



TOTEM TIMES

Vol. 9

CFB COMOX, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1968

No. 1



Lieutenant Governor Pearkes Visits Comox



A SPRY Major-General George R. Pearkes who arrived by service aircraft was met by G/C KC Lett upon his arrival at Comox. — RFE photo

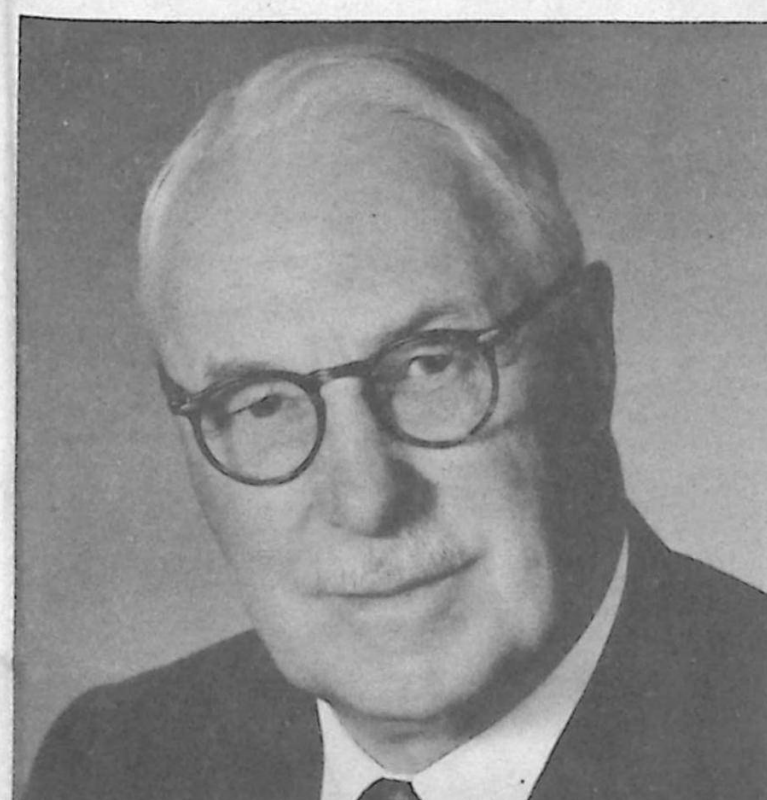
Maj. Gen. the Honourable George Randolph Pearkes VC, CC, PC, CB, DSO, MC, CD

Major-General Pearkes was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of British Columbia on 13 October, 1960, following his resignation as Minister of National Defence. He was born in Watford, England, February 26, 1888, and was educated at Berkhamsted School, England. He came to Canada in 1906 and after home-staying in the Rocky Mountain District, Alberta, served for 2 1/2 years with the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, in the Yukon. He enlisted in the Canadian Mounted Rifles as a private soldier in Victoria, B.C., in March, 1915 and seven months later was in France with his unit. He rose quickly through the non-commissioned ranks and was commissioned in the field in April, 1916. He was promoted to Acting Captain in October, 1916, and to

acting Major two days later. He attained the rank of acting lieutenant-colonel in January, 1918, and became a temporary Lieutenant-Colonel in March of the same year. At the end of the First World War he was commanding the 116th Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force. He was wounded in action five times, twice seriously. He was awarded the Victoria Cross while serving as a major in 5th CMR's for gallantry at Passchendaele in 1917. The citation recognized his "most conspicuous bravery and skillful handling of the troops under his command during the capture and consolidation of considerably more than the objective allotted to him, in an attack. Just before the advance Major Pearkes was wounded in the left thigh. Regardless of his wound, he continued to lead his men with the utmost gallantry, despite many obstacles. At a particular stage of the attack his further advance was threatened by a strong point, which was an objective of the battalion on his left, but which they had not succeeded in capturing. Quickly appreciating the situation, he captured and held this point, thus enabling his further advance to be successfully pushed forward. It was entirely due to his determination and fearless personality that he was able to maintain his objective with the small number of men at his command against repeated enemy counter attacks, both of his flanks being unprotected for a considerable depth meanwhile. His appreciation of the situation throughout and the reports rendered by him were invaluable to his commanding officer in making dispositions of troops to hold the position captured. He showed throughout a supreme contempt for danger and wonderful powers of control and leading."

He was earlier awarded the military Cross for "conspicuous gallantry in action." The citation accompanying the award said: "He led a bombing party with great courage and determination, clearing six hundred yards of trench and capturing 18 prisoners. Later, although wounded, he remained at duty until the battalion was relieved."

Major-General Pearkes was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for gallantry in action at Amiens. The citation read: "This officer handled his battalion in a masterly manner and with an enveloping movement completely baffled and overcame the enemy, who were in a very strong position. He then captured the final objective, which was about 5,000 yards from the start. Before this, however, the men were becoming exhausted, observing which, he at once went into the attack himself, and by



his splendid and fearless example put new life into the whole attack, which went forward with a rush and captured 16 guns of all calibres up to eight inches."

He was also awarded the French Croix de Guerre and was Mentioned in Despatches. After the first World War, Major-General Pearkes remained in the Permanent Force as an officer of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and graduated from the Imperial Defence College in the United Kingdom in 1937 and then was promoted to the rank of Brigadier to command Military District No. 13, Calgary.

On mobilization of the 1st Canadian Division he assumed command of the 2nd Canadian Infantry Brigade and led this formation overseas in December, 1939. He was promoted to the rank of Major-General in July, 1940, to command the 1st Division. In September, 1942, Major-General Pearkes was appointed General Officer Commanding, Pacific Command, and remained in this appointment until February, 1945.

During the second World War he was created a Companion of the Order of the Bath. The citation said, in part: "In every appointment which he has held he has given outstanding service. His unflinching devotion to duty and his great ability in the training and handling of troops have contributed greatly to the war effort of the Canadian Army at home and abroad."

He was also awarded the United States Legion of Merit (Degree of Commander), "for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding service. As Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Command, of the Canadian Army, he has contributed greatly to the joint defence

of the United States and Canada by co-ordinating joint action between the forces under his command and those of the United States."

Major-General Pearkes entered the political field as Progressive Conservative Member of Parliament for Esquimalt-Saanich. He was first elected to the House of Commons in 1949 and was re-elected in 1953, 1957 and 1958. He was appointed Minister of National Defence in the Progressive Conservative Cabinet on June 21, 1957.

In the House of Commons Major-General Pearkes has interested himself particularly in Defence, External Affairs, Veterans Affairs and Fisheries matters. At the 1948 Progressive Conservative leadership convention he nominated John Diefenbaker for the party leadership when George Drew was chosen leader, and seconded Mr. Diefenbaker's nomination at the 1956 convention. He attended the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference in London in 1957.

Major-General Pearkes attended several meetings of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, one involving heads of government and other Defence Ministers. He visited Washington for talks with the United States secretary of Defense and proceeded to North American Air Defence Command at Colorado Springs.

He has travelled extensively from coast to coast in Canada visiting military establishments, and Canadian troops in Europe, including the Canadian Infantry Brigade in Germany and Units of the No. 1 RCAF Air Division in France, Germany and Sardinia.

He was married in 1925 to Constance Blythe Copeman, daughter of the late W.F.U. Copeman, of Victoria. They have one son, John Andre, a barrister-at-law practising in Vancouver, B.C. Major-General Pearkes is a keen horseman and his hobbies include rifle shooting and gardening.

Base Firemen Assist in Riverside Burning

Recently in Courtenay the citizens were awakened to the sound of sirens. News like fire spreads fast, and soon, with the help of radio everyone had heard of the great tragedy. Luckily the fire had started in the bottom portion of the hotel at a time when most people were waking up. This prevented the loss of life, for all the guests managed to awaken and flee the building before it was engulfed in flames.

Volunteer firemen from Comox and Cumberland aided the Courtenay firefighters and upon hearing of the fire on the radio Fire Chief F/L George Palmer (no relation) drove to Courtenay where the Base fire truck reached the scene the Courtenay crew were cold, wet, and tired. They had

been fighting the fire since early morning and appreciated the relief. As they took five, 18 off duty service firemen took over.

By this time the fire had had its way, the roof of the Riverside itself was doomed. All that remained was to water the fire down and prevent it's spread. Part of a wall that remained standing, and was considered hazardous was pulled down by the winch on the RCAF fire truck.

Late in the evening, smoke still arose from the spot where the old landmark had stood for so many years. No longer will folk be able to leave the auction during it's dull moments, and drop into the Riverside for a quick brew. Or two.



"DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE" the base firemen scurry to try to save the last of the bar and all it's contents. Unfortunately all was in vain... nary a pint was saved. They did, however, manage to save a large bottle opener. — RFE photo



BASE FIREMEN sadly view the shattered remains that was once the site of many the Quenched thirst. Base Fire Truck No. 1 crews by F L Palmer, WO2 Murphy, Cpl. Bowes, Sgt. Atkinson, Cpl. Landroche, Lac Duffy, Cpl. Williams, Cpl. Davies, Cpl. Gazeley, Lac Vauture, Cpl. Hughes, Cpl. Trutson, and Cpl. Olynik was used to good advantage in keeping the fire in check. — RFE photo

Base Personnel Receive Medals

Base Personnel who received Centennial Medals, Canadian Forces Decorations and a UNEF Medal on Wednesday from the Lieutenant-Governor are listed below:

G/C K. C. Lett, Carp, Ontario; W/C G. W. Patterson, Ottawa, Ontario; A/C H. E. Smale, London, Ontario; W/C C. W. Steacy, Ottawa, Ontario; S/L R. D. L. Keir, Calgary, Alta.; S/L G. H. Wasylasko, Edmonton, Alta.; F/L K. S. Durrant, Campbell River, B.C.; F/L R. W. T. Headly, Barbados, B.W.I.; F/L R. D. P. Loggie, Montreal, P.Q.; F/L V. L. J. Penny, Chatham, Ontario; F/L R. I. Sibbert, Toronto, Ontario; F/L R. Rivers, Victoria, B.C.; WO1 D. F. Fullerton, Banfield, B.C.; WO1 W. V. B. Goff, Selkirk, Manitoba; WO1 R. C. Parker, Winnipeg, Manitoba; WO1 D. M. Petch, Matsqui, B.C.; WO2 L. R. Blythe, Dunham, Ontario; WO2 R. Couzic, Montreal, P.Q.; WO2 M. E. Hartling, Truro, N.S.; WO2 G. Stone, Halifax, N.S.; WO2 L. M. Sutherland, Vancouver, B.C.; FSG H. Gale Sedringville, Ontario; FSG C.E. Ingram, Victoria, B.C.; FSG E.W. Kemp, Mountain View, Ontario; FSG Klem, Smokey Lake, Alta.; FSG R. H. G. Murray, Barrie, Ontario; FSG J. C. Payne, MacGregor, Manitoba; FSG A. F. Savage, Jevburch, Saskatchewan; FSG J. R. Stark, Victoria, B.C.; Sgt. K. C. Atkinson, Castlegar,

B.C.; Sgt. W. Carson, Halifax, N.S.; Sgt. A. F. Ditchburn, North Hatley, P.Q.; Sgt. H. Hacking, Wilson Heights, Ontario; Sgt. E. Keegan, Vancouver B.C.; Sgt. E. H. Kellow, Victoria, B.C.; Sgt. A. B. Kilburn, McCreary, Manitoba; Sgt. L. R. Lewis, Yarmouth, N.S.; Sgt. R. W. McClelland, Sea Island, B.C.; Sgt. F. M. Murphy, Halifax, N.S.; Sgt. J. A. P. Poirier, Moncton, N.B.; Cpl. D. E. Ablett, Hamilton, Ontario; Cpl. J. W. Anderson, Victoria, B.C.; Cpl. S. H. B. Anderson, Edmonton, Alta.; Cpl. D. J. Bowen Vancouver, B.C.; Cpl. R. L. Blaikie, Moncton, N.B.; Cpl. W. P. Billick, Windsor, Ontario; Cpl. G. Bird, Vancouver, B.C.; Cpl. J. C. A. Y. Bouchard, St. Hyacinthe, P.Q.; Cpl. P. L. Boudreau, Halifax, N.S.; Cpl. O. F. Bouchier, Victoria, B.C.; Cpl. D. L. Coldwell, Regina, Saskatchewan; Cpl. J. A. Cormier, Mitchell Settlement, N.B.; Cpl. W. A. Cruikshank, Lacomb, Alta.; Cpl. J. P. Dobko, New Westminster, B.C.; Cpl. M. Dube, Grand Falls, N.B.; Cpl. W. A. Duncan, Victoria, B.C.; Cpl. L. F. Fatt, Jordan River, B.C.; Cpl. C. W. Forgie-Thompson, Trail, B.C.; Cpl. J. W. Kaulback, Liverpool, N.S.; Cpl. H. P. Klassen, Abbototsford, B.C.; Cpl. J. G. S. Lalancette, New Sudbury, Ontario; Cpl. J. G. Lalonde, Toronto, Ontario; Cpl. C. D. Levy, Halifax, N.S.; Cpl. W. A. Lothian, Kirkland Lake, Ontario; Cpl. J.J.

