

# FLIGHTS OF FANCY ADVENTURES

## CANADA'S ARCTIC:

### THE YUKON & NORTHWEST TERRITORIES & THE DEMPSTER HIGHWAY

MAY 30 – JUNE 8, 2007

## TRIP REPORT

*Dedicated to the memory of Ann Shapiro*

There are strange things done in the midnight sun  
By the men who moil for gold;  
The arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;  
The northern lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was the night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee.

*"The Cremation of Sam McGee", by Robert Service.*

There are strange things seen in the midnight gleam,  
By the folks who toil for birds;  
The arctic swamps have their secret stomps  
Where the mosquitoes are beyond all words;  
The boreal disc takes nary a risk  
Of dipping below the horizon;  
And my night in the lee of the Beaufort Sea  
Was the strangest day I've set eyes on.

*"The Cremation of 'The Cremation of Sam McGee'", by Sam Fried*

Our group listened raptly as I read the first stanza while we sat on the marge of Lake Lebarge on a bright sunny Yukon day, continuing with the entire enchanting poem. The second stanza, above, was created to accompany the article I wrote for WildBird magazine. Alas, the editor denied my application for poetic license.

But our group's application for experiencing the majestic splendor of the arctic north was fully granted by this fantastic country. Let's review the highlights of the trip.

We began by meeting in Whitehorse, capitol of the Yukon Territories. On the last days of May, the arctic sun is only barely acquainted with the underside of the horizon, so lightness prevailed 24/7. We learned to get used to it. Example: Weather forecast - Today: "sunny". Tonight: "sunny", etc, etc, ad infinitum.

Our first day birding around Whitehorse was greatly enhanced by our local birding guide, Helmut Grunberg, a renaissance man who came to town 30 years ago for a few months and never left. Whitehorse has some exceptionally good and varied birding areas right nearby and we explored them on a cool early spring day. McIntyre Wetlands along Fish Lake Road is always wonderful. Beaver ponds, small lakes, black spruce bogs and alder thickets dominate the landscape, filled with myriad species just arrived from southern wintering grounds. Birdsong is constant and it's only a matter of sorting them out. The magic of the place is that here in the far north, we have a privileged glimpse into the usually unseen, unheard private and intimate lives of breeding birds, here for just two or three months of frantic and frenetic singing, breeding, nest-building and raising young before heading south once again on epic journeys of migration. Fox Sparrows poured forth their liquid songs, Blackpolls sang in high-pitched pairs, Lincoln's Sparrows issued their complex trills and Northern Waterthrushes made sure you didn't miss their loud songs from every junction. Ultra-bright Wilson's Warblers were everywhere. Pumphouse Pond held pairs of Barrow's Goldeneye, American Wigeon and Red-necked Grebe, while Lesser Yellowlegs screamed at us from a nearby tree. Ah, shorebirds in trees! Don't you love it? A group of Boreal Chickadees wheezed out their songs and then came over for a better look at us. Spotted Sandpipers were common, singing and displaying to each other as they bobbed along water's edge. White-crowned Sparrows are in every habitat here, all singing delightfully. At the McIntyre Wetlands Overlook, four species of swallows circled around, above and below, with the Violet-greens perhaps getting the most accolades as they posed at their nearby nest holes. Alder Flycatchers cried out, "free beer", Swainson's Thrushes sang multi-chordally, while Wilson's Snipe winnowed, called and perched up on a dead spruce for perfect observation. Just across the road, at the Arctic Char fish hatchery, a pair of Bald Eagles stood sentry on their massive nest. It's like living next to the best restaurant in town! Rusty Blackbirds, flashing bright yellow eyes, darted in and out of the alders, while Hammond's Flycatchers also entertained with song. We continued on and up to Fish Lake, at a much higher altitude and still 90% frozen. En route, we checked a small stream where Helmut said he had seen an American Dipper years before. Lo and behold, there it was! A few

birds were around at Fish Lake, however: a group of Short-billed Dowitchers flew into a wet meadow, American Tree Sparrow sang loudly and a few ducks were on the open water. Then we went to even higher ground, seeing how far up McIntyre Mountain we could get before being blocked by snow on the road. As we approached the last stretch of trees before emerging onto tundra, a Dusky Flycatcher sang, and most graciously allowed good scope looks. Surprisingly, we managed to get up to the desired altitude where we could search for Brewer's (Timberline) Sparrow. Alas, we made it, but the birds had not yet arrived from their southern wintering grounds on the West Texas prairies. As consolation, Townsend's Solitaires put on quite a show for us. On the road down, Helmut suggested we stop at one particular alder thicket to see if we could find a Townsend's Warbler. We popped one right out, completing a sweep for Mr. Townsend's namesakes. To complete a great day, after dinner we visited the world's longest fish ladder, on the Yukon River. Interesting, with many Mew Gulls, Arctic Tern and a drake Red-breasted Merganser to complete the roster.

