prime Minister Indira Gandhi after her address to Parliament during her visit to Canada in June.



A Canadian soldier keeps watch on the Turk-Greek line in Nicosia, Cyprus.

international peacekeeping forces can only operate effectively where the countries at odds with each other will permit the invited observers to do so.

All the ICSC managed to do before it fell a victim to paralysis was supervise the disengagement of the rival forces. The North Vietnamese evidently wanted a respite and the French only wanted to leave. Once the battle flared again, the unarmed ICSC personnel could only look on. They had been handed responsibilities disproportionate to their capacities.

THE French were out of Indochina in two years, leaving the ICSCs with a whole range of responsibilities covering not only truce violations but chores like ballot scrutineer and village ombudsman. As the tempo of hostilities resumed, the inability of the ICSCs to operate effectively in a widening war situation became more and more apparent. Whether the Commissions could have prevented the growing hostilities is doubtful. Certainly they could not serve any useful purpose once the parties reverted to full-

scale combat.

The cumulative result was what Mr. Sharp called "a farce". If the observers stayed on it was largely because to pull out would have been seen as a gesture of despair. As long as the ICSC was functioning there remained a technical basis for an armistice, however theoretical. To the same end, the Commission retained access to Hanoi, which could prove useful any time the two sides were ready to talk.

The Canadians were still in position, though in reduced numbers, when the ceasefire came

into effect early this year. The Viet-Nam ICSC, long since reduced to a token presence, lost any remaining credibility when Saigon asked the Indians to leave in response to New Delhi's gesture in raising the status of its Hanoi representation.

The fact that the Canadians had stuck around through two decades of increasing hostilities made them obvious candidates for supervision of the new ceasefire. As it became clear that Canada would be invited to resume this role, the Canadian government began working out the kind of set-up that would be acceptable if Canada was to take on the new burden.

In response to soundings by the US government, the Canadian government formulated and communicated a set of minimum conditions for Canadian participation. The new Parliament was brought up to date on these developments as soon as it assembled. The government was conscious that after the past disillusionment nothing could be undertaken without the support of the opposition and the public at large.

In a series of statements, Mr Sharp placed on record Canada's attitude to the new role it was being asked to play in Viet-Nam. Canada was willing to participate in the new peacekeeping operation provided, first, that the effort lay within Canada's capabilities, second, that it held the promise of success and, third, that all the belligerent parties wanted Canadian participation.

In token of Canadian impartiality, the very statement in which Mr Sharp announced Canada's readiness to participate contained a condemnation of the renewed American bombing of the Hanoi-Haiphong area that had interrupt-

ed the ceasefire negotiations. Mr Sharp was speaking to a government resolution deploring the bombardment. At the same time Mr Sharp made clear that the government had not lost sight of North Viet-Nam's continued military intervention in the affairs of South Viet-Nam, and, in particular, the almost routine attacks against civilians.

As the world's most active peacekeeping power, Canada was well equipped to take on the new role. Canadian civilian and military personnel were on their way to Viet-Nam within 72 hours of the government's decision to accept the formal invitation to participate. The first contingent took off from Montreal the very day—27 January—the Agreement on Ending War and Restoring Peace in Viet-Nam was concluded in Paris.

Rather than insist that its conditions be fulfilled to the letter, the Canadian government had decided to go ahead and set a 60-day term on its participation in the ICCS with the option to withdraw if the new truce proved unworkable. This realism turned out to be entirely warranted.

IN HIS earliest statement to the House of Commons, Mr Sharp had acknowledged an obligation to Canadians "...to ensure that Canada's contribution could be a real and effective one, and to ensure that Canada's attempt to contribute to peace not be reduced once again to impotence as it has been in the supervisory arrangements in Indochina that emerged from the 1954 and 1962 Geneva conferences." What the External Affairs Minister called "the ultimate condition" was that "...the provisions for the operation of the new organization, when taken as

a whole, should be workable and offer real prospects of being effective..." Furthermore, "...all the present belligerent parties... should be bound by the agreement." Lastly, and this was a condition which the February international conference on Viet-Nam in Paris failed to meet, there should be a "continuing political authority" which would assume responsibility for the Viet-Nam settlement as a whole, to which the ICCS or any of its members would have access through reports or consultation. Another condition, which was to prove tragically inoperative, was that the ICCS have the freedom of movement and observation within the demilitarized zone and in South Viet-Nam proper, necessary to a proper exercise of its function.