M. Mousseau, Terrace Bay, Ontario; Cpl. J. S. Mohler, Peachland, B.C.; Cpl. W. G. Mowbray, Sackville, N.B.; Cpl. G. J. O'Neill St. John, N.B.; Cpl. T. D. Oulette Kingsville, Ontario; Cpl. W. A. Patterson, Vancouver, B.C.; Cpl. K. A. Perrier, Halifax, N.S.; Cpl. J. D. Price, Alberni, B.C.; Cpl. J. K. Purcell, Kamsack, Saskatchewan; Cpl. A. W. B. Roque, Killarney, Ontario; Cpl. A. W. Rowlandson, Callander, Ontario; Cpl. J. E. Simpson, Eagle Harbour, B.C.; Cpl. E.E. Stackhouse, Saint John, N.B.; Cpl. H. C. Theiss, Mission City B.C.; Cpl. J. R. F. L. Tighe, Edmundson, N.B.; Cpl. J. E. Wilson, Barrie, Ontario; Cpl. F. Xavier, Toronto, Ontario; Cpl. J. Zigarlick, Uranium City, Saskatchewan;

CANADIAN FORCES DECORATION F/L W. G. Bland, Winnipeg Man.; F/L J. R. Carson, Eagles Foot, N.W.T.; F/L J. F. Dale, Mimico, Ontario; F/L G.W. Tomkins, Simcoe, Ont.; F/L M.A. Bain, Pelvis, Sask.; Cpl. C. D. Curtis, Revelstoke, B.C.; Cpl. G. I. Foyle, Sabre, P.E.I.; Cpl. J. L. Fontaine, Longville, P.Q.; Cpl. M. F. Gould, Hovel, Sask.; Cpl. B. G. Johnston, Glenavon, Sask.; Cpl. P. N. Pate, Mouthwash Sask.; Cpl. E. Tomchuk, Bagotville, Que.; Cpl. A. J. Warren, Vancouver, B.C.; Cpl. D. I. Wells, Turner Valley, Alta.; Cpl. L. E. Wells, Hamilton, Ont.

CLASP TO CD F/S A. F. Savage, Egavass, Manitoba; Sgt. H. E. Miller (Totem Staffer); Cpl. L. P. Stuart, London, Ont.; UNEF Cpl. R. J. Bezdeck, El Arish, Yukon.

407 Plays Santa



EACH YEAR a Demon Crew attempts to drop in one piece, a Wee Dram of Christmas Cheer to the crew of Ocean Station Papa, situated at 145 West Longitude. Each year the result has been a shattered bottle, with only the accompanying magazines ending in high spirits (ouch). This year, in a final attempt to rescue the Squadron's record of 100% failure, a picked team noted for their bottle stuffing were given the unenviable task. RESULTS... One vessel returning to port early after being hit with an armour piercing 75mm missile using an exotic fuel. — DND photo

Cadieux to Visit Base on 16th



Hon. Leo Cadieux, the Minister of National Defence, will be arriving for a one-day visit to Comox on February 16. His trip to the west is primarily to make an address in Vancouver, but he decided to make use of the opportunity and make brief inspection visits of western units. Following his arrival from Esquimalt, and luncheon at the officers' mess, Mr. Cadieux will make a brief tour of base facilities and receive operational briefings in the headquarters conference room. He will return to Vancouver later in the afternoon.

Mr. Cadieux was born and educated at St. Jerome, Quebec graduating from the Seminary of Ste. Therese de Blainville. From 1930 until 1941 he was on the editorial staff of Montreal's La Presse, at which time he was

then loaned to the Department of National Defence where he served as associate director of public relations in the Canadian Army. In 1944 he was a war correspondent for La Presse, reporting from the United Kingdom and France.

Following the war, Mr. Cadieux became a director of the publications "L'Avenir du Nord" and "La Revue Moderne". In 1948 he was elected Mayor of St. Antoine des Laurentides. In 1962,

Mr. Cadieux was elected Liberal member for the Quebec riding of Terrebonne in the June general election. He was re-elected in 1963 and 1965. In February 1965 he was appointed Associate Minister of National Defence, and MND in September of last year.



WITH A VACANT lot now on this spot at the main intersection of Courtenay, people may wonder what it will be used for. It is said that, in a gesture of good will, and as a cultural exchange, General Charles De Gaulle is planning to buy the lot and transfer to it the Arc De Triomphe. The only problem is whether or not Vancouver Island pigeons will be up to the challenge. — RFE photo

More of Lt.-Governor's Visit

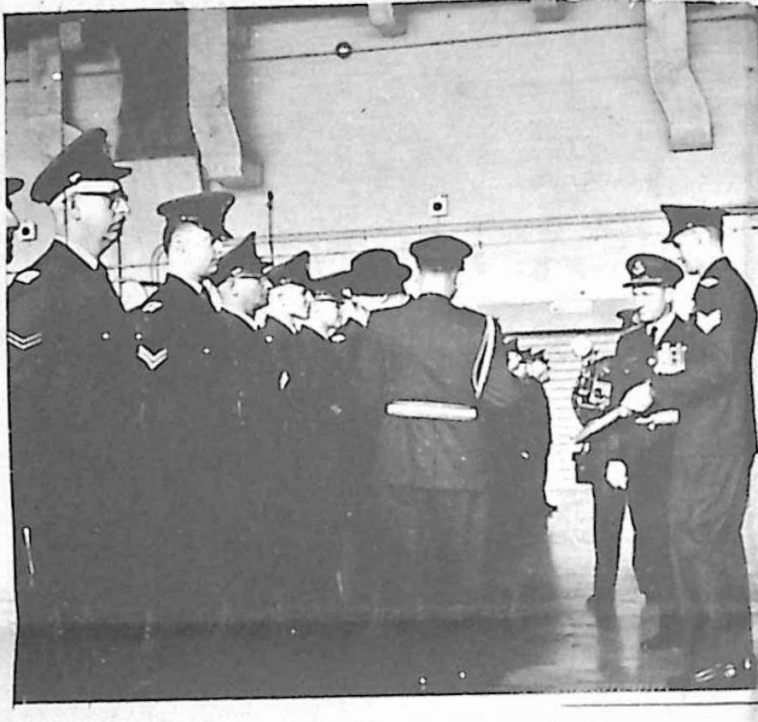


AT 12:00 O'CLOCK, upon his arrival Maj.-General Pearkes was met by an honor guard. After receiving

a royal salute he inspected the 100-man guard and found it "one of the best I've seen." — RFE photo



CPL. PATTERSON of the Photo Section is photographed for a change as he receives his Centennial medal. — RFE photo



A SMILING CPL. MOUSSEAU chats with Major-Gen. Pearkes after the Lieut.-Gov. presented him with his Centennial medal. G/C KC Lett, the base commander, also a recipient, looks on. — RFE photo



SOME OF THE MEDALS received on Wednesday are held here by Sgt. Drummond. They include the Centennial medal and the Canadian Forces Decoration and UNEF Service medal. — RFE photo



F/L R. I. SIBBERT in an attempt to be different has his Centennial medal pinned on the right hand side of his tunic. Note also that F/L Sibbert was unfortunate to receive inside out Canada patches from the supply section. — Turcotte photo

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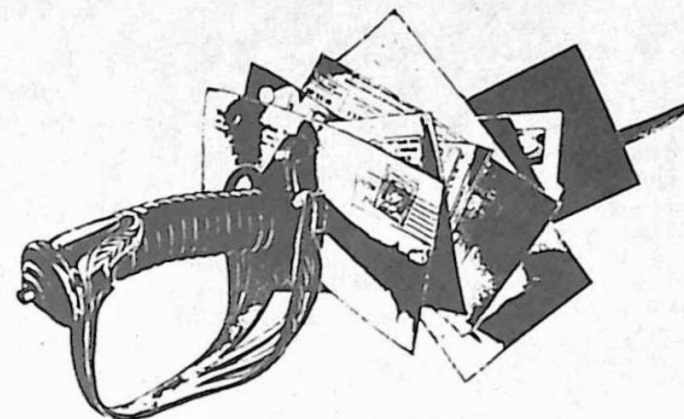
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\$400	\$16.67 \$13.33 \$11.11 \$9.56 \$8.33 \$7.56 \$6.91
\$500	\$20.83 \$16.67 \$13.89 \$12.00 \$10.56 \$9.56 \$8.69
\$600	\$25.00 \$20.00 \$16.67 \$14.44 \$12.78 \$11.44 \$10.44
\$700	\$29.17 \$23.33 \$19.44 \$16.67 \$14.72 \$13.11 \$11.96
\$800	\$33.33 \$26.67 \$22.22 \$19.05 \$16.67 \$14.81 \$13.44
\$900	\$37.50 \$30.00 \$25.00 \$21.48 \$18.75 \$16.67 \$15.00

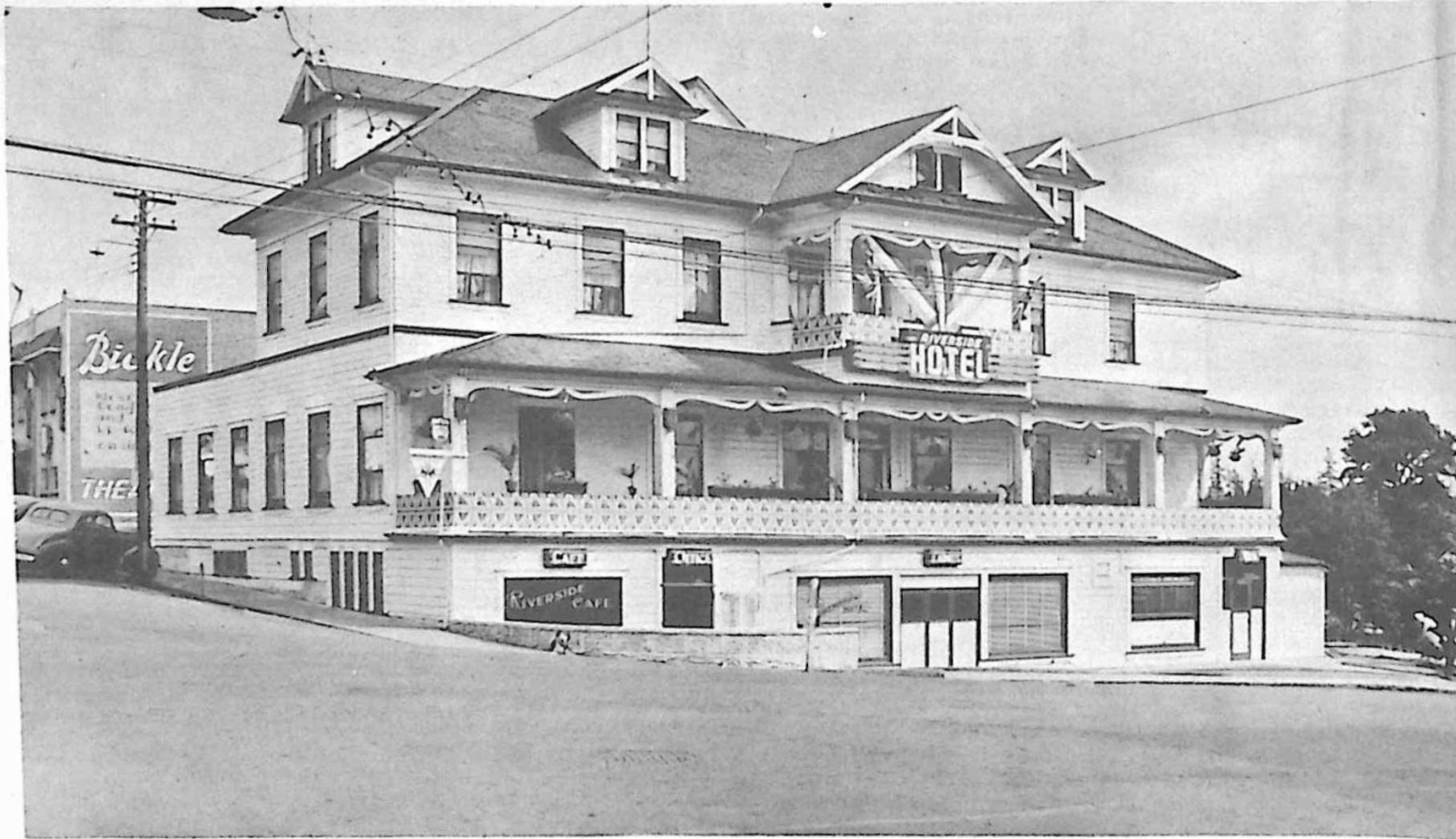
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BACK IN 1941 the Riverside Hotel looked a bit different than it does today. As a matter of fact it also looked a bit different than it did two weeks ago. — Studio One photo

Demon Doings

Well Demons members we are starting off a New Year and I don't know what the Chinese calendar says but I am certain that this is the year of the "Demon", with many changes ahead and all for the better.

