

This lighthearted account of a visit to the Hall Beach resort was posted on the Nordair Facebook page by Don Buck –

I do not think any of us in Nordair maintenance realized how fortunate we were to have four or five all-expense paid 28-day vacations at that highly sought after, all-inclusive vacation destination Hall Beach.

Beautiful Arctic gravel prairie, frigid fox basin, not a tree for a thousand miles, and let us not forget the resort itself. Those magnificent battleship grey buildings, all painted institutional green inside.

Now throw in a couple of Fairchild FH 227 aircraft operated by the tour operator. Who could want for anything more?

Suffice to say we found ways to amuse ourselves. We could be seen swimming from time to time in the indoor pool each module had (water tank), or at the amusement room taking rides in the "Tumbler" (industrial dryer), or sitting on the "Truck Simulator" (4 speed toilet).

We could go to the theatre and watch Audie Murphy, in "Red Badge of Courage" in living black and white ....again. After dinner we could be found in one of the three bars at the resort. The military operated "Golden Ussuk" (golden walrus dick) club, the resort operated the "Civie bar", and if you were a VSP (very special person) you may be entertained at the "Nutty Club".

I particularly liked the Civie bar with its wallpaper forest. You knew when the moose appeared from behind the big birch tree it was time to go home. Practical jokes with exploding weather balloons, C46 inner tubes inflating under your mattress, and stealing American flags were sometimes known to happen. One time a lazy Survair mechanic who would routinely be late for the morning aircraft push out, had his Twin Otter hidden!

This leads me to the climax of this story. Jerry Jackson, Merv Mervin Holmes, and myself went dump picking, another entertaining event offered by the resort. We found a vintage Peterborough boat with a shot gun Blasted hole above the water line. We determined that we could fix it, so we took it back to the recreation center (hangar) and proceeded to make it seaworthy.

I had observed an outboard motor in the village under a resident's house and procured it for our yacht. We got the motor singing like new and proceeded to have a launch ceremony. It was late summer so there was water in Fox Basin. The ceremony went well. Our yacht performed flawlessly, so off we went with beer and an offshore breeze. After a 15-minute cruise, we discussed how we would explain to Bob what went on, when his entire maintenance team plus the stores men were blown to the other side of fox basin if the engine quit. It did not, all was well and the HBYC was formed. Danny Bereza, Dick VanHasselt, and I took the "Pride of Hall Beach" out for a cruise the next day and took our fishing gear with us.

Old Joe Drake, a rigger at the resort would go to the pier everyday fishing. He never caught anything. We gave him a hearty wave as we shoved off and proceeded around the point. after a few minutes we spotted a local family in their yacht returning from a summer hunting expedition. We approached their vessel and asked if they had any fish? He held up a black bag full of Arctic Char and said (in the local dialect) "Eeee! Fifty-pound, fifty dollar". We did a collection and put together fifty bucks and proceeded back to the Hall Beach Yacht Club slip. As we went by Joe Drake, he asked if we had any luck? Danny Bereza held up the bag and I showed him a big Char.

We beached the yacht and took our "beautiful catch" to the company freezer, split it up between us and boxed it up to take home. It was dinner time now, so we boarded one of the resort vehicles to go to the dining hall. As we passed the pier there had to be a dozen bushy dew liners fishing from the pier. I guess Joe got the message out. My vacation was over in a couple of days and happiness was Boeing South on the company's corporate jet.

What a wonderful resort eh?