

RCAF Station Comox

TOTEM TIMES

Vol. 1

R.C.A.F. Station, Comox, B.C., Thursday, April 14, 1960

No. 3

Station Hosts "Knight" and Nurses



F/O G. Maguire shows the visiting nurses some of 409 Squadron's past accomplishments. Photo by Carew

Nurses Shown Advantages Of Service Career

On Thursday, April 7, 20 graduate nurses of the Royal Jubilee Hospital enjoyed the hospitality of the station.

The tour, arranged by the Recruiting Unit in Victoria, started when they boarded a Dakota at Pat Bay and winged their way north to Comox. They were met by the Assistant Public Relations Officer, F/O T. G. Fielding, who welcomed them on behalf of the Commanding Officer. They then proceeded to the Station Hospital where F/L J. Garrity, and Nursing Sister Comptois greeted them and took them on a tour of the building. Later, the visitors were taken for lunch in the Officers Mess.

After luncheon, the nurses visited the tower and observed a simulated emergency crash drill which proved to be one

of the highlights of the day. They were very impressed when the fire trucks arrived on the scene spraying foam on the oil fire and had it under control in a short time. Meanwhile, the medical staff was competently removing the "victims" from the "crashed" aircraft.

After touring the facilities and the aircraft of 407 and 409 Squadrons, they adjourned to the mess for tea, hosted by F/O Gail Carson and F/O Gladys Carlson.

During this time the girls had an opportunity to ask questions about the many things they had seen during the day.

At 1600 hours the nurses once again boarded the Dakota for the return trip home to Victoria, seemingly pleased with the reception and tour.



Airport Girls B. C. Basketball Champs

The Comox Airport Midget Girls' Basketball Team became the B.C. champions for their league last Saturday, in their first year of basketball competition. In a hard-fought two-game total point series at Vancouver with that city's John Oliver school team, Mainland Champions, the Airport girls emerged victorious by virtue of a single point in a three-minute overtime playoff.

Led by their tyro coach, Mr. John Bowbrick, and without commercial sponsorship, the Air Force girls demonstrated the old, but often forgotten principle that a bit of talent, a lot of work, and a desire to excel are still the main prerequisites for success—in athletic or any other venture. Mr. Bowbrick, a Grade 5 teacher at the RCAF school, found no previous basketball team to build on, and only two girls who had played the game before. On this meagre foundation and in his first year at

teaching, Mr. Bowbrick fashioned a team which became the best in the province. In addition, this young teacher was the unofficial commercial sponsor.

Starting out with tri-weekly practice sessions, with an occasional extra session on Sundays, and cutting their competitive teeth on teams in the local area, the girls became Upper Island Champs by victories over Lake Trail and Cumberland schools.

The Island Championship followed with wins over Alberni Residential, Sooke, and Nanaimo schools with the last two being won in overtime. The B.C. Championship involved defeating the Vancouver John Oliver school team last Saturday at the Sunset Memorial Centre, in a two-game total point series.

The Airport girls tied the first game 19-19 despite a nine point deficit at the first quarter. The tying drive was led

Hospital Staff Hosts Station

I think it must have happened this way. The hospital staff were having their coffee break; things happened to be a bit quiet in the medical business, and one of the nursing sisters, searching her mind for a means to perk things up a little, suddenly had an inspiration. "Let's have a party," she squealed delightedly. The thought was taken up by MOs, MedAs, and Orderly Room in quick concert, and just like that the thing was done.

Preparations Made

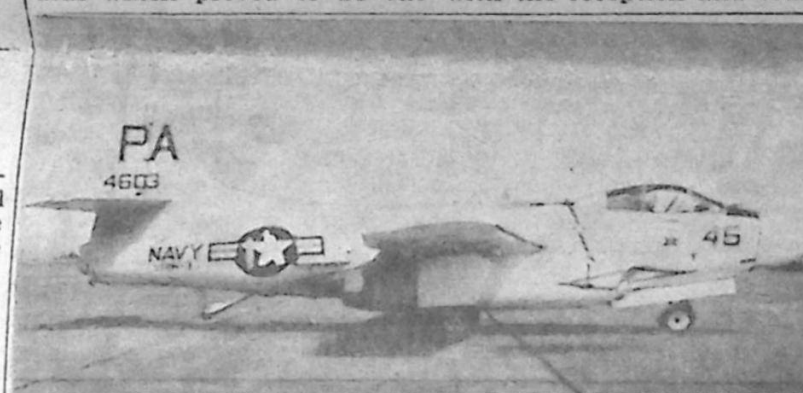
Guest lists were drawn up, jobs detailed to various individuals, advertising was arranged and serving tables and all the necessary paraphernalia for an occasion of this sort were cleaned, polished, and arranged for easy availability.

When all arrangements had been completed the station

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See Hospital Staff

by Susan McClennan with 12 points. The final and deciding game was tied 12-12 with the Airport girls failing to hold an early lead. With three of their first stringers fouled out the local girls dropped the clinching basket in the last minute of play to overcome a one point deficit, when Elizabeth Bell scored from deep in right court.

High scorer for both teams was spark-plug Mary Lou Kiloran with a total of 13 points, and whose drive and floor leadership during the two strenuous games was largely responsible for the final success. Other team members were Susan McClennan, 14 points; Elizabeth Bell, 2; Jackie McQuinn 2; Lorraine Doyon 2; Dawn Boyd, Suzanne Royer, Debbie Hendricks, Delyth Sheard, Kerry Thompson, Jane Bray.



"Skyknight" Aircraft Visits RCAF Comox

On the 3rd of April a strange looking aircraft entered the circuit at Station Comox. It later proved to be an F3D "Sky Knight," one of the original Airborne Interceptors ever used in the business, piloted by Commander "Gene" Valencia and Lt. "Neil" Campbell, US Navy aircrew from San Diego Naval Base.

Commander Valencia has recently been posted to

NORAD Headquarters and is on a trip to familiarize himself with all the types of aircraft and aircrew that go to make up the "NORAD team." He was quite impressed with the CF-100 squadron and made several comments on the maintenance and control of aircraft. He also said that he hoped that this unit would keep up this high standard.

Before he left, the Commander expressed a desire for the possibility of exchange visits between 409 and other American units for the purpose of cross-training, and an opportunity to gain a fuller understanding of the NORAD

409 SQUADRON REUNION

A reunion is planned of all former officers and aircrew of 409 Squadron. This gathering of the "Nighthawks" will take place at RCAF Station Comox on the 20th to 23rd of May, 1960. Suitable accommodation will be available in the area for all those attending. Since it is very difficult to maintain a mailing list of all former personnel, any help in providing names and addresses of additional "Nighthawks" would be greatly appreciated. Please contact F/L BL Johnston, chairman, 409 Sqn. Reunion Committee, RCAF Station Comox.

CIRCULATION

Totem Times is delivered in Wallace Gardens, Tyee Park, and Falcon Trailer Park. Residents of these areas are requested not to pick up copies from the hanger and section distribution boxes. These copies are for personnel to whose homes the Totem Times cannot be delivered. Copies for living-in personnel are provided at their respective messes.

Dietetic Students View RCAF Comox

Tuesday, the station had the opportunity to host 20 dietetic interns from the Vancouver General Hospital and give them a tour of the base and its installations.

Although their arrival was delayed due to weather, the girls all managed to take in almost every kitchen on the station. It seems they have a phobia for kitchens.

After a luncheon in the Officers Mess, FS Hardy gave them a thorough tour of the hospital. Following this the girls were given a complete briefing and shown around one of the operational units on the station, Radar Approach Control.

Returning to the mess, tea was served and the girls had an opportunity to ask questions as they relaxed.

At 1600 hours they boarded a Dakota and returned to Vancouver.



"Why doesn't the airforce provide A-I Observers as pretty as this," muses F/O Al Suba as Delphine Maskell, a dietetic intern tries on his hard-hat.

Hospital Staff

Continued from Page 1

was given its first indication of the coming fall. A notice appeared in DROs. Under the heading "Innoculation Parade" appeared the names of approximately 90% of the people on the base. "Innoculation"—Even the word is a bit of treachery. Apparently compounded of two other words: "innocuous" and "elation," it is completely misleading and hides, under a bland coating, a truth as basically unwelcome as a family of fleas in a space suit.

Informal Concert

The Open House ran all week. At 1330 hours the receiving line was formed, and an easy informality immediately became apparent as everyone removed his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and made himself comfortable. The first introduction was to one of the Medas, who was entrusted with the task of marking the target area with a little piece of cold, wet, absorbent cotton. Evidently, once in, there was no chance of escape, since this path-finding job was performed before one reached the female type who was checking names against the guest list. I must have been one of the more popular guests, because when I reached this name checker she informed me that not only was I welcome that day, but was also invited back on the day following. From there the line bent around the corner, where, craftily hidden from the view of all but those who were irrevocably committed, was the bar.

Smiling Sister

Presiding over this bar was a smiling, happy little Nursing Sister, with modestly lowered eyes, and her three minions who arranged for her the various bottles, liquids, etc., which she was dispensing. Smiling? Positively chortling. Happy? That gal was having a ball. Little? Only in comparison with the needles she was wielding. Nursing? A grudge against mankind. Sister? Well, some sort of blood relative. My blood, and brother, that's relative. Modestly lowered eyes? She was just trying to hide the gleam of flendish delight before she frichtened us away.

Harpoon Artist

Getting a firm grip on my arm to make sure I didn't make a run for it, she held her syringe up to the light and squinted at it to make sure it had a sufficient dull point, then she made her lunge. One thing I can say for that gal, if things ever get tough in the nursing line she can always make a living on a whaler; she harpooned me dead centre on the first cast, searched around in there till she made sure she located the bone, squirted me full of bugs and withdrew in correct position for a butt stroke to the jaw, and before I had even made up my mind whether it would be better to duck to the left or the right.

I was fortunate, the other end of the assembly line, where they had been making with the vaccinations, was folding up; seems they'd run out of mixer. But I didn't feel bad about it; after all, I was invited back tomorrow.