Enlarging on these points right after the Paris agreement, Mr Sharp told the House of Commons that Canada's preconditions were not mere gestures of reluctance: "they were the product of long and sometimes bitter experience, and they were an effort to point the way toward effective international observation and reporting." As he said, Canadians were "going to make this commission work, if it can be made to work." Frustration, inactivity and ineffectiveness had been forced upon the Canadians in Viet-Nam before; "If they are forced upon us again, we are determined that it will again be no fault of Canada's." But if they were, then "we shall decide to withdraw". At this date (1 February), Mr Sharp was able to report that "So far, cooperation between the members of the ICCS (Canada, Indonesia, Poland and Hungary) has left nothing to be desired."



The food services officer buys provisions at the Leopoldville vegetable market for the 300-man Canadian force that served in the Congo.

Less than a month later the picture already gave cause for concern. Mr Sharp stated at the Paris International Conference on Viet-Nam that the ceasefire had not been effective throughout South Viet-Nam and that the four-party joint military commission responsible for policing the truce had not operated effectively. These factors had seriously impaired the effectiveness of the ICCS.

Despite Mr Sharp's efforts, the conference failed to set up the "continuing political authority" that Canada deemed necessary for the success of the Viet-Nam peacekeeping operation. A Canadian representative in vain drew pointed attention to Canada's position that the creation of such an authority was the indispensable condition of conti-

nued Canadian participation in the ICCS after 29 March—the last day of the 60 days of Canada's commitment. Nevertheless, Canada signed the conference Act as a gesture of goodwill and cooperation.

In the meantime some Canadians had already retired from Viet-Nam, discouraged. A Canadian Red Cross team which had been informally invited to help supervise the living conditions of military prisoners held by both sides flew home after spending several weeks in Saigon awaiting proper clearance.

The old International Commission for Supervision and Control had been hamstrung by a unanimity rule and by the practice of conducting its deliberations in secret. While the unanimity rule continued to govern the investiga-

tion of alleged ceasefire violations, Canada had made sure this time that the world would know details of the Commission's operating difficulties. In a series of statements, Ambassador Michel Gauvin exposed the day-to-day doings of the Commission to the press. When the representatives of the Republic of Viet-Nam on the Joint Military Commission complained that the communists had introduced SAM-2 rockets into the Khe Sanh area Mr Gauvin had to report that "two delegations" had opposed investigation of this particularly serious allegation.

AS THE term of Canada's 60-day period of commitment approached the Canadian government was confronted with a difficult decision. Hostilities had resumed

on such a scale in Viet-Nam that Canada could plausibly plead, if it wished, that continued operation of the ICCS was pointless. But to withdraw from it would be represented as defeatist. Accordingly Mr Sharp embarked on an on-the-spot survey of the situation. He left Ottawa for Saigon on 13 March, taking with him three other MPs and senior External Affairs Department officials.

In his tour of Indochina, Mr Sharp met the Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of the Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam. Reporting on this trip to the House of Commons on 21 March Mr Sharp said all the parties to the conflict had wanted Canada to stay on in the ICCS. As against this, the Canadian contingent on the ICCS had pointed out that there had been some 7,000 violations of the ceasefire since January which had produced only 31 requests for ICCS investigation. Out of all this the ICCS managed to make just two reports.

Six days later the External Affairs Minister announced the government's decision: Canada would stay on for a further two-month period—till 31 May—and thereafter, unless things had improved considerably, withdraw on 30 days' notice. That is, Canada would be out of the ICCS on 30 June unless by the end of May there was a substantial improvement in the situation or some signs of an imminent political settlement between the two South Vietnamese parties.

Among the impressions Mr Sharp had gathered on his trip to Indochina was that the governments not directly involved wanted the ICCS to remain to provide an international presence and token of the world community's continuing concern. One of the



A Bedouin with toothache is examined by a sergeant in the Royal Canadian Dragoons serving on the former Egypt-Israel frontier.

effects of Mr Sharp's trip had been to apprise these governments that Canada was in earnest about quitting the ICCS unless things improved. Previously they had urged Canada to stay on with the argument that any international presence was better than none, however ineffective. On the basis of their long peace-keeping experience the Canadians had little time for this argument.