We hit the road as early as we could the next morning, with 330 miles to cover between Whitehorse and Dawson City, all along the paved Klondike Highway. Numerous lakes and sloughs line the route, making for plentiful stops, each with its own rewards. Shallow Bay Road had Least Flycatcher, many Western Wood-pewees and a wonderful flock of Red Crossbills. We walked the short trail to Shallow Bay at the south end of Lake Lebarge and were greeted by a variety of ducks and a flock of Greater White-fronted Geese. Orange-crowned, Yellow and Wilson's Warblers sang loudly from the alder thickets, while the wondrous tones of Swainson's Thrush drifted down the wind. We paralleled the multi-colored waters of Fox Lake for many miles, stopping for Hermit Thrush, Gray Jay and an elegant pair of Trumpeter Swans, paddling effortlessly along. One large beaver pond along the Nordenskiold River was covered with Barrow's Goldeneyes, Horned and Red-necked Grebes, nice comparisons of Greater and Lesser Scaup side by side, while Bonaparte's Gulls stood watchfully by, perched atop the black spruces lining the shore. Several Harlan's Hawks were seen, which are the charcoal-black form of the Red-tailed Hawk, which nests in the far northern climes. We made a mandatory stop at Braeburn Lodge for a humongous Cinnamon Bun, big enough for the nine of us! Riser Lake had a beautiful pair of Common Loons and some Black-billed Magpies that were most cooperative. At the Five Finger Rapids on the Yukon River, we stopped for a picnic lunch, then continued north where the shallow road cut showed evidence of the White River Volcano ash from an eruption that occurred in Alaska about 1500 years ago. Rock Island Lake, Meadow Lake and Gravel Lake followed, each holding tons of ducks and grebes. A couple of moose bolted from the side of the road, providing great looks, but the day's mammalian highlight had to be a black bear sow with two cubs that were sitting in the middle of the road. One of the cubs was entertaining itself by batting a red plastic flag left by a road crew. A quick stop at the Tintina Trench overlook was interesting for the view and geology lesson about the largest fault line in North America. As evening approached, we approached Dawson City, passing through row after row of the river dredge rock tailings that remained after the entire Klondike

River Valley was dredged for placer gold after the Gold Rush of '98. Dinner at Klondike Kate's couldn't be beat and we turned in for the "night", being pretty beat ourselves.

We spent the next day taking it pretty easy, in anticipation of the three hard days to follow. After the usual great breakfast at Kate's, we ascended The Dome, a granitic outcrop mountain that overlooks the Dawson City delta, nearby mining areas, the confluence of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers and an eye-popping view west as the Yukon meanders into the mountain ranges of Alaska. Next was a trip back in time, driving 10 miles into the hills along Bonanza Creek Road to the final resting place of Dredge #4. This was the last of the dredges that scoured every creek and river valley in the area, completely digging up the riverbeds and hillsides in search of the elusive. It was a fascinating lesson in the history of large-scale environmental destruction in the name of money. The dredge itself is a pretty amazing piece of machinery, looking more like a Mississippi River steamboat than a gold mining tool. Ravens nested on the tailing boom and swallows coursed all around it, lending some peace to this monster of destruction. For the rest of the day, after lunch at Sourdough Joe's, everyone was one their own to enjoy the wonderful history of Dawson City, klonking down the wooden sidewalks that line unpaved streets and exploring numerous museums, the cabins of Jack London and Robert Service, the crazy tilted "permafrosted" architecture and the general ambience of this gold rush city. Later that evening, the high of spirit caught the show and even did a little gambling at Diamond Tooth Gertie's, a local dance hall run by the Dawson civic association.