We started off the New Year by welcoming F/O Earnie Peake to "A" flight F/Os Hugh Lines and Larry Tolton to "B" flight. We also have a familiar face back with us in the person of Bob Black having completed the OTU.

We lost a staunch squadron supporter to Winnipeg when F/L Don Hanson left last week to take on the ARNC course and on completion, will fill a staff Nav position. He was one of the main members of the squadron land survival team and an instructor in sea survival. We will miss him.

The Capt. of that notorious crew #8 is also in Winnipeg where he is attending the NCP course at his request. Needless to say he is missed and we await his return with all the latest rumours from Winnipeg.

This Friday there will be a mug party for F/L's Doug Hutchison and Gord Jeffrey, and we hate to see them leave both having done a sterling job on the squadron. Doug is off to Portage re instructors course on tutors and then on to Moose Jaw. Gord is about to commence pilot training at Camp Borden. Good luck to you both and perhaps you will see each other at Moose Jaw?

The pulse of things has reached a high pitch around the hangar of the four hundred and seventh all weather, low level, attack

Continued on page 3

Milk

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ACROSS THE CITY—ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Night Hawk's Nest



Doesn't it feel great to wake up in the morning and feel more like living than dying, to know that you made it to bed last night without getting a call on the big white telephone, to find out again what hamburger tastes like? If it does, you played and won, if it doesn't, may I recommend a good psychiatrist.

With deference to those who aren't, I am going to devote the rest of the column to sports fans everywhere. Unfortunately, due to poor pre-match publicity many of you were not on hand Friday night to see the first big sports upset of the year. Cassius Clayhead, undisputed stiff finger in the Chess champion of the world, laid his title on the line and an unrated 130 pound upstart from the maritimes, Ivan Durable dared to test his pugilistic skills.

Crowd noise, heavily in favor of the champ, obscured the opening bell and the champ, oozing confidence, immediately took the offensive. Clayhead's strategy was to concentrate on the verbal attack and blinding footwork in the early rounds in an attempt to demoralize his opponent before taking him out. However, Ivan Durable having studied the champ from very close range for the past few stanzas, had anticipated this play, and backpedaled furiously, as if taken aback by the onslaught. Then he saw his opening. The champ, who had looked down to admire one of his fancy steps, looked up just in time to see something coming which he momentarily mistook for the roof caving in. This moment of confusion was his undoing. What the Champ visualized as the roof caving in was a well aimed overhand blockbuster attached to the end of Ivan Durable's right arm. The blow connected with such force that a man standing near by was heard to exclaim "that's the first thunder that I have ever heard of in January." There was a stunned silence, all eyes were on the Champ. He reeled, legs splayed, his knees buckled momentarily, then held. His eyes were glazed, disbelieving but still full of fight, but to all it was obvious that he was finished. At this point, the referee, retired wrestler who calls himself Saguenay Sam The Thumbler stepped in and with tears in his eyes declared Ivan Durable the winner of a TKO at 6 seconds of the first round.

There was a certain amount of sadness attendant with the defeat of a champ but there is no room for sentiment in the unforgivable jungle of professional sports. The establishment is doomed as long as the boys grow into men, men grow into old men and their reflexes grow slower. Some say he'll fight again but in my opinion he sees the handwriting on the ropes. He has always wanted to get away from it all and it is rumoured that he has been invited to retire to a rose covered cottage in the Gattineau Hills to play knock with John Candelmaker and friend. Just for kicks the local radio station computerized the fight between Clayhead and Durable. The computer came up with Durable by a KO at four seconds of the first round. A computer expert explained that while the com-

puter will accept weight and other physical attributes it was not programmed to compute weight and balance. It seems that Clayhead's weight was concentrated mainly in his lower extremities in such a manner that his most stable position is standing with his legs splayed 23 1/2 inches apart.

121 KU NEWS

Over the holiday season there were no call outs for the stand-by crews of 121 KU, as a result it was a very quiet and uneventful holiday operational wise. As a matter of fact the past month has been a quiet one for the unit. We have participated in only two incidents to date and both of these were on the 18th of December, with one of them being several days long.

The first incident was a medical evacuation from Kamloops to Vancouver. F/L B. A. Atkin and crew in Dakota 657 carried out this mission. The second one was a search for a USN P2V aircraft overdue on a flight from Kodiak, Alaska to Whidbey Island, Washington. The search was several days in length and was controlled from Juneau, Alaska, by the USCG.

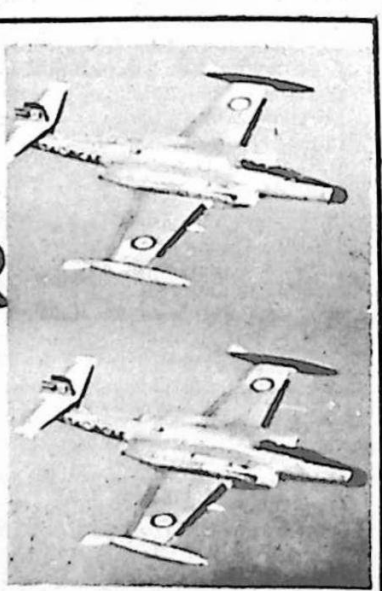
We based one Albatross at Sandspit for three days during which time the crew searched an area of 6100 square miles. After the aircraft returned to Comox, two more days were spent searching off the west coast of Vancouver Island.

As most people know the Albatross is a triphibian aircraft, that is, it has the capability of landing on land, water, or snow and ice. As a result of the increased area of responsibility given to 121KU, it has become a requirement that all Albatross pilots be thoroughly trained in snow operations of the aircraft. For this reason we are sending one crew to Edmonton this week and one crew the following week for operational training. This training will be carried out at Cooking Lake, near Edmonton. The training will be supervised by the Albatross Boat School instructors.

This about covers the doings at 121KU over the past month.

LOST BICYCLES!

Parents are advised that several bicycles are being held at the Guard House. If your child's bicycle is missing, check with the Military Police.



CHAFF CHATTER

Well, here goes. This is the first attempt at this public writing skit and may be the last. One thing I am sure of is that there is a good deal more "chaff" available than the amount of chatter to be generated. With the ex-editor of this paper, who was also the writer of this column, now established in the school of higher learning for eager Flight Lieutenants, the Detachment has shrunk in number by twenty-five per cent in the last month. So this column will also have to shrink this amount as well and who knows what 1968 will bring.

You all know by now that the elderly warriors and their trusty clunks here at Comox are part of the trigger group based at St. Hubert, namely 414 EW Squadron, which was awarded the Steinhardt Trophy for the ADC

Squadron displaying the highest degree of proficiency in 1967. They made our unit a squadron just in time or we would not have qualified. Good thinking. 409 is taking it well. I do not think our isolation next to the locker room was intended but it sure is quiet without the TV on.

We all seemed to survive the end of the year festivities although our roving goodwill ambassador was not available for comment. A couple of New Year's resolutions were made by the detachment but the only one printable was that our Officer Commanding had quit smoking again for the twenty-seventh time. Hope you make it this time boss.

That is it for this time, hope all you ex-easterners are enjoying the green winter.

Coboc Cacaphony

Two letters were received recently that may interest the single living in officers.

Dear Sir: or (To Whom it may Concern.)

There are starving people throughout the world and if they (the starving people) were able, in their starving anxiety, to purchase enough food stuffs so that their hunger might vanish and then the world would be a much happier place. Since we, COBOC are paying for meals that we do not eat, for various reasons the suggestion has been presented that we, at the Air Force expense, ship this excess food to the starving nations, since it has been paid for already.

It appears that the married personnel have contracted the privilege of free meals when they are on patrol, standby or alert. This practice we understood was to terminate when equality of pay and status was given to us last year. The living-in officer pays for his meals regardless of duty, leave or days off. This is not a very fair practice. If one desires to cook or transport his rations elsewhere then so be it, after all they have been paid for.

Signed
Not Very Pleased.

Darling COBOC: or (The Bickersons)

It appears from the letter recently received from a member of your club that COBOC is being

discriminated against! This is not the case as I will show you in the following paragraphs.

During a recent study, it was found that the base could save money by charging the single living-in officers for food he did not eat and giving this food to married personnel. Besides filling their stomachs it was certainly a boon to the morale of the married men. Doesn't this seem reasonable!

In all my years of service life I have not seen such childish bickering about such a little problem, even if you don't eat a single meal all year it only amounts to \$660.

Stand up COBOC, and face reality! If all COBOC were to move out of quarters then there would be no problem. We could close at least one barrack block, lay off the maintenance staff, close the mess for meals, eliminate long bar hours etc., etc. So, single living in officers help the Air Force and the station. Grow up, leave the quarters, collect your meal funds, and ignore the legislation that makes single living in officers inferior to married or living out single officers.

Signed
Tough Beans.

This was your BLACK: The first; in a bi-monthly series to inform COBOC members of what really happened or what is about to happen. The W/C is still waiting for Bob's dollar. I understand Bob submitted ten box tops for his F/L but neglected to enclose a centennial dollar. Doug M. went to the prairies



AIRMAN OF THE MONTH, Cpl. Dave Ettinger, 407 Sqn. Torpedo Section, is 407 Squadron's "Airman of the Month" for Jan. '68. He is shown above being presented with a Suggestion Award cheque for \$36.00 by his Section Commander F/L Rivers. Cpl. Ettinger modified an obsolete MK30 torpedo test stand for continued use with the MW44 torpedo. The modified type test stand is now in use at all MARCOM torpedo maintenance facilities. His interest and initiative are recognized in his selection as 407 Sqn. Airman of the Month. Good show Dave, and best of luck on your transfer to 4 Wing!

for X-Mas and we were relieved to discover that Doug had maintained his usual saturation point and no transition was necessary when he returned to QQ.

Marv came back, and they're glad he did! Stick Shift picked up his new car this week, so watch your girls fellows.

Black Joe has taken leave for South Africa in order that he may gain on the spot instruction in war chants.

Centennial Year was rather

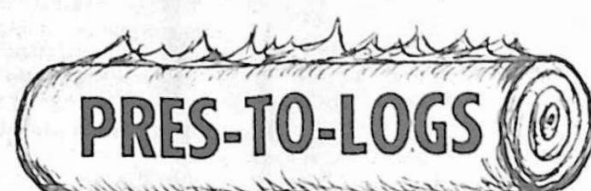
tragic for COBOC when so many of our dearly beloved departed the scene, 1968 shaping up to be another disastrous experience. Who's who in the COBOC Black Book. Bob Lemm, Gord Kruger, John Scott, Ron Watson and Bob Mulvihill are presently heading the interdict list.