About the new twist in the argument, Mr Sharp had this to say: "I am not convinced that the ICCS does play such a part in the

thinking of the Vietnamese...I do not believe that Canada and Canadians can be expected over any protracted period to play this part."

What kept Canada from exercising its option to quit after 60 days—even though, as Mr Sharp said, it could make out a good case for doing so—was the conviction that the parties to the conflict needed time to demonstrate the feasibility of their solutions to the Viet-Nam problem. To pull out at this point might have disturbed things.

Continued on page 11

THE SILENCE was relieved by the rattle of cashew nuts cascading onto sideplates from spoons held by nervous hands. The Prime Minister was thinking. The pause between question and answer embarrassed the young people lining the table in the South Block committee room. They were keyed up as it was. The silences that adorn Indian conversations could only enhance the tension for them.

Having thought, Mrs Gandhi began to speak. She was completely at ease. The subject, too, was relaxation in the midst of tension. One of her visitors had ventured to ask how she coped with the strains of office. Her answer had to do with being the eye of a storm.

The 45-minute-long encounter with Mrs Gandhi was the high spot of the Shastri Indo-Canadian Institute's first summer program in India. Eighteen Canadian students and schoolteachers who had some background in Indian studies were here for an immersion course in a great civilization. They got three weeks of seminars co-sponsored by Delhi University and three weeks of tourism. The Shastri Institute planned an ambitious swing through Agra, Khajuraho, Banaras, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, Cochin and Bombay. There would be side-trips, some optional, to Fatehpur Sikri, Mahabalipuram, Pondicherry and Aurangabad. From Delhi there were weekend trips to Jaipur and Chandigarh.

The head of the Shastri Institute, Ed Moulton, herded his picaresque troupe off an Air India Jumbo at Palam one steamy morning in early July (the monsoon was elsewhere). They were tired, tousled and time-shocked. An

individualistic crowd united by an interest in the Indian subcontinent. And, at the moment, sleep.

They were also something of a cross-section of academe, a Canadian scholastic presence with a smattering of Hindi, Urdu, Hinduism, Indian history, Anthropology and what-have-you. But more usefully, brimming with life

INDIA: COME AND GET IT

and curiosity. Disdainful of the cobwebbed academic but too sophisticated to show it. If this was the first-fruit of the permissive society, more power to it.

They were survivors of the Shastri Summer Program held at the University of British Columbia the previous year. Between beers, they had studied elementary Hindi, Indian Religion and Philosophy, Indian Civilization, Social and Political Change and Geography and Economic Deve-

lopment. Two of the instructors were Indians. The director of the program was John Wood, currently the resident director of the Shastri Institute in Delhi.

The incandescence of the fulltime students in the group was balanced by the relative sobriety of the schoolteacher contingent. There was Laurence Le-Capelain, teacher of Oriental Philosophy and English at Lambton College in Sarnia, Ontario. Large and jocular, Larry owned to having awarded a dim student a pass degree for carpentering a breadboard. He sported an embryonic Afro hairdo which he used as a disguise in swimming.

Almost equally advanced in age and eccentricity, David Evans, a Social Studies teacher from Regina, had been born in England and later went abroad to Wales and India to get an education. Another new Canadian, Tony Jackson, was teaching Geography in Winnipeg and planned to introduce an Eastern Studies course at his school. Mary Winch, also a Londoner by origin, was here to bone up on Hinduism for her history students at the Westmount Secondary School in Hamilton, Ontario. The only francophone in the party, pixie-like Elise Laberge, was in India for a fresh look at life after a long stint teaching in a convent school in Winnipeg. Then there was geographer Mike Glanville, grimly recording land forms for his voracious classes at the New Westminster Secondary School, B.C. On the Delhi-Jaipur road he had the whole bus load steamed up about a hole in the ground.