Back on the road again: keeping our base in Dawson, we sloooowly covered the first 60 miles of The Dempster Highway, all the way to Two Moose Lake. Birds were sparse, but excellent. As we crossed a rocky rushing ultra-clear snowmelt fed stream, I remarked that this would be a perfect place for breeding Harlequin Ducks. And there they were! A pair swam out through the rapids, onto the rocks and posed for us in perfect morning light. In a copse of black spruce, I heard a slight picking noise, so we stopped and called out a Three-toed Woodpecker, which then performed quite nicely for us. Several large dark porcupines waddled across the road as we drove the beginning of this 450-mile gravel roadway to the arctic. At each stop, Alder Flycatchers belted out their, "Free beer" call, which must have been successful advertising, because we also saw a couple of Olive-sided Flycatchers, who replied, "Quick, three beers!" Ruby-crowned Kinglets also were in full chorus with songs loud enough to belie their tiny size. Varied Thrushes teased us with their "cell phone of the north" songs, but nary a one could be spied. We continued on to Tombstone Mountain Campground, encased in the last bit of boreal forest before climbing to the open tundra. Dodging some rain, we wandered around the campground, found another pair of beautiful Harlequins in the river, but not much else. The most interesting feature here was the greasy black water of Charcoal Creek, rushing so fast down the hillside that you could hear the loud clatter of all the rocks it was pushing along. Then up the hill and onto the tundra for a spectacular view of the Tombstone Mountains. Gray-cheeked Thrush sang loudly from a small group of willows

and perched up nicely for perfect views. We drove further along to Sheep Mountain, nursery for a group of Dall sheep. No sheep just yet, but a pair of Golden Eagles soared back and forth over the ridge line and two Rock Ptarmigan rapidly flew over the hill. Not a very good look, though. A nearby herd of Woodland Caribou appeared from behind a swale, with about 10 animals in the group, led by a bull whose rack of antlers was big enough to put him in charge. The tundra was absolutely magnificent, broad in its scope and wildness. With tall gray treeless mountains rising from grassy valley floors, I could tell how impressed everyone was with seeing this northern landscape. At Jensen Corral, our lunch stop, the entrance was flooded, so we pushed on past partially frozen rivers and lakes to Two Moose Lake and enjoyed a late repast fit for tundra kings and queens. The lake had about a dozen species of waterfowl on it, including our first Tundra Swans and Long-tailed Ducks, both of which we would see many more as we progressed northward. We actually left the lake on time for the 2.5 hour return drive to Dawson, but good birds drastically slowed us down. A snippet of song from a Smith's Longspur stopped us cold in our tracks and upon closer inspection, we found about 10 of them, flying around, displaying, singing and fighting with each other, sometimes within a few feet of us. Framed in gold, with striking black-and-white facial masks, these little sparrows have to be among the most beautiful birds in North America. Until you have seen them in full breeding plumage on the tundra, you just haven't seen them at all. As we passed the Corral, our first Willow Ptarmigan appeared, studies in chestnut and white. Back at Sheep Mountain, Tom finally spotted a lone ewe, high on a crag, carefully ambling along the extremely steep and rocky precipice. A strange disembodied call carried over us on the wind, completely unfamiliar. We finally located the bird, a displaying American Golden-plover, which flew and sounded like none other I've ever seen. But that is why we come to this land, isn't it? To catch a glimpse into the little known breeding lives of birds we only see as dull-colored migrants and wintering species. The plover finally settled down onto the tundra grasses below us, providing a breath-taking look at its striking plumage – gold on back, ebony below, with a large pure white question mark running from its crown to breast. Only the Long-tailed Jaeger flying past, with elegant tail streamers waving in the breeze, then sitting on a nearby hummock, could distract us from the shorebird. After that, denouement; the final act a huge bull moose that decided to stare us down from its roadside alder thicket.