CATHOLIC ALTAR SOCIETY

The monthly meeting of the Altar Society was held at the home of Mrs. H. Dyrda, with Mrs. R. McNab presiding. Mrs. D. Anderson will take over care of Altar flowers from Mrs. A. Forget.

During the annual mission beginning May 6th, Mrs. J. Lussier will be in charge of transportation and Mrs. D. Hinderks convener of baby-sitting for Wallace Gardens and Falcon Trailer Park.

The meeting for May will be held at the home of Mrs. J. Royer, PMQ 46A.

OFFICERS' WIVES MEET

The Officers' Wives held their monthly meeting April 6th in the Officers' Mess. Seventy-one members were present. The new executive, President, Mrs. T. C. Burnham; Secretary-treasurer, Mrs. R. A. Sherratt and Entertainment Convener, Mrs. H. Gold presided at the meeting.

Souvenir spoons were presented to Mrs. J. Glover, leaving for St. Hubert, and Mrs. R. V. O'Malley, leaving for Summerside. Entertainment consisted of a showing of color slides of RCAF Bases and surrounding countryside, which proved very interesting as well as bringing back pleasant memories of other stations to the members.

The door prize was won by Mrs. N. F. Copping. A very enjoyable hot lunch was served for refreshment.

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HOLIDAY ON "NOMAD"

A Saga of the Seas

by "CAPTAIN BILL"

Nomad's nose lifted, her wake smoothed out to planing speed and we were on our way to Seattle and the Gold Cup races — three hours late, but happy.

The day had dawned bright and clear at Comox, British Columbia, and we had planned to be on our way by 0900. However, plans are designed to be changed according to the exigencies of the moment, and our change was the result of a party the previous night combined with an ambition to load everything into Nomad that the house didn't need for the next two weeks. At last the various boxes, bags, spare frying pans and cans of fuel got themselves sorted out so that there was room for two people as well, and we were able to pull away from the dock.

Before going on with the history of this epic voyage, a few words should be said about this noble ship and its inexperienced crew. Nomad is a shapely 18½ foot outboard cruiser, powered by a 25 h.p. Evinrude. She has bunks for two, a head and a small galley. She is very comfortable and a good sea boat for her size, although not overly fast with her limited power. With the load she was carrying on this trip maximum speed was 12 m.p.h., rising to 15 m.p.h. as fuel was depleted; she was equipped with a compass and a good selection of marine charts. In other words, Nomad was quite capable of an extended trip in protected waters.

Her crew, on the other hand, consisting of the author and his wife, left much to be desired. Although the crew had owned and operated Nomad locally for three months before undertaking this adventure, the captain had just reached the stage of being able to berth the boat with a slight bit of confidence and was totally ignorant of the finer points of marine navigation. Fortunately, the female half of the crew had her "first mate's" job down fairly pat and was able to fend-off from docks, fry up hamburgers and pour beer in a very capable manner.

It would be nice to say that, after our late start, everything else went according to plan. Our target for the first night was Nanaimo, some 70 miles south of Comox, and for the first half hour there appeared to be no reason why we couldn't catch up on our plan at this first stop. However, the clear dawn with its bright red sunrise should have been a warning of the winds which came up early in the afternoon. We found ourselves in white-capped water soon after starting off, and were forced into Deep Bay for the night, 50 miles short of our target. That night we had our first hard rain of the summer, and, although this well-protected cove remained as smooth as glass throughout the storm, several leaks developed over the bunk area and a damp, uncomfortable night was experienced by Nomad's crew.

Dawn finally arrived with clear skies and practically no wind; a beautiful day for cruising. However, before the day's cruising could begin, it was the Captain's duty to convince the first mate that it was not desirable to return to Comox. This duty was finally accomplished with liberal applications of sealing compound and rosy forecasts of future weather conditions. Finally at 0900 hours we left Deep Bay for a lovely cruise down past Nanaimo, and had no more trouble until that afternoon.

Having studied marine charts conscientiously for several weeks, and flying over the Gulf Island area several times for a bird's eye view, detailed navigation seemed almost unnecessary. However, not until the second channel into Nanaimo was past did the Captain realize he had missed this port of call completely. A cursory glance at a tide-book indicated that slack tide was due in a few minutes, and it was decided that we should carry on through Dodd Narrows and spend the night at Ladysmith. The only thing wrong with this decision was that some 20 pages later on in the tide book are some tables of ebbing and flooding currents in the various channels of the area, and the details covering Dodd Narrows indicated that the current runs for several hours after slack tide.

In his blissful ignorance of these minor navigational problems, the Captain started through the channel only to find that he was running against a current just slightly slower than the maximum speed of Nomad. Needless to say, the various eddies gave him a good work-out in rapid changes of direction, accompanied by a few well chosen comments from his mutinous first mate.

After what seemed to be a very long time, Nomad went through to the still waters above the narrows and, after a short break in Boat Harbour for the pause that refreshes and steadies the nerves, continued to Ladysmith.

A good supper and a long night's sleep put Nomad's crew into rare condition for another interesting day. The weather, the water and the scenery were ideal and Nomad was allowed to loaf along towards our destination of Sidney.

It just seemed to be too beautiful a day to have any difficulties of any kind. However, although the Captain was by this time well versed in the ebbs and floods of Dodd Narrows, the difficulties in distinguishing the differences between one long island or two short ones began to make themselves felt.

Our Captain's chart seemed to be quite hazy about the channel one should use to get from Saltspring Island to Sidney and accurate navigation was impossible because the numerous small islands in the area couldn't be sorted out. A solution to this quandary appeared in the shape of a beautiful sloop flying an American flag. This sloop, under power, steered through a maze of islets with no hesitation, while our Captain followed a short distance behind secure in the knowledge that the American sloop would have to put into Sidney for its customs check and that his immediate problem was solved. However, it was not to be so easy.

An hour or so after starting to follow what he thought was a providential guide, it became quite evident that there was no comparison between Nomad's present position and where she should have been if she were headed for Sidney. The trail of the sloop, which had obviously had its customs check elsewhere, was suddenly dropped and a very precise examination of islands versus charts commenced. This attention to detail paid off in the form of one large ferry boat, heading west, which could only be going to Sidney. So, full of confidence in his ability to

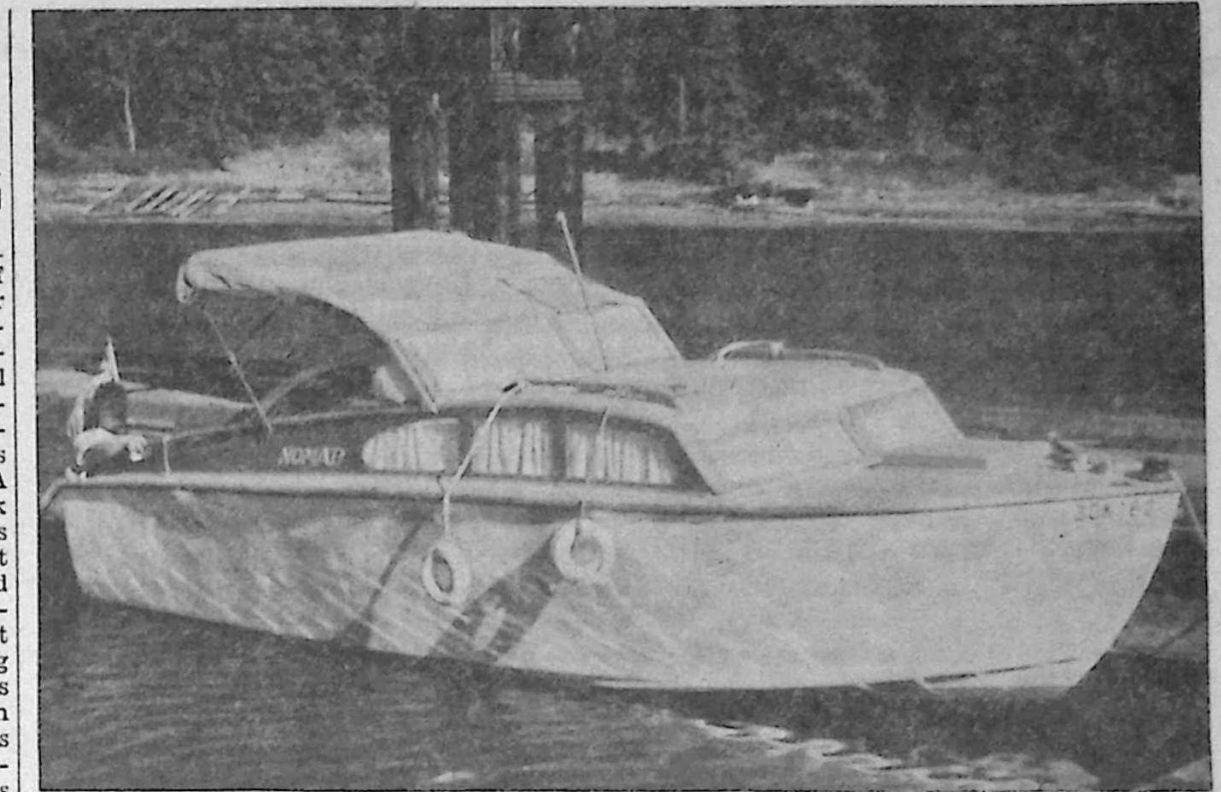
navigate in strange water, our Captain made an uneventful landing at Sidney, some 500 feet behind said ferry.

That evening at just about the time the first mate should have been deciding on the menu for the last meal of the day, an inboard cruiser pulled into port just ahead of Nomad and began unloading its two-day catch of grilse and spring salmon. Needless to say, Nomad's crew took a great interest in this operation and, after a number of very complimentary remarks and a series of pictures of the proud fishermen and fishermen with their catch, they were rewarded with a lovely spring salmon for supper.

Next morning the Captain and first mate rose bright and early and wandered into the town of Sidney only to discover that neither the stores nor the Customs Office opened until 0900 hours.

An hour was spent in sight-seeing and wistful window wishing before necessary purchases could be made and the immigration and customs papers finally filled out correctly in the right number of copies. Sidney was left astern at 1000 hours and Nomad's sharp end was pointed in the direction of Friday Harbour—her first visit to a foreign port. Here the first investment made, after a very speedy custom's check, was an American flag which was immediately fastened to Nomad's amidships light mast to make her legal in these waters.