BUT FOR their high average IQ you would have thought the girl students were beauty contest finalists on a world tour. For instance, green



Prime Minister Indira Gandhi greets Dave Mawson. Looking on are Deborah Nilsen (centre) and Margaret Tanaszi (right).

eyed Jamie Cameron of Trail, B.C. Like several of the girls, she favours contact lenses over specs, not so much from vanity: they make good conversation pieces when they fall in the dessert. Then there was Lynn Naranjit, perfectly turned out in sari and accessories. She was escorted by husband Darryl, a West Indies Indian recurring to his cultural origins. Cheryl Farley, a Calcutta girl now settled in Vancouver, was also on a sentimental journey with the Shastri group.

Which brings us to the engine-room of this dreamboat, Dave Mawson and Jeff Kushner. They could reduce the mediocre lecturer to a non sequitur but preferred to save their more abrasive comments for the post

mortem over beer. A Jew strongly attracted by Judaism, Jeff hoped to stay awhile in India to complete his study of an equally venerable religious heritage. The only member of the party able to express himself in Hindustani, he boasted several hybrid languages like French-Arabic and Hindi-Hebrew. Mawson, a Politics and Philosophy buff, was nominally here to study India's communist movement. But his real function was to entertain the others.

Assigning university professors and high-ranking professionals to lecture this group was like throwing them to the lions. But they tried, perhaps relishing the challenge. Seminar magazine's creator Romesh Thapar wowed the group with his grasp

of current affairs and the fluency of his replies to questions. Always in command, he annihilated time for the Canadians so that they rose reluctantly when the 90 minutes was up.

There was no question of staying longer that day. The next item on the program was a meeting with the President of India. The President, dapper in an off-white suit, strode into the reception room at Rashtrapati Bhavan, shook hands right down the line, posed for a group photo and spoke a few words. He made the point that when the fellows returned home, they could be ambassadors for India. After Mr Giri left, the Canadians drank tea, then had a lightning tour of the palace, culminating in the darbar room under the dome

where investitures are held. But the chaser was better still—the party adjourned to the famous Moghul Gardens, barren of flowers now but still monumentally appealing to the spirit.

AFTER AN introductory lecture by Professor R.C. Pandeya, Indian Co-Director for the Shastri Summer Program, the fellows plunged into a fairly tight schedule of classwork. In the morning specialists from Delhi University and elsewhere attempted capsule treatment of their areas of study. In the afternoon the generalists took over. Social, economic and political topics predominated. But the arts were brilliantly represented, notably by Ustad Amjad Ali Khan and Raj Kumar Singhajit Singh, both of whom donated their time. The group warmed to Kapila Vatsyayan, who gave a talk on dance.

They didn't work all the time. "We work. And we play," said Debbie Nilsen. That was in Jaipur, when Ed Moulton wanted to lead his flock through the City Palace museum. The kids had other ideas, namely shopping. "Crass middle-class North Americans," shrugged Ed, and left them to their own devices. The youngsters tumbled out of the bus into the waiting arms of con men like balls vanishing from a pool table. Most of them ended up in strategically located trinket shops paying special tourist prices. But some of the girls shopped for peasant outfits—the *ghaghra*, *choli* and *orhni* whose brilliant solid colours splash the fields of Rajasthan wherever women are at work.

In the evening Ed discovered a small *baithak*-style room off the Rajasthan State Hotel bar where 20 people could easily sit on the floor with some overlapping. Then



The Shastri Summer Program group meets the President. With Mr Giri are (back row from left) Pamela Macfarland, Lynn Naranjit, Cheryl Farley, Janice Hayward and (sitting, left to right) Deborah Nilsen, Laurence LeCapelain, David Mawson, P.N. Malik (administrative officer at the Shastri Institute's Delhi office), Professor Ed Moulton (president of the Shastri Institute), Jeff Kushner, Mary Winch, Elise Laberge, Jamie Cameron, Tony Jackson, David Evans, Margaret Tanaszi, Michael Glanville and Marsha Kozliner.

to the diningroom where the management, disoriented though it was by the sudden spurt in patronage, mustered pomfret, salad, *tinda* and a pudding that tasted like Dreamflower talc. This meal was a turning point for many of the gang, who started drinking ordinary tapwater on the theory that they had by now adapted to the local fauna. They argued that

they'd be forced to drink it some time in the next six weeks what with the fiery Indian cuisine and they might as well start now.