A new arrival was seen wandering around the institution known as the BAR. Hugh Lines joined COBOC last week and he should be an excellent source in our never ending struggle for female companionship.

Cheers faithful COBOC until our next blurb on This was your Black.



COBOC MEMBERS show their real stripes. At a recent drumming out party for one of their members. Vic Howlett, some of the Coboc members were carried away by the festive nature of the happening. Al Cooper, Les Putland, Joe Barnes, and John Petitclerc make token attempts to catch the traditional garter, while John Hackett keeps his cool and holds back. Knobby Bartels and Gord Kruger (the next in line). Seconds after this photo was taken, the members realizing the curse attached to "the garter" drew back and allowed the garter to fall to the floor. Since it had fallen closest to Al Cooper, he was forced to accept it, and he slinked away to contemplate his fate.



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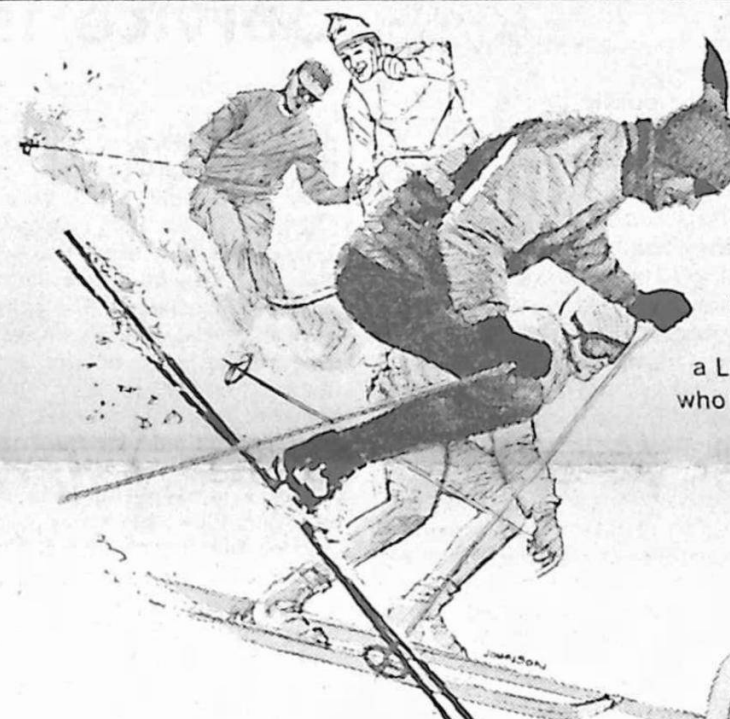


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TOTEM TIMES

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Sour Grapes

Each year after the yearly defeat by the Russian hockey team, the press and radio and TV manage to come out with excuses for Canada's poor showing. This year Canadians from coast to coast saw the International Tournament at Winnipeg, and luckily they found a goat. Each year the Russian hockey players must go home and tell their friends and families that Canadians are real friendly people, but that they are the poorest sports in the world. Granted the Russian referee made some bad calls, his refereeing was at best mediocre, but that was not the reason that Canada's National Hockey Team was defeated. As good as they are, they weren't good enough to defeat the well polished Russian Professional Hockey Team. Let's face it, they were out hustled. The same way they were last year in Europe.

The refereeing was poor in Europe as it always has been, but that didn't stop other teams from winning games, when a bad call went in Canada's favour, not too many people complained, did they?

But every year we hear the same old things. "They could never beat an NHL team" or "Why don't we send an NHL team over there and show them a real club?" or "I'll bet if they played our rules, they wouldn't have a chance" or even "Those dirty NHL clubs, they should be helping out the Nats".

The sad truth of the matter is that the Bad old NHL is in business, hockey business, just as the Russians are in the hockey business, to win. They are not playing for the fun of it. To win a Hockey Tournament gives their country good publicity.

The NHL is interested in good publicity too, but for the NHL, not for Canada. If they played the Russian team, even just an exhibition game, there could be only two outcomes, if Russia won, the NHL would look bad. If the NHL team won, if they really clobbered the Russian team, then international hockey would look bad. So then they are actually doing the National team a service by not playing the Russians.

Let's face it, European interests are not going to allow our NHL teams into the Olympics, even if they wanted in. Canada's National Hockey team is just going to have to struggle on with whatever loyal nationalistic, good players they can scrape up. They can't expect any help from the NHL.

Canada can do either of two things. In order to retain the players she has now, she must go into competition with the NHL in terms of rewards for playing ability (SUCH AS MONEY); or she can get out of International Hockey and not get back in till the other teams decide to properly define "AMATEUR" and stick by their definition. Canada could even demand that they play "OUR" rules.

Winter in Actionland

These are, unless you're a golfer, skier, or fisherman, the dog days. It isn't warm enough to go to the beach. The sun, if it exists, dies in the early afternoon leaving too much night behind. It even rains. Just before Christmas, interestingly enough, it snowed. Deer season is over; so is grouse. Bowling's boring and curling's for the old folks or the easterners. TV pulls. Beer has a yeasty, flat flavour.

It's time for a transfer. To Tahiti. Or maybe it's time to buy a new car. Betcha more new cars are sold from January through March than any other time of the year.

In another couple of months the green will be back on the dogwood and alder, the daffodils will be blooming and the blueback coho will be in. So there isn't much point in a transfer. A vacation, maybe. But like the new car, the vacation costs too much, too.

Well, how about an ocean trip? The tangy smell of the sea, the curl of the waves, the bird-belt of the gulls? The "SS Titanic", otherwise "Comox Queen" sails frequently for the British Columbia mainland. If you pick your day carefully and the waves aren't too high, you can get all the way to Powell River. That will, of course, leave you with the problem of what to do when you get there: Powell River is as much fun as an Ottawa nightclub. Still, there's always the problem of coming back to Comox in time for work.

Or take the family on a house-hunt. Load all the kids and the wife in the car and drive anywhere from Qualicum Beach to Campbell River trying to find a bungalow with a basement below the ground, built within the last ten years. If this proves impossible, as it will, try to find a really nice piece of architecture within the same perimeters. See if you can pick anything except a Panabode house that looks as if it was designed for this area.

Go for a God-forbid, walk. There are several roads and not a few sidewalks in the area. If, however, you walk a lovely road through tall Douglas Firs, look out to be arrested for trespassing on a timber-grant.

Well, you could mow the lawn, have your wife snap a photo of you and mail it to your pals in Saskatoon. They wouldn't believe you anyway.

Join the Rod & Gun? Build a boat? Take beginners' bridge? Chop firewood, run for council, clean the basement?

Maybe. Sure hope we get an early spring though.

Does Anyone Care for Bilingual Buffalo?

Clearbrook Game Farms General Manager Herb Kugler reports that 25 buffalos delivered from Elk Island National Park, Alberta to his Ormstown, Quebec farm are "doing extremely well in their new surroundings."

The herd of 22 cows and three bulls was the first sale of buffalo to private enterprise since the National Parks Service took over management of the almost ex-

inct bison in 1908. The slightly bewildered plains buffalo set foot in Quebec November 28 after a gruelling 78-hour train ride from the Alberta Park.

The buffalo, weighing between 1,200 and 1,800 pounds each were purchased by Clearbrook Game Farms on a tender call for \$410 per animal.

National Parks officials report 16 of the 22 cows are now in calf.

It's a Dog's Life

A week ago it was an unbelievable happening, but now there have been five heart transplants. To someone who has a bad heart this experimentation brings hope that in the near future there may be another chance at life. There have been problems presented by such an operation however. Since a person has only one heart, extra hearts are hard to come by. How long, for example, must a person be dead before one can, in good conscience, remove their heart for a transplant? The doctor's who have performed these operations have set very high standards for themselves so the rest of us with good hearts needn't worry about going to sick parade with a perfectly serviceable heart and return home without it.

The most terrible thing about heart transplant however, was pointed out last week on television by an official of the SPCA who thought it was unnecessarily cruel that doctors do their practising on dogs. The doctor who was given equal times explained that the dogs that were used because their heart size most nearly approximated the human heart and that they were spared pain as much as possible. Such experimentation he claimed was necessary if eventual human transplants were to be successful. Besides said he, it was his understanding that the SPCA did away with dogs every other day, and that there were talks going on with the SPCA to see if any arrangement could be made whereby working together they could kill two birds with one stone. (so to speak)

Now every loyal member of the SPCA knows that the SPCA would never kill a healthy animal, only sick ones. Doctors on the other hand require healthy animals upon which to do their experimenting. In that manner their observations are clear and without influence of other factors.

Are doctors' going to be allowed to take perfectly healthy animals and kill them by doing experimental surgery on their hearts? Are we, the people of Canada, going to stand by and allow the medical profession to butcher perfectly healthy dogs for their own selfish reason? What is more important after all, the life of a human or the life of a cute cuddly dog? What will happen for example if the medical profession finds a method to transplant dogs hearts into humans? Animal lovers unite. . . prevent those terrible doctors (who are only interested in their own publicity) from getting a foothold.

To what heights of ridiculousness can this be carried? Are doctors really all that bad, are they taking pleasure from killing a dog? Of course not. They probably appreciate more than anyone else the wonderful gift of human life. A dog, after all, is just a dog. They are likeable pets, loyal and true, man's best friend, but still dogs. Anyone who places the life of a dog in such a high regard that he opposes valuable experimentation in the interests of human life, should sit down and reassess their values. Cruelty to dumb animals is one thing, but cruelty to mankind is unforgivable.

A Service is a Service is a Service

A recent telephone call to the supply section revealed that clothing stores are open from 0800 hrs. to 1200 hrs., and from 1300 hrs. (1:00 p.m.) to 1530 (3:30 p.m.) or 1600, depending on whether you were there for clothing sales or flying clothing issue or exchange. The person who answered the phone, when asked about coffee breaks, complained that because they (clothing stores) were required to stay open, it was necessary to take coffee break in shifts.

Such a hardship! When he was told that they were providing a service for the rest of the station and that as a matter of convenience were required to stay open, he used the lame excuse that everyone else in the section got to go on coffee break together.

Such is the attitude of many sections which provide services, not only in the service but in civilian enterprises as well. This is not to say that such an attitude is present in all sections. The firefighters stand by day and night, groundcrew are on call on weekends to turn around visiting aircraft, there are two Voodoo's ready to be scrambled at any time

of the day or night. Search and Rescue personnel are ready to go at any time during their off hours, and Air Force Police patrol the base day and night. What would happen if a Search and Rescue aircraft was held up because the crew demanded their right to coffee break? Or the tower refused to give them clearance because of an annual Christmas party?

Perhaps one should differentiate between services required for operational efficiency and those

that are not, but you can't go flying without flying boots, and you can't even get home if your car is out of gas and you have no money, and pay parade is between 1100 and 1200 hrs. A person shouldn't have to come up with a sob story to get into the supply section between noon and one.

When a service exists it should not be a job like any other job. It should be open at hours that will convenience most of the people who use that service. The time a person is free to go to a furniture store during the week, is usually after 5:00 p.m., but are there any open? A person can not always get to a bank between 1000 hrs. and 1500 hrs. if Credit Unions can stay open from nine till five, why can't Banks? Why are the hydro and telephone offices only open on weekdays, nine till five and not on Saturdays when everyone is in town shopping at stores that aren't open on week nights.

The supply section at Comox is much better than at other bases. To figure out what time they are open in someplaces, one needs a specially designed computer which takes into account the dark of the moon, high and low tides, days after Pentecost and all Jewish holidays. When you figure out when you can get in to change your socks, the time usually coincides with pay parade.

The supply section and the accounts section have taken the brunt of criticism here, but do you belong to a service that turns away people at certain times? Could your setup be changed to better serve your clientele? Then why hasn't it?

Why Not?

Well, I don't mind telling you boy, that a really challenging job is pretty hard to find these days. I see where they interviewed Marshall MacLuhan, Canada's Only Currently Great Man, and he said that it didn't matter who got to be Prime Minister anymore because there wasn't much of anything to do; all the challenges were at lower levels of management.