At long last, we set off the next morning, June 4, 2007, for the full ride on The Dempster. Today our goal was to drive half the length of this arctic gravel ribbon of a road, arriving at the Eagle Plains Hotel by 7:00 PM for dinner. Not an easy task, covering about 250 miles from Dawson City, at an average birding speed of about 20 MPH. We proceeded pretty quickly to the Tombstone Campground and then took a side road winding steeply up into the tundra. A pair of Rock Ptarmigan sat about 50 yards out amidst the softly colored grasses, rocks, mosses, lichens and tiny alpine flowers that were just beginning to emerge. I walked above and beyond them, and ptarmigan being the intelligent creatures that they are, herded them back toward the van, getting them to within 40 feet or so before they started a guttural rasping conversation and flew off. 100 yards further down

the slope, a pair of Willow Ptarmigan sat on a tussock right next to the road, making one participant nearly orgasmic with delight. Today the pool at the Jensen Corral had Least, Spotted and Semipalmated Sandpipers, Say's Phoebe and Semipalmated Plover. As we continued on through the Blackstone River Uplands, we encountered Arctic Terns at every stream crossing. As we plunged across a river canyon, a Peregrine Falcon shot through. We entered the barren gray hills of Windy Pass in the Richardson Mountains, part of an area known as Beringia, which was not glaciated in the most recent ice ages. Many relict species survived here, including several insects that are not found anywhere else on earth. But we were not after bugs – our lunch stop put us right across the valley from an eroding cliff face with several precarious ledges, and on one of these ledges was a gigantic nest that has been in use by a pair of Gyrfalcons since anyone can remember. One of the pair was sitting quietly on the nest, apparently incubating eggs. We were extremely fortunate when the other Gyr flew in and perched majestically on a nearby rock promontory, looking for all the world as if it owned the valley. Which, as a matter of fact, it did. The remainder of the drive was through what had been dense and monotonous spruce forest – the Eagle Plains. However, in the past 4 years, there have been numerous forest fires in the area, and much of the land had been burned and was in a state of recovery. It actually made the drive more interesting. One particular viewpoint had not changed – a high overlook with a commanding view of the Ogilvie River valley framed by the Richardson Mountains. It was getting late, however, so we sped the remaining 50 miles to Eagle Plains and made it to the restaurant right on the money for dinner. Time wise, that is. Dinner itself, was not even close to the money. However, you can't often say that you ate at the best restaurant in a 500-mile circle. We did, and lived to tell the tale.

June 5: No early start today. Flat tire must be fixed before hitting the road. Once we do get going, however, it's a wonderful day. 25 miles up the pike, we cross the Arctic Circle! Official "crossing" certificates are handed out as we officially enter "The Land of the Midnight Sun". Only two ferries and 200 more miles of The Dempster stand between us and Inuvik, Northwest Territories. The sun is shining and the country is spectacularly beautiful. The only problem is that the wind is howling, making birding rather difficult. We tried a walk at the YT/NWT border, but conditions made birding almost impossible. Continuing down to lower ground provided some cover, so we got out on the tundra and found our first Lapland Longspurs, with a few pairs nesting in a broad sweep of golden grass that went on to distant mountains. It was quite easy walking down the hill, but coming back up was quite another thing, like walking on a deep, wet sponge full of holes. At Wright Pass, just before descending to the Arctic coastal plain, we took another walk up a new microwave relay station road. Still quite windy, but we were able to pick out a few Horned Larks and American Pipits nesting in the higher areas. Prior to the ferries opening, about the only traffic on this stretch of road is from the First Nations people who live here. When the caribou gather near the road they are hunted. It seemed as if much of the skinning was done near the road, so we found enough parts to almost put together a whole caribou. We then dropped down off the tundra to the Peel River ferry

crossing, where the ferry was waiting for us like we had called ahead with reservations. The river was quite low for the season, so the earth ramps extended out into the river about 50 feet further than normal to allow boarding on this cable-run ferry. Crossing was swift and we continued about 70 miles to the second ferry crossing at the mighty Mackenzie River, second largest river in North America, stopping only for a pair of Pacific loons that seem to nest on every lake through this stretch. We had to wait a bit for the ferry, but made good use of the time with a reading of “The Shooting of Dan McGrew”, another great Robert Service poem. The Mackenzie was running low as well, but the wind and swift current made it very difficult for the ferry captain to land on the opposite shore before being swept downstream. Several attempts were necessary for a successful landing. We were entertained in the meantime by watching a pair of Pacific Loons and numerous Glaucous Gulls feeding along the river. Try as we might, checking every shaggy spruce top for hundreds of miles, we could not come up with a Northern Hawk-owl, but Steve did spot a lovely Short-eared Owl, first perched and then flying back and forth like a huge moth, as it hunted a large wet meadow. Finally, at about 9:30 PM, we pulled into the town of Inuvik, the end of the road (literally). My wife, Donna, had flown in to Inuvik to meet us and she was stoically waiting there for us as we arrived at the Arctic Chalet Inn two hours late. Blame the tire. Donna had scouted the place, though and had just the late night Canadian/Chinese/Palestinian restaurant for us. Good food and good night.