NO CASUALTIES were notified. In the their first two weeks the group demonstrated remarkable resilience. Admittedly they would flake out about 10 o'clock at night but that would be after a day spent sweltering in class or dragging round the Delhi sights. In the interests of acoustics the airconditioner in the Shastri Institute lectureroom was switched off during the proceedings, adding to the post-lunch haze which persevering speakers

struggled, sometimes in vain, to dispel. With Delhi's weather offering no cooperation at all, the kids did commendably well even to remain awake for the customary span.

That was the Shastri Indo-Canadian Institute's first Summer Program in India. It was more than a study tour and more than an experiment in international living, though it was those things too. It was the first step in a program to enhance the average Canadian's awareness of the Indian fact and enrich his heritage with this one. Over the years this transfusion of culture could prove as important as the flow of Canadian know-how the other way. □

duties there in the same effective and objective manner. Needless to say, however, the obstacles which were constantly put in the way of the Commission's effective operation (both from within and from outside the ICCS) proved to be increasingly frustrating to the Canadian contingent. At the same time, government officials in Ottawa were carefully scrutinizing the situation in Viet-Nam in preparation for the next decision on Canadian participation in the ICCS.

THAT decision was announced by Mr Sharp in the House of Commons on 29 May. Mr Sharp referred to the government's decision of 27 March and noted that "by and large there has been no significant change in the situation that would alter the view we formed at the end of the first 60 days." He then went on to state that "we have come to the conclusion, however, that the Canadian concept of the functioning of the international Commission has not been accepted and that it would be in the interests of all concerned if we were now to withdraw."

Mr Sharp said Canada was prepared to stay until 31 July, rather than 30 June, to facilitate the replacement of Canada by another country and in order not to complicate the negotiations between Dr Kissinger and Mr Le Duc Tho which were scheduled to resume in June. While the withdrawal decision was firm and definite, this extra period gave the parties adequate time to find a successor for Canada. In the interim, Canada would continue to function on the commission in the same manner that had characterized its role there since January with objectivity, competence, dedication and energy.

D.E.

Continued from page 7

Only a week later Canada's determination to make a go of things if it was humanly possible received a jolt when an ICCS helicopter was shot down by communist forces in Quang Tri province. All nine persons aboard, including a Canadian Armed Forces captain, were killed, and an accompanying helicopter was forced down by communist ground fire.

The fact that the dead included two Vietcong liaison officers suggested there might have been a mistake on the part of the Vietcong, which controlled the area where the aircraft crashed. But, as Mr Sharp told the House of Commons, even if the helicopter was off course—as claimed by the Vietcong—"the penalty for losing one's way in the cause of peace should not be death at the hands of one of the signatories to the Paris peace agreement."

In spite of this and other less serious incidents involving ICCS personnel in Viet-Nam, the Canadian personnel in the ICCS continued to carry out their



JIM WOROBEC

IFLY THE ARCTIC

By MARKOOSIE

'RESOLUTE 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

come I was to learn all these, for two years since that memorable first flight, I was to be a first Eskimo pilot in Eastern Arctic to obtain a commercial licence. On that flight to Pond Inlet, the sky was dark and cloudless, I had no idea how high or how fast we were, and I had no sense of direction.

I learned great deal about flying from Weldy. While on flight I would ask him what all the instruments were for, he had told me what this meter is for and what that switch is for and how they know how high they are and how fast they travel just by looking at a certain instrument. From different pilots I learned different things.

MY JOB was to load the planes, fuel them, and keep them clean and remove snow and ice each time before take-off. I was curious why removing snow and ice was so important before each flight, so I asked John Strickland and he told me how ice and snow affect the plane during the take-off.

Another lesson I learned from John was calmness. One day while we were flying, we experienced engine failure on Otter plane. Here we were flying eight thousand feet and all of sudden our engine quit without warning, instantly I froze in fear in my seat, the nose went down and I could see mountains down below. While frozen to my seat I could see John switching fuel tank and adjusting mixture, seconds later the engine roared to life. This engine failure might have lasted only few seconds but it taught me how a pilot cannot afford to panic. By quick action John had started the engine again and I realized a pilot must keep calm

during emergency.