The cruise through the San Juan Islands from Friday Harbour to Rosario Strait was made under ideal weather conditions and this stretch alone, with its beautiful and ever-changing scenic views, was worth the trip from Comox. The crossing between Lopez Island and Anacortes, however, involved about 10 miles of slow-speed cruising parallel to a very noticeable swell. Under these water conditions, Nomad was not her normal steady self and the period spent in Rosario Strait evoked more mutinous words from the first mate who was not particularly happy with Nomad's constant rolling.



Anacortes harbour, with its spacious berthing areas and pleasant conveniences, was reached late in the afternoon, and after a small shopping expedition, the crew of the Nomad staged a small celebration in honour of their vastly improved navigational abilities.

The fact that this celebration was immature was not apparent until next day. Leaving Anacortes early in the morning, Nomad found her way into the channel leading to Skagit Bay and for several hours there was no possibility of getting lost because there was only

one way to go. Upon entering Skagit Bay, however, things returned to normal when, to his amazement, the Captain found that the bottom right hand corner of his chart in use was covered with details of map scales, who made it, etc., instead of details of where he was. A hurried check of the connecting chart revealed nothing except that ten miles of chart were blank.

Using his natural ability, the Captain went the wrong way and finally arrived at an area with a dock, cottages and overhead bridges which did not correspond to any area he was supposed to be in. His most humiliating and confidence-shattering moment came when he found a Canadian boat tied up to the dock and, with many proddings from his first mate, had to ask, "Could you please tell me where I am?"

This detail of the blank space was soon sorted out by the pleasant answers to this awkward question, who were kind enough not to laugh—Nomad had arrived at Deception Pass, one of the stopping points planned for the homeward trip. The crew took advantage of this minute error to explore the facilities of this traditional anchoring point before pointing Nomad's nose in the right direction for Seattle.

The cruise down Skagit Bay and Saratoga Passage was perfect, and, although a north wind was increasing steadily during the afternoon, it was not until the Nomad passed Possession Point that she found water too rough for her liking. At this point heavy swells were rolling down Puget Sound and, instead of her usual 12 m.p.h., Nomad's speed varied from 5 to 20 m.p.h. depending on whether she was going up-hill or down-hill. The constant threat of broaching in the trough after each downward slide kept the Captain busy at the helm and it was soon necessary to throttle back to a speed where Nomad could be handled easier. After bouncing down Puget Sound for what seemed to be hours, the marker buoys of Seattle finally came into view and a thankful crew coasted into calmer waters.

One more obstacle stood in Nomad's way before her crew could relax and tie-up for the night—locking through into the river leading to Lake Washington. Nomad was quite ignorant of proper locking procedures, and her crew was no better. The first mate objected strenuously to being sent to the forward hatch to fend off, tie-up or hold on as was found necessary, and, when the Captain's attempts at maintaining sea discipline failed, a little direct husband to wife instruction accomplished the desired result. In the end, this lock-

ing-through was completed with no panic, thanks to the skipper of the tug-boat ahead who went to great pains to ensure that the first mate was properly directed in all her necessary chores. Once arrived in Seattle, some difficulty was encountered in finding a resting place for the night, but eventually a spot was found and a weary crew wasted little time in having supper and getting to bed.

Next morning a reservation at the log boom was obtained for Nomad from the Seattle Yacht Club and course was laid for Bellevue across Lake Washington where parking space was found at Percy Grant's Marina in the beautiful twin bays of Meydenbauer.

The following day-and-a-half was devoted to relaxation and shopping, and the only incident worth noting was that Nomad's crew got a bit too ambitious in their buying and found themselves left with barely enough cash to buy necessary fuel and live comfortably on the way home.

Saturday was spent roaming around the Gold Cup course looking for Nomad's reserved area and watching the qualifying runs of the big, sleek unlimiteds, and next morning Nomad's crew was up at dawn—the day of the Gold Cup race had arrived.

(Editor's Note: "Captain" Bill is the "nom-de-plume" of W.C. Quinn. We'll have more of his sailing adventures in future issues.)

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Editorials

AMPLE REASON FOR PRIDE

Residents of Wallace Gardens should indeed be proud of the achievements of the Airport Midget Girls basketball team in winning successfully the Upper Island, Vancouver Island and British Columbia championships. Their success well illustrates three points all too often overlooked by the average resident of our community.

First, it has been once again proved that a "good little team" can match a good big team and beat them on their home grounds. The supposed advantages of the "city kids" in the fields of recreation and sport as compared to the relatively meagre facilities available to our children were cancelled out by the spirit and ability of our girls.

Second, the devotion and interest of the teacher in taking the initiative of organizing this team of girls who attended different grades in different schools and coaching them to their present standard are to be commended not only for the outstanding results achieved but for the fact that this was strictly a personal project carried out on his own time and involving the inevitable expenses of transportation and equipment involved in such a project. For Mr. Bowbrick the only desired reward was the

interest and keenness of the girls and his own satisfaction of producing a winning team.

Third, the value of the Youth Recreation Program embarked upon at Station Comox has been vividly illustrated by the success of this team. Although for this group the Youth Council provided no direct sponsorship or leadership and only minimal financial assistance in the latter stages, the general principle of organized and directed youth energies producing results that merit praise and attention has been well demonstrated. Another point that perhaps escapes the adult is that these young ladies had the difficult task of overlooking allegiance to grade and to school and replacing it with an awareness that they represented a community.

These three considerations, the skill of the team, the selfless efforts of the teacher on behalf of the girls and of the community, and the demonstrated success of programmed and directed youth activity are indeed ample reason for pride and for dedication of the community to the support of this and future teams, their teachers, leaders and supervisors, and of the entire Youth Recreation Program.

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CATHOLIC CHAPEL

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HOLY WEEK SCHEDULE —

HOLY THURSDAY — April 14, 1960—The Solemn Evening

Mass of the Lord's Supper recalls the institution of the Holy Eucharist and the first ordination of priests.

7:15 p.m. Mass.

Procession to Repository (all altar boys).

Adoration until 10 p.m.

GOOD FRIDAY — April 15,

1960—Today marks the anniversary of the death and burial of our Lord Who on this day, being Himself both High Priest and Victim offered Himself on the cross for the salvation of the world.

3:00 p.m. Stations of the Cross (all boys and girls should attend).

7:15 p.m. Good Friday Services.

(a) Gospel of Passion and Death of Our Lord according to St. John.

(b) Solemn Prayers for the Church, Country and Neighbors.

(c) Unveiling and veneration of the Cross.

(d) Holy Communion.

HOLY SATURDAY — April 16, 1960 — This is a day of

sorrow, the day on which the church carries at the Lord's Tomb meditating about His Passion and Death. The sacred vigil ends at midnight with the Mass of the Resurrection.

11:00 p.m., Easter Vigil Services.

(a) Blessing of New Fire.

(b) Blessing of Paschal Candle.

(c) Paschal Proclamation.

(d) Blessing of Baptismal Font and renewal of Baptismal Vows by all present.

(e) Litany of the Saints.

EASTER SUNDAY — April 17, 1960 — The Easter Season

commemorates the triumphant resurrection of our Lord from the dead. It is an invitation to spiritual joy. Christ had promised the miracle of His Resurrection. He fulfilled that promise, proving His Divinity and giving our faith a sure foundation.

12:01 (midnight) First Mass of Easter.

9:00 a.m. — Low Mass.

11:00 a.m. High Mass (Children's Choir).

Confessions, one-half hour before each Mass or Service and Saturday evening 6:15 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. as usual.

WHY MARRIAGE IS FOR LIFE

St. Mark, in chapter 10, verses 7 to 12 of his gospel, quotes Christ as follows: "God from the first days of creation, made them man and woman. A man, therefore, will leave his father and mother and will cling to his wife, and the two will become one flesh. Why then, since they are no longer

two, but one flesh, what God has joined let not man put asunder."

St. Mark, continues: "And when they were in the house, His disciples asked Him further about the same question. Whereupon He told them, if a man puts away his wife and marries another, he behaves adulterously toward her; and if a woman puts away her husband and marries another, she is an adulteress."

This is the scriptural basis for the fundamental Christian law, which the Roman Catholic Church has always upheld, that the bond of a truly valid marriage can be broken by nothing short of death.

PROTESTANT CHAPEL

by F/L W. C. HEWITT

HOLY COMMUNION — 8:00 a.m.

First Sunday of the month — 11:00 a.m.

MORNING WORSHIP — 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS — 9:30 a.m., Junior and Senior — 11:00 a.m. Primary.

CHAPEL GUILD MEETINGS

Every 3rd Tuesday at 8 p.m.

SYMBOLISM OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA SEAL

The oval form in which the crest is set is derived from the outline of a fish which was used as a secret symbol by means of which Christians identified one another during the days of persecution in the first century.

The "X" at the centre is the Greek letter "Chi" (Ch), which is the first letter in the Greek word for Christ, Who is the living centre of our faith and of our Church.

In each quarter of the cross is an appropriate symbol:

The Open Bible represents the Congregational Churches with their emphasis upon God's truth that makes men free.

The Dove is emblematic of the Holy Spirit whose transforming power has been a distinctive mark of Methodism.

The Burning Bush is the accepted symbol of Presbyterianism. It refers to the sign given Moses of the bush that burned and was not consumed, and has come to symbolize the indestructibility of the Church of God.

The Intertwined Symbols in the lower quarter are the Greek letters Alpha and Omega. These are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet and may be freely translated as the "first and last." They symbolize the eternal, living God.

Around the outer rim of the Crest is the name "The United Church of Canada," and the Latin words "ut omnes unum sint" which means — "That all may be one." (John 17:21).

two, but one flesh, what God has joined let not man put asunder."

St. Mark, continues: "And when they were in the house, His disciples asked Him further about the same question. Whereupon He told them, if a man puts away his wife and marries another, he behaves adulterously toward her; and if a woman puts away her husband and marries another, she is an adulteress."

This is the scriptural basis for the fundamental Christian law, which the Roman Catholic Church has always upheld, that the bond of a truly valid marriage can be broken by nothing short of death.