I showed that article to my old lady. She's the one always after me about how come I only get promoted once every twenty years; don't I have no pride, I'm such a stumblebum shmuck any how. Even if you only get one promotion in the Canadian Armed Forces -- doesn't matter if you start out as an officer or airman, you're a middle management

type. That's the beauty of the peacetime service. So if Marshall MacLuhan is right, and I can't see why he wouldn't be, him teaching in the University of Harvard and just having gotten his brain fixed and all, then I'm more challenged than whoever's going to be Prime Minister. This don't come as no shock to me. Sure has shut the old lady up though. And you can sure see why they won't let any of us lugs run for parliament whilst we're in the armed forces: why excepting for the Chief of the Defence Staff we'd all be eligible for the top job in the government cars, review parades, fly in airplanes, live in Ottawa.

Hunn! Marshall's right. Don't sound so hard to me.

BOOM!

The North American Air Defense Command is a joint service effort, combining elements of the Army, Navy and Air Force of the U.S. and Canada in the protection of the North American continent -- which means that since we are all a part of NORAD there is a good chance that someday in the course of business you will find yourself on an Army post.

Watch out. The Army shoots off cannons.

There is nothing to match the thrill of passing the parade grounds when retreat rolls around the first time you are on an Army installation. When that 105 millimeter howitzer goes off in your ear there is an almost irrepressible urge to disappear -- straight through the sidewalk.

It is not until you start crawling out from under the car where you hid that you notice that none of the Army troops seem to have lost their composure when the thing went off.

As a matter of fact, its you, the guy with the bedroom on the end of the flight line, the one who never looks up when an after-burner kicks in, the troop who slept through the air show, that has the misplaced "cool."

While there is nothing that can be done about the Army's proclivity toward cannons except be forewarned, there are occasions when the noise can be used to your advantage.

A car full of qualling, fighting kids will become absolutely cherubic if, immediately after the boom, you inform them solemnly that the next time they misbehave its coming right in the back window.

A sweet, young thing, up to now unimpressed by your dashing war ribbons, will be properly dazzled, if as the last reverberation rolls away you cock your head and murmur, "Sounds like a recoil-less twin 150; 'remember one that almost got the gang in Korea." Passing your hand in front of your eyes as if wiping away a memory also helps.

To be able to use cannons and their noise to good advantage takes a little effort. You must memorize a few technical details about the things.

The string that is pulled to shoot off the cannon, for instance, is not called a string. It is a lanyard.

Cannons come in two sizes. The ones on wheels are called howitzers and the ones set in concrete or some such permanent substance are called guns. This will get you by all but the purists.

Finally, and most important, always find out and memorize the exact times the cannon is shot off. This should be your first act when you arrive. Knowing the time will keep you from doing something that would ruin your image when the blast engulfs you -- like hiding under a car.

Want a Drag?

OTTAWA--Death rates for lung diseases most strongly associated with the inhalation of cigarette smoke continue their alarming increase in Canada, claims the National Health and Welfare Minister. Examination of data provided to his Department by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics shows that more than 5,400 deaths were due to lung cancer, chronic bronchitis and emphysema in 1966. This was an increase of 400 over the previous year. Lung cancer, now the leading cause of death from cancer in Canada, took the lives of 3,296 men and 548 women. Emphysema with and without chronic bronchitis, caused the deaths of 1,392 men and 207 women.

There is a time lag between changes in smoking practices and mortality from related diseases so such changes are not immediately reflected in the statistics. However, the benefits of discontinuing smoking are indicated by the experience of British doctors, large numbers of whom have stopped. Between the periods 1954-57 and 1962-64, the doctors' lung cancer death rate decreased thirty per cent while that of the male population in Britain increased twenty-five per cent.

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New Manager for C.R. Manpower Centre

The appointment of Mr. R. R. Hammond as manager, Canada Manpower Centre at Campbell River, B.C., is announced by Peter M. Allen, Pacific Regional director of operations, Department of Manpower and Immigration.

Prior to his appointment Mr. Hammond was senior Manpower counsellor at CMC, Prince George.

He has served with Manpower since 1966.

Have a place for everything and keep the thing somewhere else; this is not advice, it is merely custom.

— Mark Twain



Now Cpl. Whitefeather, your eight pole Teepee will cost you fifteen beaver skins every moon.

Shake, Rattle and Roll

By Cpl R. Grise, CFS Outback

It is my strong conviction that the custom of shaking hands should be abolished. Not only is it unnecessary and unsanitary but the sartorial hazards of shaking hands with your friendly coal-truck driver or your cheery garbage-man, furnace repairman or sweaty mother-in-law while wearing your new pastel lightweight, one-hundred dollar summer suit are obvious. And let me tell you that hand-shaking is falling into disrepute, particularly among close observers of professional Canadian Football. Early in the last season, a touchdown play saw the touchdown surrounded by teammates eager to shake his hand. By midseason this happy custom had degenerated to a pat on the hand in passing. By Grey Cup time, this limp swat in transit had become a gentle pat on the behind. Where would it end if the season were longer? And all this started from shaking hands, remember; therefore, one should view any gratuitously offered hand-shake with suspicion if not outright alarm.

There are downright dangers involved, besides. The body who is currently wringing the far end of your arm may turn out to be a judo expert who is feeling a dire need for practice and you may instantly find yourself enjoying the thrill of free flight as a result of a double-arm, fist-gripping, wing-back or hak choi as the judoshi call it. On the other hand, no pun intended, you may even find yourself clasping extremities with a professional one-handed beer-crusher who is currently mad at the world because of the proliferation of non-return disposable bottles. You may never write again, let alone play the spinet.

To elaborate on the purely military dangers to be encountered, let me describe a painful scene which once occurred in my regiment and which will be immediately understood by those of you who belong in the "Do-I-Shake-or-Salute-First" Club. We are a wide fraternity as was once our RSM.

The parade was drawn up in a tremendous display of pomp and circumstance, sabres and bayonets glittering, buttons and badges flashing in the sun, battle flags snapping in the crisp breeze and over the panoply of scarlet and plaid, the pipes skirted a stirring march. The occasion was the presentation of the colors and the award of a medal for gallantry to our beloved RSM; he of the stentorian voice which could rattle windows a mile distant from the parade square and cause flags to snap out straight on a still summer day. Once, in fact, "The Voice", as we called him, wrought calamity on an armoured column when he, spying doleful walking, not doubting but gawd, but walking across the parade square, lifted his chest

with a massive inhalation and let loose with a ground-stirring, leaf-rattling, heart-stopping "Halt". At this, the truck-drivers in the distant column stood on the binders in trembling fright; inexplicably, the tank-drivers did not. The wreckage was unimaginable. It looked like an Arab column in the Mita Pass. Later, some said that the truck-drivers didn't hear the RSM because of their confinement in close quarters with a Wright-Cyclone engine inside a tank. Few believed this, citing the shingles which had flown from the Battalion HQ roof as proof that the RSM was in full throat. In the end, the CO wrote it off as a lamentable lapse in army discipline and threw the tank-drivers all in the glass house for disobeying a lawful command. Secretly, he was pleased because we got fourteen new trucks as replacements. Anyway, there was our RSM on parade, marching smartly to the dias. There stood the Minister, medal in hand, closely attended by his military aide. Up stamped the RSM, smashed to a halt and began a salute which would have thrummed like a strummed tuning fork. The Minister, being a civvie, did not salute, but extended his hand to grip the hand of bravery. The RSM, noting this, quickly switched his rising salute to a forward swoop toward the Minister's reaching hand. The Minister, awed by this spectacle of soldierliness incarnate, decided to make his a two-handed gripping, the better to show his gratitude to the brave man before him. He forgot, evidently, that he still had the open, unpinned medal in his left hand. Like a harpoon, like a Zulu spear, the medal pin skewered our RSM in the hand. Through skin and sinew it pierced, through tissue and nerve-end like a Bengal Lance. The RSM did not lose his military bearing for a split-second but, unable to bear the pain, opened his mouth wide and shouted a word that sounded like "AAARRGH". The Minister leapt back in terror at this cry of the wounded rogue bull and landed firmly on the left foot of his aide, who, losing his military bearing completely, shouted "AAGH!" and with his left foot gripped in both hands and a look of extreme anguish on his face hopped spiritedly around on his good foot. Stunned silence as the band skreed and squeaked to a halt and the Minister cowered behind the CO who stood as if thunderstruck. Have you ever been in a place where you couldn't laugh? I mean really didn't dare? Like in church? Or on parade? With an irresistible urge to? The pressure is extreme. Teeth gritted. Lips tightened and were chewed on. Faces got redder, as the parade to a man fixed its eyes on the groaning, hopping aide. The pressure became unbearable. From the rear ranks

came an explosive snort. Shortly followed by tightly-suppressed but high-pitched whinny. Even then, it might have passed but just at this point somewhere, somehow the pressure got too great and someone hoo-hawed like an over-excited jackass. That was too much, the last straw. A battalion of seasoned troops instantly degenerated into a herd of thigh-slapping, whinnying, guffawing, rib-clutching, braying, howling idiots. Only the CO stood firm, face beet-red, the lower lip pinned in the teeth and only the wavering sabre-tip gave him away. The parade continued, of course, after the RSM stamped back to his post looking truly harpooned, but it wasn't the same at all what with the pipeband sounding as though they were all playing different tunes and inexplicable and random waverings running through the ranks. And it was thereafter referred to as The Day They Harpooned The Voice. And all that from a handshake. See what I mean?

Snap it Up

Okay. So there're senior corporals and brigadiers in the airforce. So it isn't the airforce anymore, it's the Canadian Armed Forces. There aren't any pilot officers. The Corporals' Club is the biggest institute on the station. You have to pay money when you want something from the Clothing section of Supply. Okay. But how about that green uniform? When's it coming?

There was little enough reason for many of us to whip down to have our uniforms altered for the Centennial Medal or the Companion of the Order of Canada. Just a little effort with a razor blade and a hot iron and the old battle-dress lost some of the shine in the pants and gained another inch or two in the waist. The wedge-hat went to the kids for a snowman's covering.

And you see the smug ones wondering around the base every so often. Dressed in green. Not that that's so bad, but it's new. They don't look baggy and bulgy like the rest of us. The same physical wrecks who drink beer and puff cigarettes and don't even play golf so their figures are even worse than ours and besides it just goes to show you how they always pick the ugliest anyway. Heck. They're better dressed than we are. Pressed. Natty. Groomed. A little garish, perhaps, with all that gilt, but neat. One of these days the seat of my pants will let go. My last pair of pants.

I wish they'd hurry up with that green uniform.

KOFF...

There is no more pitiful sight in the world than an ex-smoker of one day trying to make it an even two.

People start smoking for many reasons, but they usually stop for only one -- fear.

Between the taste you wake up with that indicates the entire Russian Army bivouacked in your mouth overnight and the early morning coughing performance that is a cross between performing seals and the starting of a two cylinder gasoline engine, you get the idea that your body is trying to tell you to knock it off.

There are two ways of trying to stop. One is to go "cold turkey" throw away all your matches, cigarettes, cigars and tobacco and sweat it out in virtue. The other way is to taper off and prolong the agony.

The antics would-be ex-smokers go through are amazing to watch. The "taper-off" types usually decide that they will

smoke at certain times. They then spend all their waking moments clock watching to see how soon they can light up again. They also smoke their cigarette or cigar down to the last shred of tobacco, risking third-degree burns in the process.

Pipe smokers are just as bad. They keep trying to light the burned out cinders in the bowl of their pipe under the pretense that it went out prematurely.

The "cold turkey" ex-smokers suffer in other ways. They are prone to glazed eyes and sudden fits of throwing windows open followed by deep breathing. They also spend a lot of time fumbling around, trying to find something to do with their hands, now that they have nothing to hold.

Both kinds of quitters develop an acute sense of smell. They are able to sniff out a burning cigarette a block away. They also are known to spend a lot of

time standing near un-repentant smokers, inhaling second-hand fumes under the theory that smelling someone else's smoke is no worse than smelling perfume.

The worst kind of quitters, and the ones to avoid, are those who quit by degrees -- and stop buying first.

Once people stop smoking they start eating. Twenty pounds later they wonder if smoking was really all that bad. Especially when they do as much puffing going upstairs as before.