I was born in small Island on east coast of Hudson's Bay, what year I was born I really don't know. I ask my parents when I was born, but like most Eskimos they had forgotten just what day and year; according to my parents I was born during the war when Hitler had England in the palm of his hand, but that didn't answer my question.

How did I get interested in flying ?

As far as I can remember I got interested in flying while I was watching movies. I saw this movie about the fighter pilots during World War II and I decided right then and there that someday I would be a pilot. This happened when I was very young. My first

The author is a 30-year-old Eskimo from Resolute on Cornwallis Island (latitude 75 degrees) in Canada's Northwest Territories. The article has not been edited.

real break came in while I was passenger in one trip. I was visiting relatives in Pond Inlet and I decided to ask the captain Robert O'Connor, what it takes to be a pilot. He told me I need at least three things: health, education, and money. I had the health but I didn't have money or education. I decided my first goal was education, and for the next two years I work like mad to complete my education and at the same time I took a job. Doing two things at the same time was not easy but I was determined to do it. I finished required grade but I still didn't have enough money to go for course. That's when I decided to find out if I can get Government

help.

A month later I was told I would get the support and I was told where I would go, I was also told it would be a hard struggle. But then as an Eskimo I had known hardship all my life. During my younger days we had faced almost starvation. I can remember when we would go many days without food and heat when my father was unable to get seal and when the weather does not permit hunting, but I had survived and I was sure I would survive no matter how hard the course is. I also knew for thousands of years the Eskimo had survived bitter land and fought starvation, sickness, nature, and had won, and I would too.

With coming of a white man, the life of an Eskimo became easier. So many times I had heard how the white man is taking our rightful land, and taking our freedom. This might seem true, but again the white man had brought many opportunities, they give us education and training so we can help ourselves. When the Eskimo said the white man has taken our freedom he means that today young people are taken from their homes and brought south for education and those who took a job are no longer free to hunt. Also many will say white man machine is taking over our huskies; this is true, but the huskies who had been our most loyal friend for thousands of years deserve rest and now there is such a machine to take over just like automobiles took over horses in white man's world.

HEARING I would get support for my flying course, I went home dancing and told my wife. Right a way I could sense she wasn't too happy about the

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.'

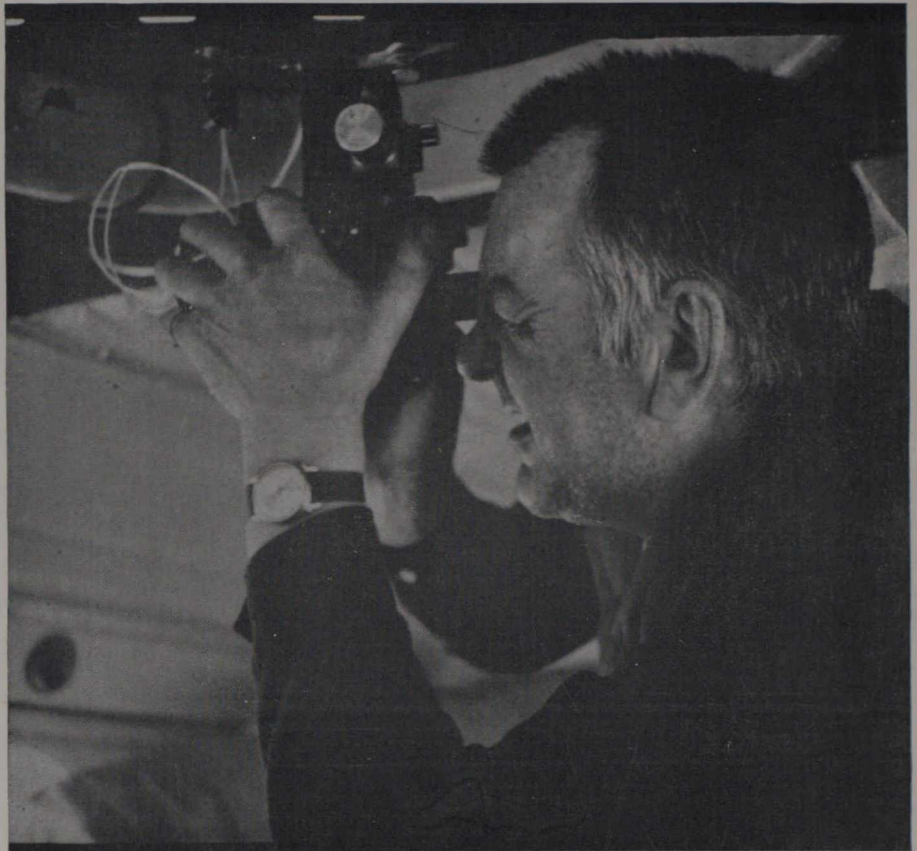
Being a religious girl, my wife understood and I held her for long time.