Mess Building

Improvement Fund

The Airmen held a general meeting in the Station Theatre on March 23, to consider a proposal that a building improvement fund be established to provide additional amenities and facilities in the new Combined Mess.

Although the requirement for such a fund was generally recognized, one of the questions posed would appear to require an answer in some detail. The question was "Where do the profits from the Canteen go at present?"

To quote from AFMO 27.00/04, "Station Fund shall be credited with the revenue derived from all units, institutes or activities other than the Officers' and Sgt. messes."

The Station Fund Committee meets monthly to consider ways and means of expending this revenue in a manner most beneficial to the Aircraftmen and Airwomen. To illustrate where the money goes, let us examine the income and the expenditures in the Totem Inn during the period April 1st to Sept. 30th, 1959. The net profit in the institute for this period was approximately \$2,700. Following are some of the expenditures which went right back into the institute during the same period:

Seaburg Record Player — 760.00

24" Television — 285.00

Drapes — 485.00

Renovating Material — 366.00

Soft Drink Machine — 707.00

Entertainment — 1200.00

\$3803.00

Thus, it can be seen that the other institutes supported activities in the Totem Inn to some extent. Under these circumstances it is obvious that the profits in the canteen are not high enough to effect all the desirable improvements to the premises and at the same time provide for a reasonable amount of entertainment and this is the reason for the Building Improvement Fund.

It will probably be a surprise to most people to learn that there is no provision for a television room in the new Combined Mess, nor is there a casual dress lounge or mail room. If these facilities are to be provided, they must be supplied from NPF resources. Also, the PA system is a mess responsibility as are planters, notice boards, patio furniture and games room equipment. The Building Improvement Fund, together with a substantial share of the bar profits, will cover the purchase of these items over a period of one year. At the end of this time the requirement will be reviewed and the monthly assessment of \$1.00 will be either discontinued, reduced, extended, or increased in accordance with the needs of the committee and/or the wishes of a general meeting.

Twenty-Three Confirmed At Protestant Chapel

An interesting and impressive ceremony took place at the Protestant Chapel on Sunday, April 3, when 23 candidates received the Anglican rite of Confirmation. They were confirmed by the Right Reverend Henry D. Martin, D.D., who recently came to Vancouver Island after having served for more than 20 years as Bishop of the Anglican Diocese of Saskatchewan. Previous to his consecration, Bishop Martin was for 23 years Rector of St. George's Church in Winnipeg, while during the war, he was Protestant Chaplain at the EFTS at Prince Albert, Sask. Following the service a reception was held in the Chapel Rooms, to permit the congregation to meet the Bishop.

On Sunday, April 10th, the Confirmation class again gathered at the Chapel for their first Communion. After the Holy Communion Service, the group proceeded to the home



Confirmation candidates are shown as they attended their first Communion service. Back row (l. to r.): F/L Hewitt, R. G. Darragh, M. F. Darragh, L. E. Aikenhead, D. M. Darnbrough, V. P. Knight, D. J. Hutchison, E. P. Cox, I. B. Sharratt. Centre: K. A. Thompson, L. J. Wood, H. J. McDonald, M. L. Wood, L. A. Woodrow. Seated: P. M. Hutt, K. G. Ross, M. J. Bray, V. G. Wood, W. J. Hewitt, T. G. Ross. Missing: A. J. Hutchison, L. M. Hutchison, J. Moncrieff, M. K. Knight.

of F/L W. C. Hewitt, Protestant Chaplain, where a very enjoyable breakfast was prepared and served by Mrs. W. Holland, Mrs. W. Vradenburg and Mrs. Hewitt.

Bishop Martin's visit to Station Comox was most timely in that his confirming of the candidates at this time enabled them to partake of the Sacrament of Holy Communion for the first time on Palm Sunday, and prepared them for full participation in the services of Easter, which will be as follows:

GOOD FRIDAY—

11 a.m.—Family Service.

8 p.m.—Sacred Cantata, "Olivet to Calvary."

EASTER SUNDAY—

8 a.m.—Holy Communion.

9:30 a.m.—Children's Easter Morning Service.

11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.

12 Noon—Holy Communion.

CHAPEL GUILD TEA

The Protestant Chapel Guild of Wallace Gardens is planning a dance recital and tea to be held at the school auditorium on Wednesday, April 20th. The dancers will perform both tap and ballet and include several entrants to the Nanaimo Festival in May.

The program will commence at 3 o'clock with tea served, commencing at 3:30 until 5 p.m. During the tea, twelve door prizes donated by Courtenay merchants and valued at from two to ten dollars will be drawn. Prizes include such attractive items as jewellery, lamps, cologne, food hampers and many others. Tickets will be available at the door and are priced at 35c.

SUPPORT YOUR STATION INSTITUTES AND FUNCTIONS

MEETING

of all

TOTEM TIMES

Staff

Correspondents

and

Contributors

Wed., April 20

1400 Hours

Room 43

Station HQ

Building

All interested personnel

are invited to attend

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SQUADRON AND SECTION NEWS



Nighthawk News

by "ANDY"

There comes a time in every squadron's life when members past and present gather together for what is affectionately termed a "Squadron Reunion". 409 is carrying on this tradition on the 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd of May with invitations now being sent to former members across Canada, as well as the U.K. If the work being done on the preparation of the reunion has any bearing on its success, then there is no doubt that this reunion will be a real smash.

The scramble bell of matrimony has rung for two more Nighthawks, F/O Gerry McGuire and F/O Mac McKenzie. Gerry departed for the U.K. last weekend where the wedding will take place. Mac is to be married on the 23rd of this month somewhere on the prairies. To both we wish MA's and may the flight of marriage always be free of unserviceabilities.

Leaving us very soon will be S/L BA Cameron. S/L Cameron has been with the squadron since August '57 and has acted as our NavRad all this time. It is interesting to note

that he was one of the original AI boys, having flown during a night fighter squadron during the war in Beaufighters and Mosquitos when radar was in its infancy. He was also one of the original instructors at the OTU in North Bay when they first "invented" CP's. He is now "taking up a staff position" down south but I'm sure he'll be a frequent visitor to the squadron. Lots of luck in your new job, sir, we'll look in on you in McChord.

A pleasant good day to all and especially to the other squadron who are also planning a reunion when they become a "for real" squadron.

C.E. NEWS

By "ALF"

Congratulations to Peter (Pete) Svetich (One of the boys from the Splinter Shop) on his marvellous performance in the B.C. Ten Pins Tournament in Vancouver. Now holder of the B.C. Championship, Pete goes on to Edmonton for Western Canada Championships and if successful, on to Toledo, Ohio for the World's Championship. Good luck all the way from us all.

C.E. is finally airborne. Since Sgt. Kervin received his promotion we now have two flights in every day. As a point of interest, I would like you to note that it costs \$10 to learn that the letters STOP mean stop, not SLOW. This is true—ask Harry Brown.

Let us now welcome our new arrivals to the Section. F/O

J. R. Nixon (from Cold Lake), for Design & Requirements; F/O S. A. Holmes (St. Hubert) Administrative Officer; Sgt. Jack King (Calgary) WSSOP. This is not Jack's first trip here. He has been in and out of Comox since 1945. Quite a traveller this boy.

Now that Spring has come with the new budget, the grounds men are coming out in full strength, or didn't you notice how nice and clean the station is starting to look? Cheers to Jock Brown and his boys.

Rumour has it, that the lunch time cribbage games in the office are getting pretty hot and heavy, in fact it seems as how someone owes somebody 61c. You'll have to watch this heavy gambling. I saw Keith Parsons the other day it seems as though his nasty pills are improving him a little bit.

General re-organizing going on now. Men from P.M. trailers return to shops and shops to trailers.

HEADQUARTERS HAPPENINGS

By "PAT"

The "Big Day" has come and gone, and the towels have been hung out to dry in preparation for next year. Our congratulations and best wishes go to Marg Foley in SOR/Records on her promotion to corporal. To everyone else we can only offer sympathy.

The Commanding Officer, G/C Miller, has left the green pastures temporarily to journey to the colder climes of St. Hubert for the ADC Commanding Officers' Conference. W/C Bridges, OC 409 Squadron is occupying the "front office" in the CO's absence.

Life in Headquarters is not without its amusing (and AMAZING) side. Your correspondent was accosted in the corridor the other day by an airman from the "Comox Palace" who wanted to know where the Orderly Room was located. He was duly directed, and went on his merry way.

Two days later, however, the same airman again accosted yours truly and asked where Pay Accounts was located. Upon being asked how long he'd been here, he replied "Oh, going on four years." Therein lies the amusing and amazing side of this little anecdote—how can anyone be on a station for four years without knowing the location of the OR and Pay Accounts? Or is it a sad commentary on the present-day airman!

That's it for this time. See you on the Guard!

TELL OUR ADVERTISERS YOU SAW IT IN THE TOTEM TIMES

THE FIX-IT SHOP

by THE MERRY TINKERS



The wonderful music of Brahms, Chopin and Wagner as rendered by the London Symphony Orchestra lost some of its tonal quality when Lindsay Bell traded his flute and piccolo for a pair of welder's goggles. The piccolo, Lindsay assures our non-musical readers, is the most famous of all instruments, having come into prominence when a touring group of jesters were playing in the Middle Ages court of a small mountain kingdom. The tyrant being a man of doubtful tastes raged about the quality of the music, and ordered the musicians to be impaled with their own instruments. The piccolo player, of course, was the only survivor.

Lindsay brought the humble piccolo to new heights of fame with the London Symphony from 1930-39, and again from 1945-49, at which time the fix-it-shop prevailed over the musical world. During the last unpleasantness, Lindsay, called "Old Tuning Fork" by his friends, proved his versatility by playing saxophone with the Canadian Army, periodically laying down his sax long enough to shoot his way through the Italian boot, where he fell under the benevolent influence of a gentler way of life. To this day the words "vino" and "signor" appear in his speech and his mid-day siesta, when Lindsay assumes a state of suspended animation, is well known.

One of his favorite trances is to choose one of the less exposed corners of the welding shop, and lean against a newspaper in a posture that defies all laws of gravitation. Only a close scrutiny of his eyeballs can detect any life at all.