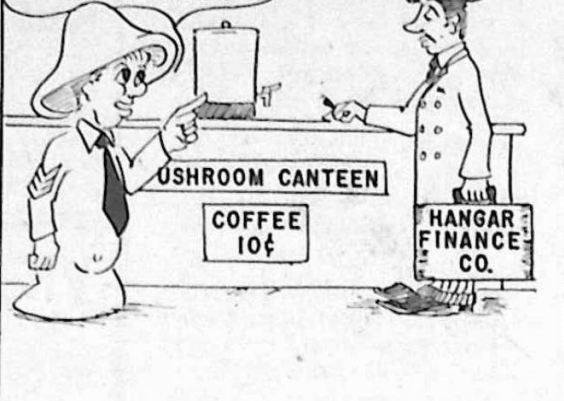
The worst indignity an ex-smoker has to suffer is being treated by the medics for frostbite of the nose for spending so much time looking in the refrigerator for something to eat.

The ability to look smug and assume a superior air when someone wishes aloud that they could quit just barely makes up for all the trouble of quitting.

FUNGUS FEATURES

by Mac

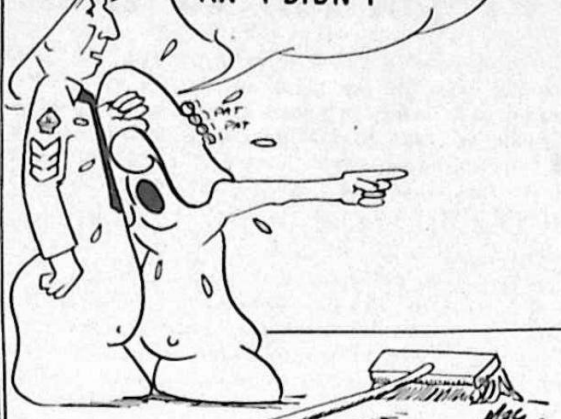
COULD YOU LET US HAVE SOMETHING TO TIDE US OVER IF WE PUT UP A COUPLE OF ALBERTS AS COLLATERAL?



OH! THE SHAME



SOB! HE GOT A CENTENNIAL MEDAL AN' I DIDN'T



Hospital Humbug

PSYCHEDILIC CENTRE OPENS IN SEVEN HANGAR

The decor of the new psychedilic Centre, opened on Monday, has to be seen to be believed. Duck-egg blue walls and white surroundings is a great improvement on the previous depressing diarrhoea brown, suitable no doubt for a washroom, but hardly conducive to clear understanding as the patient with a bellyache reclines on the couch and the mind is struggling to avoid all thought of the bowels.

The office is further provided with pink wall-to-wall pile carpet. To those anxious economists ever-mindful of needless expense, let it be said that this carpet was selected from a whole bunch of coloured samples offered by a generous BCOE who also gave the assurance that it was acid resistant. How important that is may be gathered from the fact that on-the-spot laboratory tests will be done there and all manner of liquids, materials, etc., may be dropped on it.

With such delicate and restful pastel shades, it was feared that both medical staff and patients would be lulled into a permanent soporific stupor. In order to counteract this, fluorescent lighting has been installed. Harsh, maybe, but still an improvement on the old dim lights of the past, which of course accounted for the mess and untidiness, and caused people to flounder about in the dark. Despite the bright lights there may yet be some floundering about after a difficult and evasive diagnosis.

Those jealous, aspiring folk tucked away in their drab little offices, are referred to the Base Surgeon for expert advice on Interior Decorating. Advice is about all you will get, for if you manage to survive in your dingy darkness until 31 Mar 68 what chance have you of convincing anybody that a pot of paint is really an essential expenditure?

FLIGHT SURGEONS

Whereas Comox has been for the last few years, a breeding ground for budding Flight Surgeons, Bob Thatcher is but the second to stay the course and remain with us. Colin Hardie put his training to use on the golf-course studying the flight of the little white ball until he found the links in the Toronto area had more of offer. Art Moody lasted three months before taking his talents to Naden where by any stretch of the imagination there was limited scope for high flying. Roger Cumming completed the course in time to return to Comox for a week's clearances prior to a year at N.D.M.C. The sixth-floor elevator would take him as high as he would ever venture, and Mike Hickey did not even complete the course....

Established for two Flight Surgeons it remains to be seen just how long this happy state of affairs will last.

GAFFE NUMBER ONE

Carefully laid plans can always go astray, but when you are the boss-man of a unit like 121 K.U., and have everything going for you, errors and omissions can be embarrassing. After briefing his teenage daughter not to speak to strange men while waiting in A.M.U., he takes off without her. Half-way across the chuk, the tower diplomatically asks if by any chance he has forgotten anything. Like the Blythe boys, he came back. She was glad he did, because there she sat all alone, speaking to no one.

GAFFE NUMBER TWO

Came the snow, and the rain to wash it away, the salt and sandspreaders go to work outside the Hospital, dumping their stuff in great quantities. At 0945 hrs 3 Jan, while the rest of the Base was still asleep, or recuperating, the Hospital Staff was requested to move their cars from the front parking-lot. The road-sweepers had arrived to clear the area. Surely, it could not have been that instead of salt, fertilizer had been used?

GAFFE NUMBER THREE

The formality of previous years went by the board for this Year's Levee and instead of No. 1 dress, No. 5 was the order of the day. This did not prevent one officer from showing up in a blue suit and brown shoes. Whatever would the Tailors and Cutters Guild have to say about that?

DR. J AND MR. H.

Thursday 4th Jan. found Lou Cusson busy in the Laboratory at an early hour — for once even before 0800 hrs. The way he was popping about with pipettes and peering expectantly at retorts and bubbling beakers it was feared that he was trying to emulate the T.V. show of the previous night. It seems though, that he was searching for an elixir for hockey coaches. When he finds the correct formula, he promises out of fellow-feeling to share his secret with Toe Blake, and Bert Olmstead.

ALL'S WELL...

When you plan to spend New Year's leave at home in Edmonton, it is wise to book through civilian airlines. They make no mistakes. It is when you land and find that the Air Terminal welcomes you to Calgary, you begin to realize that something is amiss. But, if you happen to be Bob Collington even this realization takes time to sink in. Hitch-hiking the odd 180 miles in 30-below temperature had a remarkably sobering effect and he arrived home in better shape than if he had taken the direct route.

TWIGGY...

Alice Bowden, twice Matron at Comox and presently at Naden, spent her New Year's leave here, meeting many friends. Small of stature and with svelte figure, she cleverly evaded being trodden underfoot in the crowded messes. Seen at one party in close conversation with another lass from Lancashire, she proudly proclaimed that she had at last found someone even smaller than herself. Only with reluctance could she be drawn away — to another party.

ROADSIDE FURNITURE

Yet another road sign has appeared on the Base. This one is at the Ambulance entrance to the Hospital. A couple of weeks ago through thoughtlessness or pure selfishness, cars were parked all along the front of the Hospital, late at night. There was an off-base two-car accident and the casualties were driven to the Hospital in two ambulances followed by RCMP cars and Military Police trucks. Because of the vehicle congestion the casualties were disgorged from the ambulances in the middle of the road and lugged thirty yards in the darkness and rain to the Hospital door. It should be evident, even to the least intelligent, that the ambulance entrance should be kept clear at all times. In future it will be, and any cars infringing will be towed away, regardless.

RELIEF. To the uninitiated in naval nomenclature, Petty Officer First-Class is equivalent to our Flight Sergeant. P.I. Hall is here from Naden to relieve Rod Campbell in X-ray. Rod will be spending his leave at home looking after his family while June recuperates from a recent operation.

Question - Why does a Surgeon wear a mask when performing an operation?
Answer - If he makes a mess of it, no one will know who did it.

FROM UP IN MY PERCH

By SEEMORE

Last week as I was digging down in the old kit bag looking for my June 1919 edition of the National Geographic magazine which contains an article by Arm-inius T. Haerberle. This article deals with the use of the Azores as a half way port for the NC-1, NC-2 and NC-4 seaplanes. I had thought of submitting this concept to the Suggestion Award Committee, and replacing the Yukon with the Albatross A/C on the trans Atlantic runs as an economy move.

As I rummaged around I came across my Mint set of polishable buttons. There was a time when everyone had their own prize set of buttons and a man could be gauged, even have his R211A written on the brilliance of these gems. Particularly his cap buttons, which naturally got more attention when the battledress uniforms were issued. If the buttons gleamed it meant the man; (A) spent most of his spare time taking care of his kit in an effort to improve himself, or (B) had nothing better to do at work and had an "in" at the maintenance workshops and was allowed to use their buffer and jewellers rouge, or (C) he was a rascal and exchanged his cap with some unwary type in the mess. If the buttons did not gleam it meant that (A) he had just come from a clothing store, or (B) he didn't give a damn and was just waiting until his hitch was up or (C) he was the unwary type in the mess.

Those were the days when a Corporal snarled at an Airman and the Airman's teeth chattered. In those days of military might and splendor, a Corporal used to eat in his own mess or in his part of the mess hall. He had a separate part of the barracks. Usually a choice location, like near a stove. Would you believe that he even had his own mess to have a pint during the pre-prandial hour? This mess was the private domain of the Corporal and woe unto any other rank who dared invade it.

Tearing myself away from these nostalgic thoughts of the good ol' days I looked up and noticed:

Business must be good up in clothing stores. I see Sgt. Jerry Potvin has bought a new Chevelle. W/C Payne was in such a hurry to take his daughter to Vancouver last week he loaded the A/C with passengers and took off without her.

I saw a few representatives of the Company of Young Canadians on the Tele last week and I was certainly impressed. Yes, they impressed me as an unshaven, long-haired bunch of hippies who are living merrily off of the Government without too much expenditure of their own energy. Where, oh where did I go wrong.

121 finally had its party. By some miracle the gala event came off, and very successfully too. Like the Centennial celebrations, the party cost too much. The S Tech O is going to ask Mr. Sharp for help on the new Squadron budget. In an austerity program he has raised the price of coffee (temporarily) and devalued the mushroom in an effort to curtail spending abroad (407's Canteen). If the Mush-

rooms are to have their party, planned for February, in March, they will have to have a winning ticket on something.

I received an addition to my collection of Mushroomology from F/L Jensen the other day: Mushroom; a room where people go to neck.

The annual financial drought has spawned a new department in this column. You know its payday when you find a new tube of toothpaste on the bathroom shelf.

Cpl. Moe Morrison heard about a transfer to Tanzania, and after talking the whole thing over with the other fitter Cpls. in the Squadron he has decided to follow in the footsteps of Stanley Livingston. He has already made plans for refurbishing his pad with a harem since the boys told him Tanzania has a flourishing slave trade. I hate to be the one to break this to you Moe, but you've been snowed. The only things that are flourishing over there are the tsetse flies and mosquitoes.

Seemore Predicts: Many people will still be putting 1967 on top of their letters and E200s for another week or two.

I see the airmen in the Tel Air Workshops are considering application for transfer to Tel Ground. The Utopia where everyone has a parking spot.

With the sudden retirement of 121s Warntosser, the flight sergeants are eyeing each other and wondering who will be the Warntosser. Relax gents it's an old airforce tradition to surprise everyone and post someone in from the outside world.

Have you noticed that everywhere you go around the Base they are asking for your Social Security number? This means the wheels don't really know. I wonder if they would notice if you just gave them any ol' nine digit number that popped into your head. Only last Monday I gave the guy in the MIR the number off of my Simpson Sears Credit card. I hear rumours that one day this month they are going to clear everyone off the base and make



us come through the gate one at a time, where Cpl Green will be standing, pencil in hand ready to take your number.

Rumour of the week: (This weeks is a dandy) Canadian Forces Men will have to pay for their visits to the M.O., medical treatments and for their own prescriptions starting April Fools day, 1968.

Runner up for Rumour of the Week: The CE Section is going to make so much money off of the raise in rents that they have offered to loan money to our neighbors to the south.

And finally. The Met Section's T.V. forecasts will be in color starting in February. Mostly green.

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Morning worship - 11 a.m.
Sunday January 21 - Holy Communion - 9:30 a.m. Morning worship - 11 a.m. The Choir from the Courtenay United Church will be singing in our Chapel on this Sunday. You are invited to attend to hear them.

Baptisms - Parents wishing to have children baptized are asked to phone the Chaplain's office at 273.

Anglican Confirmation classes - These classes will begin this Sunday, Jan. 14, at 9:30 a.m. Young men or young ladies interested in serving at Anglican Communion should contact Padre Rose at local 273.

