



# KEEPING POSTED

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AIR TERMINAL



STAFF HOUSE



ICE ON THE HAY RIVER



VIEW OF BAY AT HAY RIVER

FEATURING HAY RIVER, N.W.T.



## FEATURE STATION OF THE MONTH

Hay River, Northwest Territories, — it doesn't have any particular ring to the name, there is nothing particularly exciting or different which a name sometimes imparts, but just live here for a few months. I can account for the past six months, which has been my duration in this town.

People are still talking about the time our Boeing 737 went off the side of the runway in April. There was no danger at all, but oh, the excitement! Cars, trucks, jeeps, pick-ups, anything on four wheels was immediately dispatched by Station Manager, Jim Ivens, to the scene to pick up our passengers. The entourage resembled somewhat of a gypsy caravan. But we sent them for a nice hot coffee, down to our Ptarmigan Inn and with the co-operation of some of our town folk, the jet was 'dug-out' and taxied to the terminal building without further problem and all was again in readiness for our regular service.

Then there was the time our jet Flight 704 went 'mechanical' in Hay River. Without too much problem, a DC6 was dispatched from Edmonton. Phew! — a touchy problem to accommodate some 50 to 60 passengers, averted, BUT, no one failed to observe the thick cloud cover as night came on and the 'six' was expected shortly. After a gallant effort on the part of Captain Clark, a total of six passes were made to get to the runway, but to no avail, as we all waved bye-bye to one empty DC6. With some fast talking and co-operative businessmen in town, we booked the Ptarmigan Inn solid with our passengers and sent them off for hot suppers and warm beds for the night. Our DC6 got into Fort Smith, 140 miles southeast of Hay River and the Boeing 737 engineer, on board, was dispatched via taxi-cab to Hay River. Upon his arrival at 2:30 a.m., the problem was found and our passengers departed at 9:30 a.m. the following morning.

Those were just two incidents; there have been others. But much was learned, and one thing I noticed very strongly, was the attitude of these Northern people. On the whole, they are very understanding and accept these problems that so often crop up in the North. They realize that this can happen and cannot be helped.

Freighter operations in the winter and early spring proved to be very interesting and many experiences ensued. There was the night the DC6 freighter came in and was loaded and ready to fire-up by 2:30 in the morning. A smooth operation, no great problem; that is, not until Captain Prinsen started No. 1 engine, like a car in winter weather — dead

batteries! Normally, this would not present any great problem, but where at 3:30 a.m. in Hay River, N.W.T. do you find a battery charger or new batteries for a DC6 aircraft? Well, after awakening half the town, battery chargers were found and a 9:30 departure was made. I must not forget about the time when we were in the process of loading a DC4 at about 11:30 p.m. and all the local power in town went out. This led to a four hour delay as we all had cat-naps in our terminal building, stretched out on chairs or on the floor, until power was resumed.

Now that I have read back on this writing, up to this point, Hay River operations appear quite shoddy. Not to be prejudiced, but, quite on the contrary. What I am trying to say is that these minor incidents happen in many and all of the Northern stations at some time or another. These are the things that make the work so much more interesting and the experience gained in handling these situations invaluable.

Just to divert from airplanes for a moment, of notable mention at this time, is the birth of a future hopeful

pilot or traffic agent for Pacific Western Airlines. Station Attendant, G. McCowan and wife, Frances, are the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy who was born on March 25, 1969. Already he is expressing his desire for airline's work.

Springtime in Hay River is a sight that all people should see. With the major barge port for the North situated here, the preparation of men and materials reach a peak. Trucks and train loads of goods are coming in daily, shipping crews are arriving, to make ready their boats. An aura of excitement fills the air.

Hay River, with its Kiwanis, Legion, Chamber of Commerce, and with its many social clubs, is a happy town, a dirty town, a sad town, an exciting town, a boring town, a town of many emotions — a town to experience.

L.A. Riley  
Traffic Agent.

The preceding story was compiled by your Hay River 'Keeping Posted' correspondent, Laurie Riley, and the accounts of events and statements made are factual and accurate in every respect. Regretfully, Laurie will no longer be your correspondent here as he has been transferred to Vancouver and will be working with Mr. Garvin in Public Relations and Advertising. Although many of his friends in Hay River will miss him, we are happy to see him in the field he so strongly desired.

Jim Ivens,  
Station Manager,