Lonely Hearts Club
Each two bachelors, one Finnish, one doubtful, both about 5 ft. 11 in., both badly in need of maternal guidance. This is a leap year special. All applications will be screened by our matrimonial committee. Write to: The Merry Tinkers c/o Totem Times, and enclose late photograph.

—Au Revoir

PILLS and CHILLS

by VAMPIRE

Well, Hello folks and to a member of our staff we say goodbye, you unfortunate soul. This member being Cpl. Tom McCafferty, who at this moment is wending his weary way toward New Brunswick to sail the seas of matrimony. Don't sink before you get there, Tom. Best of luck anyway. Another member of our staff, Sister McNulty, has left for Camp Borden to go on the Tri-Service course. Good Luck Sister. Dr. Waller paid us a visit from Sea Island this week in order to help out our M.O. shortage, and we understand Dr. Adams will be back with us April 10th after a lengthy sick leave. Welcome back sir!

Station infirmary has many parades going at present. Annual TABTD and Small Pox Vaccination — TB (Mantoux) tests and Blood Group Parade for 407 Sqn. If you'd care to sample some of our potions please step right up and see if your name is on our list (if not we'll add it on). You'll leave our section with an air of tranquility and "frustration", with one thing in mind—did they or did they not check my name off on the list? Well without further details gruesome and gory, I'll just add "the end" to our little say.

DEBITS AND CREDITS

by JWJ

Well, we survived the last issue, so, being a bit on the venturesome side, we'll stick our neck out once more.

These are stirring times we're living in. The Accounts Section is in a state of flux at present — in other words the powers that be are playing chess with the personnel.

Our inimitable WO, Bill Moore is moved to M & I. Please note, all you fellows with voucher problems. From now on you'll have to use your own noggin. We understand that, later on, F/O Thompson will come into Supply Accounts. In the meantime, pending Chuck's arrival, "Rocky" Richard will pull the chestnuts from the fire.

LAW MacDougall (Debbie to the Section) has been released. Official reason — marriage. Seems to me they've got the effect before the cause.

We are to lose our ace auditor at the end of the month. Jerry Lemieux is being banished to Holberg for the customary year's penal servitude. He spent his leave lately in the sunny state of California. Wonder if he's going to Holberg to hide? Anyhow, we'll all miss genial Jerry and his morning toothpick.

Once more on the scene, after a spell of hospitalization, is our cheerful invoice clerk, Marg. Brown, looking as hale and hearty as ever. Looks like she'll make it to pension time after all. She has to be careful in reverse still.

A new arrival on pay side is Marion Rodd from P.E.I. All the way from the Garden of the Gulf to the Evergreen Playground. Welcome to Comox, Marion. And never leave the Barack Block without your raincoat. By the way, why should Pay have all the luck? They're getting a regular chorus line in there now. We notice that F/O Baker keeps his door closed quite a bit. Too distracting?

As a note of interest to nobody, yours truly is taking a week's leave next week. The fact that discretion is the better part of Valour has nothing to do with it.

FLYCON FLASHES

by "BARNEY"

With the last issue of Totem Times the word of the day was "WHY?" For this issue the words "OR ELSE" were used; all because the boss noted that "FLYCON FLASHES" were missing. SO . . . to keep my insurance agent from worrying I'll do my best.

For all the personnel in this, our little kingdom by the sea nothing ever happens . . . or at least this reporter (?) never hears about it until months later.

Cpl. Joe Dobko has received word that his overseas station will be Gros Tanguin, France, while FS Joe Stark is making preparations for his move to Goose Bay. Oh! the joys of being promoted and of being named Joe!

Congratulations to those on the promotion list and to those who were not . . . we'll be pulling for you next time.

SAirSO's Sections

WEATHER NOTES

by MET

A wise old man once said, "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." As yet no one can do very much about the weather but one can get to know and understand the processes and events which form the weather. It will be the purpose of this column to present, from time to time, articles on and about weather.

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DEMON DOIN'S

By GOSH

Can't understand how that Orderly Room of ours ever gets anything official done these days, what with F/O Hugh Standing Joed in the capacity of Secretary of the Officers' Mess; Sgt. Bob Davison Secretary of the Sergeants' Mess, and Cpl. Lorne Vollick likewise for the Corporals' Club. I'd suggest you all keep your eyes on anything due you, like Prog Pay, Claims or Applications for this or that. Unless you can get it read into the minutes of one of the Messes it might get overlooked . . . Our Operations Shack is buzzing these days in more ways than one. They've got the whole thing electrified, but the drill is simple; first one presses the button beside the door, three long, one short, and one long; after a short wait one repeats this, thereby informing them that you're still hoping, this second treatment generally gets results but many, at times, have to be re-repeated, why we're not sure, but we suspect it depends upon what, and how many, has to be hidden. An answering buzz will then be sounded, this indicates that there is life inside. At this point physical pressure exerted against said door will yield results, but hold! Don't make the error of thinking this means unrestricted permission to enter. No, this merely signifies that the holders of the fort are willing to discuss the matter, any effort to advance recklessly forward at this point will meet only with torrid blasts of invective which, due to the proximity of the Met Office, could well cause grief and consternation to Weather Bureaus throughout the world by registering impossibly high temperatures and violent air currents on the forecasters' delicate instruments. (The opposite of delicate, in this instance, would be 'not delicate' vice 'indicate'). There is, however, one simple formula which, at all times will gain you admittance. Just say "Joe sent me"; This name seems to have a magical quality, and has never failed yet . . . BAIL Rep Jock Groundwater (Groundwater is a Scotch mist) presented, on behalf of Bristol Aviation, a candelabra to the new Officers' Mess, through W/C McCarthy. Applications will be considered for the job of sitting on a piano bench and smiling toothily through said candelabra. Only qualifications are that applicant must have a fraternal disposition and a brother George. Pay, from local reserve, is one buck a day . . . F/L 'High Altitude' Plumstead & Co. ferrying the Wingco to Kodiak this week. Snow place to be caught with your pants

down . . . All that noise, smoke, and shooting flames last night emanated from the Social Center where the Telecom Section got together, stagwise, to say "goodbye and good luck" to F/O Al Randall. Somewhere along the line the section presented him with a brief case; and, now that he's an officer and a gentleman, he won't be able to acquire ballpoints in the old, easy manner, so a handful of pens were thrown in for good measure . . . A pleasant interlude last week, while a bevy of nurses had a look at the hangar, and the hangar had a look at them; consensus of opinion was that never in the history of the Neptune had so much high explosive material come through the rear hatch, nor hatched so many rears . . . S/L Hazlett hosting Messrs. Smith, Fink, Levia, Johnston and Pineau up Campbell River way at Hazlett's Honey Haven. F/O Ron Osborne, who is O/C tents and sleeping bags, also went along. Ron is a lad who takes no chances, and where his inventory goes he goes too . . . Two new citizens are welcomed to Demonville in the persons of Cpl SG Tilley, a fitter, from Torbay; and Sgt. RA Dun, ArmsTech, from Commandifax . . . Wonder what makes F/O Cam Copeland sleep so soundly he snored right through takeoff time on his flip to Saskatoon for POL Course; perhaps it was the 'I' of it? . . . And while we're in the wondering mood, wonder what Alameda has to offer to make F/L 'Cruise Control' Mitchell go Norwards with two burning and two turning at 21000 so he has to sit down half way to refuel? . . . They claim those little British cars are the economic answer. It ain't necessarily so, as F/O Al Beasbrant found out the hard way, when he discovered that little red bug of his had more zip than was legal . . . The ROs got themselves moved all right, but now they need the services of a good navigator to run a latitudinal line across their new quarters, to indicate the exact extremity at which may be placed the big, left toe while playing darts . . . Heartiest congratulations to F/O Blair Wilkinson on the birth of a son, likewise to F/O Roy Thompson who also acquired a little male type exemption . . . Overheard in Log Control: Cpl. Pat McKenzie to our somewhat corpulent Cpl. Tony Larose, "Say, Tony, I heard a good way for you to lose 30 pounds of ugly fat in a hurry." Tony, with sharp interest: "How?" Pat: "Cut off your head."

What is the attraction in Victoria for some of the Air-

women? It couldn't be the Navy, but Peeewe goes all the way to Victoria to fish for trout?

Mary Duke is back from Cold Lake. Marilyn Burritt spent leave at her home in Surrey. Attention all Airwomen: rooms washed and polished for \$1.00, windows cleaned for 50c. Contact LAW Cameron, room 12.

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ISN'T IT IRONIC? In spite of the lack of promotions and no increase in pay they are trying to sell us a medical insurance plan and a new pension plan. They do look good though. If you married guys lack a medical insurance plan I advise you in the strongest terms to take advantage of this one. (Note this is not Payola.)

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SQUADRON AND SECTION NEWS

OBSERVING OPERATIONS

by "MAC"

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CONSERVICING

by ROBERT A. CLARKE

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ISN'T IT IRONIC? In spite of the lack of promotions and no increase in pay they are trying to sell us a medical insurance plan and a new pension plan. They do look good though. If you married guys lack a medical insurance plan I advise you in the strongest terms to take advantage of this one. (Note this is not Payola.)

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ATTENTION OPS OFFICER: We suggest that, if possible, you refrain from pushing that scramble bell button at or near 1615. You see, Sir, that happens to be the time that one shift is replacing the other. Not long ago, just as both crews were standing at their lockers, and just as all pants hit the floor, the scramble bell rang. I leave it to your imagination, Sir, the resulting pandemonium . . . Please, Sir, there are ladies working in the

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SPORTS

407 Golfers Sizzle In the Drizzle

by GOSH

Friday, April 1st dawned cold, wet, sleeting, raining and drizzling: a perfect day for those demoniacal Demons to tee off for the first Squadron Golf Tournament of the year. In all thirty-three entrants braved the elements in an heroic effort to collect a couple of the golf balls offered as prizes, and if 6 dropped out after the first nine and played right through to the nineteenth, after all, on a day like that, who could really blame them?