Now the excitement level rose a notch or two. After breakfast, June 6, we drove to the Inuvik airport and boarded a charter flight that would take us to Herschel Island and Shingle Point, both in the Yukon Territory and on the Beaufort Sea, part of the Arctic Ocean. We had a twin-engine De Haviland Otter, the plane made famous for its use rescuing people from places as remote as Antarctic science stations. For about an hour, we flew north over the vast Mackenzie River delta, its channels weaving crazily throughout like tangled vines. Every color of water could be seen, from silt-laden main rivers to clear-running streams and interior lakes. Pairs and sometimes dozens of Tundra Swans could be seen setting up housekeeping where the waters had receded enough to open their nesting areas. Ice was still present in the slower backwaters, where the recent melt-off hadn't yet washed it out to sea. As we approached the Beaufort Sea, brilliant white pack ice filled the mouth of the delta, pushed in by the wind and extending for miles into the sea. What amazed me was that 10 miles offshore, the ice stopped and the sea was wide open unfrozen water. Here we are, in the Arctic Ocean, in early June, and there is no pack ice? The perfectly clear blue water sparkled in the morning sun, but this was the most profound evidence of global warming I have seen. The pilots told me that although the spring had been cold, last fall was so mild that the pack ice had been very late in forming. As a result, it was thawing and breaking up much earlier than ever this spring. We're in major trouble here, folks. Greenhouse gases aside, we continued on our way and approached the shores of Herschel Island, made famous in the 19<sup>th</sup> century as an arctic whaling station. Up to 2000 men would spend their long dark winters here; wooden ships locked in the ice, waiting for spring break-up to begin chasing whales

again and then a long ride home. Now a Canadian National Heritage Site, private planes can land on the beach, once it is cleared of ice and snow. Unfortunately, there was still too much snow on the beach for us to land, so we proceeded to circle the island, flying low enough that we could identify Common Eider and Snowy Owl. A herd of Barren Ground Caribou galloped across the frozen plain, but what was most amazing and certainly one the highlights of this great adventure, was a herd of about 20 Musk Ox feeding on the tundra. We circled around them, flying sideways at time so that each side of the plane had a perfect view, and watched breathlessly as they gathered their four youngsters and formed a circle, massive horned heads facing out, to defend themselves against attack. What a fantastic thrill to see these true mega fauna of the high arctic! We continued on, flying low over the ice, seeing many ringed seals lying next to their breathing holes (aiglus) and landed at Shingle Point on the mainland. This runway is paved and permanent to service the DEW line station here, which is completely computer operated and rarely needs human visitation. With plenty of time to wander, we walked down the bluff to the shore of the Arctic Ocean to see what we could see. In the shoreline mud, there were fresh grizzly tracks, keeping us all on our toes. Overhead, brilliantly white Glaucous Gulls rode the air currents off the bluff, framed by an equally stunning arctic blue sky. A dark morph Parasitic Jaeger slowly flew by, long pointed tail feathers prominent along with its white wing flashes. A Rough-legged Hawk also slowly glided by. There were numerous Common Redpolls in the willow thickets and we called out a couple of Hoary Redpolls as well. Interesting – the Commons are always in groups and never respond to recordings, but the Hoarys are usually singles and did have the good manners to visit when I played their song. Wilson’s and Orange-crowned Warblers also nest here and the Wilson’s is a unique tundra-breeding race. Red-necked Phalaropes spun in small melt water pools near the runway. We then walked about a mile to the DEW station. Willow Ptarmigan were EVERYWHERE! All males, since the females were apparently on their nests, leaving all the “Willies” with nothing to do except chase each other around and generally act stupid. We flew back to Inuvik after a fantastic day in the air and on the ground.