Sunday School classes for children ages 3 to 11 meet every Sunday in the PMQ School from 11 to 12 a.m. Children 12 to 15 meet at 9:45 a.m. for Padre Archer's Bible class in the Chapel office each Sunday. Newcomers are welcome at any time.

Ladies Guild - The January meeting of the Protestant Ladies Guild will take the form of a Supper Meeting, beginning at 7:00 p.m. sharp. All guild members are urged to attend. Bring something to eat, and a friend, to this Pot-Luck supper!

CHAPEL COMMENT

by Padre Archer

Our bulletins this past Sunday had a short but interesting piece entitled "A Misguided Prayer" printed in them which I thought the Totem Times readers might enjoy as well!

"O Lord, so long as the weather is reasonably fine so long as I have no visitors so long as nobody asks me to do any work, so long as I can sit in the back pew, so long as I can get home in time for the game on TV, I will honor Thee with my presence at one of the services of Thy Church whenever I feel like it. Amen!"

Teen Centre Opened



A LONG AWAITED event by many teens, was the ribbon cutting ceremony recently to formally open the Teen Town premises in Bldg. 22. The efforts were due mainly to F/L Simpson, other interested adults and the dependents themselves. Following the ribbon cutting ceremony, group president presented F/L Simpson with a gift as a token of appreciation from the club.

— RFE photo



LIVINGSTON JOURNEY rocks teen dance. As if the noise of jet and piston engines on the one hand and Bonnie Buchanan's motor scooter on the other, have not been disruptive enough, the recent addition of the Teen Club premises to BB 22 has added to the insomniac perambulators of BB 79. The music's loud, but not, obviously, hairraising. The Livingston Journey played the music for the dance following the formal opening of the Teen's Club.

Do You Want to Improve Your Driving

The BCAA (British Columbia Automobile Association) will be returning to the Super Valu parking lot in Courtenay from March 11 to 21 with their "Driving Simulator Van".

Because the personnel of this Base and their dependents represent an appreciable portion of the local population, the BCAA representative has taken the time to personally extend a welcome to all members of this Base and their driving dependents, to explore the advantages of the BCAA driver training simulator.

This course consists of four two hour classes and with the aid of the Driving Simulator actual driving situations are experienced and the students reactions are recorded and corrected if necessary.

For the beginner this type of training fills a vital gap between classroom and theory and actual handling of a car in traffic, and for the more experienced driver it provides an excellent opportunity to brush up on the skills and techniques necessary for safe driving in today's hazardous traffic conditions.

The costs to the individual are as follows: BCAA members \$10, and Non-member \$15.

If any of our readers wish to take advantage of this opportunity, they may do so by leaving your name and phone number with the Base Motor Transport Safety Office, Local 363. The BCAA personnel will contact you by phone to arrange for appointment times when they arrive in March.

PMQ Occupants' Temperatures Rise in Proportion to Rent Rise

Members of the Forces will recall that at the time of the Pay and Trade Structure revisions of 1966 it was announced that basic to the new pay policy was the assumption that Service personnel would prefer to be paid for the job they do and then pay their own way from there. This resulted in the incorporation of a number of allowances into the Basic Pay package and the setting up of a system to collect payment for services rendered by individuals by the Crown. This idea has been well received in the Forces.

Members will also recall that at the time of the Pay revisions it was announced that Service members living in Married Quarters could expect changes to the Rental rates for this accommodation and that the maximum increase in any one year would not exceed 15 dollars per month.

Since that time a detailed study of rent charges across Canada has been conducted in conjunction with Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation and National Rental averages for the various types of Married Quarters have been established.

The Department of National Defence has now been directed to begin adjusting Married Quarters rentals so that they will ultimately come into line with the National averages established. However, the first adjustments will not become effective until April 1 1968. Other Government Departments will be adjusting rentals based on similar principles.

National Defence Rental Adjustments effective April 1 1968 apply only to quarters classified as PMQs or Bulk Leased Housing in Canada. They do not apply to overseas housing, emergency or temporary quarters and Limited Dividend Housing.

The effects of the changes are: Most Service personnel now living in PMQs or Bulk Leased Housing in Canada will pay more rent beginning on April 1 1968. Some members will pay less rent. In no case will the total payment for Housing be increased by more than 15 dollars per month per year following April 1 1968, regardless of the type of housing occupied. If, for example, a man is occupying a PMQ at CFB Moose Jaw on April 1 1968 and his rent goes up by 15 dollars and he is moved to CFB Borden on July 1 and goes into another PMQ he will not pay more than he was paying at Moose Jaw at least until April 1 1969. Servicemen not living in Married Quarters on April 1 1968 but moving in after that date will pay the same rental as Servicemen of the same rank already occupying similar Quarters. For example: For one year following April 1 1968 no Corporal will pay more than 95 dollars per month for a PMQ and this Rent includes a National average utilities charge of 21 dollars. A Corporal living in a Bulk Leased Quarter will pay 75 dollars per month maximum and he will also pay for utilities on a separate basis. In the latter case the present Bulk Lease Utility Allowance will be cancelled.

Increases in increments of 15 dollars per month or less for any one year will continue to be applied until the maximum rent set for that type of house is reached. However, in no case

will the monthly rents exceed 25 per cent of Gross monthly pay excluding allowances. Some examples are: The small two bedroom single unit known as type Quote A Unquote has a maximum rent of 100 dollars per month including utilities regardless of who lives in it. The two bedroom single unit in a Bulk Lease Development will ultimately rent for 80 dollars but the occupant must pay his own utilities. At the other end of the scale for the Standard Style House 5 found in most Married Quarters areas is the four bedroom type Quote S unquote usually reserved for Senior Officers. This will ultimately rent for 162 dollars per month including utilities. Special rates have been set for specified houses in some locations. These are the official residences supplied for some Commanders and Senior Staff. Rents for some of these houses are on a scale ranging up to 271 dollars per month including utilities. Civilians living in DND houses will come under the same provisions as service personnel and the maximum increase of 15 dollars per month for any one year also applies to them.

When the revised rentals go into effect April 1 1968 the practice of ordering service members into Married Quarters from accommodation in the vicinity will be discontinued except for personnel whose duties or appointments require them to occupy Married Quarters. This means that, except for the Special cases mentioned, a move into or out of Married Quarters other than on Posting will be at the Service-man's Expense and that the now existing lease liability provisions for local moves will no longer apply.

In summary the following are the main items of note under the new policy:

a. National Rental averages are based on the actual market rental value of each type of MQ as opposed to the previous system of charges based on the rank of the occupant.
b. Rental increases will not exceed 15 dollars per month per year.
c. Rents will not exceed 25 per cent of Gross Monthly Pay excluding allowances.
d. Present charges in effect for Overseas Housing, EMQ, TMQ, and LDH not affected by this policy.
e. Civilian occupants of DND Married Quarters will be subject to same rental policy as Servicemen.

f. Other Government Departments will be adjusting rentals on similar principles.
g. Forced occupancy of Married Quarters will be discontinued except for those whose appointments or duty require PMQ occupancy.
h. MQ rents will include charges for utilities; however,

rents for BLHU will not include charges for utilities which will be paid separately by the individual.
1. The BLHU Utility Allowance will be discontinued.

BRIDGE by One Eye

The Blackwood convention has always been very useful to check for aces when attempting to bid a slam. Recently a very simple innovation to Blackwood has been developed which will allow partners to bid or avoid slams with more confidence this is known as key card Blackwood.

Key card Blackwood utilizes five controls -- four aces and the king of the trump suit. Therefore when responding to four NT 5 clubs would show either 0 to 4 controls, 5 diamonds, 1 or 5 controls, 5 hearts, 2 controls and 5 spades 3. A follow-up bid of 5NT, would affirm possession of all 5 and ask about the side suit kings.

Two examples showing the advantages of key card Blackwood are:

1. NORTH SOUTH
S A Q 8 7 1 NT
H A J 3 4 S
D A J 9 8 5 C
C A 8 6

SOUTH SOUTH
S A Q 10 9 5 4 3 S
H 6 4 NT
D 4 7 NT
C K Q J 3 2

The Grand Slam could not be bid confidently without knowing that partner had the king of spades. Key card Blackwood served this purpose.

2. NORTH SOUTH
S A Q 9 7 6 1 D
H A K 9 3 S
D A K Q J 4 5 H
C 4

SOUTH SOUTH
S A J 8 4 3 2 1 S
H 7 5 4 NT
D 3 6 S
C A K Q 7

With these cards 6NT is the best contract but 6 spades bid and made will beat the pairs that do not use key card Blackwood as they will not be able to distinguish between the trump king and a side suit king and will probably arrive at 7 spades or 7 NT and be set.

BASE HOCKEY LEAGUE SCORING

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LaPierre, Tech.	16	16	32
Rogue, Tech.	21	11	32
Keefe Ops.	14	12	26
Fleet Admin.	13	8	21
Lee Court.	8	12	20
Morgan Tech.	6	14	20
Hunter Court.	8	11	19
Grant 121 San.	3	16	19

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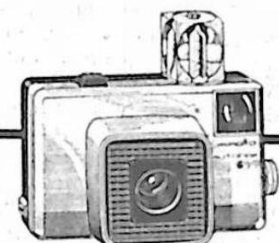
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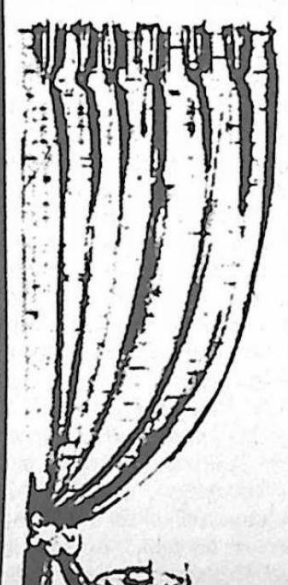
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With NEWT and Black Hawk

Rod & Gun Club News

With BOB RIVERS

Greetings sportsmen, and a Happy New Year to you all. Well, the steelhead season is now upon us, and as mentioned in this column some time ago, we are fortunate to live in one of the finest steelhead fishing areas in the world. The Qualicum Rivers, Big and Little, the Puntledge, Tsolum, Oyster, Campbell and Quinsam Rivers all have very good runs of winter steelhead. For those who like to travel further afield the Salmon and White Rivers to the north, the Gold River to the west, and the Englishman, Cowichan, and Koksilah Rivers to the south all have winter runs as well, with the Cowichan River at Duncan being perhaps the pick of the southerly streams. The Salmon River is noted for its big steelhead, producing lots of fish of 20 pounds and up each year. It's a big river with lots of access points, and an interesting one to fish.

Steelhead fishermen are a pretty close mouthed group of individuals, not too fond of giving away too many "secrets", however, one of the better newspaper outdoor writers, Alec Merriman of the Victoria Colonist, recently published a soft cover book entitled "Outdoors with Alec Merriman" which reveals dozens of so called "secrets". Detailed maps are provided, with known steelhead hotspots marked. The book is loaded with tackle tips as well, and is worth its weight in gold to any sports fisherman, experienced or beginner. The book is available at most sporting goods and book stores, and even the Dry Canteen, although they may now be sold out. Cost is \$2.95, and well worth it.

In addition to the major rivers mentioned above, there are lots of smaller streams in the area which support runs of winter steelhead, so don't limit your "silver torpedo" prospecting to the big rivers alone. Perhaps the best hint for the newcomer to this sport is to fish deep. The big sea going rainbows hug the bottom, and to catch them you must your bait or lure. It's hard on tackle but a definite must. The most economical method for the "bottom bouncer" is to use a drop weight on a three-way swivel. Tie the weight on with five pound test line, and when it snags, break off, replace the weight and fish on. Lead is much cheaper than lures. What bait to use? Worms, big ones; and roe are the best. Krockodile spoons, Spin 'n' Glos, Goody Bobs, and flatfish are among the lures most steelheaders prefer. Just remember to get down to where the fish are.

Another point to remember,

when you hook a steelhead mark the exact spot where he took indelibly in your mind. Fish that same spot again in a day or so and you stand an excellent chance of hooking another fish. They all pick the same "lies" as they move upstream. Nuff said, but Merriman's book for more gen.