Results

Although WO2 Fred Zaruk came up with the low gross of 84, which is a pretty fair round at any time, it proved to be only good enough for a 2nd low net of 73; F/L Wally Fink collecting the two balls for first low net with a 72. Third in the net running was F/L Bob McNabb who handicapped himself into a 74.

Only a couple of hidden prizes remained to be ac-

counted for: the hidden hole on the front nine turned out to be the third and went to Cpl Buzz Pozdzik; the second hidden prize, for the highest score on the last hole was collected by F/L Wilf Johnson, who managed to get into this par three hole in only eight strokes.

A special booby prize, the return of his entry money, was unanimously accorded S/L Ed Hudson, who achieved this the hard way, i.e. 102 strokes, 14 blows, 8 bashes, 8 whiffs and 2 score cards, for a grand total 132; just to show he could do it he made a par on the 4th hole, but after that he settled down to a good, consistent game and didn't go home empty-handed.

April Open

Another effort of a similar nature is planned about the end of this month. This "April Open" is by no means invitational and all squadron personnel are invited to attend, or caddy, you don't have to be good, you just have to be there.

Tropical Fish More Than a Hobby

by "MEL"

Have you ever entered a friend's home or a pet shop and noticed a well stocked aquarium? Perhaps you took more than a glance and stopped to observe these underwater creatures performing their exotic and fascinating ballet. Watching is only a part of this exciting and rapidly growing hobby.

Aquarium keeping consists not only of the maintaining of fish for their beauty alone, but as a hobby that offers amateurs a chance to make contributions to knowledge of aquatic creatures and remains a fascinating pastime for those who wish to occupy their leisure time pleasantly. Aquariums provide first hand knowledge of a life so entirely different from ours, that the amateur aquarist never tires of the daily new adventures.

In their natural habitat, these very colorful fish are often the prey of much larger fish; so breeding is a major

factor of their plan to provide non-extinction. Breeding in the home aquarium is only one of the many benefits the aquarist enjoys. Live bearing tropical fish, breed several times a year. The guppy for example breeds every 29 days and the swordtail every five weeks.

Breeding egg layers is even more exciting than live bearers. Their breeding requires more help from the aquarist than the natural breeding live bearers.

Breeding can also turn this hobby into a profitable adventure. Since the average life of the tropical fish is three or more years an ever demanding supply is necessary.

Because of their easy maintenance, Guppies are usually the first fish purchased by the amateur aquarist, but after a short while he usually stocks his aquarium with more colorful and unusual fish. For the many pleasant hours derived from this hobby the cost of

beginning is very small. A 7½ or 10 gallon tank is recommended for the beginners. Since these fish are from warm tropical waters, a heater and thermostat is also necessary. The only other basic needs are gravel or clean washed sand and a good supply of tropical plants. An air pump or vibrator is also recommended, but not always necessary. If you want a better and cleaner aquarium, a filter is also necessary. The bottom type filter is placed under gravel and is unseen. The charcoal and glass wool type is definitely preferred, although this type of filter is bulky and more noticeable than the before mentioned. Now you are "set-up." Before stocking your aquarium, it is suggested you purchase a good book on the subject. One of the better books is "Aquariums" by Anthony Evans and published by W. & G. Foyle Ltd., and available at better book stores. This book will give the amateur aquarist all he needs to know about starting an aquarium.

Stock your aquarium with young colorful fish of your choice or as advised by your dealer. Remember, never overcrowd and always buy from a reputable dealer. Fish are subjected to diseases that are difficult to cure.

Since daily care is necessary, this is an especially good hobby for children, but adults seem to be the largest percentage occupying this hobby.

Aquariums can be used not only as a hobby, but for enhancing your home in decoration. Construction of an aquarium to meet your particular needs, is a comparatively easy task. For whatever reason you take up aquarium keeping, your rewards will be much greater than any other participating hobby.

Colt League Ball

The first exhibition game of the season was played Sunday afternoon at Lewis Park. On very short notice, our boys received a challenge to meet Port Alberni for a five-inning exhibition game.

So, mustering nine players, (no spares, note), no uniforms and very little equipment, they trotted out to take on a fast, snappily uniformed Port Alberni team—even the coaches and managers looked good.

Our boys did very well for themselves, losing a hedge podge game 7-5. It is a certainty that at the next meeting the scores will be decidedly reversed.

There are four teams in this league, Fanny Bay, Port Alberni, Courtenay and Comox.



Sea Island Wins Basketball Tourney

The 5 Air Division Basketball Championship for 1960 was taken by Station Sea Island, who won both their games, 71-16 over Holberg, and 47-40 over Comox. In the other game, Comox defeated Holberg 41-16.

The final game, between Comox and Sea Island, was a fast, hard fought game. Comox was on the short end of a 24 to 16 score at the half, but changed their tactics, tying up big gun Rolfe Cook early in the second half to go ahead 27-26. Sea Island quickly changed its offensive, how-

ever, and went ahead again on four quick baskets by Kandal. Sea Island then played a close-checking defensive game exchanging basket for basket for a final score of Sea Island 47, Comox 40.

Sea Island: Cook, 23; Kandal, 16; Marshall, 4; Blair, 2; Moir, 2; Jordan; Duncan; Hayes; Cowden; Queen.

Comox: Ninkovic, 19; Kelly, 10; Colfield, 6; McPherson, 4; Brabant, 1; Wilder; O'Neill; Goodman; Ballille.

TELE-CHATTER

by "RELAY"

The feelings experienced by your correspondent at seeing his disjointed ramblings appear in print must be akin, he imagines, to those of the man, who, after being ridden out of town on a rail, said that if it weren't for the honor of the thing, he would just as soon have walked.

After pondering awhile upon the ways of editors, who work in mysterious ways their wonders to perform, and who seem willing to publish anything nowadays, he felt that it was about time to bring into the limelight the most important man in the Telecommunications Section—the airman.

He is, of course, unaware of his importance. Generations of senior NCOs have spent the best years of their lives emphasizing his relative unimportance, his lowliness in the scheme of things, until he has been placed in a sufficiently receptive frame of mind to absorb their teachings. Teachings designed to enable them to train him to such a peak of efficiency that he can be detailed to do all the work of the section thus leaving them free to enjoy longer coffee breaks, more reading time to devote to a wide variety of highly illustrated non-technical publications, and, should he be so foolhardy as to ask for 10 minutes off to bury his grandmother, they will advise him, with a few well turned phrases, of little known facts of his ancestry, and forecast vividly his probable future and ultimate destination. But the Telecom Tech is made of stern stuff. Any man

See Tele-chatter
Continued on Page 12

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with ILES

Seems it takes a mainlander to catch steelhead on Vancouver Island. For those of you who may not have read the "Province", the "Fair Game" editor and friends hit 17 steelhead in four hours of fishing in the Qualicum River on St. Patrick's Day, while reports from the local sportsmen indicated that this whole season has been somewhat poor. This, as was indicated, was a fresh run, so perhaps we give up too easy, or too soon, or—perhaps there are no bonafide Irishmen in the crowd.

I drove to Wolfe Lake Sunday, March 27. It was a bitterly cold day with the temperature around 37 degrees. A cold, high wind, gathering a breath of winter from the snow-covered slopes of the Beaufort Range, swept across the lake, churning the surface into a mass of whitecaps.

After a few casts from shore we retreated to the car with numb hands and decided to try the Tsalum. We soon gave this up for a try at Comox Lake, only to be greeted by a steady soaking drizzle. A few unproductive casts here, combined with the rain and the discouraging reports we received from the few lonely souls we chanced to meet in our ramblings, drove us home to a hot drink (tea) and the one-eyed monster (TV, not the wife).

The gatekeeper at the entrance to the Wolfe Lake area issues permits for each adult, good until the end of April, at which time access to Wolfe Lake will be closed for the season. If no fires are caused by carelessness and there are no incidents of vandalism, access to more remote lakes in this area is promised for the future.

The one person who read my last column looked me up to tell me I was wrong when I said the steelhead season was practically over. All I can say in retaliation is "prove it." I'll print a retraction and the pictures you take in the next edition.

I tried the Oyster River on Sunday, April 3rd. The water was very high and dirty.

I worked my way upstream as far as the Little Oyster where I concentrated on a few likely looking pools, but all to no avail.

Hold the wire. I just received a call from F/O Ernst telling me that he and Cpl. Gings had caught their limit of trout in Buttle Lake the 3rd of April. The catch consisted of Rain-

bow, Dolly Varden and a 1½ pound Cut-throat. The latter he caught trolling, while the others he caught still fishing from a boat. Most everyone fishing Buttle including those fishing from shore, caught something. They used worms throughout. Fish deep he says, about two feet from bottom. I may have a picture of his catch for the next column.

WORTH TAKING A CHANCE?
It pays to be a good sportsman—or should I say it does NOT pay to be a poor one? Recently two privately owned planes were impounded by the Crown for infractions of the game laws. The owners were also fined.

HOW'S YOUR FISHING SKILL?

Far be it from me to enter into a debate with the powers that be on the controversial point of whether fishing is a game of chance or a game of skill, but it seems that these same powers are just about alone in their beliefs. It is the practically unanimous opinion of all expert fishermen including the famous Roderick Halg-Brown, that without skill, your catches are consistently very slim, certainly. MY experience has shown that it must be a game of skill—my luck can't be that bad.

LOSING MUCH LINE LATELY?

Here is a tip for those of you who are continually losing expensive mono-filament line and artificial lures as a result of snagging. Many experts attach their sinker to the end of a leader. This leader is of a slightly lower test than the line in use, thus if you're snagged and the only way to clear it is to use brute force, you merely lose a sinker and a short length of leader rather than "hook, line and sinker." The sinker is the thing that snags most often on rock bottoms, since the lure or bait generally floats a few inches above bottom.

FROZEN TROUT

There is only one way to freeze trout and then they can be kept only for a limited time. Clean and ready for pan then drop meal portions into an empty cardboard milk container. Fill container with water and place in your freezer. You can keep them about one and one-half to two months this way. Longer, they may become dry and lose their taste.

OPEN STRATHCONA PARK?