June 7: On our last full day of adventure, we again boarded the plane and flew north to Tuktoyaktuk (“Tuk”), a small town built on a sand spit in the Arctic Ocean. Used as a base of operations for the growing arctic oil and gas industry, the town has grown in recent years. Flying in was the thrill, however. We flew overland, crossing about 100 miles of open tundra. With stable air, the pilot kept us at between 50-75 feet off the ground, which was like riding in a high-speed car without any bumps! Birding was actually quite easy, although you had to be quick on your ID’s. Numerous Tundra Swans, White-winged, Surf and one Black Scoter, Sandhill Cranes, a multitude of ducks, and of course, Willow Ptarmigan all over the place. Quite a ride! One of the unique geological features of this area are the Pingoos, small mountains that have been raised when a liquid underground lake slowly freezes and pushes the overlaying earth upward. We even saw a collapsed pingo, looking like a volcanic crater or caldera when the cap falls through. The wind was blowing quite strongly in Tuk, as we wandered around through town, out on

sand flats, and through marsh grasslands. A flock of Greater White-fronted Geese flew slowly by along with a Tundra Swan, buffeted by the breeze, and shorebirds clung to their sandy pools. Least, Semipalmated, Pectoral and Stilt Sandpipers were found at close range. A beautiful Red-throated Loon dove among the mini-ice bergs in a brackish inlet. Surprisingly, we found both Killdeer (way north) and Say's Phoebe (slightly north) of their usual ranges. A couple of light morph Parasitic Jaegers zipped past in the increasing gales. Bank swallows didn't seem to mind the wind, however and were quite common. Lapland Longspurs were almost tame and easily approached. The wind kept increasing, however, so after finding a place for a snack and a warm drink, we eventually retreated (were blown) back to the airport for our flight home. Once we returned to Inuvik, everyone had some free time to explore the town (shop). Donna and I managed to obtain the key to the only igloo-shaped church in the world and almost everyone in the group came in for a self-guided tour. We enjoyed a wonderful farewell dinner at the new Mackenzie Hotel, capped by a birthday cake (replete with sparklers!) for Donna. Everyone shared their favorite birds and experiences for the trip, with the Willow and Rock Ptarmigans the clear winners among birds. Best experience: traveling The Dempster, with its wild and vast open spaces.

On June 8, we did a little birding around town, walking the Boot Lake Trail that Donna discovered while wandering Inuvik before we arrived. The town dump has been so organized and sterilized that it is no longer good for birding, but a driving range (!) has been built next to it as the first stage of the Inuvik Golf Club. Birds and Birdies Rule! Then it was off to the airport, a delicious lunch at the Airport Café (featuring musk ox stew) and everyone except Donna and me getting on the plane back to Whitehorse.

Donna and I drove the van back to Whitehorse, for her first trip on The Dempster. We immediately encountered a Pacific Loon fight on a roadside lake. The return trip's highlights: quick ferry crossings, Short-eared Owls, an incredible Great Gray Owl round about midnight near Eagle Plains, a wonderful late day hike into the tundra hills at Wright Pass, alpine wildflowers, Black-bellied Plover, flat tire 25 miles south of Eagle Plains requiring an emergency return to EP for repairs, a relaxed full day in Dawson City, during which I got to be a tourist (walking tour, museums, etc.), baby moose, Common Nighthawk, Mountain Bluebirds, Bohemian Waxwings at the Dredge, fantastic scenery. Donna also figured out the gray pair of birds she saw in Inuvik prior to our arrival were Northern Shrikes.

Overall, how would I rate this trip? Outstanding! Even with no birds, just experiencing the far north in comfort (well, mostly comfort), seeing this exquisite country up close and personal was beyond compare. Add in the birds and mammals and you have the experience of a lifetime. Thanks to everyone for coming along. If you enjoyed the trip as much as I did, you had a heck of a good time.

If you would like to see the full species list for the trip, just let me know and I will shoot you a copy.

IMPORTANT NOTE: After three tours, Flights of Fancy Adventures does not plan on running this trip again, simply because it is somewhat difficult to get enough people together to share what has become a fairly expensive trip. HOWEVER, if a small group (maximum 4-7) of intrepid adventurers is interested in “doing The Dempster”, with very personalized guiding service, I would be happy (thrilled, in fact) to put the trip together and run it for you.

All our best wishes,

Sam and Donna

Flights of Fancy Adventures, Inc.  
901 Mountain Road  
Bloomfield, CT 06002  
860-243-2569  
[magesfried@aol.com](mailto:magesfried@aol.com)