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-

lence. Watching Dick I was impressed how calm he was. Will I be like him someday? I thought. Minutes later our radio compass indicated we were over the station and Dick put the nose down. We descended to thousand, six hundred, five hundred, four, three, and at two hundred feet we saw small building directly ahead. Dick knew with forty-five miles per hour wind right across the runway landing was risky, but from two hundred feet the visibility was fairly good. He radioed the station he would land in tarmac which was about thousand feet in diameter, he had done this before in worse condition in single engine planes. As we approached the runway the visibility became worse but we still could see pretty good. We touched down and Dick reversed the power and we stopped within fifty feet of our touchdown. From this experience I learned no matter how bad the weather is, a good pilot will always walk away from his plane if he has the ability to do so.

We landed in Montreal Airport some twelve hours later. We had stopped only twice to refuel, at Frobisher Bay and Fort Chimo. At Montreal I waited three hours for the flight to Toronto and had time to see the sights at International Airport, I saw thousands of planes from hundreds of countries around the world. As I watched all these planes I thought that maybe one day I would be a pilot like those who take off and land every few minutes. At least I had taken the first step. Some hours later I climbed down at Toronto Airport and I was met by the man who would play important part of helping me during my stay in south.

Mr Reddick and his wife and

daughter took me to Guelph in their car, and we spent the night in Guelph. Next day we travelled all day and it was hot, too hot for my comfort. We arrived in Goderich where I was to spend the next three months. Since this was the weekend Mr Reddick and family and I spent it seeing the town and went to the beach. This was my first experience at beach and tried swimming, I don't swim but it was fun jumping up and down in the warm water of Huron Lake, and the sight was out of this world and there were lots of interesting numbers, numbers of 38-32-36.

On Monday morning I met the people who I was to work with, I met my chief instructor, Don Fisher and that same day I took my first lesson on Cessna 150. As we went to the plane, Don showed me what the first thing we must do all the time, checking the aircraft. First we went to propeller, then checked wind screen, the oil, nose wheel, brake line, windows, struts, leading edge of wings, lights and right around the aircraft. After inspection of aircraft Don told me to get on the left seat, a pilot's seat. I couldn't help smiling, here I was on a pilot seat with the instructor on my right, this was life-time dream.

Inside the aircraft I took the seat, closed the door, buckled my seat belt and looked at instruments. Thanks to that job I had with Atlas Aviation, some instruments were familiar, some were new to me. Having never started the plane I stopped completely. Then Don's calm voiced eased me when he told me the first thing to do when starting.

AFTER few minutes of instruction on ground we taxi out to runway that looked so narrow.

Will I be able to keep the aircraft on that thin line of concrete runway? I asked myself. But with Don on my side I felt confident and when Don said to turn power on I did, slowly, too slow, and Don put his hands on my hands and helped me to push the throttle, all this time he was talking: 'Use the rudder to keep the plane in line, steady on the control, now the speed is eighty, pull control slowly and easily, that's it, now we are off the ground, keep the wings in level, climb at eighty.' For next one hour Don told me how to control the plane, how the plane yaw, pitch, roll and so on. Landing was hard and tricky, I tried to keep the plane in line with runway but every time there is gust the plane try to drift away from runway. Don did the landing and I just sort of held on to the control for feel, I knew I wasn't exactly a star pupil. For the next few days I learned lots of things but I still had trouble with my landing. I was confident I would get over that in time.