The Campbell River Fish and Game Association is advocating the opening of Strathcona Park to hunters. This is an area rich in fish and game, but in my opinion should be kept as a preserve. Let it be open for every lover of the rugged outdoors to roam with camera and rod but let's keep it as a refuge for game. There is plenty of overflow of game which can be hunted outside this area. Otherwise, eventually, hunters and fishermen will have leave the Island for greener pastures or import their game from the mainland.

Surely a fish and game club's primary concern should be conservation and perpetuity of game. Is this possible on the Island when the whole has been opened to hunters with no sanctuary for wild game? Many claim that it is necessary to thin the population of certain areas occasionally, otherwise they will die of starvation. If such is the case in Strathcona Park, by all means let's open it, but there are no reports to indicate this.

ANY PHOTOS?
Photos are solicited for publication. Send or bring them to WO2 E. H. Iles, Telecom Air Section, Room 224, Hangar No. 7. They will be returned unharmed. Include details as to area and/or catches. Scenic photos are also welcome. Reports are that the Commanding Officer took some good camera shots of deer in Strath-

cona Park recently. Sure would like to publish some. Here is a formula for estimating the weight of fish: Length x girth x girth x girth divided by 800, equals weight. Courtesy "Wildlife Review"

THIS MONTH'S RECOMMENDED READING

"Fisheries Fact Sheets"—Interesting facts which may help you learn the habits of fish and thus help you catch more. Available free, on request, from "Information Services Dept. of Fisheries, Ottawa, Ont."

"Canada's Pacific Salmon"—Excellent booklet available at a cost of 25c from "Queen's Printer, Parliament Bldgs., Ottawa, Canada". Tells you all you need know about Pacific Salmon—species, spawning habits etc.—loaded with coloured photos of each species. DO YOU HUNT-FISH-BOAT-CAMP?

This column is devoted to all outdoorsmen. I am extremely anxious to make it interesting to as varied a group of outdoorsmen as possible. It is essential therefore that I receive reports on any and all of your fishing, hunting, boating and camping trips. If you fish or hunt, successfully or not, I would appreciate hearing from you. "Criticism of this column is welcome and cordially invited."



by C. SMITH

The thrills of skin diving are many and varying in degree from quiet pleasure to wild panic.

The beginner will find that his thrills usually take the latter form. Instead of deterring him however, it seems to make the attraction even greater, possibly due to the challenge of trying to overcome fears that he knows are purely imaginative.

The most common inducement to panic for beginners is seaweed, which when come upon suddenly, or brushed unnoticed across some part of the body causes an almost uncontrollable urge to flee.

A more subtle and more insidious cause of fear is poor visibility which has the effect of a strange, dark room and which gradually causes all bravado to disappear and terror to take its place.

Island Divers, diving in a lime quarry on Texada Island last January to recover the bodies of five miners who had gone into the quarry in their car, say they were only fifteen minutes from surface to surface, yet would not return for the last body in spite of all inducements.

Although not stated, the most probable cause was extreme lack of visibility coupled with excess of imagination. Yet these are among Canada's most experienced and resourceful divers, with more than 15 years of experience in diving under all conditions, the greatest part of which was in dark, dirty water in booming grounds and in harbors.

Anyone with a fear of height may find himself breathless and fearful as he swims in clear water, to the edge of a precipice which extends down into the blue waters beyond his range of vision.

As the diver gains more experience, however, the weeds become only weeds, his imagination becomes conditioned to lack of light and to lurking shadows and he is free to marvel at the myriad of creatures and plant life around him, but there will always be thrills and the type of dangerous security only experienced in skin diving.

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Recreation Ramblings

by "THE WRECKERS"

The winter recreational activities are all but over and the spring and summer activities are being lined up for the coming season.

The Curlers have just completed a successful season with 23 rinks out every Saturday morning. The wind up of the Curling Season was held on 25th and 26 March, in the form of a station bonspiel. Congratulations to the Smith, the Hooper and the Stillar rinks—the winners in these respective events.

407 Squadron used their sub-hunting tactics on return from their exercise and the winners of their league, the 407 Radio Officers, went on to defeat Station Telecom for the station volleyball crown, thus wrapping up the volleyball season for another year.

407 Airmen must have used the same system, for they emerged winners in the Inter-section Basketball playoffs. Congratulations to all members of these winning teams.

Station Comox hosted the 5 Air Division Basketball tournament the weekend of the first and second of April, and in this series the winner was Sea Island, with Comox second and Holberg bringing up the rear. Oh well, you can't win them all.

The Bowlers have finally decided to call it a day for the '59-'60 season. Congratulations to the Wreckers and the Night Outs—the winners of the service and the mixed leagues.

The avid golfers are still at it, with a few more fair weather golfers getting out as the weather improves. For newcomers, golf clubs can be rented at the Rec Centre for twenty-five cents a day and both green fees and memberships at the two local clubs are very reasonable.

By the way, the Dry Canteen has a special on golf clubs—a bag, two woods, four irons and putter all for \$37.50, tax included. In case you didn't know, golf is an all-year-round sport at Comox, for those who don't mind a little Scotch mist. Speaking of Scotch mist, the

Rec Centre staff would like to thank the kind person who returned a half bottle Scotch with their clubs the other day. All donations of this kind are greatly appreciated.

The Boating and Fishing enthusiasts are hard at it, getting their boats and gear in shape for the coming season. The Hoppy Shop is a hive of activity with renovations and new construction. If you don't own a boat, and are interested in procuring one, you might be interested in building a fiberglass one. We understand one of these boats can be built in approximately 24 hours at a surprisingly reasonable cost. See the Hoppy Shop attendant for further information.

The Station Bingos are going strong and the jackpot will be \$300.00 this month.

The Youth Recreation Program is progressing with the following activities: Boxing, Art Classes, Model Aircraft Building, Photo Club, Stamp Club, Bowling, etc. We hear by rumor that Skin Diving is next on the list. Any adults who would like to help in this worthwhile youth activity program are asked to contact F/L Robinson at Local 25.

All good people of Station Comox are urged to please stay off the PMQ Sport Field. The CEO has advised that the grass is going to take at least another two months to catch and thicken. We have been without a Sports Field for a year and a half so what is another few months if it will ensure us a fine, new facility?

Due to the condition as mentioned above we will be forced to start our fastball leagues at the old diamond at Comox Radar. As the weather improves you will be hearing more about this.

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FEATURES

— BOMBS AWAY —

By F/O Q. WIGHT

Ever feel a sudden give to the soil beneath your feet and realize that you were standing on top of a deteriorated beach mine which was being initiated by your weight? Major A. B. Hartley, MBE, of the Royal Engineers has — and lived to tell the tale. Major Hartley is "Mr. Bomb Disposal" of England, and is also unique in that he has been on the job since 1942 — a period in which the average life span of a bomb disposal expert was ten weeks (That was for experts — novices were hardly around for long enough to notice).

Today Major Hartley is second in command of the Royal Engineers Bomb Disposal Unit at Broadbridge Heath, a little hamlet near Horsham in Sussex. Here also, is housed the Joint Services School of Bomb Disposal and it is through this latter institution that many Canadians come into contact with the Major and his work. The RCAF sends Armament Officers to this unit to familiarize them with the intricacies of bomb handling and Major Hartley keeps them occupied in the evenings (the school keeps them slinging mud during the day) by relating many anecdotes of the early days of bomb disposal and of the men he knew (some all too briefly) during the hectic period when over 3,700 unexploded bombs lay under English soil (There's still a great many left — the unit gets at least 20 identification calls a week).

In one instance a large bomb on which he was working was fitted with a clockwork fuse which began to tick as he in-

spected it. He had no magnetic clock-stopper and the Germans were in the habit of booby-trapping such devices so that they could not be removed without blowing up the bomb. Knowing that he had perhaps only seconds left in which to act, Major Hartley performed one of the deeds which has made his name a household word in England — he hit the fuse with a 28 pound sledgehammer! The clock stopped.

The enormity of the task involved may be felt when it is realized that among the fuses placed in German bombs some were so sensitive that they could be activated by tapping on the case with a pencil. These were only armed after impact with the ground and were designed specifically to prevent bomb disposal teams from attempting to remove the second time delay fuse from the bomb. The only method of dealing with this type was to freeze it with a mixture of gasoline and dry ice or liquid oxygen after which one had a full twenty minutes to remove both the anti-handling and the clock-work fuse from the case. It took a man with an odd brand of courage to sit at the bottom of a shaft shrouded in oxygen or gasoline vapor waiting for a fuse to freeze and knowing that the clock-work portion was ticking on to an unknown zero hour.

People today knowing that the present unexploded bombs have been lying underground for up to 20 years are inclined to feel that they are now harmless. This is not the case. Year after year the explosive has been working into fuse threads and crystallizing inside the case. The slightest movement of the fuse is enough to blow the entire pro-

ject sky-high. It is a credit to the Major and his men that they continue to treat their work as daily routine and have never faltered in their task of ridding England of the last violent traces of Hitler's Luftwaffe.

(Editor's Note: F/O Wight has just returned from England, where he attended the Bomb Disposal course mentioned in this article and accompanied Major Hartley on several instances of reported unexploded bombs.)



YOU KEEP
RED CROSS
ON THE JOB

DRAMA IN REAL LIFE

An editorial in the Saint John Telegraph-Journal relates this story of drama in real life. A 19-year-old airman, stationed at the Chatham RCAF base was severely cut in the throat and face when hurled through the windshield in a two-car smash at the Gaspe town of Carleton. That area usually receives its blood supply from Campbellton, New Brunswick. But even after Campbellton had sent all that they had, much more was needed. A call was put through to the blood transfusion service laboratory in Lancaster for 20 bottles of O negative blood — the universal type suitable for any patient — because there was no time to make tests of the victim's own type. Normally an RCAF plane would have whisked the shipment from Saint John to the nearest airport in a matter of minutes — but the weather that night had grounded all aircraft. So the priceless bottles of life-giving blood were rushed by the Red Cross emergency vehicle to Sussex in a blinding midnight storm. There a Moncton Red Cross Corps car was waiting to relay the shipment to Moncton where an RCAF Equipment Depot vehicle drove it on to Chatham and an RCAF ambulance hurried it to Carleton — in time to save the life of the airman. The four-stage highway dash had covered about 400 miles — a tense real life drama that would match anything of the kind seen on stage or screen.