Now for some bad news — our Air Force launching ramp took a recent storm. If you've never seen an example of the brute force of wind and wave, drive around to the ramp and have a look. You probably won't see much sand at the Air Force Beach, but there must be about 200,000 board feet of timber inside the breakwater. Lots of log cabin material. So it will be quite a project to clean up the ramp area next spring. Maybe we should set up a sawmill and go into business, NPF of course.

It is intended to hold a re-organization meeting of the Base Rod and Gun Club in late January. A new club executive is required, and it is hoped to form three committees, a Hunting Committee, Fishing Committee, and Projects Committee. Naturally a good turnout of interested personnel is requested, and is required, if the club is to function at all. The response to our membership drive in 1967 was heartening, we now have 40 members. However, average attendance at Club Meetings has been 6 members. Possibly the outdoorsman in this area is spoiled, he has so much at his fingertips, that a Rod and Gun Club is not needed as an outlet for exchange of experiences and discussion of techniques. Your turnout at the January meeting will be the deciding factor at any rate. Long term conservation projects for the Base are hard to generate, however, the Air Force launching ramp fills a definite need, and will be in need of major repairs in the spring. At present the onus is on the Rod and Gun Club to oversee the maintenance of the ramp. Now, during the fishing season that ramp was used by 10 to 20 or more boat owners per evening. Let's have a turnout from this group at the next meeting. The ramp will be the major concern of the Projects Committee, if we can form one. It is planned to hold the Club meeting in the BGO's Lecture Room (next to the Library) in the Rec Hall at 2000 hours, 24 Jan. 68. So make a note on your calendar, and let's see you at the meeting. "Till then remember that the daily limit on steelhead is two, they're in the rivers now, I know because Bill Mazey just lost one so good luck and tight lines.

Lazo Tides

The Sports Editors wish to thank the many people who have taken part in bringing to you the service personnel of Comox and the civilians who somehow get hold of this paper, as a public service, at no extra cost to you the subscriber, the latest in the world of tide forecasting. Even

though the snow has slowed down some of the fishing and smuggling on the west coast they never the less are optimistic that better weather is close at hand and fishing will again become a favorite pastime in the life of the almost to be retired service man.

JANUARY			
11 Thursday	04:50 13.7	12:45 13.5	21:00 3.7
12 Friday	05:30 14.4	09:45 12.7	21:35 3.1
13 Saturday	05:55 14.9	10:35 12.7	22:20 2.6
14 Sunday	06:25 15.2	11:15 12.7	23:00 2.2
15 Monday	07:00 15.5	11:55 12.5	23:35 2.0
16 Tuesday	07:20 15.6	12:35 12.2	16:40 13.8
17 Wednesday	07:15 2.1	07:50 15.8	13:15 11.7
18 Thursday	00:55 2.5	08:15 15.9	14:00 10.9
19 Friday	01:25 3.3	08:45 15.9	14:50 9.8
20 Saturday	02:05 4.6	09:15 15.9	15:45 8.5
21 Sunday	02:40 6.2	09:45 15.7	16:35 7.1
22 Monday	03:30 8.0	10:10 15.4	17:25 5.7
23 Tuesday	04:00 11.5	10:45 9.8	18:20 4.4
24 Wednesday	02:00 12.4	05:40 11.4	11:25 14.8
25 Thursday	03:15 13.6	07:20 12.4	12:10 14.5

Attention Curlers

Comox Valley Curling Club is presenting its

ANNUAL MEN'S OPEN
SHOTGUN BONSPIEL

February 15th to 18th

For info and entry, contact:

Spiel Chairman, F/O GORD KRUGER, 407 "B" Flt.
or home phone 339-3748

Don't Give Yourself a Break

A former Olympic competitor who has skied for 40 years has these suggestions for getting more fun out of this winter's skiing.

EXERCISE PREPARATION

"Strong legs, besides helping to avoid injury, allow the skier to ski longer and have more fun. Calisthenics can be boring; but, at the very least, take some brisk walks, climb a few hills (or even stairs).

TAKE SOME INSTRUCTION

Don't depend on friends for instruction. They may only pass their own faults. Instruction classes are the safest place to ski. Almost no one gets hurt in class.

LEARN TO FALL

Fall are inevitable, and must be executed skillfully if the fall is to avoid injury. The beginner tends to fall forward in a rolling tangle of skis and poles that is known as an "egg-beater". The expert throws himself sideways and backwards, if possible. If falling forward is unavoidable, dive forward and sideways with legs, skis, arms, and poles aligned and held compactly in a sliding fall.

SKI UNDER CONTROL

This doesn't mean creeping along in a wide snow-plow. It does mean that skier must be able to stop or turn exactly where he wants to. An expert may ski under perfect control at 60 miles per hour; a beginner might be out of control even standing still. Skiing out of control sometimes is the result of failure or inexperience in judging the speed, pitch, and condition of the slope. Showing off or trying to keep up with better skiers often leads a beginner to try and run beyond his ability.

STAY ON THE TRAILS

Only five per cent of present day skiers ski the trails, but they have fewer accidents because they spend nine-tenths of their time climbing. Trail skiing is safer because there is comparatively little sliding. DON'T SKI WHEN OVERTIRED. Take it easier as the day progresses. Statistics indicate that the late afternoon hours claims more than their share of ski injuries. A tired person's reflexes aren't as sharp, and fatigue tends to dull the judgement.

BE CONSIDERATE: OBEY THE RULES

Reckless, inconsiderate skiing is annoying to others; but, more important, it is dangerous to the skier and those around him. Cutting in ahead on the tow or downhill runs has caused many accidents. Remember that the person in motion or overtaking another skier is the one responsible for avoiding a collision.

USE RELEASING SKI POLES

Accidents can be reduced by using ski poles with rubber hand grips that will pull off by a strong jerk. Snagging a rock, tree stump, or other protruding object will pull the pole out of the grip before the skier's arm or shoulder can be injured.

USE SHORTER SKIS

Champions never use short skis, which may account for the reluctance to use any but racing-length boards. However, the average skier can handle shorter skis more easily and better avoid the twisting leg injuries. The tips of racing skis can be touched with the outstretched hand. Most skiers will do better on skis at least six inches shorter.

CHECK SKI BINDINGS OFTEN

Today's hills have more bumps, and skiers are skiing better and faster than ever before. Skiers should realize the limitations of the release bindings on their skis, check them frequently, and adjust them carefully. "Safety is not built into the skier's equipment; it is instilled into the skier's mind." (ADC Winter Sports Guide) SEMANTICS

Once there was a man who called a spade a "spade" — until he tripped over one that he had left lying on the cellar steps.

Excerpt; November 1967

USAF Aerospace Maintenance Safety

TOASTMASTERS

General Meeting:
17th January, 1968

RC Parish Hall
(across from BB23)
Time: 12:30 p.m.

Toastmasters is an educational program designed to improve better listening, better speaking, better thinking.

For information, call:
CPL BOUCHARD, 323
EVERYONE WELCOME

BASE CAMERA CLUB

There will be a General Meeting of members, and those who are interested in joining, at 7 p.m., 15th January.

The meeting will take place in the club premises, upper floor of the Rec Centre.



Comox Valley Minor Hockey

BASE RIFLE CLUB

Opens

January 8th and 9th

Every following

Monday and Tuesday

7 - 11 p.m.

Building 22

(Across from hospital)

Further information:

CPL BLANCHARD, Local 373

CPL TORCHUK, Local 365

By T. DITCHBURN

The past two weeks have been very busy in the Comox Valley minor hockey leagues what with 16 house league games and a hockey tournament on the 27th of December it certainly filled up some of those empty days the boys had during the Christmas holidays. The hockey tournament was a complete success as all the teams from Nanaimo and Port Alberni said they had a very good time and hoped to be able to visit us again. The ladies who took the big job of feeding the visitors, one hundred and forty children, certainly are to be congratulated for their wonderful effort as each boy said he was well fed, and we have the empty hot dog cartons to prove it. Thanks again ladies.

HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

The Comox Mosquito Reps came out winners in this division as they won both their games and certainly deserved the victories as they out played the opposition in each of their games.

The Pee Wee games played by Comox all ended up in tie games so really we could not give a win in the tournament although I guess it is better to have two ties than a defeat. The Pee Wees are sure to prove able in the Island playoffs.

The Bantam Division was a much different affair as the visitors seemed to have just a little more weight and polish than our boys and they defeated Comox in both games played. The following is a roundup of action in the House League during the past to Saturdays.

MOSQUITO

The Courtenay Jays continue to lead this division as they took both their games, defeating the Apaches 7 to 0 and the Blackfeet 3 to 1. The Apaches could only get one victory and that was a real squeaker as they defeated the Comox Ponies and so were able to hang onto second position. The Ponies still are in third position with a 1 to 1 tie with the Blackfeet and the previously mentioned loss to the Apaches. The Blackfeet are in the cellar in this division as they lost one and tied one to pick up a single point.

PEE WEE DIVISION

The Courtenay Falcons hold down the lead in this division as they were able to tie 3 to 3 with the Comanches (Mosquito Reps) and defeated Algonquins 2 to 1 in a real close one. The Comanches are in second place as they defeated the winless Iroquois 3 to 0 and tied with the Falcons 3 to 3. The Algonquins are improving all the time and have started to move up in the standings as they lost to the Falcons and defeated the Comox Mustangs 4 to 2. The Comox Mustangs only played one game during the past two weekends and this was the game they lost to the Algonquins. The Iroquois are in the basement with only two ties in nine games.

BANTAM DIVISION

This is the most evenly balanced league in the house league as the spread from the first place team and the bottom team is only five points and this produces some very exciting games. The Broncos are in first place with a single point lead over the Sloux as they won both their games defeating the Sloux 3 to 2 and also the Hawks by the same score. The Sloux could only pick up one point in their two games as they tied the Cherokees (Pee Wee Reps) 1 to 1 in a real crowd pleaser. The third place Cherokees lost 3 to 0 to the Hawks and tied with Sloux in their two outings. The Hawks won one and lost one as previously mentioned and they are in the basement five points from the leaders.

MIDGET DIVISION

The Hurons lead the pack in this three team circuit and they have an eight point lead over

Second place Seminoles (Bantam Reps). This league is being revamped into a four team league and they will try to balance the teams a little better than it was before.

There will be a hockey Jam-boree on the 27th of January with all teams taking part and also a couple of teams from down Island to take on our Rep teams. The action starts at eight in the morning and continues throughout the day with a feature game commencing at nine p.m. Tickets for the days action are being sold now and

we hope to get enough support to make this an annual event with many teams as possible entering the tournament. So remember minor Hockey Week and DON'T SEND YOUR BOY TO THE RINK, TAKE HIM! And watch him play.

Hockey Standings

As the inter section hockey league is waiting for the second half of the season to start we have the team standings as follows:

Team	GP	W	L	T	GF	GA	Pts.
Technical	9	7	2	0	60	26	14
Courtenay	11	7	4	0	59	47	14
121 Sqn.	9	6	3	0	46	32	12
Ops.	10	5	5	0	51	59	10
407 Sqn.	10	2	7	1	30	55	5
Admin.	11	2	8	1	35	62	5

Winter Best Time to Make Indoor Home Improvements

"You can save yourself much time and trouble," says Art Mellin, manager of the Courtenay branch of the Bank of Montreal, "by having your indoor home improvements done in the winter when building tradesmen are not tied up on outdoor construction."

"And it's often more economical, too," continues Mr. Mellin, "to have all those repairs or improvements done at once."

Of course, there's always the chance that you haven't the ready cash to make those repairs and improvements now. If that's your problem, drop in at the B of M

and have a chat with Mr. Mellin about a Home Improvement Loan. H. I. L.'s are available for all kinds of worthwhile purposes — from insulating the attic to wiring the basement playroom.

B of M Home Improvement Loans are inexpensive — only seven and three quarters per cent interest per annum — and they're repayable in easy monthly instalments. Why not drop in at the B of M tomorrow. Mr. Mellin will be glad to give you full details about a B of M Home Improvement Loan.

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Colgate 100 Oral Antiseptic — For bad breath and sore throats due to colds. SPECIAL 83¢

Gelusil Tablets 100's — Relieves heartburn and indigestion. SPECIAL 1.88

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