My first stalling was terrifying. While we were doing some flying Don said, 'Let's do the stall, Mark, now. The first thing we must make sure is that we have enough altitude to recover, next we must look all around and under that no aircraft is near; okay our altitude is four thousand feet and there is no aircraft around or under, now pull the throttle back slowly all the way, keep the nose up, up up.' Suddenly stall horn sounded, the plane began to rock and all of sudden the engine became very quiet and the nose went down, almost straight down. At this time I remembered what happened back at home when I and John experienced engine failure. Will the engine start okay? I thought. What a relief it was when the

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

and not the poor Eskimo from far away north.

Training for commercial was hard, took many hours of studying, practising, but again it wasn't impossible. There is no easy road to success, everybody knows that but most of all the Eskimos. White man's way can be learned by Eskimo if he is given time and understanding. I had those. Like most people all he needs is education and today he has every opportunity to get that. But the Eskimo also has pride, and a white man must understand that to be able to get along with him.

Today thousands of Eskimos are getting education, mostly young people. In most communities throughout north, you will see many Eskimos who drive trucks, cooks, plumbers, electricians.

For commercial licence it took three month and two hundred hours of flying, one hundred forty eight of it as a pilot in command before I took my flight test. Most interesting part of training is flying in the night alone. In the evening the sky becomes clear and there is no turbulence, you can see for miles. On my first night flight solo I felt nervous naturally. Once again the thought came: What would I do if engine fails during climb? What action would I take at this time? Would I take correct action? All these questions went through my mind on my first night flying. I felt little scared but once again faith put me on the right track. 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world,' and 'Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is always with thee wherever thou goest.'

After almost three months, I was told I am ready to take written exams, I went to Toronto

for that, with my friend Jim who was taking engineer licence exam. Next day we heard the results, we both passed the exams.

Flight test was next and I was told I would take it right in Goderich, but the day I was to take the test the weather decided to turn for the worse, and to my disappointment they couldn't do it that day. Then I was told I would have to go to Toronto Island for that. I went to Toronto and I shall remember the sight. Hundreds of jets passed few miles off west of me, I saw the city from the air. And learned how they operate in the big cities controlling the traffic.

Then I learned I would take my flight test in Windsor. That day me and Don went to Wallaceburg to pick up the plane. It was raining and Windsor was reporting thunderstorm over the city. As we neared Wallaceburg we could see thunderstorm approaching fast. We landed at our destination just as first rain hit the town. We didn't waste time and he took off ahead of me; the plane I took didn't have radio so Don told me to follow him and keep him in sight. But fifteen minute later rain hit hard and I lost the sight of him. Now I was on my own, as I looked back I could see the storm coming behind me; this was the time I felt like I was riding a turtle with the rabbit fast approaching behind me. After flying through low clouds for few minutes I came to the clearing and I was in good visual flight condition but with the storm right behind me, but like a tale, turtle won the race.

THAT morning as I headed for Windsor for flight test I asked myself many questions. Was I ready for test? Would I pass? Is my flying

under the hood good enough? I would get the answer before the day is over. Upon landing I went to Gordon Airways where I was to meet my flight examiner. I was told the man I was to meet has not arrived yet. For an hour I paced back and forth nervously, then he arrived. Then we sat while he was checking through my log book, my private pilot licence, my medical certificate. At last he said, 'Let's go'.

We went to the aircraft and we spent about ten minute while he asked me dozens of questions. Then we climbed to the airplane, I had never been so nervous all my life. But as I start the engine, things became routine. I try to imagine this man was Don. That helped a little. As we taxi out I was no longer nervous, after all I had gone through this for almost three month now. Why should I be nervous? This man just wants to make sure I have ability to be a pilot, and if I'm not ready he will tell me so, and if I'm good enough I will pass. These thoughts went through my head as we taxi out. We got the clearance and took off. Once off the runway, I felt nervous again. Watch your speed, I said to myself, trim the plane and relax. For the next one hour we went through all tests, sometimes I relaxed but that nervousness always seemed to come back. Then flight test was over.

As we headed back I wondered how well I had done. Then we got back to Gordon Airways and stopped the engine. Then he gave me a friendly slap in the back and said, 'Well done, you just passed the test.' At hearing this word I wanted to tell the world about my passing a flight test. After taking off to Goderich I wanted to sing to my microphone

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. □

Reprinted by courtesy of The Beaver.

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



R. N. 48010/57