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COMMUNITY NEWS PAGE



SCOUT CORNER

By BRIAN SIMMONS

On Saturday, March 29, a number of Scouts from 2nd Comox Troop gathered at the Scout Hall with much enthusiasm. With three leaders they were driven to the Forbidden Plateau for a day of tobogganing.

With a slight drizzle falling, everyone climbed up the crusted ski trail to the Tow Inn. From all appearances everybody enjoyed themselves despite the weather.

By noon all the lunches were mostly devoured. Ken Hutt had a fire blazing away and was busily cooking his scrambled eggs when Scouter Toft came up to him remarking: "I thought we were eating lunch, not breakfast. Why did you bring porridge?" The cooked meals were in connection with the Winter Sportsman's badge. Other boys successful in passing this test were Bob Bradbury, David Hunter and Brian Simmons.

A tired Troop returned the same day with happy thoughts of tobogganing. Our thanks go out to those people who provided extra toboggans.

The Court of Honor has selected Chickadee Lake for the Easter camp site. The camp will be held April 21 to 24. At this camp the troop will be using their new tents for the first time.

During Easter week our three Queen's Scouts, Bob Bradbury, Ken Hutt and Brian Simmons will journey to Victoria to be guests of Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Ross at a luncheon at Government House. The Queen's Scout presentation ceremony will follow this luncheon.

We are pleased to know that Scouter Hunter has returned from hospital and is convalescing at home. We hope to see him back at the meetings soon.

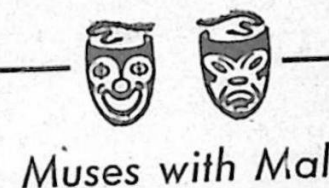
Badge Presentations
Bob Kobierski has recently joined the ranks of those with their Second-Class Badge. Proficiency badges presented lately were to Jack Albrecht for his Carpenter, Reader and Pilot, to David Hunter for Book Binder. Congratulations are in order for each of these boys.

Word has just been received that Patrol Leader Bob Bradbury has been selected a member of the British Columbia contingent attending the 5th American Jamboree at Colorado Springs in July of this year.

OUR ADVERTISERS MERIT
YOUR PATRONAGE



Photo by Zarecki



Muses with Mal

by MAL HOGARTH

Hard at work for the Comox Valley Drama Club's forthcoming production is the director, Ted Gaskell. This production of Noel Coward's "Billie's Spirit" seems well on its way to becoming one of the highlights of the present season.

Mr. Gaskell, assisted by Bev McPhee intends to make this well known and highly sophisticated comedy a fitting climax to their productions this year.

The play concerns novelist Charles Condomine (Les Penegar) and his invitation to a spiritualist (Phyl Gaskell) to his house in order to learn of the occult for his next book. The seance that is held brings back Charles' first wife (Daphne Williams), who had died seven years ago. This causes great havoc in the household especially to his present wife Ruth (Pam Whitley). Also included in the cast are Margaret Bennett as Edith, the maid, and Ray Logie and Nan Walmsley as Dr. and Mrs. Bradman.

Be sure to include this play on your list of coming events. It will be produced in the CRA Hall, April 28th, 29th and 30th. News of the Astral Players: Due to production difficulties that arose with our intended play "Ten Little Indians," we have had to replace it with "Gabrina Fair." This delightful comedy, that had a successful run on Broadway and as a film, is more within our

100 Guests Attend Spring Wedding

Of wide interest was the morning wedding of Jill Oliver and Eric Radcliffe, held in the Protestant Chapel, April 9th.

Given in marriage by Major RJK Pine, the bride wore a bouffant gown of tiered lace. The neckline was enhanced with seed pearls and sequins. A coronet of pearls held her chapel veil and she carried a white orchid on a prayer book.

Jeanette Bertrand, her maid of honour and Mildred Drew were dressed in pink and mauve organdy with matching bouquets.

The toast to the bride was given by the best man, John McWhirter.

The ushers were Bob McPhail who, with his bagpipes, piped in the sword for the cutting of the cake, and Pete Philip, who carried the sword. Out of town visitors included the bride's aunt, Mrs. Margaret Oliver of Vancouver; the

groom's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe and his brother Brian, Bralorne, B.C., Mr. and Mrs. J. Selkirk; Misses L. Milne and B. Fell of Victoria; Mr. and Mrs. Goodall and Miss Margaret Goodall from Vancouver, and Mrs. J. Sutherland of Toronto.

After a honeymoon in Las Vegas, the newlyweds will make their home in Courtenay.

LETTER (?) TO THE EDITOR

WHY . . .

by "HAWK"

Why must our station paper's Relating of Squadrons' capers, Narrating of section news, Or stating of election views; Invariably be punny— And why . . . so (ha ha) funny?

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PHONE 242

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STATION THEATRE

Coming Attractions

THURSDAY, APRIL 14

THE MAN INSIDE

J. Palance - Anita Ekberg

SATURDAY, APRIL 16

WESTBOUND

Randolph Scott - V. Mayo
Plus Bugs Bunny Jamboree
at Matinee

SUNDAY, APRIL 17

M-G-M
presents
**AUDREY
HEPBURN
ANTHONY
PERKINS****GREEN
MANSIONS**...the forbidden for its
beyond the AmazonCo-starring **LEE J. COYB**
In METROCOLOR and Cinemascope

TUESDAY, APRIL 19

WATUSI

G. Montgomery - Taina Elg

THURSDAY, APRIL 21

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
A WARWICK PRODUCTION
CHARLES COBURN • NIGEL PATRICK
WENDY HILLER
**HOW TO MURDER
A RICH UNCLE**with **KATIE JOHNSON**
Screen Play by **JOHN PAXTON**
Directed by **NIGEL PATRICK**
Produced by **JOHN PAXTON**
CINEMASCOPE

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

YELLOWSTONE KELLY

Clint Walker - Ed Byrnes

SUNDAY, APRIL 24

THE FBI STORY

Jas. Stewart - Vera Miles

TUESDAY, APRIL 26

PASSIONATE SUMMER

Bill Travers - V. McKenna

TELE-CHATTER

Continued from Page 8

who knows, as he does—at least until the Trade Examinations roll around—that XL=2Pi of L and who has a nodding acquaintance with the laws of Messrs Ohms, Henry, and Faraday must have the right stuff in him.

He can quote verbatim from EO 35EG FRR502-7 to the utter confusion of his immediate superiors and retire to his work bench secure in the knowledge that he has slipped

across a fast one.

After his day of honest toil he adjourns to the canteen to relax and draw comparisons between his Sergeant and several of the lesser liked animals, stressing the latter's higher moral qualities, for the enlightenment and entertainment of his cronies.

As he sits he gloats over the fact that in a few short days he will be proceeding on leave, and, counting the two days off he has coming to him, his travelling time, annual leave, compassionate leave, and

wangling an extra weekend by leaving on Friday plus another day through changing shifts with LAC Ohm it will be six glorious weeks before he hears the Warrant Officer's dulcet tones calling "You horrible little man—come here."

Sitting on a beach in sunny California he puts behind him all thoughts of the oscilloscope he was supposed to fix and the condenser he was told to change in the modulator circuit of the transmitter well aware that others of his ilk will take care of these irritating details for him at the same time concealing his sins of omission from the Sergeant. For there exists among the airmen of the Telecom Section an esprit-de-corps, a camaraderie which is the envy of less fortunate sections of the station, and as he heads for home, two weeks before he is due, having unaccountably run out of money, gas, credit, girl friends and all these other little items which enlighten his lot he knows that when he gets back LAC Clot will be good for five dollars till pay day.

Having by now inflated the airman's ego more than somewhat your correspondent must leave you to proceed to the Telecom Workshop to place things in their proper perspective and remind him that he is a lowly, misguided, misbegotten son of a something or other. This will restore the status quo and make life—for the NCOs—the easy-going smooth flowing existence they enjoyed prior to the appearance of this article as well as leaving your correspondent free to woo the muse for the next edition, and the reader free to reflect that he will have to do a considerable amount of wooing if he intends to inflict similar ramblings upon them in the future.

U.S. NAVY AIRCREW MEET 409 AIRCREW



Left to right, F/L H. Carnahan, Lt. Neil Campbell, S/L S. H. MacFadden, Commander Gene Valencia, F/O T. R. Thompson and F/L B. L. Johnston.

Classified Ads

Classified Advertising 3c per word, 50c minimum. Ads will be accepted up to 4 p.m. Friday preceding publication.

Payment must be submitted with the ad, which may be mailed or delivered to the "Totem Times" office. As a public service, no charge will be made for advertisements offering items to be given away by the advertiser.

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BLUE 1955 Consul—Excellent condition. 2 new tires, 2 near new. Owner transferred to Goose Bay. Phone 214-L.

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THIRTY DAY CHARGE ACCOUNTS: Due and payable on the tenth of the month following purchases.

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MEN'S WEAR

T-Shirts

The Sportmate by ARROW. Short sleeve T-Shirt tailored by craftsmen in the latest fabrics, fast colours, with the exclusive arafold collar permanent stays. Colours: blue, moss green, melon and white. Small, Medium and Large

4.00

Jackets

Spring windbreakers. The largest selection we have ever stocked featuring the popular sharkskin washable fabric. Colours: grey, blue and suntan.

Sizes 36 to 42.

This Jacket is a real hit! ONLY

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Jockey Shorts

The briefest brief jockey "Bikini" shorts. 100% stretch nylon. For cool comfort in the summer. Colours: white, red and black. Small, Medium and Large.

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Sports Trousers

The latest Continental style and colours, vat dyed colours, pre-shrunk, fully washable, fine workmanship and fabric, lightning zippers. Colours: grey, suntan, loden green, Continental sateen.

Sizes: 29 to 38.

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Ladies' Slim Jims

The new continental style, pre-shrunk, full cut, washable in popular colours. Colours: sun tan, nutmeg, loden green, blue. An excellent value.

Sizes: 10 to 18.

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In variety of stripes and plains with four different style necklines. All good spring colours. Sizes: Small, Medium and Large

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